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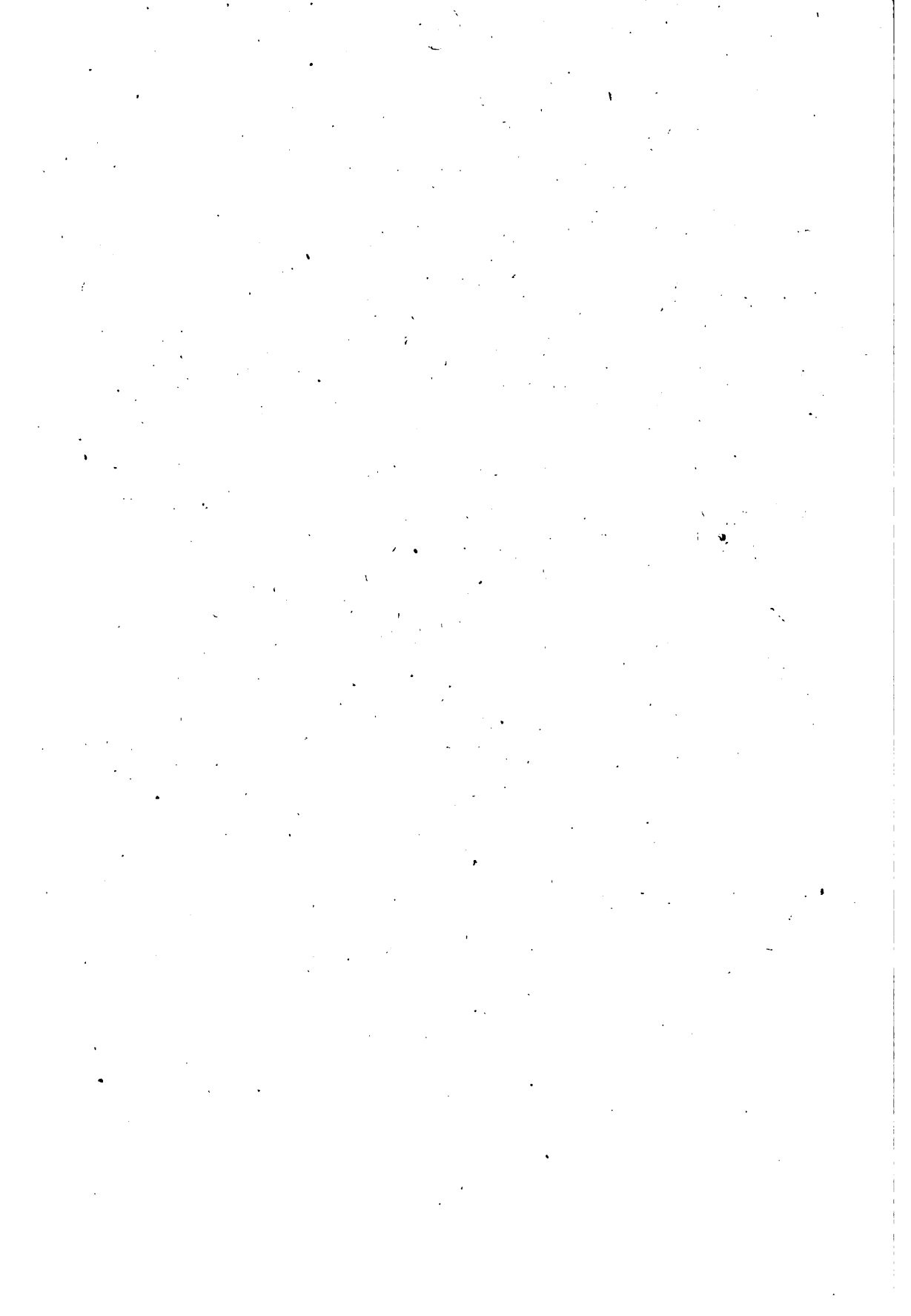
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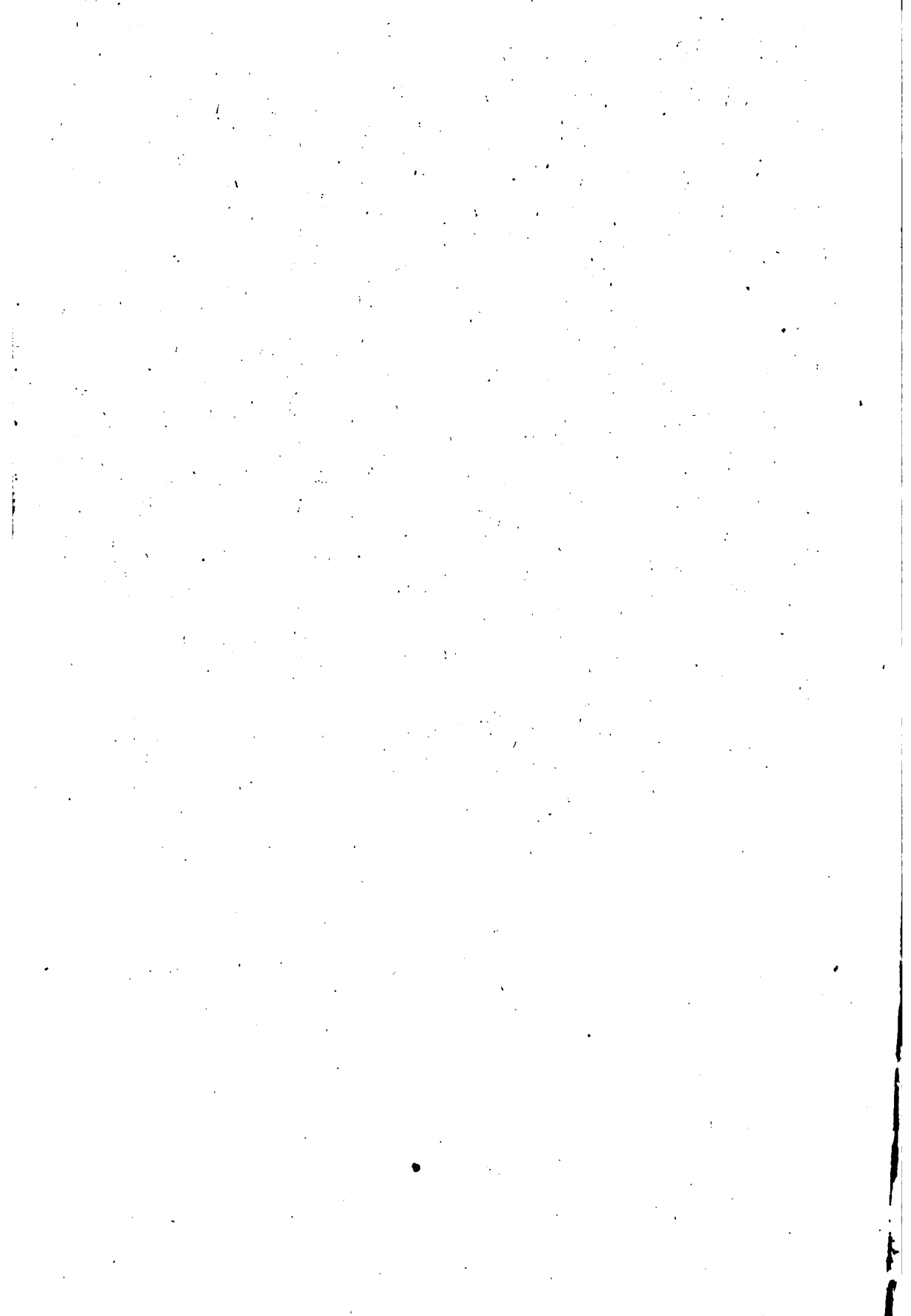
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THE
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I N D E X

TO

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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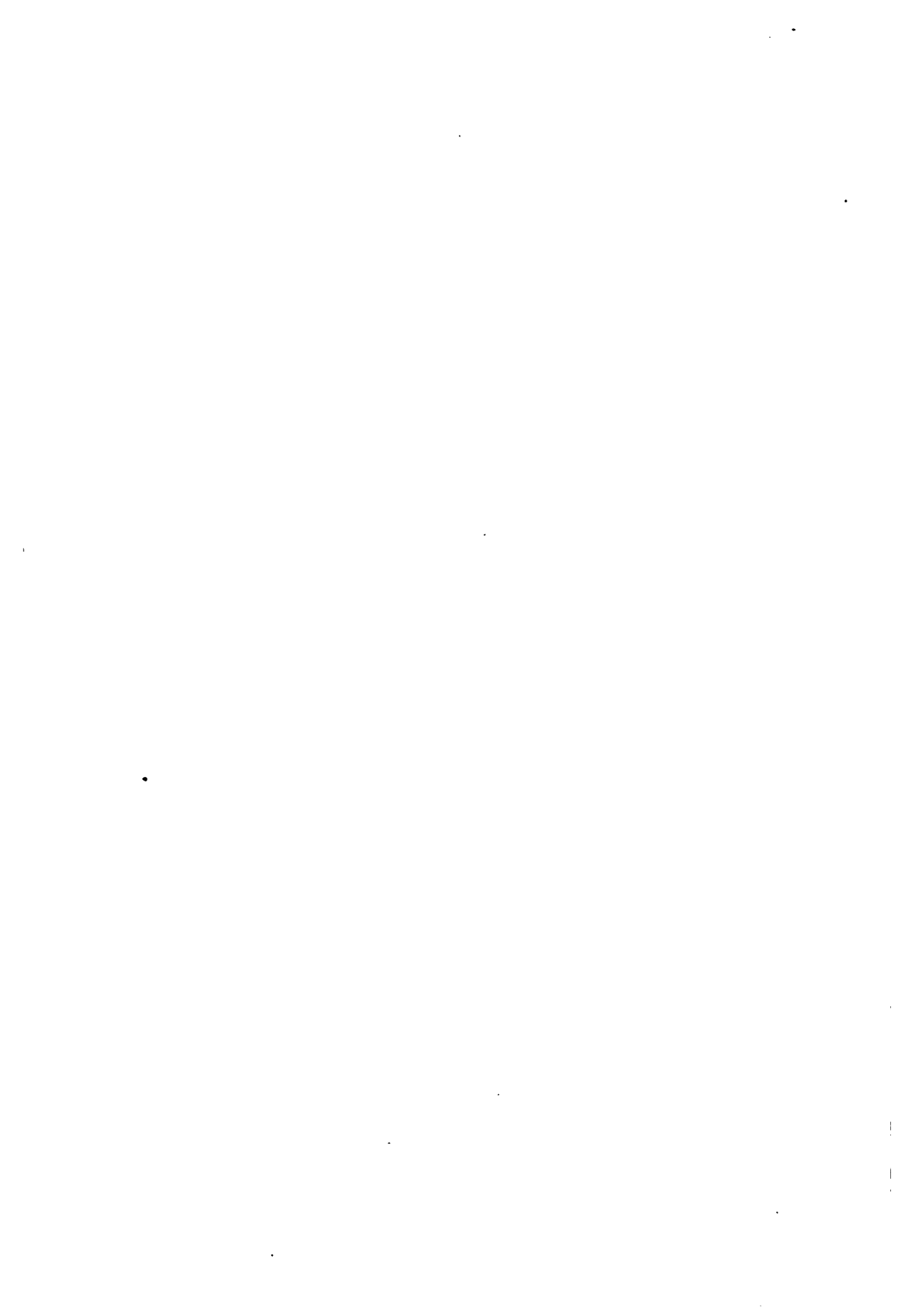
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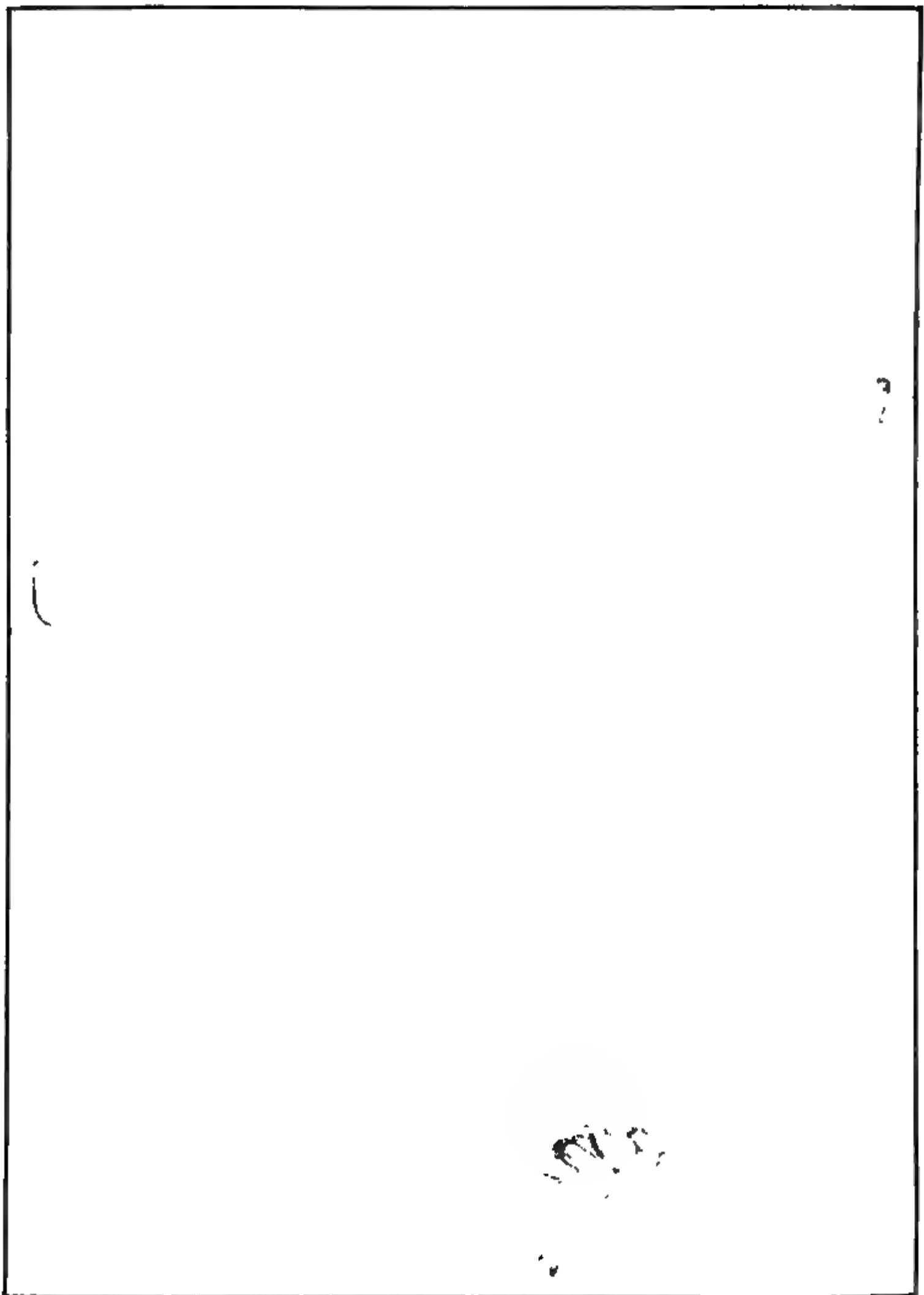
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Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

THE RACE WITH THE FIRE

See "The Nemesis," page 89

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIV

MAY, 1907

No. 1

FOLLOWING THE COLOR LINE

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN BY A. B. PHELAN

THE CLASH OF THE RACES IN A SOUTHERN CITY



I ARRIVED in Atlanta, Georgia, on the first day of last November. The riot, which I described a month ago, had taken place about six weeks before, and the city was still in the throes of self-examination and reconstruction. Public attention had been peculiarly riveted upon the facts of race relationships not only in Atlanta but throughout the South, and all manner of remedies and solutions were under sharp discussion. If I had traveled the country over, I could not have found a more favorable time or place to begin following the color line.

I had naturally expected to find people talking about the Negro, but I was not at all prepared to find the subject occupying such an overshadowing place in Southern affairs. In the North we have nothing at all like it; no question which so touches every act of life, in which everyone, white or black, is so profoundly interested. In the North we are mildly concerned in many things; the South is overwhelmingly concerned in this one thing.

And this is not surprising, for the Negro in the South is both the labor problem and the servant question; he is pre-eminently the political issue, and his place, socially, is of daily and hourly discussion. A

Negro minister I met told me a story of a boy who went as a sort of butler's assistant in the home of a prominent family in Atlanta. His people were naturally curious about what went on in the white man's house. One day they asked him:

"What do they talk about when they're eating?"

The boy thought a moment; then he said:

"Mostly they discusses us culled folks."

What Negroes Talk About

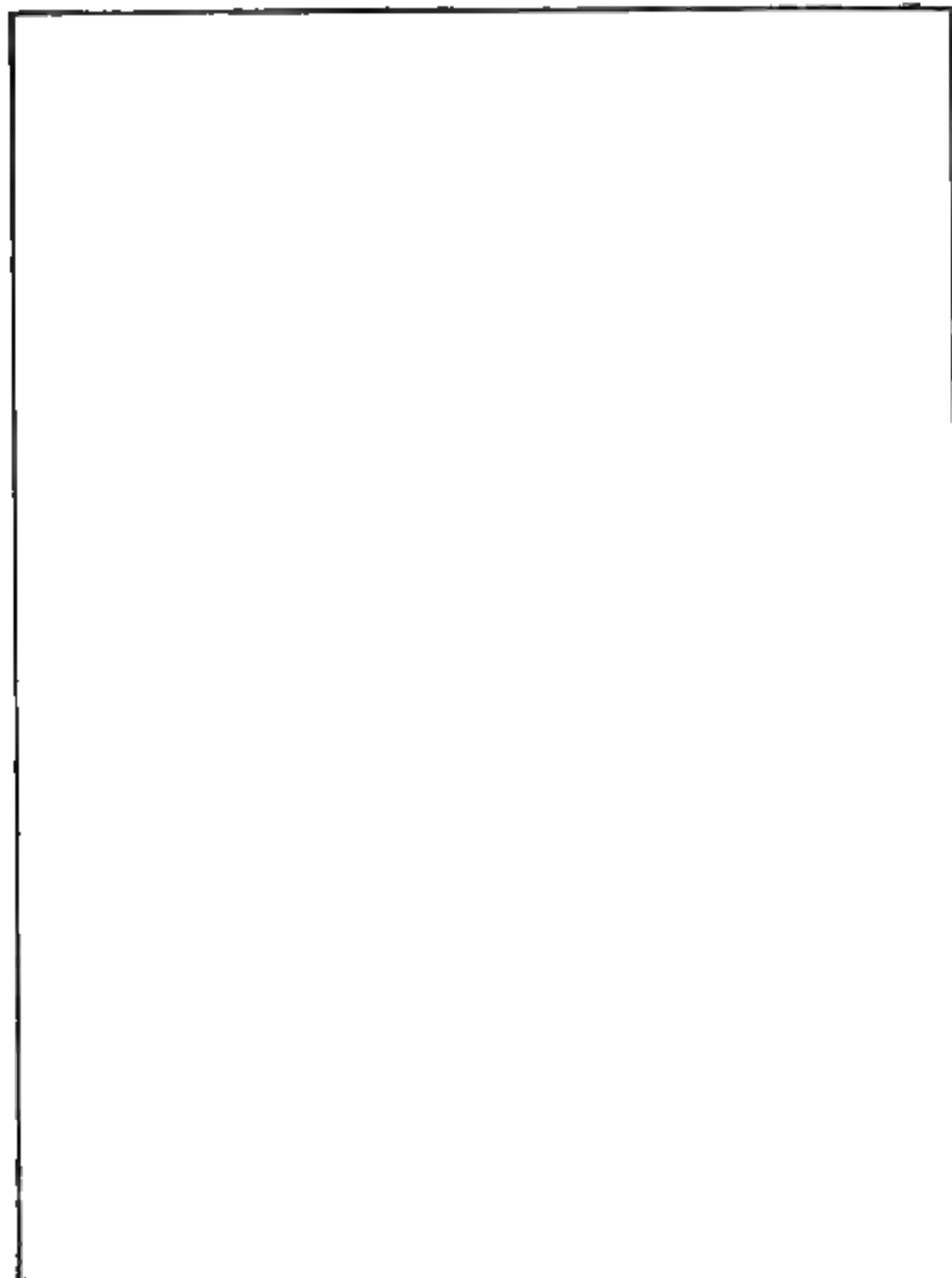
The same consuming interest exists among the Negroes. A very large part of their conversation deals with the race question. I had been at the Piedmont Hotel only a day or two when my Negro waiter began to take especially good care of me. He flecked off imaginary crumbs and gave me unnecessary spoons. Finally, when no one was at hand, he leaned over and said:

"I understand you're down here to study the Negro problem."

"Yes," I said, a good deal surprised. "How did you know it?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "we've got ways of knowing things."

He told me that the Negroes had been much disturbed ever since the riot and that he knew many of them who wanted to go



A TYPE

This colored girl is secretary to B. F. Davis, Editor of the Atlanta Independent

North. "The South," he said, "is getting to be too dangerous for colored people." His language and pronunciation were surprisingly good. I found that he was a college student, and that he expected to study for the ministry.

"Do you talk much about these things among yourselves?" I asked:

"We don't talk about much else," he said. "It's sort of life and death with us."

Another curious thing happened not long afterwards. I was lunching with several fine Southern men, and they talked, as usual, with the greatest freedom in the full hearing of the Negro waiters. Somehow, I could not help watching to see if the Negroes took any notice of what was said. I wondered if they were sensitive.

Finally, I put the question to one of my friends:

"Oh," he said, "we never mind them; they don't care."

One of the waiters instantly spoke up:

"No, don't mind me; I'm only a block of wood."

First Views of the Negroes

I set out from the hotel on the morning of my arrival to trace the color line as it appeared, outwardly, in the life of such a town.

Atlanta is a singularly attractive place, as bright and new as any Western city. Sherman left it in ashes at the close of the war; the old buildings and narrow streets were swept away and a new city was built, which is now growing in a manner not short of astonishing. It has 115,000 to 125,000 inhabitants, about a third of whom are Negroes, living in more or less detached quarters in various

parts of the city, and giving an individuality to the life interesting enough to the unfamiliar Northerner. A great many of them are always on the streets, far better dressed and better-appearing than I had expected to see—having in mind, perhaps, the tattered country specimens of the penny postal cards. Crowds of Negroes were at work mending the pavement, for the Italian and Slav have not yet appeared in Atlanta, nor indeed to any extent anywhere in the South. I stopped to watch a group of them. A good deal of conversation was going on, here and there a Negro would laugh with great good humor, and several times I heard a snatch of a song: much jollier workers than our grim foreigners, but evidently not working so hard. A fire had

been built to heat some of the tools, and a black circle of Negroes were gathered around it like flies around a drop of molasses and they were all talking while they warmed their shins—evidently having plenty of leisure.

As I continued down the street, I found that all the drivers of wagons and cabs were Negroes; I saw Negro newsboys, Negro porters, Negro barbers, and it being a bright day, many of them were in the street—on the sunny side.

I commented that evening to some Southern people I met, on the impression, almost of jollity, given by the Negro workers I had seen. One of the older ladies made what seemed to me a very significant remark:

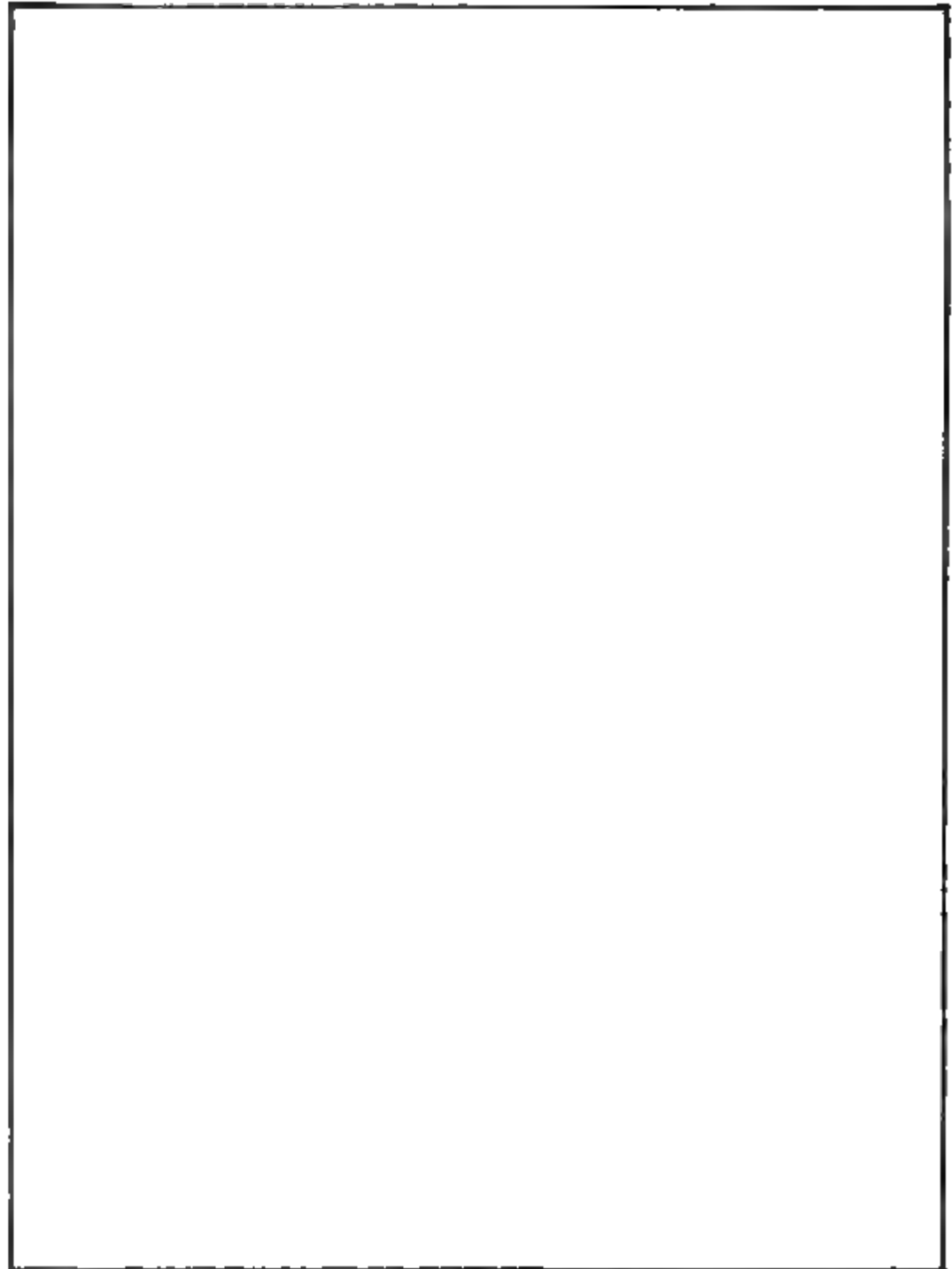
"They don't sing as they used to," she said.

"You should have known the old darkeys of the plantation. Every year, it seems to me, they have been losing more and more of their care-free good humor. I sometimes feel that I don't know them any more. Since the riot they have grown so glum and serious that I'm free to say I'm scared of them!"

One of my early errands that morning led me into several of the great new office buildings, which bear testimony to the extraordinary progress of the city. And here I found one of the first evidences of the color line for which I was looking. In both buildings, I found a separate elevator for colored people. In one building, signs were placed reading:

For Whites Only.

In another I copied this sign:



A TYPE

A colored girl in Herndon's printing office

**This Car for
Colored Passengers,
Freight, Express,
and Packages.**

Curiously enough, as giving an interesting point of view, an intelligent Negro with whom I was talking a few days later asked me:

"Have you seen the elevator sign in the Century Building?"

I said I had.

"How would you like to be classed with 'freight, express and packages'?"

I found that no Negro ever went into an elevator devoted to white people, but that white people often rode in cars set apart for colored people. In some cases the car

for Negroes is operated by a white man, and in other cases, all the elevators in a building are operated by colored men. This is one of the curious points of industrial contact in the South which somewhat surprise the Northern visitor. In the North a white workman, though having no especial prejudice against the Negro, will often refuse to work with him; in the South, while the social prejudice is strong, Negroes and whites work together side by side in many kinds of employment.

I had an illustration in point not long afterward. Passing the post office, I saw several mail-carriers coming out, some white, some black, talking and laughing, with no evidence, at first, of the existence of any color line. Interested to see what the real condition was, I went in and made inquiries. A most interesting and significant condition developed. I found that the postmaster, who is a wise man, sent Negro carriers up Peachtree and other fashionable streets, occupied by wealthy white people, while white carriers were assigned to beats in the mill districts and other parts of town inhabited by the poorer classes of white people.

"You see," said my informant, "the Peachtree people know how to treat Negroes. They really prefer a Negro carrier to a white one; it's natural for them to have a Negro doing such service. But if we sent Negro carriers down into the mill district they might get their heads knocked off."

Then he made a philosophical observation:

"If we had only the best class of white folks down here and the industrious Negroes, there wouldn't be any trouble."

The Jim Crow Car

One of the points in which I was especially interested was the "Jim Crow" regulations, that is, the system of separation of the races in street cars and railroad trains. Next to the question of Negro suffrage, I think the people of the North have heard more of the Jim Crow legislation than of anything else connected with the Negro problem. I have seen, so far, no better place than the street car for observing the points of human contact between the races, betraying as it does every shade of feeling upon the part of both. In

almost no other relationship do the races come together, physically, on anything like a common footing. In their homes and in ordinary employment, they meet as master and servant; but in the street cars they touch as free citizens each paying for the right to ride, the white not in a place of command, the Negro without an obligation of servitude. Street-car relationships are, therefore, symbolic of the new conditions. A few years ago, the Negro came and went in the street cars in most cities and sat where he pleased, but gradually Jim Crow laws or local regulations were passed forcing him into certain seats at the back of the car.

Since I have been here in Atlanta, the newspapers report two significant new developments in the policy of separation. In Savannah, Jim Crow ordinances have gone into effect for the first time, causing violent protestations on the part of the Negroes and a refusal by many of them to use the cars at all. Montgomery, Ala., about the same time, went one step further and demanded, not separate seats in the same car, but entirely separate cars for whites and blacks. There could be no better visible evidence of the increasing separation of the races, and of the determination of the white man to make the Negro "keep his place," than the evolution of the Jim Crow regulations.

I was curious to see how the system worked out in Atlanta. Over the door of each car, I found this sign:

**White People Will Seat from
Front of Car toward the Back,
and Colored People from Rear
Toward Front.**

Sure enough, I found the white people in front and the Negroes behind. As the sign indicates, there is no definite line of division between the white seats and the black seats, as in many other Southern cities. This very absence of a clear demarcation is significant of many relationships in the South. *The color line is drawn, but neither race knows just where it is.* Indeed, it can hardly be definitely drawn in many relationships, because it is constantly changing. This uncertainty is a fertile source of friction and bitterness. The very first time I was on a car in Atlanta, I saw the conductor—all conductors are white—

ask a Negro woman to get up and take a seat further back in order to make a place for a white man. I traveled a good deal, but I never saw a white person asked to vacate a back seat to make place for a Negro. I saw cars filled with white people, both front seats and back, and many Negroes standing.

At one time, when I was on a car the conductor shouted: "Here, you nigger, get back there," which the Negro, who had taken a seat too far forward, proceeded hastily to do. Of course, I am talking here of conditions as they are in Atlanta. I may find different circumstances in other cities, which I hope to develop when the time comes.

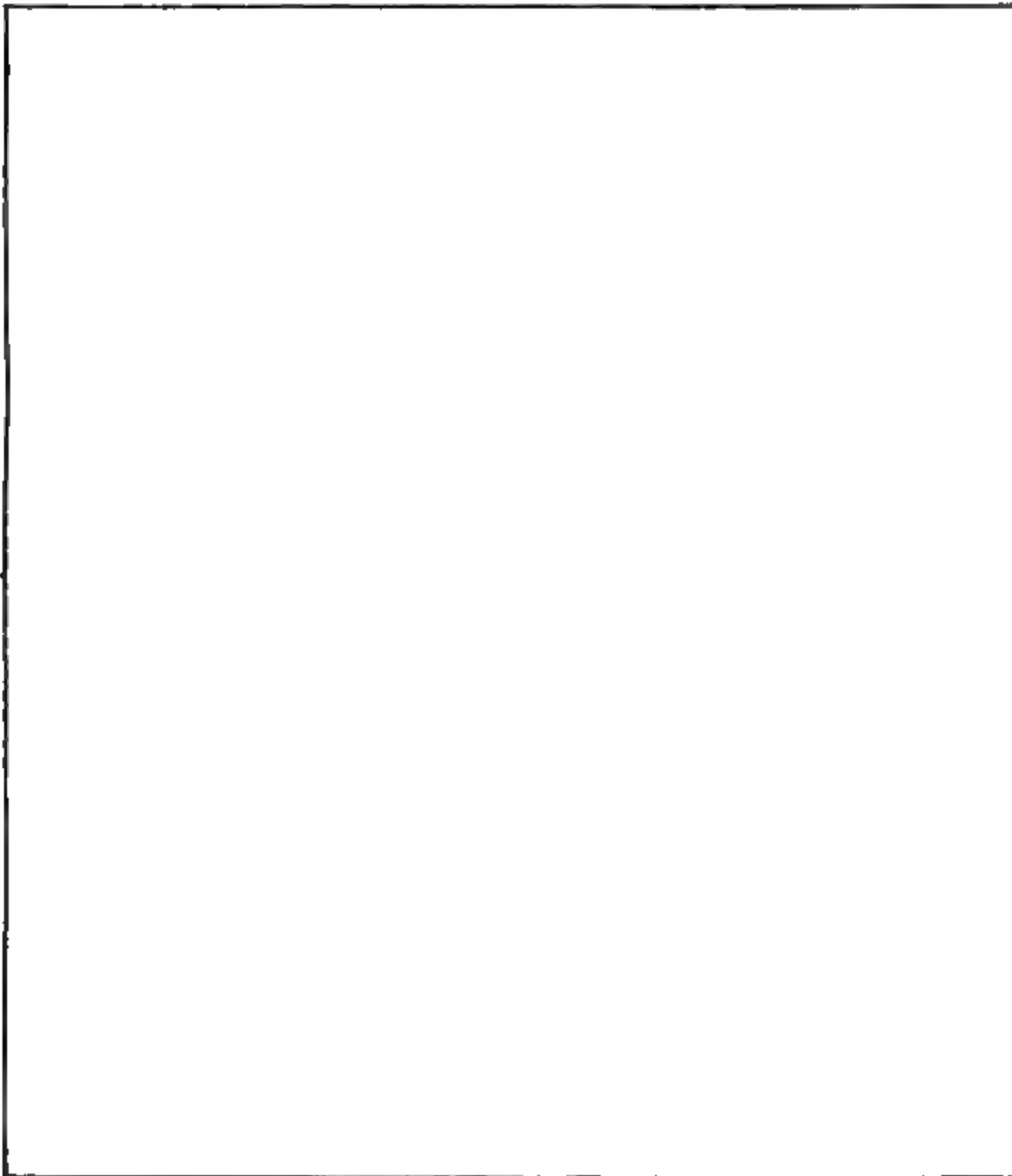
No other one point of race contact is so

much and so bitterly discussed among the Negroes as the Jim Crow car. I don't know how many Negroes replied to my question: "What is the chief cause of friction down here?" with a complaint of their treatment on street cars and in railroad trains.

Why the Negro Objects to the Jim Crow Car

Fundamentally, of course, they object to any separation which gives them inferior accommodations. This point of view—and I am trying to set down every point of view, both colored and white, exactly as I find it, is expressed in many ways.

"We pay first-class fare," said one of the



Interior of a Negro workingman's home

A Professor and some students of Gammon Theological Seminary

leading Negroes in Atlanta, "exactly as the white man does, but we don't get first-class service. We don't know when we may be dislodged from our seats to make place for a white man who has paid no more than we have. I say it isn't fair."

In answer to this complaint, the white man says: "The Negro is inferior, he must be made to keep his place. Give him a chance and he assumes social equality, and that will lead to an effort at inter-marriage and amalgamation of the races. The Anglo-Saxon will never stand for that."

One of the first complaints made by the Negroes after the riot, as I showed last

month, was of rough and unfair treatment on the street cars.

The committee admitted that the Negroes were not always well treated on the cars, and promised to improve conditions. Charles T. Hopkins, a leader in the Civic League and one of the prominent lawyers of the city, told me that he believed the Negroes should be given their definite seats in every car; he said that he personally made it a practice to stand up rather than to take any one of the four back seats, which he considered as belonging to the Negroes. Two other leading men, on a different occasion, told me the same thing. It is, however, a rare practice.

One result of the friction over the Jim Crow regulations is that many Negroes ride on the cars as little as possible. One prominent Negro I met said he never entered a car, and that he had many friends who pursued the same policy; he said that Negro street car excursions, familiar a few years ago, had entirely ceased. It is significant of the feeling that one of the features of the Atlanta riot was an attack on the street cars in which all Negroes were driven out of their seats. One Negro woman was pushed through an open window, and, after falling to the pavement, she was dragged by the leg across the sidewalk and thrown through a shop window. In another case when the mob stopped a car the motorman, instead of protecting his passengers, went inside and beat down a Negro with his brass control-lever.

Story of an Encounter on a Street Car

I heard innumerable stories from both white people and Negroes of encounters

in the street cars. Dr. W. F. Penn, one of the foremost Negro physicians of the city, himself partly white, a graduate of Yale College, told me of one occasion in which he entered a car and found there Mrs. Crogman, wife of the colored president of Clark University. Mrs. Crogman is a mulatto so light of complexion as to be practically undistinguishable from white people. Dr. Penn, who knew her well, sat down beside her and began talking. A white man who occupied a seat in front with his wife turned and said:

"Here, you nigger, get out of that seat. What do you mean by sitting down with a white woman?"

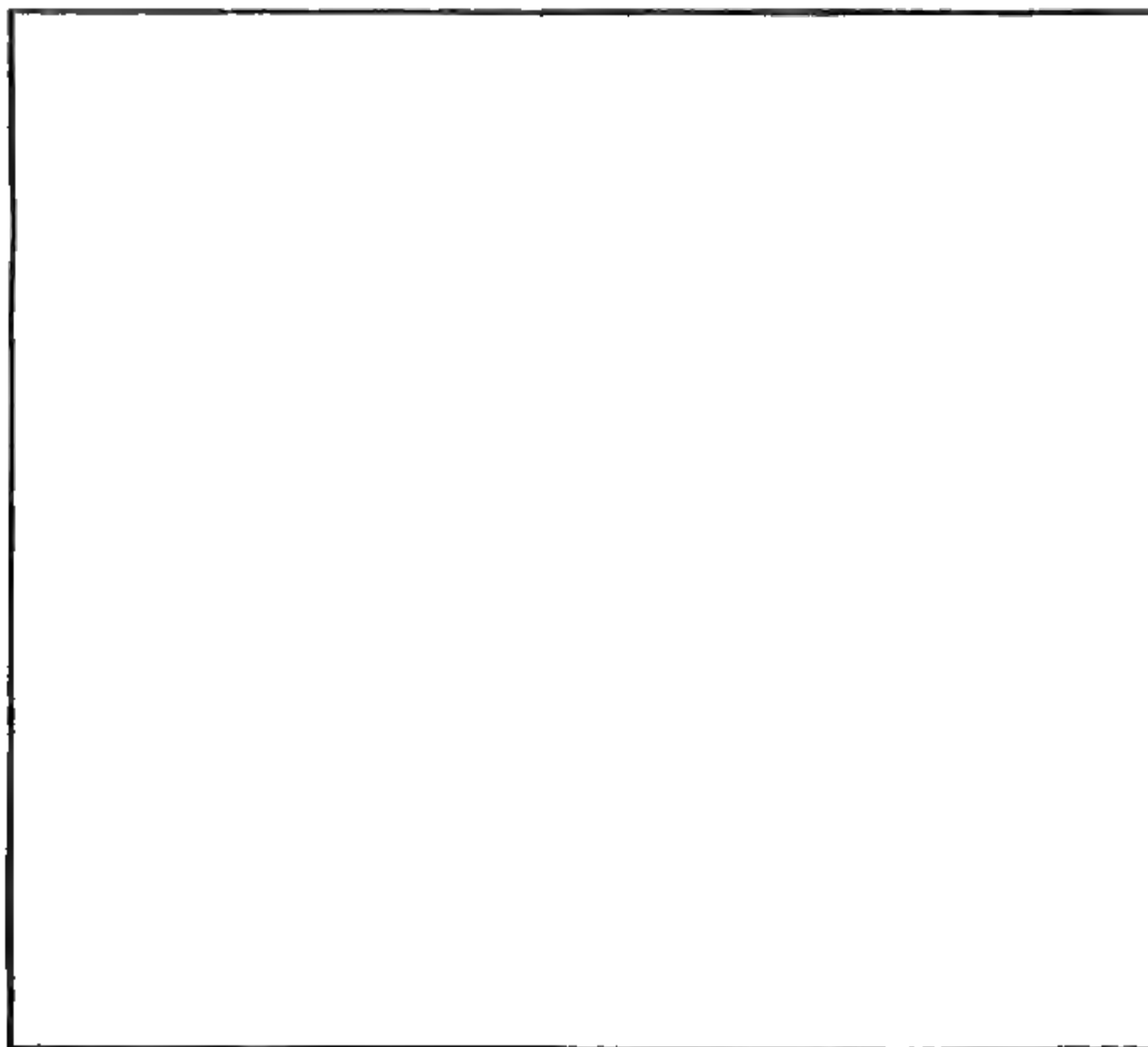
Dr. Penn replied somewhat angrily:

"It's come to a pretty pass when a colored man cannot sit with a woman of his own race in his own part of the car."

The white man turned to his wife and said:

"Here, take these bundles. I'm going to thrash that nigger."

In half a minute the car was in an uproar,



Types of the respectable working-class Negro

WHERE THE MILL HANDS (WHITE) LIVE

Showing that there is no great difference

the two men struggling. Fortunately the conductor and motorman were quickly at hand, and Dr. Penn slipped off the car.

Conditions on the railroad trains, while not resulting so often in personal encounters, are also the cause of constant irritation. When I came South, I took particular pains to observe the arrangement on the trains. In some cases Negroes are given entire cars at the front of the train, at other times they occupy the rear end of a combination coach and baggage car, which is used in the North as a smoking compartment. The complaint here is that, while the Negro is required to pay first-class fare, he is provided with second-class accommodations. Well-to-do Negroes who can afford to travel, also complain that they are not permitted to engage sleeping-car berths. Booker T. Washington usually takes a compartment where he is entirely cut off from the white passengers. Some other Negroes do the same thing, although they are often refused even this expensive privilege. Railroad officials with whom I talked, and it is important to hear what they say, said that it was not only a question of public opinion—which was absolutely opposed to any intermingling of the races in the cars—but that Negro travel in most places was small compared with white

travel, that the ordinary Negro was unclean and careless, and that it was impractical to furnish them the same accommodations, even though it did come hard on a few educated Negroes. They said that when there was a delegation of Negroes, enough to fill an entire sleeping car, they could always get accommodations. All of which gives a glimpse of the enormous difficulties accompanying the separation of the races in the South.

Another interesting point significant of tendencies came early to my attention. They have just finished at Atlanta one of the finest railroad stations in this country. The ordinary depot in the South has two waiting rooms of about the same size, one for whites and one for Negroes. But when this new station was built the whole front was given up to white people, and the Negroes were assigned a side entrance, and a small waiting room. Prominent colored men regarded it as a new evidence of the crowding out of the Negro, the further attempt to give him unequal accommodations, to handicap him in his struggle for survival. A delegation was sent to the railroad people to protest, but to no purpose. Result. further bitterness. There are in the station two lunch rooms, one for whites, one for Negroes.

WHERE SOME OF THE POORER NEGROES LIVE

between the homes of the two classes

A leading colored man said to me:

"No Negro goes to the lunch room in the station who can help it. We don't like the way we have been treated."

A Negro Boycott

Of course this was an unusually intelligent colored man, and he spoke for his own sort; how far the same feeling of a race consciousness strong enough to carry out such a boycott as this—and it is exactly like the boycott of a labor union—actuates the masses of ignorant Negroes, is a question upon which I hope to get more light as I proceed. I have already heard more than one colored leader complain that Negroes do not stand together. And a white planter, whom I met in the hotel, said a significant thing along this very line:

"If once the Negroes got together and saved their money, they'd soon own the country, but they can't do it, and they never will."

After I had begun to trace the color line I found evidences of it everywhere—literally in every department of life. In the theaters, Negroes never sit downstairs, but the galleries are black with them. Of course, white hotels and restaurants are entirely barred to Negroes, with the result

that colored people have their own eating and sleeping places, most of them inexpressibly dilapidated and unclean. "Sleepers wanted" is a familiar sign in Atlanta, giving notice of places where for a few cents a Negro can find a bed or a mattress on the floor, often in a room where there are many other sleepers, sometimes both men and women in the same room crowded together in a manner both unsanitary and immoral. No good public accommodations exist for the educated or well-to-do Negro. Indeed, one cannot long remain in the South without being impressed with the extreme difficulties which beset the exceptional colored man.

In slavery time, many Negroes attended white churches and heard good preaching, and Negro children were often taught by white women. Now, a Negro is never (or very rarely) seen in a white man's church. Once since I have been in the South, I saw a very old Negro woman—some much-loved mammy, perhaps—sitting down in front near the pulpit, but that is the only exception to the rule that has come to my attention. Negroes are not wanted in white churches. Consequently, the colored people, who are nothing if not religious, have some sixty churches of their own in Atlanta. Of course, the schools

are separate, and have been ever since the Civil War.

In one of the parks of Atlanta I saw this sign:

**No Negroes Allowed
in this Park.**

Color Line in the Public Library

A story significant of the growing separation of the races is told about the public library at Atlanta, which no Negro is permitted to enter. Carnegie gave the money for building it, and when the question came up as to the support of it by the city, the inevitable color question arose. Leading Negroes asserted that their people should be allowed admittance, that they needed such an educational advantage even more than white people, and that they were to be taxed their share—even though it was small—for buying the books and maintaining the building. They did not win their point, of course, but Mr. Carnegie proposed a solution of the difficulty by offering more money to build a Negro branch library, provided the city would give the land and provide for its support. The city said to the Negroes:

"You contribute the land and we will support the library."

Influential Negroes at once arranged for buying and contributing a site for the library. Then the question of control arose. The Negroes thought that inasmuch as they gave the land and the building was to be used entirely for colored people, they should have one or two members on the board of control. This the city officials, who had charge of the matter, would not hear of; result, the Negroes would not give the land, and the branch library has never been built.

Right in this connection: while I was in Atlanta, the Art School, which in the past has often used Negro models, decided to draw the color line there, too, and no longer employ them.

Formerly Negroes and white men went to the same saloons, and drank at the same bars, as they do now, I am told, in some parts of the South. In a few instances, in Atlanta, there were Negro saloon-keepers, and many Negro bartenders. The first step toward separation was to divide the bar, the upper end for white men, the lower for Negroes. Finally, after the riot, all Negro saloon-keepers were thrown out of business, and by the new requirement no saloon can serve both white and colored men.

Consequently, going along Decatur Street, one sees the saloons designated by conspicuous signs:

"Whites Only."

"Colored Only."

And when the Negro suffers the ordinary consequences of a prolonged visit to Decatur Street, and finds himself in the city prison, he is separated there, too, from the whites. And afterwards in court, if he comes to trial, two Bibles are provided; he may take his oath on one; the other is for the white man. When he dies he is buried in a separate cemetery.

One curious and enlightening example of the infinite ramifications of the color line was given me by Mr. Logan, secretary of the Atlanta Associated Charities, which is supported by voluntary contributions. One day, after the riot, a subscriber called Mr. Logan on the telephone and said:

"Do you help Negroes in your society?"

"Why, yes, occasionally," said Mr. Logan.

"What do you do that for?"

"A Negro gets hungry and cold like anybody else," answered Mr. Logan.

"Well, you can strike my name from

The color line can be followed by means of signs in some places

your subscription list. I won't give any of my money to a society that helps Negroes."

Psychology of the South

Now, this sounds rather brutal, but behind it lies the peculiar psychology of the South. This very man who refused to contribute to the associated charities, may have fed several Negroes from his kitchen and had a number of Negro pensioners who came to him regularly for help. It was simply amazing to me, considering the bitterness of racial feeling, to see how lavish many white families are in giving food, clothing and money to individual Negroes whom they know. It is said that the Southern housewife never serves hash; certainly I haven't seen so far a sign of it since I came down here. The adroit "made-over dishes" of economical New England are here absent, because nothing is ever left to make over. The Negro eats it up! Even bread here is not usually baked days ahead as in the North, but made fresh for every meal—the famous, delicious (and indigestible) "hot bread" of the South. A Negro cook often supports her whole family, including a lazy

husband, on what she gets daily from the white man's kitchen. In some old families the "basket habit" of the Negroes is taken for granted; in the newer ones, it is, significantly, beginning to be called stealing, showing that the old order is passing and that the Negro is being held more and more strictly to account, not as a dependent vassal, but as a moral being, who must rest upon his own responsibility.

And often a Negro of the old sort will literally bulldoze his hereditary white protector into the loan of quarters and half dollars, which both know will never be paid back.

Mr. Brittain, superintendent of schools in Fulton County, gave me an incident in point. A big Negro with whom he was wholly unacquainted came to his office one day, and demanded—he did not ask, but demanded—a job.

"What's your name?" asked the superintendent.

"Marion Luther Brittain," was the reply.

"That sounds familiar," said Mr. Brittain—it being, indeed, his own name.

"Yas, sah. Ah'm the son of yo' ol' mammy."

In short, Marion Luther had grown up on the old plantation; it was the spirit of the hereditary vassal demanding the protection and support of the hereditary baron, and he got it, of course.

The Negro who makes his appeal on the basis of this old relationship finds no more indulgent or generous friend than the Southern white man, indulgent to the point of excusing thievery and other petty

*The Hotel Vendome for colored people
only*

offenses, but the moment he assumes or demands any other relationship or stands up as an independent citizen, the white men—at least some white men—turn upon him with the fiercest hostility. The incident of the associated charities may now be understood. It was not necessarily cruelty to a cold or hungry Negro that inspired the demand of the irate subscriber, but the feeling that the associated charities helped Negroes and whites on the same basis, as men; that, therefore, it encouraged “social equality,” and that therefore it was to be stopped.

I shall have to ask the indulgence of the reader here—and all through this series—for getting away from the main-traveled road of my narrative. Sooner or later I promise solemnly to get back again, and not without the hope that I have illuminated some obscure by-way or found a new path through a thorny hedge.

Most of the examples so far given are along the line of social contact, where, of course, the repulsion is intense. They are the outward evidences of separation, but while highly provocative, they are not really of vital importance. Negroes and whites can go to different schools, churches and saloons, and sit in different street cars, and still live pretty comfortably. But the

longer I remain in the South, the more clearly I come to understand how wide and deep, in other, less easily discernible ways, the chasm between the races is becoming. It takes forms that I had never dreamed of.

*The New Racial Consciousness
among Negroes*

One of the natural and inevitable results of the effort of the white man to set the Negro off, as a race, by himself, is to awaken in him a new consciousness—a sort of racial consciousness. It drives the Negroes together for defense and offense. Many able Negroes, some largely of white blood, cut off from all opportunity of success in the greater life of the white man, become of necessity leaders of their own people. And one of their chief efforts consists in urging Negroes to work together and to stand together. In this they are only developing the instinct of defense against the white man which has always been latent in the race. This instinct exhibits itself, as in the recent Brownsville case, in the way in which the mass of Negroes often refuse to turn over a criminal of their color to white justice; it is like the instinctive clannishness of the Highland Scotch or the peasant Irish. I don't know how many Southern people have told me in different ways of how extremely difficult it is to get at the real feeling of a Negro, to make him tell what goes on in his clubs and churches or in his innumerable societies.

A Southern woman told me of a cook who had been in her service for nineteen years. The whole family really loved the old darkey: her mistress made her a confidante, in the way of the old South, in the most intimate private and family matters, the daughters told her their love affairs; they all petted her and even submitted to many small tyrannies upon her part.

“But do you know,” said my hostess, “Susie never tells us a thing about her life or her friends, and we couldn't, if we tried, make her tell what goes on in the society she belongs to.”

The Negro has long been defensively secretive. Slavery made him that. In the past, the instinct was passive and defensive; but with growing education and intelligent leadership it is rapidly becoming

*Barber shop managed by A. F. Herndon,
the richest Negro in Atlanta*

conscious, self-directive and offensive. And right there, it seems to me, though I speak yet from limited observation, lies the great cause of the increased strain in the South.

Let me illustrate. In the People's Tabernacle in Atlanta, where thousands of Negroes meet every Sunday, I saw this sign in huge letters:

**For Photographs, Go to
Auburn Photo Gallery,
Operated by Colored Men.**

The old-fashioned darkey preferred to go to the white man for everything; he didn't trust his own people; the new Negro, with growing race consciousness, and feeling that the white man is against him, urges his friends to patronize Negro doctors and dentists, and to trade with Negro storekeepers. The extent to which this movement has gone was one of the most surprising things that I, as an unfamiliar Northerner, found in Atlanta. In other words, the struggle of the races is becoming more and more rapidly economic.

Story of a Negro Shoe-Store

One day, walking in Broad Street, I passed a Negro shoe-store. I did not know that there was such a thing in the country. I went in to make inquiries. It was neat, well kept and evidently prosperous. I found that it was owned by a stock company, organized and controlled wholly by Negroes; the manager was a brisk young mulatto named Harper, a graduate of Atlanta University. I found him dictating to a Negro girl stenographer. There were two reasons, he said, why the store had been opened; one was because the promoters thought it a good business opportunity, and the other was because many Negroes of the better class felt that they did not get fair treatment at white stores. At some places—not all, he said—when a Negro woman went to buy a pair of shoes, the clerk would hand them to her without offering to help her try them on; and a Negro was always kept waiting until all the white people in the store had been served. Since the new business was opened, he said, it had attracted much of the Negro trade; all the leaders advising their people to patronize him. I was much interested to find out how this young man

The first drug store in Atlanta operated by a colored man. Moses Amos is the proprietor

looked upon the race question. His first answer struck me forcibly, for it was the universal and typical answer of the business man the world over, whether white, yellow or black:

"All I want," he said, "is to be protected and let alone, so that I can build up this business."

"What do you mean by protection?" I asked.

"Well, justice between the races. That doesn't mean social equality. We have a society of our own, and that is all we want. If we can have justice in the courts, and fair protection, we can learn to compete with the white stores and get along all right."

Such an enterprise as this indicates the new, economic separation between the races.

"Here is business," says the Negro, "which I am going to do."

Considering the fact that only a few years ago, the Negro did no business at all, and had no professional men, it is really surprising to a Northerner to see what progress he has made. One of the first lines he took up was—not unnaturally—the undertaking business. Some of the most prosperous Negroes in every Southern city are undertakers, doing work exclu-

A Negro tailor shop

Homes of some colored physicians

Dr. Butler's home

Dr. Porter's home

sively, of course, for colored people. Other early enterprises, growing naturally out of a history of personal service, were barbering and tailoring. Atlanta has many small Negro tailor and clothes-cleaning shops.

Wealthiest Negro in Atlanta

The wealthiest Negro in Atlanta, A. F. Herndon, operates the largest barber shop in the city; he is the president of a Negro insurance company (of which there are four in the city) and he owns and rents some fifty dwelling houses. He is said to be worth \$80,000, all made, of course, since slavery.

Another occupation developing naturally from the industrial training of slavery was

have made money. They are employed by white men, and they hire for their jobs both white and Negro workmen.

Small groceries and other stores are of later appearance; I saw at least a score of them in various parts of Atlanta. For the most part they are very small, many are exceedingly dirty and ill-kept; usually much poorer than corresponding places kept by foreigners, indiscriminately called "Dagoes" down here, who are in reality mostly Russian Jews and Greeks. But there are a few Negro grocery stores in Atlanta which are highly creditable. Other business enterprises include restaurants (for Negroes), printing establishments, two newspapers and several drug-stores. In other words, the Negro is rapidly building up his own business enterprises, tending to make himself independent as a race.

The appearance of Negro drug-stores

was the natural result of the increasing practice of Negro doctors and dentists. Time was when all Negroes preferred to go to white practitioners, but since educated colored doctors became common, they have taken a very large part—practically all, I am told—of the practice in Atlanta. Several of them have had degrees from Northern universities, two from Yale; and one of them, at least, has some little practice among white people. The doctors are leaders among their people. Naturally they give prescriptions to be filled by druggists of their own race; hence the growth of the drug business among Negroes everywhere in the South. The first store to be established in Atlanta occupies an old wooden building in Auburn Avenue. It is operated by Moses Amos, a mulatto, and enjoys, I understand, a high degree of prosperity. I visited it. A post-office occupies one corner of the room; and it is a familiar gathering place for colored men. Moses Amos told me his story, and I found it so interesting, and so significant of the way in which Negro business men have come up, that I am setting it down briefly here:

Rise of a Negro Druggist

"I never shall forget," he said, "my first day in the drug business. It was in 1876. I remember I was with a crowd of boys in Peachtree Street, where Dr. Huss, a Southern white man, kept a drug-store. The old doctor was sitting out in front smoking his pipe. He called one little Negro after another, and finally chose me. He said:

"I want you to live with me, work in the store, and look after my horse."

"He sent me to his house and told me to tell his wife to give me some breakfast, and I certainly delivered the first message correctly. His wife, who was a noble lady, not only fed me, but made me take a bath in a sure enough porcelain tub, the first I had ever seen. When I went back to the store, I was so regenerated that the doctor had to adjust his spectacles before he knew me. He said to me:

"You can wash bottles, put up castor oil, salts and turpentine, sell anything you know and put the money in the drawer."

"He showed me how to work the keys of the cash drawer. 'I am going to trust you,' he said. 'Don't steal from me; if you want anything ask for it, and you can have

it. And don't lie; I hate a liar. A boy who will lie will steal, too.'

"I remained with Dr. Huss thirteen years. He sent me to school and paid my tuition out of his own pocket; he trusted me fully, often leaving me in charge of his business for weeks at a time. When he died, I formed a partnership with Dr. Butler, Dr. Slater and others, and bought the store. Our business grew and prospered, so that within a few years we had a stock worth \$3,000, and cash of \$800. That made us ambitious. We bought land, built a new store, and went into debt to do it. We didn't know much about business—that's the Negro's chief trouble—and we lost trade by changing our location, so that in spite of all we could do, we failed and lost everything, though we finally paid our creditors every cent. After many trials we started again in 1896 in our present store; to-day we are doing a good business; we can get all the credit we want from wholesale houses, we employ six clerks, and pay good interest on the capital invested."

Greatest Difficulties Met by Negro Business Men

I asked him what was the greatest difficulty he had to meet. He said it was the credit system; the fact that many Negroes have not learned financial responsibility. Once, he said, he nearly stopped business on this account.

"I remember," he said, "the last time we got into trouble. We needed \$400 to pay our bills. I picked out some of our best customers and gave them a heart-to-heart talk and told them what trouble we were in. They all promised to pay; but on the day set for payment, out of \$1,680 which they owed us we collected just \$8.25. After that experience we came down to a cash basis. We trust no one, and since then we have been doing well."

He said he thought the best opportunity for Negro development was in the South where he had his whole race behind him. He said he had once been tempted to go North looking for an opening.

"How did you make out?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, "when I got there I wanted a shave; I walked the streets two hours visiting barber shops, and they all turned me away with some

excuse. I finally had to buy a razor and shave myself! That was just a sample. I came home disgusted and decided to fight it out down here where I understood conditions."

Of course only a comparatively few Negroes are able to get ahead in business. They must depend almost exclusively on the trade of their own race, and they must meet the highly organized competition of white men. But it is certainly significant that even a few—all I have met so far are mulattoes, some very white—are able to make progress along these unfamiliar lines. Most Southern men I met had little or no idea of the remarkable extent of this advancement among the better class of Negroes. Here is a strange thing. I don't know how many Southern men have prefaced their talks with me with words something like this:

"You can't expect to know the Negro after a short visit. You must live down here like we do. Now, I know the Negroes like a book. I was brought up with them. I know what they'll do and what they won't do. I have had Negroes in my house all my life."

But curiously enough I found that these men rarely knew anything about the better class of Negroes—those who were in business, or in independent occupations, those who owned their own homes. They *did* come into contact with the servant Negro, the field hand, the common laborer, who make up, of course, the great mass of the race. On the other hand, the best class

of Negroes did not know the higher class of white people, and based their suspicion and hatred upon the acts of the poorer sort of whites with whom they naturally came into contact. The best elements of the two races are as far apart as though they lived in different continents; and that is one of the chief causes of the growing danger of the Southern situation. Last month I showed the striking fact that one of the first—almost instinctive—efforts at reconstruction after the Atlanta riot was to bring the best elements of both races together, so that they might, by becoming acquainted and gaining confidence in each other, allay suspicion and bring influence to bear upon the lawless elements of both white people and colored.

Many Southerners look back wistfully to the faithful, simple, ignorant, obedient, cheerful, old plantation darkey and deplore his disappearance. They want the New South, but the old darkey. That darkey is disappearing forever along with the old feudalism and the old-time exclusively agricultural life.

A New Negro is not less inevitable than a new white man and a New South. And the New Negro, as my clever friend says, doesn't laugh as much as the old one. It is grim business he is in, this being free, this new, fierce struggle in the open competitive field for the daily loaf. Many go down to vagrancy and crime in that struggle; a few will rise. The more rapid the progress (with the trained white man setting the pace), the more frightful the mortality.

(Mr. Baker's narrative of observation of Southern life will continue next month)

THE BADGE OF SERVITUDE

BY OCTAVIA ROBERTS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH STELLA



THE ladies of the Every Monday Euchre Club, lingering over their salad and coffee at the close of an afternoon, habitually lamented the scarcity of servants in Gardner, ascribing as the cause that Gardner was a mill town. Mrs. Bascome, lately come from the South, and secure in her colored Becky, lightly imputed the whole trouble to the fact that the North was so insistent upon education. The final word seemed to have been said when she drawled conclusively:

"Ma fathah always said if the working people were educated, it would be the end of the servant class."

As she spoke, she flung her stole over one shoulder in the fashion of the year, joined several of the other club members, and

departed in a flutter of gay talk down the street's steep descent toward the car. The trolley at this hour was crowded to the very steps with the mill hands, and the club women were obliged to swing unsteadily from straps, holding their finery from the floor in indignant protest. Their indignation was only partially appeased when several men sheepishly abandoned their seats to them, and made their way to the platform and the solace of tobacco. Most of the mill girls were brave in their early winter finery, patterned in close imitation of the custom-made garments of the Euchre Club. Some of them stared rudely at Mrs. Bascome's smart little hat that flared at an unexpected angle, then adjusted their stiff felts, gay with ribbons and scanty plumes, in a vain attempt at her style. Here and there women drooped with fatigue. Their hands, in

harsh mittens, lay inertly in their laps, while their lunch boxes, often pathetically masking as music rolls or cameras, slipped time and again from their weary grasp. The younger girls, however, were shouting and talking together, bridling at the men, making engagements with them for balls or the vaudeville.

"Then, Mame, 'I'm on to you,' I sez, and you ought to have heard him laugh!" one girl was confiding.

The ladies lifted their eyebrows expressively at each other to show their annoyance. More weary from their pleasure than the mill girls from their toil, their tired nerves rebelled against the unnecessary clamor.

Mrs. Bascome had difficulty in hearing what Mrs. Cooley, the president of the club, was saying above the whirl of the car and the loud chatter, but at her question, a second time repeated, she shouted sweetly in return:—

"No, Mrs. Cooley, I *don't*, but if I hear of anyone I'll let you know. My Becky may possibly have a friend who would like the place. What work do you requiah, Mrs. Cooley, of your second girl?"

An intelligent-looking young American girl who sat behind them leaned forward to catch the answer.

"Oh, I expect the usual combination of waitress and chambermaid. With only three in the family, there is almost nothing to do. She could have every evening off and two afternoons, counting Sunday. I pay six a week, yet none but Finns have applied. The worst of it is, my cook will leave if I don't get some one soon."

Mrs. Bascome motioned the conductor to stop, and as she tottered uncertainly down the moving car, she called merrily over her shoulder:

"I may apply for that position myself! It's a very good place."

The young American girl slipped into the seat Mrs. Bascome's going had left empty. She glanced hesitatingly at Mrs. Cooley from time to time as if about to address her, but before she had done so Mrs. Cooley left the car, and by pressing her face to the window the girl had a fleeting picture of her decorous progress up a shaded walk leading to a large brick house set well back from the street.

As the car sped on to the district where most of the mill people lived, the girl still

sat with her face pressed to the cool window pane, staring blankly into the gathering darkness.

The trolley had almost reached the end of the line before she too alighted and walked toward the cottage where she boarded with the Earley family, her flagging step growing lighter as she swung the gate behind her. Although there was a very neat front entrance with a door bell, she made her way directly to the kitchen, entering without the formality of knocking. An elderly woman, of Irish-American lineage, looked up pleasantly from the stove where she was frying cakes.

"Well, Mamie," she said kindly, "I thought ye were lost." Then, divining the girl's despondency, she asked, "There ain't anything wrong, is there?"

"Yes, there's a good deal wrong. I am all wore out. My head aches, and my side hurts most of the time. I don't see how I'm going to stand it through the winter." Her eyes filled with tears of self-pity, and, rising hastily to hide her agitation, she began mechanically to set the table.

"You'd ought to see a doctor," the older woman called above the frying.

"I have. I seen Dr. Otis this noon."

"What did he say?"

There was an appreciable pause.

"He said I had to git out of the mill and git out quick. I had to have better air and more exercise and not sit so much. I'm all broke up." She bowed her face, a face that in spite of its pallor was pretty, on an arm bent to shield it, and said no more.

The older woman sighed in an acceptance of the situation that was as pathetic as the girl's rebellion, though she only said:

"Well, Katie'll soon be home; we'll talk it over with her. She just took home Miss Cooley's gown."

"Did she finish it?"

"Yes, we sewed on it all day long. Katie didn't even stop for lunch. She said she wanted to wear it to-night, and Katie ain't one to disappoint a customer. She likes Miss Cooley awful well anyway."

The two women seated themselves at the table, where on the bright-red cloth were the cakes hot from the fire, the boiled potatoes and the coffee that made the evening meal; on one end of the table there was preserved fruit in a glass dish with a gold border which they all thought very pretty.

"I sat by Mrs. Cooley on the car to-

night," Mamie said suddenly. "She ain't got the style of her daughter." She hesitated, then continued, with a high color: "She was telling a lady how bad she needs help." She looked narrowly at Mrs. Earley, who answered absently:

"I hope Miss Cooley liked her dress. Katie ought to be back by now."

She listened for a moment, and then, as the gate slammed sharply, she went to the door and looked eagerly out into the night.

"Well, Katie," she called affectionately, "we're waiting on you."

Katie was a pleasant-faced young woman

Then, turning to Mamie, her freckled, merry little face quivering with sympathy.

"Did you go to the doctor, Mamie?" she asked. Mamie nodded silently, two large tears rolling down her cheeks. She gazed steadily in front of her.

"He said she ought to give up her job right away," Mrs. Earley said in straightforward explanation. "She has to do somethin' where she moves around more. She don't get enough exercise."

"Mamie," her friend put her hand over hers in a quick pressure, "Mrs. Cooley wants a second girl and she pays well.



"I had to have better air and more exercise"

with a quantity of curly, sandy hair. She was plainly very tired, but to her admiring mother and her friend she seemed at all times to radiate cheer.

"Miss Cooley wasn't home," she said, drawing her chair to the table. "What do you think of that?"

"Wasn't home! Wasn't she waiting for the dress?"

"No; she didn't even come home for dinner, her mother said. She didn't seem to know anythin' about it. Think of me, and ma too, sewing so hard all day to finish it! I didn't think it of her!" Helping herself to the food, she rubbed her hand over her tired eyes. "I wish she'd told me if she found she didn't need it," she said simply.

Why can't you take a place like that for a little while? She was asking me to-night if I knew of anybody." She saw the wave of color that swept Mamie's face and added, "By spring you'd be all right again; 'twouldn't be for long. They're awful nice folks. They'd take you to the seashore in the summer and by fall you could go back to the mill. Ain't Mr. Cooley got something to do with it? He'd save you your place."

As Mrs. Earley gathered up the dishes the two girls, still talking together, went into the front room and began hastily picking up the threads and bits of lace and silk with which the day's sewing had strewn the floor. Talking in low tones, they worked with

"It ain't the work . . . but I feel like I don't belong nowhere"

great rapidity, pushing the sewing machine into the corner, bringing into prominence an easel that held a large crayon portrait of the deceased Mr. Earley, whose long upper lip was clean-shaven, while his chin beard, sweeping his collar, almost succeeded in hiding the absence of cravat. Katie had bought and paid for this portrait, as she had almost everything in the room. The girls took great pride in the parlor. Very few of the mill girls had as good.

They had just time to run into the bedroom, which they shared, and make some hasty changes in their dress, when a loud ring of the door bell held them breathless. They had pretended all along that they expected no one.

When they re-entered the room, two young men awaited them. Dressed neatly in dark suits, with glimpses of highly polished shirt bosoms, they sat stiffly in the chairs Mrs. Earley had offered them. It had not been two hours since Mamie had parted from them at the mill, but she greeted them formally:

"Good evenin', Tim." Then, shyly, "Good evenin', Mr. Murphy."

The color deepened in her thin face, and in Mr. Murphy's too, as Katie left them to share the sofa. They sat erectly side by side, listening smilingly to the banter between Katie and Tim. Now and then their eyes met; Mr. Murphy gazing at Mamie

with an intensity so ill concealed that Katie and Tim were thrown into peals of laughter they refused to explain.

When Tim Bryan produced a box of gaily colored candies from the depths of his overcoat pocket, the evening seemed to overflow with delight. As Katie untied the gilt string, she and Mamie exchanged luminous glances of pride and pleasure. Mrs. Earley could hear them all laughing blithely long after she was in bed. Mr. Murphy's deep voice in occasional monosyllables mingled with her dreams.

After the young men had gone, the girls revived the pleasures of the evening by a long whispered conversation as they stealthily undressed. Impatient groans from Mrs. Earley, disturbed in her sleep by their monotonous hum, obliged them to bury their laughing faces in the pillows from time to time. Suddenly Mamie's tone became serious.

"Katie," she questioned, tremulously, "you don't think Mr. Murphy'd stop comin' if I was to work out, do you? You know his sister is a school-teacher and he's awful proud."

"Sure he'll come," Katie said reassuringly, but they looked at each other in a mutual alarm.

With two afternoons and the evenings to herself, to say nothing of staying out for tea

every other Sunday, Mamie, or Mary as Mrs. Cooley called her, felt sure the winter would pass rapidly, and Mr. Cooley had promised absently that he would do what he could to keep her place in the mill. The new work, for a girl of natural neatness and intelligence, was easy to learn, and if she could have lived elsewhere Mamie would have been quite contented; but this Mrs. Cooley thought impossible. Mamie shared a room on the third story with Bertha, the new Swedish cook, sleeping beside her in a narrow, lumpy bed. Bertha's ways were almost unbearable. She refused to have the window opened at night, and thought it unnecessary to make the bed in the morning. Her loud breathing kept Mamie awake as she lay beside her in the close room. It was hard, too, to sit with Bertha at the kitchen table and eat the cold fragments that remained from the Cooleys' table. Confronted by piles of unwashed dishes; the cook was chary of using more for herself, and ate from her hand in a way that sickened the finer senses of the American girl. It was useless, she divined, to complain to Mrs. Cooley. Bertha was her fifth cook within the month and it would have been almost impossible

found with relief, was still up. The cheerful trundling of the machine came to Mamie as she hurried up the walk. A tall, handsome girl, with heavy black brows, helped her sew. Mamie had only the slightest acquaintance with this girl. Her name was Ellen Mullane, and she too was a mill girl. She had gladly taken Mamie's place, paying three dollars a week to the Earleys and occasionally helping Katie with the sewing. Mamie sat idly in a chair watching them sew, with a feeling of constraint in Ellen Mullane's presence. Their conversation about the sewing had little meaning for her, and she felt with a sinking heart that she no longer belonged in the little home. The strange girl made some attempt at conversation.

"Do you like your new place?" she asked airily, and Mamie knew she secretly scorned the girl who "worked out."

"Oh, I'll only stay until I'm strong enough to go back to the mill," she hastened to tell her.

"I hear they make the girls wear caps at Cooley's," the girl continued. She looked curiously at Mamie for denial or confirmation. Mamie's flush was quick.

"I ain't agoin' to do it"

to replace her. The first few days dragged slowly by. Unaccustomed to standing, Mamie felt, after waiting on the table and answering the door bell, that night would never come. Several days passed before she attempted to see the Earleys. By the time she reached their gate, she saw with alarm that it was almost nine o'clock. Mrs. Earley had gone to bed, but Katie, she

"I wouldn't do it if I didn't want to," she said spiritedly.

"Come into my room a minute, Mamie," Katie interposed. "You left some of your pictures."

Taking advantage of the excuse, the two girls went into the bedroom they had shared so long, and Mamie put her head down on the sweet, clean pillow and sobbed.

"It ain't the work," she gasped. "I don't mind that, though it's never over, and Mrs. Cooley is right pleasant, but I feel like I don't belong nowhere no more. Oh, Katie, I ain't got no home! That old kitchen to sit in, or that top room with Bertha! I ain't never going to be able to stand it. I'm so lonesome."

"I told Mr. Murphy you was there," Katie soothed her, "and he said he thought you was real plucky. Won't you see him at church Sunday?"

"She said I had to go to early mass," Mamie wailed. "He won't never be there then. None of the mill folks goes early. I won't see nobody I know."

"Well, you come here Sunday; likely as not he'll be around and we can have a great time. Tim is learnin' to play on the accordion. Can you be here by two? We'll take the trolley, if it ain't too cold, and go to the park or somewheres. You'll be back by six."

"I don't know as I can get off by two. You know I help Bertha wash the dishes."

"I thought she said you had Sunday afternoon!" Katie exclaimed in genuine surprise.

"Well, she ain't no idea how long it takes to do anything. She means we can go when we get through."

"Don't she ever do anything herself?"

"Well, she don't as far as I can see, though it seems like she's awful busy all the time and she ain't well."

"Ain't Miss Lillian awful sweet and nice!"

"Yes, she is, but she takes a lot of waitin' on. It seems like she can't ever find anythin'. She keeps me runnin' up and down stairs a good deal. I wouldn't mind if it wasn't for my side."

"Well, try and get through early Sunday, Mamie."

They kissed each other in farewell, and with a "good-night" to the new girl, Mamie started out in the darkness for the car.

A hard lump rose in her throat and she cried softly as she walked swiftly along in the darkness. She missed, more than she could express, the regularity of the mill life, where she knew so definitely what her work was and when it ended. She missed the gay sociability of the noon hour, and, most of all, the long Sunday's rest. Mrs. Earley had always encouraged them to sleep late, and Mamie would awake with the delicious sen-

sation that a long day of freedom and relaxation stretched before her.

"Mary!" Mrs. Cooley called pleasantly as she entered the house. Mamie knew by her tone that visitors must be present, and was confirmed in this when she heard the regular flipping of cards that meant they were playing whist.

"Mary, don't you think you can get us up a little luncheon?"

Lillian Cooley, who had just returned from a dinner, rustled out to where Mamie irresolutely stood on the stairs. The web of silk and lace she trailed delicately after her Mamie recognized as Katie's handiwork. Miss Cooley gave the new maid some directions about the late luncheon and, holding her finery about her, even helped her hunt for the corkscrew. She held her skirts out of the way and helplessly watched Mamie pull the cork. She was a kind young girl, with quick sympathies, and she would gladly have helped in the preparations if it had not been for the fear of spoiling her gown and her total ignorance of where to find anything, or what to do with it when she found it. Mamie felt her goodwill, however, and it served to counteract her resentment at being called upon "after hours," as, from her mill life, she still phrased it.

"A very good girl," she heard Mrs. Cooley say to the others, as she was finally allowed to gather up the dishes, "but, like most of them, she loves to run."

The lady who sat opposite shook her head in disapproval of girls who were not homekeeping. Then, having expressed her pleasure in the game and in Mrs. Cooley's hospitality, she and her husband made their adieus.

As Mamie stretched herself wearily beside the sleeping Bertha, the town clock struck one.

As Mamie had foreseen, Mr. Murphy was not at early mass, but the chance of meeting him in the afternoon still remained. By careful planning and rapid working, she hoped to reach the Earleys' soon after two. She flew from task to task, therefore, with fine energy, dusting, straightening the furniture, and making beds, while Mrs. Cooley was at church. Before going she had warned Mamie not to awaken Miss Lillian, who was "resting"; so, in spite of Mamie's impatient glances at her closed door, Miss Lillian sweetly slumbered on.



Weary and disheartened

For the task of putting her room in order dangled discouragingly before the housemaid, the delay upsetting all her carefully laid plans. As it was her Sunday to get supper, she made as many preparations beforehand as possible, thinking in this way to avoid returning from the Earleys' before six o'clock. As she hurriedly rolled out butter-balls, Miss Lillian came downstairs. It was just noon, and Mamie was relieved to hear her say she did not care for any breakfast; but Mr. Cooley, safely screened by the Sunday paper, called peremptorily.

"Nonsense! Jenny! Mary (what's her name?), bring Miss Lillian her coffee!"

Half an hour slipped by in getting this belated repast. There was scant time for setting the table for the noon dinner and arranging Miss Lillian's bedroom. Mamie ran up the steps two at a time and entered the room. The light pink-and-white curtains fluttered innocently in the soft wind. The day was unseasonably warm—a perfect day for an outing. A billowy ballgown hung from the screen, satin slippers peeped from under the lounge, the wash bowl was heaped with heavy-headed roses, while the dressing-table was strewn with hairpins, powder, and German favors. It

was no light undertaking to restore the perfect order Mrs. Cooley required.

When Mamie, at last, climbed the stairs to her own room for a hasty toilette, she was beset by a temptation. If she donned the black gown Mrs. Cooley required her waitress to wear, it meant that she must dress again after dinner for the street. The whole chance of seeing Mr. Murphy hung on the decision.

"I ain't agoin' to do it," she rebelled, and without hesitation she dressed herself in a heavily braided skirt, a thin embroidered white waist with elbow sleeves, and a string of blue beads. Her soft black hair curled prettily about her temples; her eyes were almost as blue as the beads; with innocent pleasure she smiled at her own reflection in the mirror. For, thanks to the great flood of ready-made garments that inundated the country, swiftly following the course of the exclusive tailor and modiste, she knew she conformed to the fashion of the hour. She might, at a distance, have passed for Miss Lillian. Seizing her hat and jacket she hurried below.

Mrs. Cooley had returned from church. Mamie could hear her talking to Bertha in the kitchen, while a hum of other voices came from the library. Suddenly the

kitchen door banged sharply and Mrs. Cooley, flushed with anger, emerged, the jet on her Sunday bonnet shaking with her agitation. Mamie in her finery shrank before her advance; the apology she had framed for not wearing her uniform died on her lips. Apparently, Mrs. Cooley did not notice; she rustled by her, breathing angrily. Mamie hastily slipped into the kitchen, where Bertha greeted her with a lowering brow.

"What you tank! She brought home t'ree people for dinner, and we got to have salad. She vants coffee served in the drawing-room. I tank you got to set over the table."

Mamie's color rose high; she choked with rage and disappointment.

"I ain't agoin' to do it!" she said fiercely. "I won't never get out."

Bertha, sullen and silent, was washing lettuce and dressing salad. She jerked down some dishes Mrs. Cooley reserved for guests, and Mamie saw with dismay that a beautiful plate was broken in the hurried washing, but the Swede, with little idea of

Mrs. Cooley, at the head of her pretty table, smiled benignly on her guests, forgetting her anger at Bertha's impudence, and feeling that it had been a happy thought that prompted her to bring them home from church. Her husband was as fond of company as she was herself.

The Sherwins and their son were old friends who were in town a short time, and they too were glad to be there. Ned Sherwin and Lillian had danced together several times the night before, and they had much to say of the party. The older men talked business, while the two mothers spoke in low tones of their household cares and recounted their children's virtues. They looked at the two young people from time to time in smiling contentment.

"Do you still wear that funny little hat you bought in England?" they heard the young man ask with admiring eyes for the delicate, sensitive face, the cloud of sunny hair, and the innocent eyes that turned to meet his. "I always think of you in that shiny little hat. You had it on the day I left Gardner."

"Wear it! Never again!" Lillian cried, and her mother and father laughed in anticipation of the familiar story. "I thought that hat very smart until one day I went into Scott, Gibbons & Company's and asked at the ribbon counter for Miss Hibbard, who always waited on me. 'She's left', a laconic individual assured me. 'Did you use to work here when she did?' And," continued Lillian, "I always thought it was the hat!"

The Sherwins found this very funny. They all laughed heartily, and no one noticed Mamie's heightened color. Knowing many of the girls at this shop for well-dressed, refined young women, she could not see the absurdity of Lillian's being mistaken for one of them.

"Never mind," she heard Ned Sherwin say, "I can go you one better; a man asked me at the Gordons' the other night to see that his coffee was hot. He thought I was a waiter."

Mamie served the coffee in the parlor and went back to the pantry to wipe the dishes. Piles of them awaited her. She and Bertha wiped them in great haste; some of them were sticky with soap, but Mamie, cross and indignant over the dinner's delay, let them pass. Neither she nor Bertha ate any dinner themselves; they were too tired from the

Her head nodding against the lattice

its value, was unconcerned. She carelessly pushed the plate behind some others.

"I tell her the last cook broke that," she said with a wink of her small, dull eye.

Mamie shared her anger and resentment. She re-set the table with trembling hands, and her "Dinner is served" was said with scant courtesy.

long serving of the others. Mamie drank some coffee standing and ate a piece of bread from her hand, as she had scorned Bertha for doing at the beginning of the week. Then, hastily pinning on her hat, she started for the car, drawing on her gloves and jacket as she ran. As she reached the curb a car whirled past and it was some time before another came. As she entered the Earleys' gate, the town clock tolled four.

All was ominously silent. The vine that ran over the front door rattled lonesomely in the light autumn breeze. Dahlias flamed handsomely against the house. The parlor blinds were tightly closed; the kitchen door was locked. Mamie, in her disappointment, weary and disheartened, sat on the kitchen steps and wept. There was nobody in the immediate neighborhood she cared to see; indeed, there was nobody anywhere but Katie, Tim Bryan—and Mr. Murphy. The mild afternoon slowly passed. Mamie sat listlessly on the back step, gazing dully over the little yard, where chickens clucked and scratched constantly among the falling leaves. Once she rose and wandered towards an apple tree. She began to feel hungry, and ate with good relish an apple and some grapes that still clung to the vine. When Mrs. Earley came home from a neighbor's she found her fast asleep, sitting patiently on the steps, her head nodding against the lattice.

"I thought Katie had come home," she explained sleepily.

"They gave you up, pet. They all waited on you until almost three, then they took the trolley and went to the park."

"Who's 'they'?" Mamie asked breathlessly.

"Why, Katie and Tim and Mr. Murphy. When they made up their minds you wasn't a-comin', they asked Ellen Mullane to go with 'em. She was awful tickled to be asked. Ellen ain't had many beaux. Can't you wait for 'em?"

"No, I got to get supper. It's my Sunday in. Tell 'em I come as soon as I could. won't you?" She hesitated pathetically. "Ellen is about Mr. Murphy's size, ain't she, Miss Earley?"

"I shouldn't wonder if she was. She's awful tall."

"Did Mr. Murphy have on his blue suit?"

"Well, now, I never noticed. He looked

real nice, and Ellen give him a dahlia for his buttonhole. He's just had a raise at the mill and is feelin' awful good over it."

Mamie looked so white and tired that evening as she waited on the table that even Mrs. Cooley noticed it.

Mr. Murphy

"She's a nice little girl," she said to the inattentive Lillian; "neat and clean and intelligent, but not strong. I fear she won't be able to do the work. What do you suppose possessed her to array herself in that way for dinner? Those mill girls have no idea of their place."

Promptly at eight o'clock Mr. Murphy, broad of shoulder, clear of eye, and strong of chin, hesitated in front of the Cooleys' imposing structure. The front door, protected by a vestibule, was rather awe-inspiring; the kitchen far in the rear he did not even consider. He finally decided on a small side entrance seldom used. The unaccustomed ring of the bell startled Lillian Cooley from her book, and, thinking it was some neighbor calling informally, she hospitably opened the door herself.

"Is Miss Ryan home?"

She started nervously at the heavy bass voice from the dim outline of broad Mr. Murphy, and half closed the door.

"No," she said timidly, "this is Mrs. Cooley's residence; you must have the wrong house."

Mr. Murphy glowered in the darkness, then explained huskily:

"Miss Mamie Ryan—they told me she—works here."

"Oh!" Lillian ejaculated. "You mean Mary! Of course! I didn't know her last name. Go to the kitchen door, please; I think she's still here." And, closing the door gently, she went back to her book.

Mr. Murphy walked out of the yard in high dudgeon, feeling he had been insulted. He walked around the block, his smooth face flushing hotly. He hesitated for a long moment between the cars, that whirred down to the center of the town with a crackling accompaniment of electric sparks, and the dim yard of the Cooleys. At last he turned back and walked resolutely to the kitchen door. Mamie, still in her finery, opened it.

"Why, Mr. Murphy," she said faintly, and Mr. Murphy, beautiful to see in his new blue suit, but a little pale about the lips, entered the kitchen. Mamie gazed helplessly at him as he found himself a hard, straight-backed chair by the table. One gas-jet burned feebly from the high bare ceiling. The room was not over cleanly. Bertha took no pride in its appearance. She met her own young man on the corner.

Mr. Murphy gazed steadily at Mamie as she talked to him breathlessly. She hardly knew what she said, and her cold hands trembled in her lap. She made no apology for the change in her situation; she could only ignore it. She asked for their various friends at the mill as if they had been long parted, and Mr. Murphy answered, as was his custom, in monosyllables. They sat stiffly on either side of the kitchen table, and Mamie felt that if she stopped talking for an instant she would surely cry.

A piercing shriek from the speaking-tube interrupted the monologue. Mr. Murphy

could hear Mrs. Cooley's voice from the floor above:

"Mary, did you forget to turn down the beds and to bring up some ice-water?"

With a shamefaced glance of apology, Mamie left the kitchen, leaving Mr. Murphy gazing steadily in front of him. He looked larger and more massive than usual sitting in the stiff wooden chair under the one dim light.

Mamie was gone some time. She dutifully turned down the beds in the rooms above.

"Don't forget the ice-water, Mary," Mrs. Cooley called after her retreating figure. Mamie thought of the dark cellar which she would have to face in getting the ice from the ice-box. Once she had seen a rat scuttle down the stairs.

"Mr. Murphy," she said bravely, "will you hold the candle while I get some ice?"

Mr. Murphy rose heavily from his seat and together they descended the stairs. He took the ice-pick from her trembling hand and struck a great blow, so that the ice splintered about them and made them laugh.

"My, but you're strong!" she said admiringly, then irrelevantly, gazing up into his good, honest blue eyes:

"I wish, Mr. Murphy, that I had a home where you could come to see me. I hope this ain't for long." She shaded the candle with her hand to see him better, as he stood, large and powerful, holding the ice-pick like a weapon.

"It won't be for long, darlin'," Mr. Murphy said huskily. He passed one powerful arm around her yielding waist. "Why, Mamie, that's what I come to say."

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

A BOY WHO NEVER GREW UP

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAIT



SHORT, thick-set, florid man with a sparse, iron-gray, pointed chin beard, a thick neck visible above a very low collar, two shrewd twinkling eyes on either side of his short, sharp nose, and a brand-new, shining beaver hat of the vintage of 1847, was stumping along West Thirty-fourth Street in New York City. A noted music critic met him.

"Hello, Oscar!" said the critic. "What are you doing here? Going to build another theater?"

"No," said Oscar Hammerstein, in his curious foreign accent, "at least, I don't think so. But you never can tell what I'm going to do. There are only two things I haven't done—got arrested for embezzlement, and eloped with my best friend's wife. But you never can tell what I'm going to do."

Then he stumped on westward, his shrewd eyes twinkling as they surveyed houses, pedestrians, passing cars and drays, everything about him, with the inscrutable curiosity of a boy. And to-day, in West Thirty-fourth Street, two long blocks from Broadway, where a theater never was dreamed of, stands the Manhattan Opera House, built and managed by Oscar Hammerstein alone, unbacked by fashion or wealth, the first rival to the established opera in New York that has ever remained successful. Melba, Bonci, Renaud, Sammarco, Ancona, Arimondi, Campanini the great conductor—these are the names which have drawn opera lovers westward into the unknown regions of Eighth Avenue during the past winter, sweeping the carriages of the rich by the homes of the poor. But behind this company is Oscar Hammerstein, at once its genius, its jest and its riddle. Except for the ultimate mystery of why she moves at all, Nature does not move

in a very mysterious way her wonders to perform. She turns us out pretty much in types; we all fit into classes with more or less exactitude. This is proved by our perplexity, our mental embarrassment, when we meet a man who doesn't fall into a class—when we meet Oscar Hammerstein.

Keeps his Books in his Head

Oscar Hammerstein is a cigar-machine inventor, a real estate speculator, a vaudeville manager, a composer, a theater builder, an impresario, a shrewd man of business, a reckless plunger, a Jew, a humorist, the father of six children. He talks in whimsical epigrams and thinks in cigar machines and opera houses. Dealing with receipts and expenditures that run up to \$60,000 a week, so far as anybody has ever been able to discover he keeps no books. His ledger is in his head, and he tells nobody how the balance stands. Ask him for his opinions, his dreams, his ideals, and you get as little information. You get an answer, but if you are wise or have a sense of humor you will not believe it. For a generation he has been the most picturesque and one of the best-known figures in the theatrical life of New York, yet a year ago when he announced that he was going to launch grand opera on West Thirty-fourth Street, nobody knew whether to take him seriously or not. Some of those who didn't take him seriously are wishing now that they had. The manager of the Victoria "Theater of Varieties," a vaudeville house, has become a leading impresario of the country. The mystery of such a man is worth getting at, or trying to get at. Possibly he has something more to give than grand opera.

On his own admission Mr. Hammerstein is fifty-seven years old. He was born in Berlin and ran away from home when he

was fifteen, he says, because his father whipped him with a skate strap. He pawned the family violin for thirty-five dollars to raise the money to get to Liverpool, and from there he shipped to America on a sailing vessel. When he reached New York he went to work in a Pearl Street cigar factory for two dollars a week. But Nature never intended him for the two-dollar-a-week class. He soon attracted attention by inventing a machine for binding cigar fillers, a work hitherto done by hand. He says he got \$6,000 for this invention "from a Yankee over in Newark, named Williams," the same Williams having since, according to Mr. Hammerstein, made millions out of it, which seems probable, if Williams was a Yankee. At any rate, Mr. Hammerstein found the capital somewhere to take up the *American Tobacco Journal*, and this he edited for some time, inventing an extra waste pipe device when his office sink ran over, which he declares he sold to the plumber for \$2,500, and improving his time and fortunes generally. Incidentally, he married and began to rear a family, was an habitual gallery god at all operatic performances, and wrote two farces for the old Thalia Dramatic Club. In his spare moments he composed music, continued to invent cigar machines and dabbled in real estate.

Bobs Up, when Knocked Down

But in this multifarious activity, one thing emerges as significant, his very real interest in opera and the theater. Probably in his own memory the sharpest picture is of the great Academy of Music glittering below with jeweled women, heavy with the indescribable odor of the opera house, and in the distance, on the gas-lit stage, Patti pouring out that glorious voice of hers. Perhaps the dream came to him then—certainly he will admit it if he thinks it will please you so to fancy. At any rate, in the late seventies he took the lease of the old Windsor Theater on the Bowery and ran it for a while as a German play house. Then he became a silent partner of Adolph Neuendorff, and they leased the Germania Theater on Fourteenth Street, now Tony Pastor's. It was here they brought Heinrich Conried, a young actor from Germany. Such is the whirligig of Time! Mr. Conried is now director of the rival Metropolitan Opera

House, and tries to take away his tenors, while he retaliates by grabbing off a soprano or two. And they do not kiss when they meet.

After the Germania Theater, Mr. Hammerstein jumped into fame and began to be considered crazy. In those days, "Marry in haste and repent in Harlem" had not become a proverb. The Harlem goat still leaped in innocence up and down the craggy vacant lots and the blue weed blossomed as the rose. But Oscar looked into the future before he, too, leaped, and then took the plunge. He built a row of flat houses far up Seventh Avenue at 136th Street, which became famous as "The Dutch Flats," because he christened them "The Kaiser Wilhelm." Then he built the Harlem Opera House at 125th Street. Tradition, already busy about him, has it that he laid some of the bricks himself. And before the plaster was dry the music critics were invited up from Park Row, seven miles away, to review grand opera in Harlem. His opera was sung in English and German, German opera being then the fad. Some of the critics came, and they sat in Oscar's office to write their notices, and smoked his home-made cigars and told him how unspeakably bad his performances were. "But why, why are they bad?" he would inquire. And after this venture failed, as it did in a month, he built the Columbus Theater close by and tried again, and failed again, and sold out, and came back downtown no doubt a wiser man, but whether a poorer or a richer, no mortal can say, except himself. At any rate, he bobbed up again with another opera house, this time in civilization, just off Herald Square. Again he gave grand opera in English, and again he failed, and changed the style of his entertainment and then turned over the house to Koster and Bial. But again he bobbed up, and it was decided that at last he was completely crazy. He bobbed up in Long Acre Square, then ten blocks north of the theater district, and built a huge pile sheltering two theaters and a roof garden. This he called The Olympia, and in it he planned to give everything, from grand opera to vaudeville.

Writes an Opera in Twenty-four Hours

One day before the opening he witnessed a musical comedy in another theater and declared that he could write a better one him-

self, words and music, in twenty-four hours. Gustave Kerker, composer of "The Belle of New York," and two or three other men bet him \$500 that he couldn't. They locked him up in a hotel room and hired a hurdy-gurdy to play steadily under the window. At the end of twenty-four hours Oscar emerged with the operetta. It was in one act and was called "The Koh-i-noor." He placed it as the opening bill at the smaller of the two theaters in the Olympia (now the Criterion). The paint was not dry on the decorations when the audience assembled. Before the operetta began Mr. Hammerstein appeared in front of the curtain and made a speech. Usually, he said, authors waited till after their play was over, but he was going to make his speech before the play began, "because," said he, "it's safer."

It must be admitted that this speech was the best feature of "The Koh-i-noor," which proved to be paste. The attractions, operatic and otherwise, in the other parts of the Olympia were equally failures, and Oscar departed from his elephantine building, by his own admission, penniless. He said his loss was over \$1,000,000, but this is very doubtful, though to-day the property is worth far more.

Reveals Plan, and New York Gasps

But he bobbed up again. Somebody loaned him the money and he bought a dilapidated property across the square—he did not lose his faith in "the march uptown"—and erected the Victoria Theater. Apparently he had dropped his dream of grand opera; he gave vaudeville shows on the roof in summer, and had Duse and other dramatic stars in the theater below. And he prospered, and his hat of the vintage of 1847 was renewed annually; and he made epigrams in the lobby and built himself a bedroom up in the second gallery where he lived all by himself, though his family, numbering now four grown sons and two daughters, were well housed; and in the loft he installed a cigar plant and went to inventing tobacco machinery again. Presently he built next door the theater now called the Belasco, and later the Hackett down Forty-second Street, and leased them for handsome rents. But already Long Acre Square had become the center of theatrical life—the Olympia was now surrounded by new theaters on all

sides. So Oscar, his sanity at last vindicated, went mad again, being able once more to afford that luxury.

His insanity this time took the form of a giant play house far over on West Thirty-fourth Street where the average New Yorker never journeys twice in his life. He said he was going to call it the Drury Lane and give melodrama and hippodrome spectacles there. When the madness of the location was suggested to him, he replied by pointing at the beginnings of the excavation for the Pennsylvania Railroad terminal close by. "This region has a future," he said. Whether he ever intended to give melodrama is another of his secrets. At any rate, before the house was erected he suddenly sprang on the astonished town the announcement that the next autumn (1906) he would open "The Manhattan Opera House" for a season of twenty weeks of grand opera in Italian and French, with the best singers in Europe, and with the same scale of prices as the established opera house of wealth and fashion. And he invited subscriptions. The town gasped. Mr. Conried smiled. "Two real opera houses in New York?" said everybody. "Impossible! It can't be done. Besides, people won't go 'way over there to Eighth Avenue. It is madness." But Oscar sailed for Europe to pick his company and cabled back to his sons to raise \$160,000 to seal the contracts he had made and cover preliminary expenses; and went ahead on his mad plunge.

Happiest Day in his Life

On the third of last December, after weeks of frantic haste to complete the house, during which he fell through a stair frame and nearly broke his back, Oscar opened his theater with a performance of "I Puritani," with Bonci, one of the greatest male singers now on the stage, in the tenor rôle, and Campanini, the greatest of Italian conductors, presiding over the orchestra. In a curtain speech after the second act, Oscar said—and said truthfully—that he had staked everything on the venture. And he added with every show of sincerity that he didn't care whether he made or lost another fortune, he had accomplished what he had striven for, the creation of a first-class opera house. He would give the best opera in his power, he declared, and leave it with the public whether

art, unsupported by fashion and unbacked by limitless wealth, should succeed or fail.

He had donned unaccustomed white gloves for this occasion; it was a high-water moment in his life. But when he got back of the curtain he pulled them off, lit one of his home-made cigars, sat calmly down in a chair amid the tumult of shifting scenes and ballet dancers and painted chorus men and women and watched the panorama with twinkling eyes, with the inscrutable curiosity of a boy.

Sleeps in his Opera House

In the weeks that followed his opera house forged rapidly to success. He had learned much wisdom from his other ventures, and for this one he had secured high-class artists and a magic conductor to whom he gave full swing. He recovered from his injury; he ate up the myriad toils of an impresario, which broke down Maurice Grau and have broken down Mr. Conried, with far more composure and less weariness than either of the two sons who are his assistants. He began to construct for himself a bedroom in the opera house, so that he would not have to "go slumming" every night, as he expressed the trip to his Victoria Vaudeville Theater, which another son now manages. And his whimsical humor was restored to him threefold. He bought no automobiles, he gave no dinners, he changed his mode of life not one whit. But he had his hat of the vintage of 1847 freshly ironed and nightly took his seat in a kitchen chair behind the scenes, puffed at a home-made cigar, and watched, through twinkling eyes, the machinery of illusion working. Once in a while he would go "out front" and sit in an empty box, but he complained that the ticket window had a trick of selling the box after he had got settled comfortably, so finally he resorted entirely to the kitchen chair in the wings.

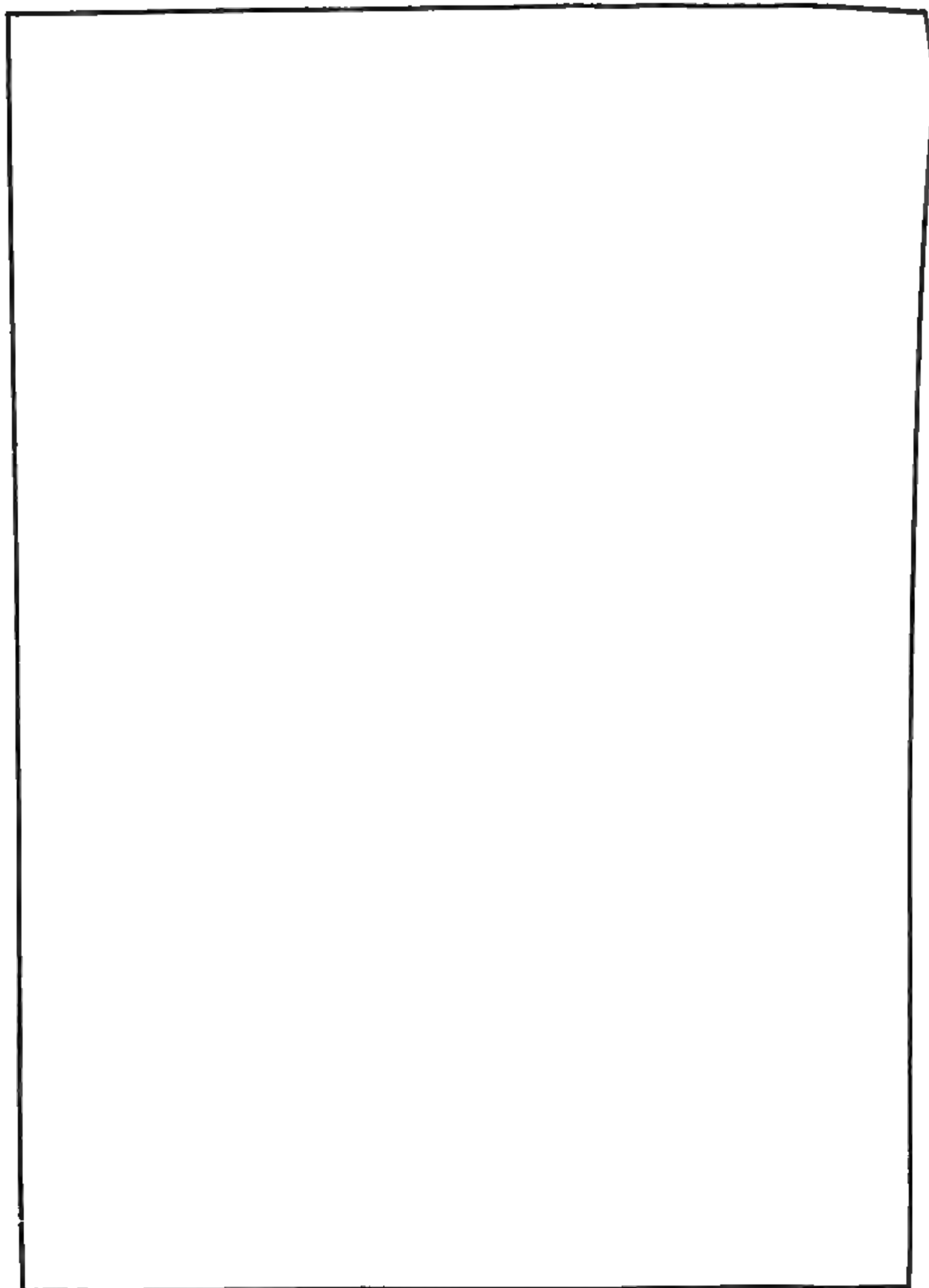
And it became the fashion last winter for those who could get the "open sesame" to the stage door to seek him there—reporters with a love of the picturesque, men and women of fashion who enjoyed the flavor of his talk, the riddle of his eyes. The news spread one evening that he had engaged a certain local conductor, more noted for good intention than achievement, and we asked him if it were true. "Engaged X—?" he said. "Where for, here or the Vic-

toria?" He would have none of "Salome," he declared, because he didn't approve of dead heads in the theater! And one evening I found him in a whirl of shifting scenery, falling back-drops, peasants, ballet dancers, Mephistopheles, Valentin, Siebel; and while the stage hands were setting up Marguerite's garden, I asked him the ultimate question. "Why," said I, "when you can make the money you say you have out of cigar machines, anyhow when you have the Victoria Theater paying you a handsome income and ought to be old enough to settle down and play with your grandchildren and enjoy life peacefully, do you take all the risk and trouble and worry of launching this new opera house?"

Enjoys Managing "Stars"

He smiled, and his eyes squinted as they do when he doesn't wish you to know whether he's ironic or not, and he said, "Ah, but the tobacco business is prose, this is poetry—you know? It's more fun to make Melba sing than it is to make a cigar. Tonight, now, first she tells me it's too hot in her dressing-room; then it's too cold; then she wants me to ring up at eight, when there are only two people in the house, and I have to set my watch back and show her it's only seven-thirty—you know? You must handle these singers just so—it's an art—or else they'll go out on the stage and phrase like the devil. If you let 'em do that you'd have to admit people to your house on transfers—you know?"

The scene was set by now, there was a sudden awareness of the people out front as the curtain hissed up its wires, a muscular chord from the orchestra, a "Sssh" for silence from the stage manager. Oscar spread out his palms. "You see, in my own house, too, they won't let me speak!" Presently Melba, prayer-book in hand, stole along behind the canvas frame that to the audience was a garden wall, paused for her music cue, and entered the gate. Then we heard her voice, luscious, perfectly phrased, and once more he spread out his palms, this time with another inflection. He tiptoed up to the window of Marguerite's house—a hole cut in a frame of canvas with a lace curtain over it, to us behind—and peeped out upon the stage. He patted the scenery affectionately as he did so. He was smiling to himself when he came back to his chair,



Photograph by Mikhlin

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

his hands behind him, his head down, like Napoleon. He had forgotten my presence.

So the boy who ran away from the parental skate-strapping at fifteen to work in a cigar factory at two dollars a week, to invent, to speculate, to hang out of the balcony when Patti sang, has at last an opera house of his own to play with, and is happy! He has no artistic mission, he has no school of music, like Wagner, to fight for from the stage; no architectural ideals to work out in the auditorium: all the houses he has built, in fact, have been architecturally tawdry. He has no philanthropic purpose to educate the masses musically, though he always puts plenty of gallery seats in his houses. He has no aspirations to be a leader of taste, for he has a sense of humor. He minds nobody's business but his own, leads nobody's life but his own, spends no money on luxuries (except opera houses!), asks nothing of society but to come if they like to see his show. His interest in the opera house is the boy's interest in a toy, a long-coveted, long-dreamed-of, deeply-to-be-desired toy, something wonderful and all his very own. To see the machinery of illusion working, and the most complicated and high-strung machinery, operatic illusion, to wind it up himself and play with it, that is his happiness, his summum bonum.

A Boy of Fifty-seven

And to gain possession of this toy he has displayed unwonted persistence, courage,

even a sort of genius—certainly a genius for rising with a smile after every knock-down and going at it again. He has thrown off by-products of cigar machines and flat houses and vaudeville theaters, but to be an impresario and play with a real opera house has been his steady goal. To stake a fortune on a more than dubious prospect of success is not a characteristic of his race. To keep no books is not a characteristic of the typical business man. To live in a little bedroom in the theater one has built when one owns a comfortable house, is not a characteristic of the ordinary operatic manager nor the lover of esthetics. But they are characteristic of the boy. And that is what Oscar Hammerstein is, a boy of fifty-seven. He has the shrewdness, the persistence, the humorous wisdom of the man, but he has the curiosity, the inscrutableness of the boy; and who shall say that is not a greater wisdom? The sound of the tenor's voice, the smell of the fly lofts and the perfumed audience, the bite of the strings in the orchestra—they have for him the same unreasoned fascination they had when he was twenty. And now he can play with them to his heart's content. But it took thirty-seven years to get to the goal. All of us could be happy if we could get what we want, and all of us could get it if we wanted it long enough. The trouble is most of us cannot want the same thing thirty-seven years. Oscar was wiser; he never grew up. Peter Pan and Oscar Hammerstein! There's a strange pair of bedfellows at the end!

"Let me die in peace"

IT HAPPENED TO HEDDERLEY

HOW A MODERN INVENTION WAS EMPLOYED TO RELIEVE THE
DISTRESSING SITUATION BROUGHT ABOUT BY TOO
MUCH YIELDING TO SEASICKNESS

BY HARRISON CLARK

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN CASSEL

THE sound of many feet hurrying through cabins and across decks came with ponderous dizziness to Mr. Jiggs Hedderley as he lay in his berth, and groaned, and thought of home, and begged forgiveness for ever going to sea, and wished for death.

Hedderley was seasick. Some twenty hours before, the steamship *Isinglass*, bound from Galveston to New York, had run plump into a West Indies hurricane, had tossed about like a crazy thing until she had lost several of her vitals, and had then taken to tumbling and wallowing about sportively with the busy waves—one result among many being that Hedderley had been reduced to—this.

"I wish the fool tub would sink!" he declared fervently.

And just then there came a terrific pounding at his door.

"Get out in a hurry," an excited voice shouted. "The ship is on fire!"

"That's just as good," whimpered Hedderley—"if it wasn't so slow!"

"Hurry—hurry!" cried the voice; and the racket at the door grew quite furious.

"Get away from that door, you!" shouted Hedderley.

"For the last time—" pleaded the voice at the door.

"For the last time, get away from that door and let me die in peace," Hedderley shouted weakly.

"You go to——"

"If I do," interrupted Hedderley, "I'll go by land!"

Hedderley gave little heed to the man's retreating footsteps. What did it matter?—what did anything matter?—so long as his entire interior works were determined to get away from him? He was not even appalled by the silence that came as the tramping ceased, and the shouts died away, and the rattle of oarlocks dimmed into nothingness. There wasn't anything this side of the peace of eternity that he cared for. There was something, too; he recalled that it was something which he had thought of considerably, and had been greatly interested in. But—now—he couldn't just think—Oh, what was the difference! It would all be over in a little while.

And just as he reached this decision, his stateroom stood on its side and he scraped knuckles and shins trying to catch hold of something.

"For the love of mercy," he pleaded, with tears coming into his eyes, "sink if you want to, blow up, or burn up, or just vanish; but don't—Oh, *please* don't—do any more tumbling!"

"Boom!" came a thunderous report, and the vessel shook, and leaped slightly, and then took her nose out of the air with an impetuosity that recalled to him all his troubles.

"Was I born for this?" he groaned. He sat up suddenly. "Why don't you sink!" he shouted viciously. "How many convulsions are you going to have, you—you—Oh, I wish you were a horse so I would know how to cuss you!" And weeping and whimpering in his weakness and misery, he dropped back, turned his face to the wall and went to sleep.

When Hedderley awoke, he did not know whether it was the next day or the next week or the same afternoon. He was certain only that his head ached as though a thousand devils were using it as a community anvil, and that his room was stuffy and hot. He staggered to the door and threw it open, and went groping into the cabin. Presently he became conscious that the air had a tang that was—What was it? Ah! He remembered—charred wood! . . . Of course! He had been warned. The vessel was on fire! . . . He felt very weak, and stretched out his hand toward a pillar. But he straightened himself

and laughed. For there had to be smoke if there was a fire, and there wasn't any smoke! So the fire must be out. And the *Isinglass* was still afloat and he was safe!

Safe? Awhile ago he had no reason for wanting to be safe—except one; and he couldn't think what that was. But . . . It makes a lot of difference, the way one's stomach is behaving. And just now he was glad of his safety. He turned—and with a cry ran for his stateroom. For he had seen his reflection in a mirror, and it showed that he was clad only in pajamas—silk things of red and white stripes that fairly shouted for recognition! Once safe behind a door he began to get into a full suit of clothes. The ship was floating quietly; she had altogether quit her crazy acrobatics, and he was very glad of it. He liked quiet. . . . Quiet? . . . Quiet? . . .

Why—he paused with a thumb under one suspender strap—there wasn't anything *but* quiet! There wasn't a sound to be heard—not even the tramp of a sailor's feet on the deck above his head! . . . Slowly the realization grew: He was a single soul on a disabled ship!

He felt very lonesome. The silence awed him; it made him hear strange things, and he found himself starting and shrinking at—what must have been nothing, though it was actual enough for the instant of its seeming reality. He hesitated to move, and feared to go again into the salon. Dumbly he continued to sit on the edge of his berth, one suspender strap up, the other down, and waited, and shivered at the strange noises of the empty ship. But after awhile inaction became unbearable; so with a feeling that he was invading a tomb which was soon to be also his own, he went forth.

It was all as he had expected—nobody except himself, no land in sight, no friendly smoke on the horizon—no hope! So far as he could discover, the *Isinglass* was entirely seaworthy. She certainly did not appear to be sinking; for at bow and stern she floated high. There was no fire, though there had been a disastrous one. The rear half of the deck was burned—the planks gone from an interior that yawned black, the wheel a charred heap of useless spokes and wire, the compass a melted mass, and all about a forest of masts, spars, funnels and a lot of other things which Hedderley knew nothing of, rearing stark naked black lengths against the air. Evidently the fire had been

suddenly extinguished when its complete victory seemed certain; but to Hedderley the manner of the extinguishment did not appear. Vaguely he decided that the rearing up of the ship and the explosion that followed might have had something to do with it; but—

"The interesting fact is that the fire's out, and that we are floating and will probably continue to float unless something jams us," was his philosophic conclusion.

least idea where he might find it; his impression was that it was in the neighborhood of what somebody had called the poop deck, but where in blazes was the poop deck? He resolved that there must be a path to it from the dining salon, and he knew where that was. So from the dining salon he began his search. It led him a long and labyrinthian course through pantries and passageways—and brought him to a huge room of blackened woodwork and broken

"Gee, but it is good to meet somebody!"

The passenger cabins had not been damaged. They were much as Hedderley remembered them before—well, before the storm! The buffet seemed to be intact; and as Hedderley found the bourbon bottle and separated four fingers for immediate use he gave his first sigh of relief and whispered:

"Starvation, drowning—death in many forms—may threaten me; but from the looks of things I shan't die of thirst."

The clamorings of a sorely tried and thoroughly emptied stomach drove him to a search for the "kitchen." He hadn't the

glass and pots, pans and kettles, but no food.

However, there was bound to be food somewhere. And he made a desperate dash for a big charred door at the farther end.

"Saved!" he cried. For before him, and to each side of him, in boxes and crates and buckets and cans, was food! And not a thing was damaged!

He ripped open a tin of sardines and, standing, ate ravenously. A second tin—and he decided to sit down. There was no

place to sit except the floor, so he sat there; and, with fresh cans and cartons of crackers at his hand and in a solemn silence broken only by the mild rasp of the sardine box against the floor and the crisp munching of crackers, feasted.

Suddenly his jaws ceased to work, and the sardine box became still, while his overstrained heart thumped desperately. A strange noise had entered—footfalls, muffled but with a slight scratchiness—

Hedderley turned sharply. . . . And a bull terrier, with a great black spot encircling his right eye, stopped short in the floor a dozen feet away, wagged his stub of a tail, and whined beggily.

"You bet your life you may!" laughed Hedderley. And a moment later the dog, in his arms, was licking his face while being frantically squeezed and patted.

"Gee, but it is good to meet somebody!" fervently declared Hedderley, holding the dog off for a good look.

He divided with his guest, and the interrupted feast was resumed. The pile of emptied tins grew and grew. The dog, eventually, was satisfied, but Hedderley didn't know that he ever would quit eating— Until a rumble of thunder brought him to a stand. He looked at the dog. The dog looked at him.

"What are we going to do about it, Bo?" he asked weakly.

The dog growled as a second rumble sounded and the vessel began to roll.

Hedderley sighed, and his complexion became a pale green.

"Now, I guess this fool wreck will go tumbling and jumping all over creation again," he said. "And what will all this stuff do to me? Bo, what is your recipe against seasickness?"

A terrific crash sent the dog, bristling and growling angrily, to a defiant position at the man's side; and it made the man tremble.

"Do you know any prayers, Bo?" asked the man. "We'll probably need them. I'll do the best I can; but I've gone rusty, I'm afraid, on that line of talk. And maybe, besides, I don't stand very high with the administration. I haven't always worked and voted with it. Do you know, Bo, it seems rather funny to me. Here we are—a man and a dog. I am the man. I am supposed to have an imperishable soul, and some stock in an everlasting life, and to have intelligence enough to understand

about it all. It looks like I ought to be ready for whatever happens. You are the dog. You haven't any soul—at least, there aren't any books written about it. You haven't a chance on earth to get any farther than the bone-yard when you die. You have no solace of thinking about golden streets, and silver harps with angels playing on them at every corner, all for your benefit. According to all the dope, I've got a soft snap waiting for me when this blamed tub goes down, while the best you get is the worst of it. I ought to be delighted, and you ought to be quivering and quailing and doing all the prayers you can muster. But it works out just the other way. I'm scared to a frazzle—afraid to meet the angel musicians, and wishing I knew how to persuade the Lord not to insist on immediate acceptance of his invitation. While you—with your stub of a tail and brown eyes and absolutely no religious sense and never a sign of a soul—you growl back at the storm and threaten to eat it alive if it dare lay a finger on me! And still it is a fact that I am a Man, whose tribe is the greatest of the earth, and has a monopoly on the future life, and you are just a dog!"

The vessel pitched recklessly, and Hedderley and the dog began to skate and tumble from side to side and end to end of the storeroom.

"Let's try to get somewhere that will stay still," advised Hedderley; and as he started a laborious retracing of the course to the salon the dog followed—though how he managed it was a puzzle to Hedderley. His claws scraped unholding over the floors, and his round body, once he was off his feet, rolled cylinder-like across whatever space lay before it. It seemed a very long while before they reached the salon.

"But it is worth the trouble!" muttered Hedderley, thankfully, as he followed the dog's example and sprawled on the thick carpet.

The darkness was complete. Not even a flash of lightning reached in now and then to pierce it. Dog and man lay close to each other; and at intervals the dog's rough tongue touched the man's outstretched hand with a caress that seemed to promise all possible protection.

Hedderley had no means of estimating how many hours he and the dog clung to the carpet. To his wearied mind, it seemed at least a full night, and he strained his

Amelia

eyes for a sign that the dawn had come. The thunder ceased, and it did not seem that the wind was so high; but the waves continued to drive the *Isinglass* in her game of leap-frog with the sea—and the man and the dog dared not rise.

"I don't suppose that you, being a dog, know much about music," Hedderley commented, "but, Bo, this reminds me of a song I heard just before I left that dear Amarillo. It goes this way:

" 'I don't know where I'm a-goin' to,
But—I'm on—my—way!'

Hold tight! We're off again!"

Upward and forward shot the ship—hurled by a power that might have torn a mountain from its base—moving evenly as an arrow and with more than an arrow's speed— And then, with force spent, the huge missile was pulled down by its ponderous weight—to crash thunderously, and tremble in every plate and timber—and then to lie still in a sudden quiet that was stupendous!

"Under the waves dwells silence," Hed-

derley murmured. For he had no manner of doubt that the harried derelict was dropping to a wreck's bed amid coral reefs. "Are you ready, Bo? For we've got somewhere, and the next thing will be the opening of the grand concert for yours truly. Give me your paw, old man. We'll go together as far as your ticket reads. . . . By the way, Bo, isn't it queer I can't remember what it was I thought so much about before I got seasick!"

The dog sprang up and began to sniff about.

"Needn't go to meet trouble," advised the man. "It's hot-footing for us—you can bet on that!"

An excited whine from the dog caused the man to sit up and listen. There certainly was no sound of water rushing in.

"I wonder if I'm fooled again on this sinking proposition?" he asked. And he arose and started forward. The dog led the way to the upper deck. . . .

The air that met them was sweet and soft; and all that broke the stillness was the laughing gurgle of water lapping the sides of

"Why—why—why . . . It's Amelia," he roared

the unmoving ship and, farther away, the solemn boom of beating waves!

When daylight came it revealed the accomplishment of the impossible. Hedderley looked—and turned to hide a blush at the thought that he was in any way party to such a stupendous fake. To expect it to be true that an ocean liner had been bodily lifted and thrown over a reef through a roof-foot passage between cliffs and to a bed upon the soft sand of a safely harbored beach—

"Oh, what a dream sardines can produce!" he murmured.

But it was hard to get away from appearances. There were the ship and the beach and the bay, and outside was the ocean, and he could not lose the recollection that a few hours before the ship had been out there on the ocean. Now—there wasn't any question of it—she was in the harbor, and the only way she could have got there was to jump or be thrown through that narrow cliff-guarded passage.

"Nevertheless, it can't be true," he maintained to the bull terrier. "No matter how much it may seem so— Why, whoever heard of such a thing? Nobody would believe it—not even in Amarillo. Of course, Bo, as you have no reasoning powers and no imagination, you take things as they come, regardless of their improbability. You figure it out that we are here, safe though lonesome; and that is the end of your concern over the affair. You, a soulless dog, have no conscience that can be shocked by the terrible lie that we are living; and in sweet content you poke your nose between your paws and go to sleep! There are certain advantages about being a dog!"

Hedderley's bay was a small, horseshoe-shaped affair—plenty of smooth water for a ship that was just resting, ample expanses of white beach, and as a background frowning cliffs that loomed ugly in the early morning light. Between the heels of the horseshoe was a noisy neck of water that made a great to-do about running to and from the sea over a reef of large rocks, set 30 to 40 feet apart and showing sharp edges under the white surf. The ship was surrounded by water to a depth of ten or fifteen feet, and was firmly held—listing a little to starboard and down a little by the stern, but altogether on a fairly even keel.

The scene was not cheerful. There was

no evidence that anyone lived in the neighborhood, or that anyone ever had lived there, or that anyone could live there. It was reasonable to suspect the place of being an island, but Hedderley could not determine this point—there being no small boats, and the water being too deep for wading, and Hedderley being unable to swim. And what was back of or close by the island was another secret, contemplation of which led Hedderley to cry out:

"Oh, *why* did I leave home!"

As answer there came to him again that mysterious recollection of something forgotten—something that he once thought of a lot. But he couldn't grasp it; the answer stood at the threshold of his mind, but would not enter.

"Ain't it the limit—" he began; and left it at that as, calling the dog, he went below for breakfast.

And while he ate, it occurred to him that he was quite safe from every danger save ennui. He had a safe house, and food and water and liquors and wines that would last 500 people 20 days and which, therefore, should last him and Bo something like 15 years. There was an immense supply of ice, and in the hold was so much coal that the thought of carrying it up produced a feeling akin to nervous prostration. The sleeping arrangements were all that could be desired. There were 100 staterooms, in most of which the beds were made up; hence Hedderley, by merely changing his room every night, could long avoid the task of bed-making. And in the buffet—in addition to the liquors—were boxes upon boxes of cigars and cigarettes. And there was a piano and music, and books of all titles and subjects—

It wasn't so bad to be marooned!

Hedderley was busy enough the first day, finding and classifying things; the second day, also, he had enough to do. But the third day began to be monotonous. There was a ghostliness about the silence of the ship, and the silence of the day, and the silence of the night. It got on his nerves, and took his mind from his book and forced him to walk—on the deck, where he could kick up something of a racket; and then in the salon, where he couldn't kick up a racket because of the carpet; and where in desperation he sat down at the piano and played rag-time, with much attention to the loud pedal and the bass keys.

Then he sat, with fingers clasped, on the piano stool, and was sympathizing with himself as thoroughly as though he were a widow, when a gentle ticking noise caught his ear. Queer tricks this silence played! For the ticking brought to him, strangely enough, that period before he went in for cattle on a large scale, when he was a T. & O. operator up in the Pan-handle—reporting one train and the weather morning and night by way of earning his salary, and by way of enjoying life flirting brazenly over the idle wire with a red-headed girl down the road! “I-g” used to be his call—and absently he drummed the two dots, two dashes and a dot on the edge of the piano. And the girl’s station was “s-t”—and she always insisted that he made “b” of it when he got in a hurry. He drummed away, the long-unused muscles seeming to laugh as they loosened themselves to the task, and a reminiscent smile spreading over his face.

What—— His fingers stopped, stiff and still; and his eyes grew wide; and he grasped the edge of the piano stool and lifted himself; and his lower jaw dropped—and he stood staring toward the end of the salon, speechless, with dry mouth and aching throat and burning eyes. For as certain as he had hearing, there was the old call echoing through the ship!

He staggered, and passed a hand across his eyes, and laughed.

“Nothing to it, Bo,” he said weakly. “I’m crazy. I’m hearing funny noises. First thing you know I’ll be busy tying knots in the tails of pink kangaroos! I’m—I’m *batty*!”

He laughed again, and started across the salon toward a large easy chair. But he stopped half way; for the “call” had been answered and two people were “talking.”

His head swam, and he reeled to the chair and dropped, gasping, into it. And then, as though he had been shot out by a strong spring, he leaped up, laughing hysterically and thrusting his shaking hands before him gropingly.

“Come on, Bo,” he cried. “Come on! It’s all right. We’re saved! It’s the *wireless*!”

He plunged into the little room where the receiving instrument was. His shaking fingers touched the rubber knob, and desperately he began to “call.”

“Who’s the goat?” asked one of the

“talkers” presently; and Hedderley laughed with all his voice, and straightened in his chair, and felt strong—and rattled away crazily at the key.

“I’m Hedderley,” he wrote.

“Bill or Nan?” came the query.

“Don’t joke! I’m a wreck——”

“Thought so from your sending. Try bromo——”

“Marooned——”

“How interesting!”

“Darn it, listen——”

“Such a language——”

And Hedderley broke in with an apology; for he recognized the “writing” as that of a woman.

“Don’t mind that; but what’s your joke?”

“*Won’t* you understand? I’m shipwrecked—I and the wreck and Bo——”

“Will Bo be next to butt in?”

“Bo is a dog. But what I want to get at——”

“How long do you expect to remain where you are?”

“The rest of my life if I can’t get you to take this thing seriously.”

“Oh, by the way—where are you?”

“In a dinky rockbound cozy corner in the middle of the ocean somewhere.”

“But what part of the ocean?”

“How the—— How do you expect me to know, when there isn’t a sign on the station and no time card——”

“Ask someone——”

“Nobody to ask.”

“On shore——”

“Nobody on shore—no anything on shore!”

“What’s your latitude and longitude?”

“Haven’t a sign of either! Seriously, I don’t know!”

“Can’t you take a reckoning?”

“Certainly not! Why, I’m from Amarillo!”

“Is that off the earth?”

“Well, it’s so remote that it is visited only by schooners. It’s up in the Texas Pan-handle.”

“Didn’t anyone advise you against leaving?”

“No; and no one will have a chance to advise me to hurry back if I ever find a way.”

“Why did you leave?”

“I can’t remember! Isn’t that funny?”

“Seriously, who are you and where are you? My curiosity is aroused.”

"I *am* serious! I'm in dead earnest! And I want help!"

"But how can we get to you?"

For a moment Hedderley's key rattled without making a letter. Then he ticked off: "I wish I knew! But—I don't!"

"How did it happen?"

"I was seasick—didn't want to live—crew and passengers left me when they thought the ship was gone. Then when the ship didn't either burn or sink, the ocean got mad, picked up ship, dog and all, and pitched us into this place."

"Beat that, will you?" ticked the man.

"When did this happen?" asked the woman.

"About— By the way, when is now?"

"Thursday."

"This week, last week or next week?"

"You are silly!"

"But it isn't as silly as you may think! You see, I was plumb batty for— If it's this week it must have been three days. Then we floated a day, and we've been here three days. Say, please come and get me! And Bo!"

"But—why don't you tell us how to come?"

"Can't you tell where this line runs?"

"What?"

"O— That was silly, wasn't it? You see, out at Amarillo we have wires—"

"And you can follow them for miles and miles—"

"And I forgot about this being a line of just thin air. By the way, won't you tell me who you are?"

"Certainly," said the woman. "I am 'S-t' on the yacht *Sylva*, off Eleuthera Island."

"And the man—"

"Oh, he's— You may call him Jimmy, and he's on a dinky cat boat—"

"I am Mr. James K. Adderton, owner and skipper of the yacht *Linnette*," interjected the man. "And I'm out here off Crooked Island; and—"

"That's enough, Jimmy; be good!" ticked "S-t."

"Delighted!" sparked Hedderley. "And where are those islands?"

No reply came.

"My map shows the Bahamas, the Canaries and the Aleutians," he continued; "are they in any of those bunches?"

"Get a search-light," wrote "S-t," "and look for them in the Bahamas."

"Well, where does that put me?" Hedderley asked.

"Up in the air," said Jimmy.

"Not after that jolt," retorted Hedderley. "Say, don't you think it's rather unfair to string a man who is shipwrecked and alone?"

"Stringing? Stringing, did you say?" demanded Jimmy. "Why, if I sent a tale like yours tick-tacking through the atmosphere, I'd be proud of myself as the champion string artist of the world."

"Oh, don't be so hard on a fellow! I give you my word I'm telling you the truth! It sounds wild, I know; but I can't help that. I didn't make any of the facts. I'm lost, people, I tell you—lost on board the steamship *Isinglass* in the harbor of a tenantless island!"

"He's real pathetic, isn't he?" said the man.

"That's cruel" began Hedderley—

"But you sound so much like a fake!" broke in "S-t."

"I'm not a fake! Here, you folks—whoever you are, and whatever kind of liquid circulates through you! Wire to the cattle firm of Hedderley, Hedderley & Hedderley at Amarillo, and ask if they don't know Hedderley! And if he's all right!"

"Of course! But— isn't there someone else?"

"Scores! Whom do you want? Society? Wire Miss Amelia Grinley of Albany, N. Y., and ask her— Say!" his key fairly shouted. "Say, you—both of you! That's it! That's what I've been trying to remember! Say! You've got to help me out of this! That's why I left home! Say! Please— Why, I'm to marry that girl the 27th!"

"B-r-r-r-r!" sputtered Jimmy; but "S-t" interrupted reprovingly:

"And you had forgotten . . . that?"

"No," said Hedderley, "I hadn't forgotten it. I remembered it all the time—don't you know? But, confound it, I couldn't think what it was I was remembering! I was on my way to the wed— Oh, *please* help me out of this scrape!"

"It's easy—"

"Thank—"

"If you will only tell us where—"

"She's in Albany—"

"But, man, where are *you*?"

"Don't you know I don't know?"

"How could you—"

"How could I do any of the fool things I've been doing?" demanded Hedderley. "How could I ever acquire the fool notion of travelling by sea when there was plenty of land?"

"S-t" drummed thoughtfully.

"Do you think she would have him now?" she wrote.

"She certainly ought not to——" replied Jimmy before Hedderley broke in with:

"You leave that to the girl! And if you can't or won't get me out of this fix, please let the girl know about it!"

"That's fair enough," said "S-t," after a silence. "Jimmy, you sail in and wire that young woman. And meantime——" Her key drummed meaninglessly until the sound became tiresome.

"Meantime what?" demanded Jimmy.

"Meantime," she continued, "I'll see what I can do with a correspondence school. Latitude and longitude taught by wireless, you know! For we've got to be human once in our lives and help this young man locate himself!"

"Ain't she a brick!" said Hedderley admiringly.

"You needn't be insulting about it," said "S-t."

"Why—why——" said the astounded Hedderley.

"Don't mind," interrupted Jimmy. "A view of her beautiful hair might explain!"

Presently it was all arranged. Jimmy agreed to do his part; and the next morning "S-t" was to begin the task of teaching Hedderley the art of locating himself by the aid of the sun, moon and stars. And Hedderley was very much excited. His recollection at last of the forgotten thing that had tantalized him was appalling. It gave him a headache; and he spent considerable time before mirrors, examining the pupils of his eyes for signs of insanity.

"Though I don't see why I should seek additional signs," he told himself. "I'm sure they are thick enough!"

By way of penance, he began a letter to Amelia, explaining the whole thing and begging her forgiveness. He explained very carefully that he had not really forgotten; he just could not remember for the time what it was he was thinking about. He was not himself. He would never forget her; and certainly it was impossible to suppose that he had really forgotten that

he was on his way to marry her—even though there had been the seasickness, and the wreck, and all the rest. He would be true to her forever—even though he never got away from that deserted island! And with much more of the same sort he begged her to write to him often, and closed with many protestations of undying love.

It was not until he had read it over carefully, and folded it and put it in an envelope, that there occurred to him the question: "How shall I mail it?"

He held the letter before him for several minutes. Then he dropped it on the table and went to a room. He fell upon a berth, and pressed his fingers against his temples; and, firm in the knowledge that he could not sleep, went to sleep.

"S-t" was earnest in her teaching, and Hedderley was stupendously earnest in his efforts to understand. He worked hard with the compass, and came in time to have a reasonable faith in the needle—though it was hard for him to believe at all times that north was where it was declared to be. He watched and measured shadows, and gave minute reports of what he found. He squinted at stars until he acquired a chronic crick in his neck. And "S-t" recorded and corrected and reckoned from the queer mass that Hedderley gave, and put creases into her brow with her study of the chart. Every day Hedderley would ask: "Have you heard from Jimmy?" And just as regularly she would reply: "Don't be impatient. Study your lesson!" A week tottered by feverishly, and Hedderley felt that he was learning. "S-t" confided that his reports had enabled her to locate him definitely between Newfoundland and the Caribbean Sea, but each succeeding report moved him a thousand miles or so. Until the seventh day. She was surprised on that day to find him very near the spot he was reported from the day before.

"But I don't see how you can be there," she said; "there isn't so much as a rock charted within 300 miles of that place."

"The question," he said feelingly, "is whether you believe me or that chart."

The eighth and ninth days Hedderley's reports showed him stationary; and in the course of the ninth day "S-t" announced very firmly:

"I'm going to steer for that place, chart or no chart. And if I don't find you there

I'll know it's all a fake and you have been joshing us to a finish."

"I'm starting out to find you," announced "S-t" next morning, not without a trace of excitement. "So please say your lesson. And do be careful and try to stay in the same place until I get there."

The excited Hedderley made his observations with painful care, and reported them anxiously. And every half hour afterward he sought confirmation of them. He heard nothing further from "S-t," however, until noon, when she reported:

"I am within 50 miles of where you ought to be. Please see if you are stationary."

And Hedderley made another observation and another report—and from the same place!

"I guess there is no doubt, now, that you have alighted," said "S-t." "What sort of signal have you flying?"

"Why, none!" said Hedderley.

"Run up a flag——"

"Nothing to run it up with."

"Climb a mast and nail a shirt on it!"

"If I don't get out of here until I climb one of those masts, my tombstone will be built right here," flashed back Hedderley.

"Well, what *are* you going to do?"

"It's all new to me—I haven't an idea—Say, how would smoke do?"

"Fine!"

He dashed for the furnace room, and presently a black column was rising straight and ominous from one of the ship's funnels—lifting its spreading head high above the surrounding cliffs.

"Well, I guess that reaches some!" he declared admiringly, as he stood on deck and watched it.

At 2 o'clock "S-t" called.

"The lookout sees smoke," she reported.

Hedderley gave an Amarillo salute, and threw a chair against the side of the room as an expression of exuberance.

"But it isn't your smoke," resumed "S-t" a few moments later; "it is a steamer outward bound."

"I'll make more smoke," declared Hedderley, and he hurried into the furnace room. "If there's any old steamer floating around in this ocean that can outsmoke me, it will have to go some," he declared as he shovelled soft coal.

When he returned the telegraph key was rattling crazily.

"It must be you," "S-t" was writing. "Wiggle your smoke!"

"How——"

"Water——"

And Hedderley hurried back to the furnace and began dashing buckets of water, at intervals, into the fire.

"It is—it is!" the key was crying when he got back.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"About 20 knots south-southeast, and I'm coming 18 an hour! Keep your smoke going; I don't want to slip by that dinky cyclone cellar of yours."

"Where's Jimmy?" demanded Hedderley.

"He's safe enough, I suppose—he doesn't lose himself."

"But what does he report from my girl?"

"Bother your girl! She is with the ninety-and-nine—the lost sheep is the one we are after!"

"Send up some smoke yourself," begged Hedderley. "It is as though I were at the bottom of a well with a circus parade coming along."

"We are stretching our smoke in a streak across the ocean."

"Well, please shoot a gun, or make a noise like something."

After awhile "S-t" asked: "Did you hear that?"

"What?"

"Why, we're shooting everything we've got——"

"I don't hear a thing but the boom—boom of the blamed old waves. But wait—hold on—— Bo hears something! He's got his ears cocked—he's sniffing—whimpering—— Say, you ought to hear that dog howl! And see him scuffle up on deck! I guess we hear you!"

"It must be your island," came the report a few minutes later.

"No one else has claimed it," retorted Hedderley. And then excitedly: "Do you mean you see it?"

"I think I do! Smoke up!"

When he got back from the furnace, the instrument was crying merrily: "Get on deck! Get on deck!"

And Hedderley, urging legs that were trying to buckle under him, hurried up. His head was swimming, and his eyes blurred in the strong sunlight. He looked off toward the open sea, through the heel of the horseshoe—and his legs began to do a

hornpipe, and his head ceased to swim, and his eyes cleared; and his unused voice roared out a tremendous shout.

For off through the opening he could see the white sails of a yacht, and the white paint of her hull, and the white dress of the people on deck—and the white handkerchiefs they were waving!

When Hedderley's delirium passed, he found himself hugging Bo to his breast, whirling about the deck in a dance that was partly Dervish waltz and the other part royal high-kicking ballet, and trying to persuade his wearied voice to yield another yell. His heart was beating wildly—so wildly that it hurt him; and his throat was dry, and his mouth was dry; and his face was fixed in a hard, painful grin that he could not alter. And when he saw a white streak draw away from the yacht, and recognized it as a gasoline launch headed for his port, he began to talk to himself!

The little boat drew carefully to the reef, and with painful slowness crawled along a channel which its pilot discovered for himself—past the ugly pointed rocks, past the churning water— And then with many toots of its air horn it shot forward for a joyous dash across the bay!

There came to Hedderley the sound of human voices—no particular voice, no distinguishable words: just voices. And he tried to shout back with his own voice, and couldn't; for his own voice was nothing but a sob in his throat, and he was crying!

The little launch came alongside; and when Hedderley could not solve the problem of lowering the ship's ladder a nimble sailor scrambled up the *Isinglass's* side to do it for him.

And up the ladder came a girl—in white, and with a white veil; and Hedderley, choking with gratitude to the clever "S-t," started down the steps to meet her. But the sailor drew him back, and the best he could do was to stand at the top and hold out both hands.

The young woman advanced eagerly—and with utter disregard for the outstretched hands threw both arms about Hedderley's neck, and cried: "Oh, *Jiggys!*"

"Why—why—why—why," stammered Hedderley. "*It's Amelia!*" he roared.

He lifted the veil——

Later on he asked: "How did you get here?"

"When Mr. Adderton wired me, I made him wait at Miami until my train could reach there," she laughed; "and then I joined the searching party."

"You careless young man!" said a laughing voice which Hedderley recognized as belonging to an athletic-looking young woman who had come aboard. "Please do be more careful next time you lose yourself, and choose an island more easily accessible to heroic rescuers!"

"S-t," cried Hedderley; and this time his two outstretched hands were grasped.

"But you mustn't forget Jimmy!" declared "S-t"——

"Mr. Adderton, at your service," said a little man who stepped forward. "And, Mr. Hedderley, permit me formally to introduce my wife—whose 'call' is 'S-t'!"

"And this," said the laughing "S-t" as a jolly-looking man, holding a book under his arm, came on board—"this is the Reverend James Thornton Ebberly." And as Amelia, blushing, fled from Jiggys and took shelter beside "S-t," she continued: "I had Jimmy pick him up at Miami; for I thought maybe you would not want to postpone the wedding, and this is the 27th, I believe."

It was after the ceremony, and the wedding party was very merry in the salon. There had been the jolliest sort of luncheon; and there had followed an enthusiastic pounding of the piano and a joyous shouting of ragtime; and Mrs. Jimmy had remarked that it was time to be getting aboard the yacht—when Amelia did a most surprising thing. She stepped behind Jiggys's chair, and put her arms around his neck and her chin in his hair.

"I—I—would you mind if we didn't join you until you start back from Havana?" she asked Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy. "You see," she continued as her gaze dropped before the startled stare of her friends and she began to twist Jiggys's curls—"I—I think it would be rather nice to have a honeymoon on a stranded ship—all alone—just us—and Bo!"



*Help Jacob run those
tubs of butter*

A FEW MINUTES WITH THE GROCER

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," "LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. TOASPERN

"O to see you, Mr. Saunders! Yes, indeed, your air is always ready for u behind the stove when u feel you can walk so from the boarding-house. It don't quite seem like you got your strength as you'd ought to, in this air. What say? Boardin' house wears on you? No, I ain't never set down to the table with thirteen women at a time; I guess five or six has been my limit. Just stand over here for a moment, if you please. Mr. Steers, now that young lady's gone you were waitin' on, if you *can* take time from settlin' your necktie, I'd like you

to help Jacob run those tubs of butter to the back of the store. What? Where they *always* go, by the lamp chimneys and the moth balls. Now, Mr. Saunders, you can set.

Didn't expect to see you down here this cold day, your wife looks after you so thorough. Joined the Woman's Club, has she? You don't *say*! Well, I guess it will be a mighty good thing for her. Yes, indeed, she'll get just what she feels to want for her mind. Yes, gives her something to talk about. Brings real interestin' subjects into the home, too; Venus, and Paul Jones, and what they dig up out of those old educational countries—keeps you from

getting narrow. Yes, that's so, a great many ladies find a difficulty in using their minds like they'd like to use 'em; lots of 'em would be right intellectual if they only saw their way to it. Housekeepin' balls 'em all up at times; it's the strain that does it. Well, yes, we do have an opportunity of seein' that; there's days when they have to be helped out quite some.

What say, sir? The lady with red cheeks and brown hair? Oh, *there!* That's Mrs. Fairlie, one of the salt of the earth *she* is, but—all right, Mr. Steers, I'm comin'. If you'll excuse me, Mr. Saunders—

Good-afternoon, Mrs. Fairlie, we don't see you very often these days. My wife asks me every little while, Seen Mrs. Fairlie lately? She ain't forgot your kindness to her when our little boy was sick. Well, *she* thought a sight of it, anyway! Mr. Fairlie keeps well, I hope. Yes, indeed, this weather does take a lot of strength out of some people, keepin' up their vitality the way they have to. Affects Mr. Fairlie like that! Well, I suppose even a sneeze can show which way the wind blows. Well, yes, it does seem too bad he has to go down-town every day; if he could only stay home every time you felt to want him to I presume it *might* be beneficial, still—Well, a man *does* feel he has to work! Worries you, though, doesn't it? I shouldn't wonder if the cold did press onto your brains, as you say. My sister-in-law suffers from the cold more'n most any one I ever knew. She doesn't circulate properly. No, it's *not* her head. She's troubled with cold feet.



Can't do a thing but sit by the stove with a shawl around her, her extremities are so sensitive—no feelin' in 'em. That was her husband was in here with the baby just now. Was there anything you *wanted*, Mrs. Fairlie? Oh! There's quite a number forgets just that way, as soon as they get inside the door—seems to go right *from* 'em.

You'll remember in a minute or two. Tryin' ever since you came in—you don't say! I'm sure I wish I could help you recollect it. Wanted it in a hurry, did you? Something to *eat*. That's what we mostly keep, things to eat. Yes, indeed, with a dressmaker in the house time is expensive. Jacob, don't you know better than to sweep up the floor onto the lady? If you'd just step one side, ma'am—not that way, *this* way. Thank you. It hasn't come to you yet, Mrs. Fairlie? Well, that's too bad. Yes, caterin' for a large family is a strain. Oh, no, ma'am, you're not *keeping* me, don't let that trouble you, Mr.

Steers can wait on those two ladies in a moment, I guess.

Let me see—what you wanted wasn't butter?—nor eggs?—nor tea?—nor sugar? Hm—nothing of that *kind*. Nothin' in packages—nothing canned. Oh! something that begins with a W. Mr. Steers, can you think of anything that begins with a W? Not walnuts. Nor washing powder. Something that begins with a W.—W—No, ma'am, that begins with an H, but if—Oh, of course not. With—a W or an H. Well, yes ma'am, it is *real* confusin'—Mr. Steers, this little

boy's been waitin' a long time, he wants one of those ten cent packages of molasses candy—in that case by the hair brushes. Well, it is singular how you can't remember it. Perhaps you *had* better let it go for the present. Oh, yes, we have quite a number of new things that's novelties, that Mr. Fairlie might like. Hm—well, I presume the Stock Exchange does wear on the stomach more'n *he* realizes. Worries you, doesn't it? Here's a health product that's highly recommended for those that's weak in their digestions; prunes stuffed with nut meats and olive pits. They claim that in three days you won't know there's been anything the matter with you at all. It doesn't appeal to you? Hm—Mr. Steers, will you hand me down that purple and gilt package—Now here's a fine thing, Royal Acorns—just put on the market. They claim there's the elements of most everything you want in a Royal Acorn—supplies the brain. Yes, ma'am, that's right—our oaks, strongest trees we have, grow from acorns. It says right here on the package that if you take for your dinner every night a little clear soup, a slice of rare roast beef or mutton, a couple of well-cooked vegetables, some simple pudding with cream *and* a toasted Royal Acorn, you build up tissue right along. Sounds real appetizing, don't it? Makes you eat what you had oughter, anyway. Think you don't care for it? Oh, yes, ma'am, we have baked beans in cans. Yes, he might like 'em to-night, as it's so

long since he's had them, still—Yes, ma'am, that's just the way it happens, he'll most probable have et 'em for lunch to-day in the city. Last week I got my mind so set on oyster stew that I stopped into Salter's on my way home and filled up on two steamin' plates. When I got into the house my wife comes smilin' up to say,

"I've got something you'll like for supper this cold night, something we ain't had for most a year."

Yes, ma'am, of course, it was oyster stew. Oh, no, I didn't let on—no, ma'am—I didn't dare. She had her eyes on me. But I never realized there was so much liquid to a stew before. Well, ma'am, my brother-in-law came in afterwards, and he says out loud: "Enjoyed that stew you had at Salter's before supper?" I don't *know's* my wife's got over it yet. Well, ma'am, maybe so, but it seems that if you *were* transferrin' your thoughts to each other, as you say, it might be

done more satisfactory. Hasn't come to you yet, Mrs. Fairlie, what you wanted? A-all right, if you stop here on your way back I'll have the beans ready for you. What say, Mr. Saunders? Well, it *does*, some—makes you feel like you do when you've been up all night in your clothes.

— — — Wait a moment there, ma'am, till I help you over the door-sill with that baby carriage. Fine child you've got there. As young as that! You surprise me. My sister-in-law's little boy's the same age, but he's puny; she tries a new food on him two or three times a week, yet he don't gain.



*Fine child
you've got
there*

What did you want, ma'am? All right, I'll have 'em done up so's you can take 'em with you. Where shall I send the flour? Oh, I know the neighborhood very well, Mrs.—Bowers? Thank you. Yes, Mr. Bowers, no healthier place in the country for babies. Oh, if you're once here, you'll stay. Yes, ma'am, once people come here they don't leave it. I know a lady who came twenty years ago to stay over night, and she's a grandmother now; been here ever since! Well, of course, it takes time to do that, but you'll like it. You wouldn't want any mouse traps, or insect powder? Well, a house that's been empty so long is apt to have them in to *some* degree. Now don't let it weigh on you, a mite. Why, certainly, if the agent said it was all right, that settles it. Yes, I know him, I know Mr. Blow, well. Shall I put these packages in the baby carriage for you, ma'am? Oh, there's a chicken in front of the baby—been to market, I see. Yes, there's plenty of room; I'll just tuck the mustard and pickles under his little legs, and lay the bacon at his back, where it won't fall out. Perhaps you'd better carry the cream cheese. Yes, ma'am. You *said* cream cheese. Well, that's what I *understood* you to say. Shoe polish, you meant? Yes, ma'am, here it is. I should have known what you meant, shouldn't I? I guess we was both of us to Dreamland. What is it? No, I didn't see your pocket-book in your hand when you came in. Mr. Steers, will you look over there? This lady

can't find her pocket-book. Well, now, that is too bad. Can't think what you did with it. Well, now, maybe if you'll let your mind alone it'll clear up of itself—a great many ladies tries that.—Oh, don't worry about what you've bought now—you can pay for 'em with the flour in the morning. Mr. Steers, will you help this lady over the door-sill with the baby carriage?

Back again, Mrs. Fairlie? Remembered what you come for; well, that's encouragin', isn't it? It wasn't something to *eat* after all! Well, we was *both* wrong, wasn't we? Oh, it was the *bill* you wanted to speak about. Larger than you expected. Well, now, I shouldn't wonder; it does often happen that way, don't it? Certainly, if there's any mistake we'll fix it all right. Why yes, when the family's smaller it *should* make a difference! Yes, I don't wonder you were astonished, so particular as you are, to see a bill of this size. Hm. Mr. Steers says you *did* only

order a yeast cake that morning, but after lunch the cook telephoned for a barrel of flour, ten pounds of butter, a pound of tea, a case of tomatoes and fourteen pounds of sugar—and the next day there was an order for lemons and fancy biscuits in the afternoon. Yes, ma'am, that was the day it rained. You had all the children in from next door, did you, for a party? Well, I guess their mother must have been pretty thankful to you, she's been sick so long. Yes, it is hard to keep track of everything—worries you, though, doesn't it? If you'll send in your pass-book, Mrs. Fairlie, we'll straighten



*Yes, it
is hard
to keep
track*

out things for you. Oh, I don't think it's here. No, ma'am. Mr. Steers, will you look up Mrs. Fairlie's pass-book and see if it's here? Not been here for three weeks, he says. The cook couldn't find it? Well, ma'am, that's what she *told* him. She says the one you had before she came must have lost it. Hm. Well, I don't wonder you feel that way about it. Hm. Wears you all out, don't it? Yes, ma'am, harder to get every day, that's what everyone says. Mrs. Walker was speaking about it to me this morning, she's had a Slav and she's had a Fin and she expects an Esquimaux on Monday for the winter. She says she doesn't care as long as she can get somebody that'll take an interest. Yes, that's what people mostly want, somebody that'll take an interest. No, ma'am, I'm afraid I don't know of one. There was Mrs. Rich's

girl, but there's been twenty-one ladies after her already and you have to get a letter of introduction. Yes, Mrs. Rich did come home last month, but she's gone away again, she has to have changes of scene, or else she goes right down; it's what they call nervous prosperity, her mind gives way under her. A-a-ll right, Mrs. Fairlie, we'll straighten out that little bill for you. You don't think you'll take the beans after all. A-a-ll right, Mrs. Fairlie. Takes up all the time you have; I should think so. House-keepin' does strain you, there's no mistake about it. Thank you, I'll give my wife your message. Why yes, the little fellow's grown considerable. She'll be glad to think I've seen you, remembering all you did for him. Well, *she* thought a sight of it anyway! Good-afternoon, Mrs. Fairlie.



*The little fellow's
grown considerable*

ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT

BY DAVID GRAYSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

A BOY AND A PREACHER



THIS morning I went to church with Harriet. I usually have some excuse for not going, but this morning I had them out one by one and they were altogether so shabby that I decided not to use them. So I put on my stiff shirt and Harriet came out in her best black cape with the silk fringes. She looked so immaculate, so ruddy, so cheerfully sober (for Sunday) that I was reconciled to the idea of driving her up to the church. And I am glad I went, for the experience I had.

It was an ideal summer Sunday: sunshiny, clear and still. I believe if I had been some Rip Van Winkle waking after twenty years' sleep I should have known it for Sunday. Away off over the hill somewhere we could hear a lazy farm boy singing at the top of his voice: the higher cadences of his song reached us pleasantly through

the still air. The hens sitting near the lane fence, fluffing the dust over their backs, were holding a small and talkative service of their own. As we turned into the main road we saw the Patterson children, on their way to church, all the little girls in Sunday ribbons, and all the little boys very uncomfortable in knit stockings.

"It seems a pity to go to church on a day like this," I said to Harriet.

"A pity!" she exclaimed. "Could anything be more appropriate?"

Harriet is good because she can't help it. Poor woman!—but I haven't any pity for her.

It sometimes seems to me the more worshipful I feel the less I want to go to church. I don't know why it is, but these forms, simple though they are, trouble me. The moment an emotion, especially a religious emotion, becomes an institution, it somehow loses life. True emotion is rare and costly and that which is awakened

from without never rises to the height of that which springs spontaneously from within.

Back of the church stands a long low shed where we tied our horse. A number of other buggies were already there, several women were standing in groups, preening their feathers, a neighbor of ours who has a tremendous bass voice was talking to a friend:

"Yas, oats is showing up well, but wheat is backwards."

His voice, which he was evidently trying to subdue for Sunday, boomed through the still air. So we walked among the trees to the door of the church. A smiling elder, in an unaccustomed long coat, bowed and greeted us. As we went in there was an odor of cushions and our footsteps on the wooden floor echoed in the warm emptiness of the church. The Scotch preacher was finding his place in the big Bible; he stood solid and shaggy behind the yellow oak pulpit, a peculiar professional look on his face. In the pulpit the Scotch preacher is too much minister, too little man. He is best down among us with his hand in ours. He is a sort of human solvent. Is there a twisted and hardened heart in the community he beams upon it from his cheerful eye, he speaks out of his great charity, he gives the friendly pressure of his large hand, and that hardened heart dissolves and its frozen hopelessness loses itself in tears. So he goes through life, seeming always to understand. He is not surprised by wickedness nor discouraged by weakness: he is so sure of a greater Strength!

But I must come to my experience, which I am almost tempted to call a resurrection—the resurrection of a boy, long since gone away, and of a tall lank preacher who, in his humility, looked upon himself as a failure. I hardly know how it all came back to me; possibly it was the scent-laden breeze that came in from the woods through the half-open church window, perhaps it was a line in one of the old songs, perhaps it was the droning voice of the Scotch preacher—somehow, and suddenly, I was a boy again.

—To this day I think of death somehow as a valley: a dark shadowy valley: the Valley of the Shadow of Death. So persistent are the impressions of boyhood! As I sat in the church I could see, as distinctly as though I were there, the church

of my boyhood and the tall dyspeptic preacher looming above the pulpit, the peculiar way the light came through the coarse color of the windows, the barrenness and stiffness of the great empty room, the raw girders overhead, the prim choir. There was something in that preacher, gaunt, worn, sodden though he appeared: a spark somewhere, a little flame, mostly smothered by the gray dreariness of his surroundings, and yet blazing up at times to some warmth.

As I remember it, our church was a church of failures. They sent us the old gray preachers worn out in other fields. Such a succession of them I remember, each with some peculiarity, some pathos. They were of the old sort, indoctrinated Presbyterians, and they harrowed well our barren field with the tooth of their hard creed. Some thundered the Law, some pleaded Love; but of all of them I remember best the one who thought himself the greatest failure. I think he had tried a hundred churches—a hard life, poorly paid, unappreciated—in a new country. He had once had a family, but one by one they had died. No two were buried in the same cemetery; and finally, before he came to our village, his wife, too, had gone. And he was old, and out of health, and discouraged: seeking some final warmth from his own cold doctrine. How I see him, a trifle bent, in his long worn coat, walking in the country roads: not knowing of a boy who loved him!

He told my father once: I recall his exact words:

"My days have been long, and I have failed. It was not given me to reach men's hearts."

Oh gray preacher, may I now make amends? Will you forgive me? I was a boy and did not know; a boy whose emotions were hidden under mountains of reserve: who could have stood up to be shot more easily than he could have said: "I love you!"

Of that preacher's sermons I remember not one word, though I must have heard scores of them—only that they were interminably long and dull and that my legs grew weary of sitting and that I was often hungry. It was no doubt the dreadful old doctrine that he preached, thundering the horrors of disobedience, urging an impossible love through fear and a vain belief

without reason. All that touched me not at all, save with a sort of wonder at the working of his great Adam's apple and the strange rollings of his cavernous eyes. This he looked upon as the work of God; thus for years he had sought, with self-confessed failure, to touch the souls of his people. How we travel in darkness and the work we do in all seriousness counts for naught, and the thing we toss off in play-time, unconsciously, God uses!

One tow-headed boy sitting there in a front row dreaming dreams, if the sermons touched him not, was yet thrilled to the depths of his being by that tall preacher. Somewhere, I said, he had a spark within him. I think he never knew it: or if he knew it, he regarded it as a wayward impulse that might lead him from his God. It was a spark of poetry: strange flower in such a husk. In times of emotion it bloomed, but in daily life it emitted no fragrance. I have wondered what might have been if some one—some understanding woman—had recognized his gift, or if he himself as a boy had once dared to cut free! We do not know: we do not know the tragedy of our nearest friend!

By some instinct the preacher chose his readings mostly from the Old Testament—those splendid, marching passages, full of oriental imagery. As he read there would creep into his voice a certain resonance that lifted him and his calling suddenly above his gray surroundings.

How vividly I recall his reading of the twenty-third Psalm—a particular reading. I suppose I had heard the passage many times before, but upon this certain morning—

Shall I ever forget? The windows were open, for it was May, and a boy could look out on the hillside and see with longing eyes the inviting grass and trees. A soft wind blew in across the church; it was full of the very essence of spring. I smell it yet. On the pulpit stood a bunch of crocuses crowded into a vase: some Mary's offering. An old man named Johnson who sat near us was already beginning to breathe heavily, preparatory to sinking into his regular Sunday snore. Then those words from the preacher, bringing me suddenly—how shall I express it?—out of some formless void, to intense consciousness—a miracle of creation:

"Yea, though I walk through the valley

of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Well, I saw the way to the place of death that morning; far more vividly I saw it than any natural scene I know: and myself walking therein. I shall know it again when I come to pass that way: the tall, dark, rocky cliffs, the shadowy path within, the overhanging dark branches, even the whitened dead bones by the way—and as one of the vivid phantasms of boyhood—cloaked figures I saw, lurking mysteriously in deep recesses, fearsome for their very silence. And yet I with magic rod and staff walking within—boldly, fearing no evil, full of faith, hope, courage, love, invoking images of terror but for the joy of braving them. Ah, tow-headed boy, shall I tread as lightly that dread pathway when I come to it? Shall I, like you, fear no evil!

So that great morning went away. I heard nothing of singing or sermon and came not to myself until my mother, touching my arm, asked me if I had been asleep! And I smiled and thought how little grown people knew—and I looked up at the sad sick face of the old preacher with a new interest and friendliness. I felt, somehow, that he too was a familiar of my secret valley. I should have liked to ask him: but I did not dare. So I followed my mother when she went to speak to him, and when he did not see, I touched his coat.

After that how I watched when he came to the reading. And one great Sunday, he chose a chapter from Ecclesiastes, the one that begins sonorously:

"Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth."

Surely that gaunt preacher had the true fire in his gray soul. How his voice dwelt and quivered and softened upon the words!

"While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain——"

Thus he brought in the universe to that small church and filled the heart of a boy.

"In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

"And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the

Far more vividly I saw it than any natural scene I know: and myself walking therein

bird and all the daughters of music shall be brought low."

Do not think that I understood the meaning of those passages: I am not vain enough to think I know even now,—but the *sound* of them, the roll of them, the beautiful words, and above all, the pictures!

Those Daughters of Music, how I lived for days imagining them! They were of the trees and the hills, and they were very beautiful but elusive; one saw them as he heard singing afar off, sweet strains, fading often into silences. Daughters of Music! Daughters of Music! And why should they be brought low?

Doors shut in the streets—how I *saw* them—a long, long street, silent, full of sunshine, and the doors shut, and no sound anywhere but the low sound of the grinding: and the mill with the wheels drowsily turning and no one there at all save one boy with fluttering heart, tiptoeing in the sunlit doorway.

And the voice of the bird. Not the song but the *voice*. Yes, a bird had a voice. I had known it always, and yet somehow I had not dared to say it. I felt that they would look at me with that questioning, incredulous look which I dreaded beyond belief. They might laugh! But here it was in the Book—the voice of a bird. How my appreciation of that Book increased, and what a new confidence it gave me in my own images! I went about for days, listening, listening, listening—and interpreting.

So the words of the preacher and the fire in them:

"And when they shall be afraid of that which is high and fears shall be in the way——"

I knew the fear of that which is high: I had dreamed of it commonly. And I knew also the Fear that stood in the way: him I had seen in a myriad of forms, looming black by darkness in every lane I trod; and yet with what defiance I met and slew him!

And then, more thrilling than all else, the words of the preacher:

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern."

Such pictures: that silver cord, that golden bowl! And why and wherefore?

A thousand ways I turned them in my mind—and always with the sound of the preacher's voice in my ears—the resonance of the words conveying an indescribable fire of inspiration. Vaguely and yet with certainty I knew the preacher spoke out of some unfathomable emotion which I did not understand—which I did not care to understand. Since then I have thought what those words must have meant to him!

Ah, that tall lank preacher, who thought himself a failure: how long I shall remember him and the words he read and the mournful yet resonant cadences of his voice—and the barren church, and the stony religion! Heaven he gave me, unknowing, while he preached an ineffectual hell.

As we rode home Harriet looked into my face.

"You have enjoyed the service," she said softly.

"Yes," I said.

"It *was* a good sermon," she said.

"Was it?" I replied.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR

The chief contribution of President Arthur to the tariff question was the emphasis he put on a reorganization of the administration of customs and on a simplification of duties. He had learned the need of both during seven years' service as Collector of the Port of New York

From a photograph by Sargent

THE TARIFF IN OUR TIMES

BY IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF LINCOLN," "HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

THE GREAT FIGHT OF '83

IN the early months of 1883 there took place in the Congress of the United States one of the most exciting and significant parliamentary struggles in our times. It was a tariff struggle led in the Senate by John Sherman, fresh from a victorious term as Secretary of the Treasury, and fired with a hope of being the next President of the United States; and in the House by "Pig Iron" Kelley, worn by twenty-five years of as hard and earnest fighting for a theory as any man has done in our history. Around these men as support-

ers or opponents were grouped many old-time tariff contestants: Morrill, Allison, Bayard, Cox, Kasson, Randall. To their help or discomfiture in the course of the contest came a group of important new men: men whose names are now big with political meaning: Nelson W. Aldrich, John G. Carlisle, William McKinley, Thomas B. Reed. Most significant of all the many features of the struggle was that it was not waged by the two houses of Congress alone. It was a struggle of *three* houses; two of them elected by the people to represent and harmonize the interests of the whole country; a third self-elected to represent themselves.

Arthur as a Tariff Reformer

Two things precipitated the struggle: first the report of a Tariff Commission, a protectionist body, which after six months' investigation had decided that a general reduction of duties of from twenty to twenty-five per cent. was needed; second, what

cotton, iron, and steel, and a substantial reduction of the duties upon those articles and upon sugar, molasses, silk, wool, and woolen goods."

The words had unusual weight, for Arthur was the only President we have had who could speak from a practical experience in administering the customs. For seven years

From a photograph by H. Atkins

JOHN SHERMAN OF OHIO

President Arthur said to Congress on the tariff in the message he sent in about the time the report was presented:

"The present tariff system is in many ways unjust," Arthur declared. *"It makes unequal distributions both of its burdens and benefits. . . . I recommend an enlargement of the free list so as to include within it the numerous articles which yield inconsiderable revenue, a simplification of the complex and inconsistent schedule of duties upon certain manufacturers, particularly those of*

(1871 to 1878) he had been Collector of the Port of New York. It was at a time when the Custom House was undergoing a series of rude shocks, the combined results of the ambiguities of the tariff laws, the greed of importers, the dishonesty of some of its officials and the "pernicious activity" in politics of others. Arthur had been obliged to fight for the honor of his own administration, and he had finally been suspended by President Hayes—a tariff story which does not belong here but in a future article where

the writer hopes to take up the "Administration of the Customs."

The point here is that President Arthur knew much from close contact of the ambiguities, the frauds, the injustice of the duties then in force, so that any expression of his had the merit of being "practical." It had additional force, because nobody

The Senate Tries an Experiment

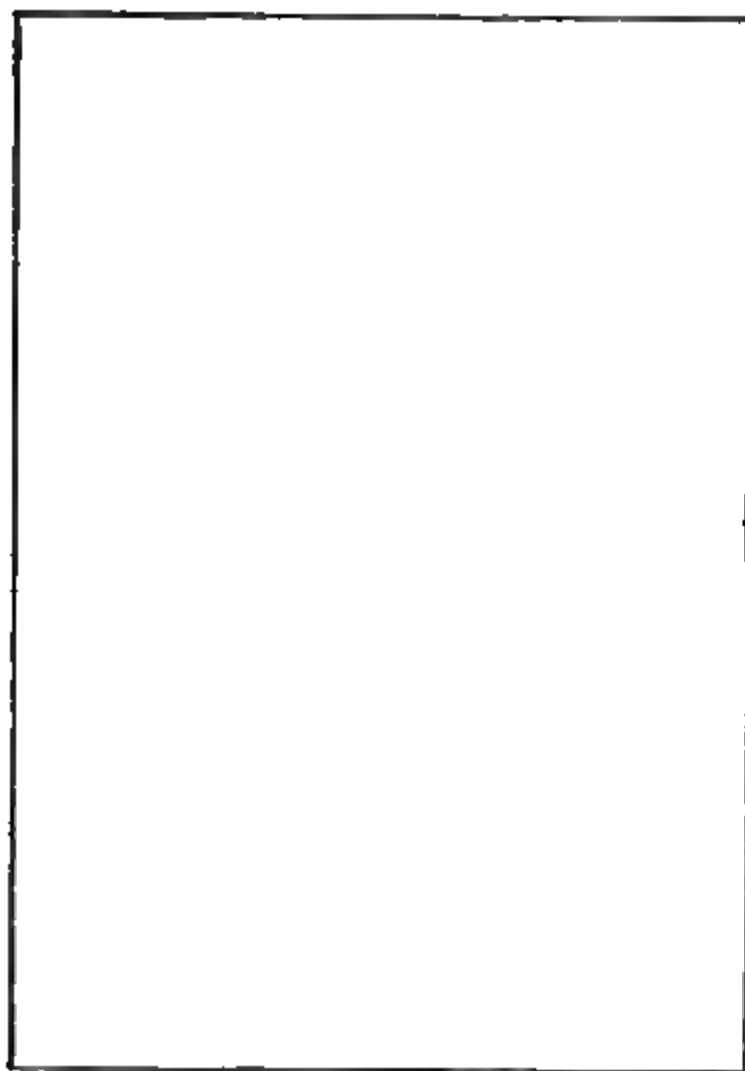
Thus spurred to action, Congress lost no time in getting to work. The report of the Tariff Commission was sent at once to the Committee of Ways and Means in the House and to the Finance Committee in the Senate, and both bodies began to frame bills.

From a photograph by Bell, loaned by Mrs. Reed

THOMAS B. REED OF MAINE IN 1883

could doubt Arthur's devotion to protection. He had been from boyhood a "Henry Clay Whig." Everybody recognized that nothing but a profound conviction that the country demanded lower duties would have driven him to ask for them. The country indeed had not long before this given the Republicans a stern rebuke on its tariff policy by electing a good-sized Democratic majority to the House in the next Congress—the forty-eighth, meeting in December, 1883.

Under ordinary circumstances, the Senate would have been obliged to wait for a bill from the House before expressing itself—the House alone having the right to originate revenue bills—but the circumstances were not "ordinary." The Senate at this moment had before it a bill for reducing the internal revenue. This bill had come from the House in the preceding session and had only been kept from becoming a law by the filibustering of certain Democratic Senators. It was somebody's bright idea now to tack



WILLIAM D. KELLEY IN 1883

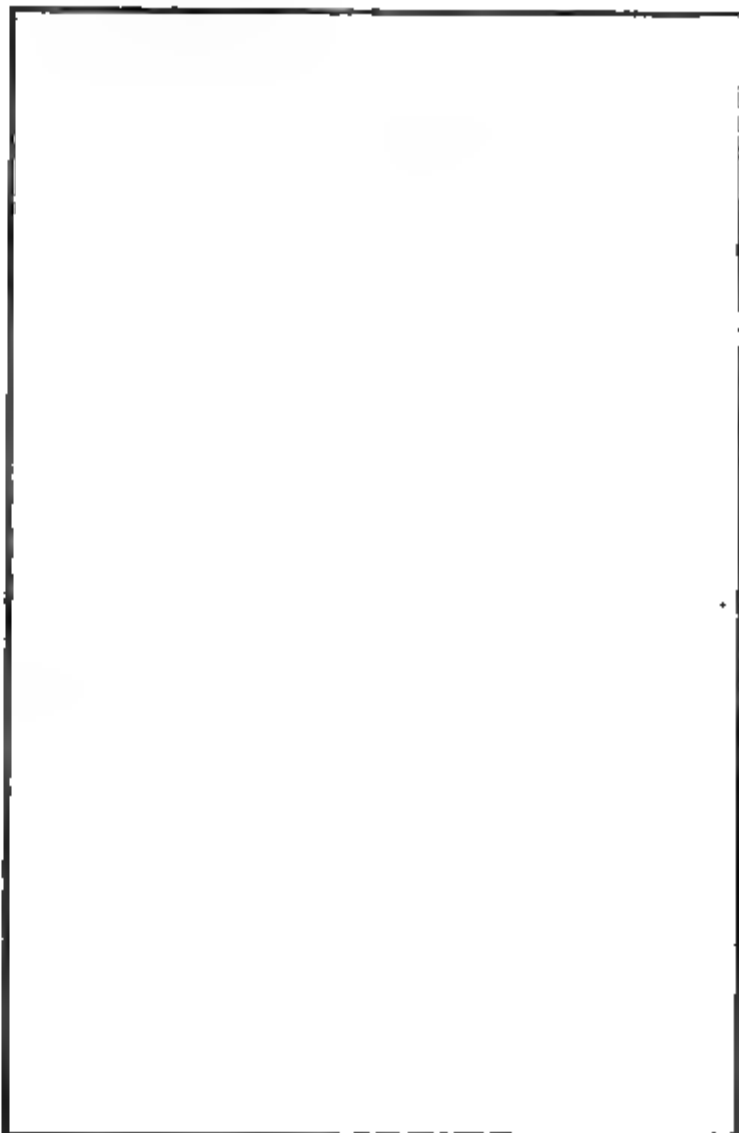
to this internal revenue bill, as an amendment, a tariff bill of the Senate's own making. It was, of course, an adventure of uncertain result. The House was notoriously jealous of its constitutional rights. Would it recognize a measure proposed by the Senate? The Senate thought it worth the trial at least, and fell to work.

The two Committees which at opposite ends of the Capitol now began to sit daily over the tariff were remarkable bodies. At the head of the Senate committee was Mr. Morrill, who twenty-three years before had introduced into the House of Representatives the bill with which this narrative opened. Since 1867 he had been a member of the Senate giving the bulk of his time to revenue questions. He was seventy-two years old now and in spite of over twenty years' labor on tariff schedules was still dignified and courteous!

Sherman's Jealousy of Morrill's Position

John Sherman was next to Morrill on the Committee—a place he held with bad grace. Sherman had lost his rank on the Committee of Finance, of which he had

formerly been chairman, by his appointment to Mr. Hayes's Cabinet in 1876, it being an invariable rule that a member returning to the Senate after an interregnum should go to the foot of his party colleagues on committee. When Sherman returned in 1881 he thought he should be an exception to the rule. He had up to this time outranked Mr. Morrill in both House and Senate. His services as Secretary of the Treasury had given him special skill in dealing with revenue questions. But Mr. Morrill declined to yield. It looked as if Mr. Sherman would sit at the foot of the table when Mr. Allison, who was a member of the Committee, appreciating the strain, quietly suggested to his Republican colleagues that Mr. Sherman be moved up next to Morrill. This was done, but from

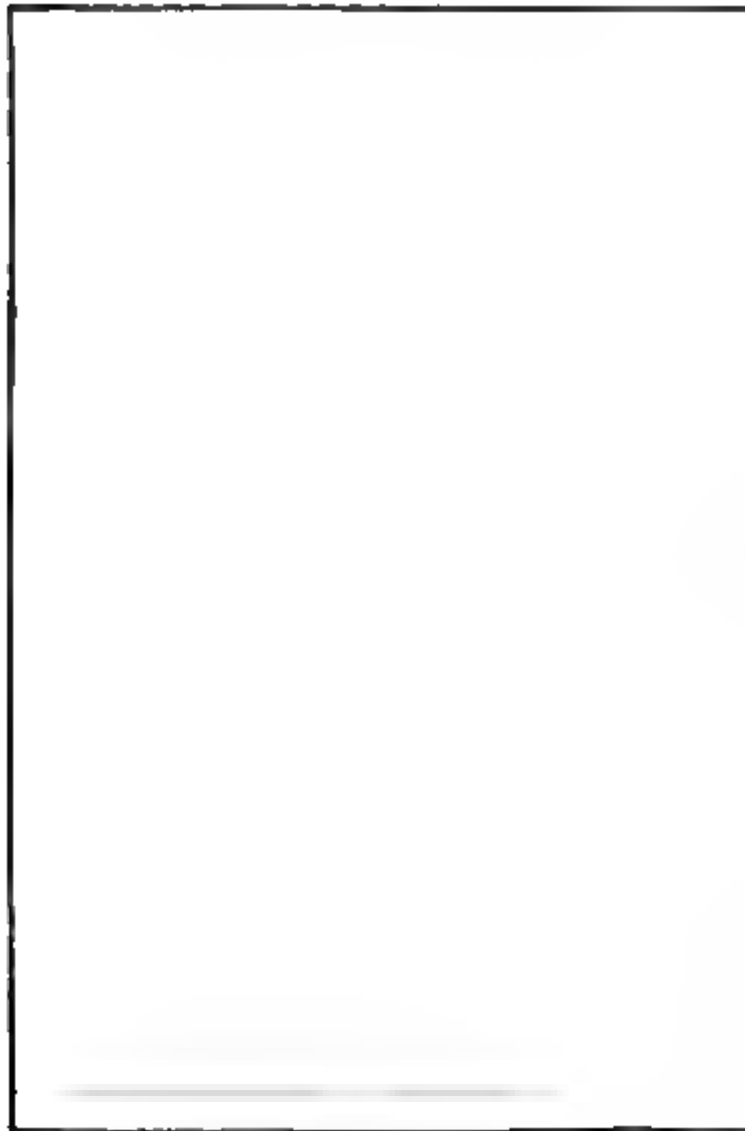


JAMES B. BECK

Beck was first sent to Congress from Kentucky in 1867. From the start the tariff was, with the currency, his chief interest. He took part in all the efforts of the House up to 1875 to remove the war duties, and when elected to the Senate in 1877 resumed the task there. He died in Washington in May, 1890, just before the Senate took up the McKinley bill.

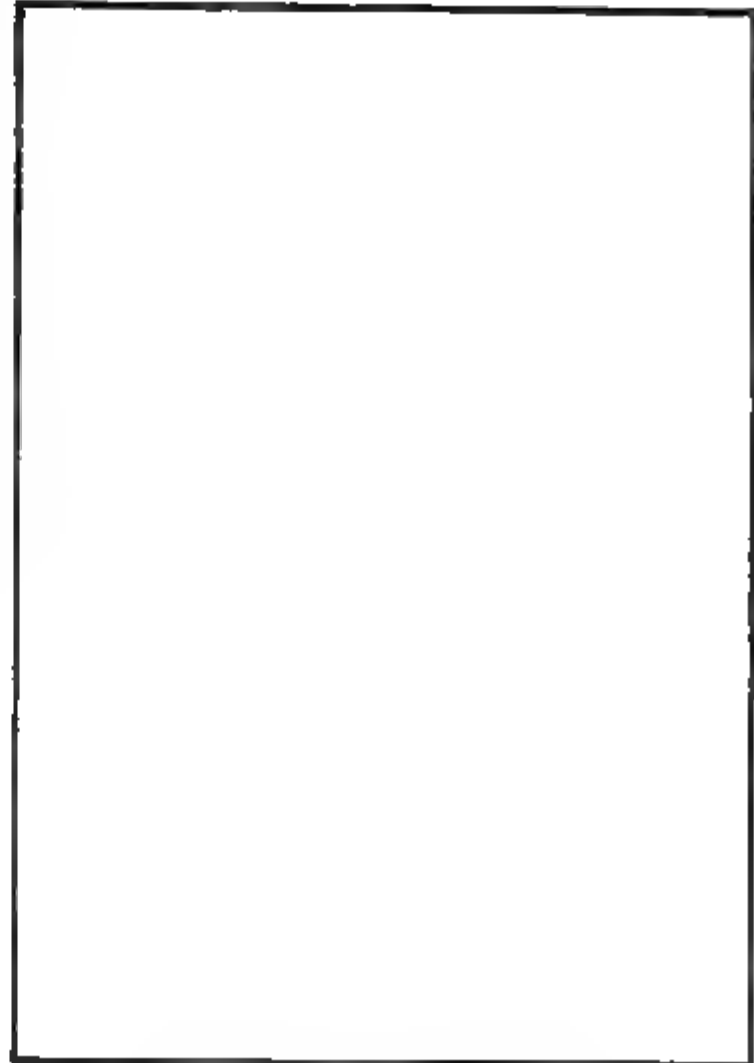
the beginning of the work on the bill the effect of his defeat was most noticeable on Sherman's temper and attitude. He was arrogant in committee and out. He says in his "Recollections" that he was "piqued" by Morrill's failure to yield to him. The word is mild.

It began to be noticed soon after the Committee went to work that Mr. Sherman was getting much help from the member at the foot—a new Senator, the Senator from Rhode Island—Nelson W. Aldrich. People who watched the hearings said he seemed to have at his tongue's end all the facts which bore on the high tariff side. It was said on the inside, too, that he was the man who had written the cotton schedule for the



JOSEPH WARREN KEIFER

General Keifer was first sent to Congress from Ohio in 1877. He was a straight Republican of honorable military record and was rewarded in 1881 with the speakership. His discharge of his duties was most unsatisfactory to the party and he narrowly escaped the loss of the complimentary re-nomination in December, 1883. General Keifer was dropped from Congress in 1885 and returned twenty years later, in 1905, at the age of sixty-nine years



DUDLEY C. HASKELL

Haskell's work on the tariff before 1882 was confined to orthodox expressions made in campaigning in Kansas. The rôle he played in securing the passage of the bill in 1883 marked him as Kelley's natural successor. But the fight was too much for him. He never recovered from the over-exertion of the winter, and died soon after the opening of the next Congress, December 16, 1883

report of the Tariff Commission. He had certainly done well for his constituents. He had secured an increase on that class of cotton goods which was chiefly imported, and a decrease on those of which little or nothing was imported.

The only Democrat on the Committee whom we have time to notice here was James B. Beck of Lexington, Kentucky. Beck was a Scotchman by birth and a Democrat of eighteen years' Congressional experience. Powerful in body and mind, brave, honest and combative, he led his party in the Senate with great effectiveness. It was on the tariff that Beck was at his best. Let him get after a rate he regarded as iniquitous and he was like an avalanche. "His mighty arms swing like hammers," wrote an English correspondent who heard him once on that theme. "His Scotch

tongue which some call harsh and rasping, thunders out the shortest and simplest Anglo-Saxon words that can be found to compose his terse sentences. Now and then the clinched fist comes down on his desk with telling force. The whole speech is made up of facts and statistics. If a flower of rhetoric should spring up in his path he would crush it with his ponderous foot. If a trope should get into his throat he would swallow it. Adjectives, metaphors and similes find no place in his oratory. Like Joseph Hume, he is a man of figures, and like him he speaks like a problem in mathematics."

"Pig Iron" Kelley and His Understudy

The House Committee was strong on both sides. The chairman was "Pig Iron" Kelley, who, in spite of twenty-five years' experience with protection, still found it an "exquisite harmony." He had as supporters the experienced Mr. Kasson of Iowa and the devoted young Mr. McKinley of Ohio, but it was on neither of them he was depending chiefly. There had been put on the Committee in the previous session a man from Kansas, Dudley C. Haskell, who was now to take about the same relation to Kelley as Kelley had taken to Thaddeus Stevens in the tariff debate of 1866 and 1867. The Democrats of the Committee were four of the strongest that Congress has seen since the war—Carlisle of Kentucky, Randall of Pennsylvania, Morrison of Illinois and Tucker of Virginia.

The "Third House"

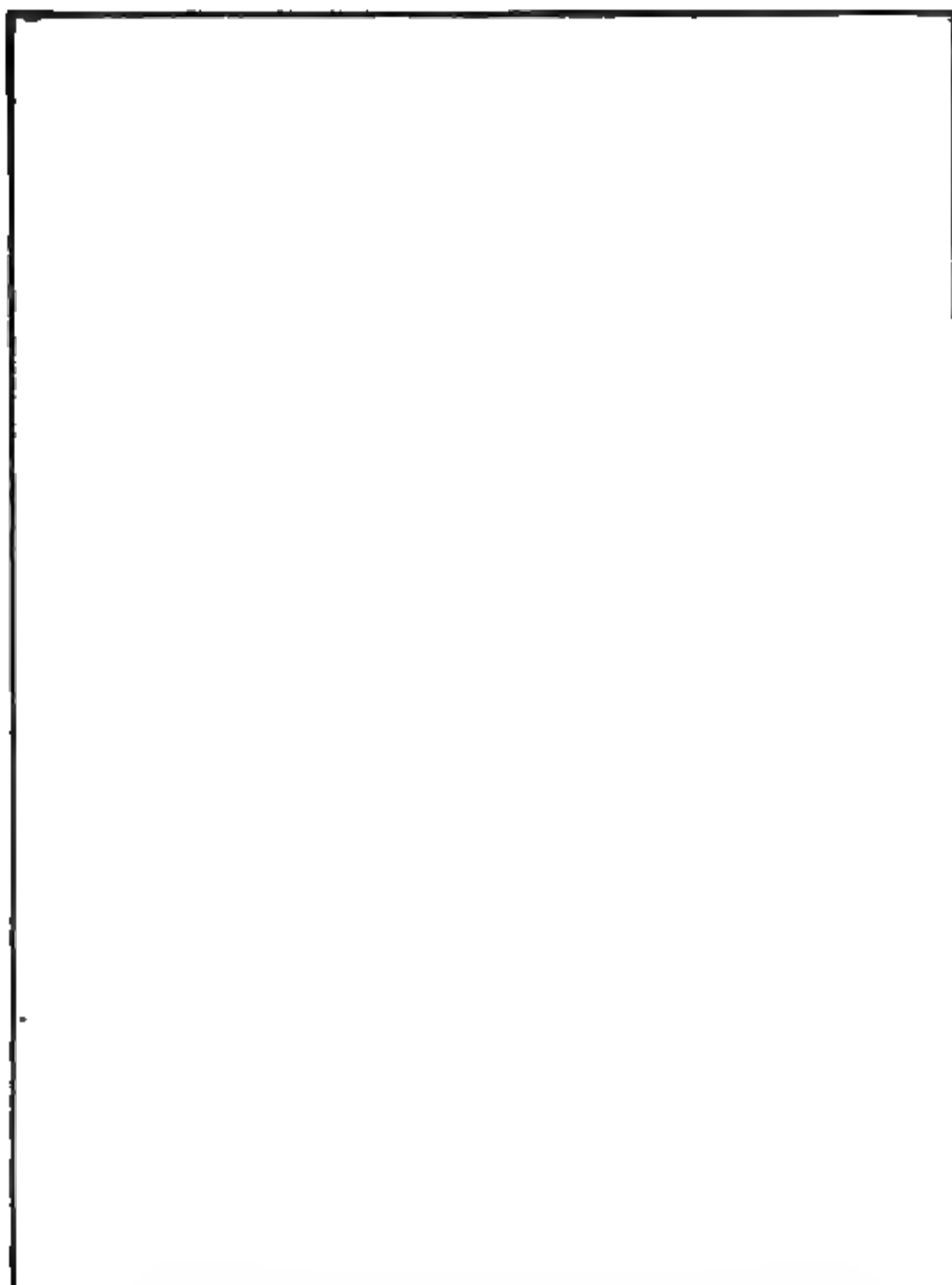
Here, then, were two able Committees giving their entire time to tariff bills. They were under instructions from a Republican country and a Republican president to lower the duties, and they had as a guide a report of a Republican commission of their own creation advising its reduction. They had Republican majorities to back them. Their duty seemed plain. It seemed clear, too, that they should be free from outside pressure. All of those individuals whose interests were affected had had ample opportunities to lay their cases before a Commission constituted for the purpose. To keep away from Washington would seem to be their obvious business. But they saw it differently. Indeed, the two Committees had

scarcely gone to work before a "third house" was in session—a house of lobbyists come to Washington for the express purpose of preventing the recommendations of the Tariff Commission from becoming law. The wool-growers, disgusted that Mr. Garland, representing them on the Commission, had consented to nearly 20 per cent. reduction, held public meetings in Ohio denouncing him, and sent down what scoffers called the "wool trinity"—Columbus Delano, one-time Secretary of the Interior under Grant, William Lawrence, afterward a Comptroller of the Treasury, and David Harpster—all wool-growers and all from Ohio.

Mr. John L. Hayes, chairman of the Tariff Commission, whose duties naturally would be supposed to be over, took rooms in Washington and as agent of the woolen manufacturers began a campaign to get more for them than as commissioner he had consented to. The makers of chemicals and drugs—and quinine particularly—instituted a siege. Agents of iron and steel, sugar, mineral water, wood pulp, of everything which had suffered a reduction, appeared in the corridors of the Capitol at Washington. "No such lobby has been seen here for years," the correspondents began to write to their newspapers. These agents, attorneys, manufacturers, did not hesitate to say loudly that no bill should pass unsatisfactory to them. They were far from standing together, however, in their demands. Indeed, they were in incessant conflict, for they all wanted what they purchased—that is, their raw material—free; while what they sold—their product—they wanted protected! In every industry came this clash, though it was always more acute between the wool and woolen men than elsewhere.

The Fight against Reduction

The first bill to come out of committee was that of the Senate. It was at once seen that the duties proposed were in many cases *lower* than those proposed by the Tariff Commission. For instance: the Tariff Commission had laid \$6.72 duty on pig-iron, a reduction of only 4 per cent. The Senate Committee, after going over the whole ground, had cut the rate to \$6.00. Mr. Sherman had fought the decrease in the committee; he continued to fight it on the floor. He tried for \$6.72 and was voted

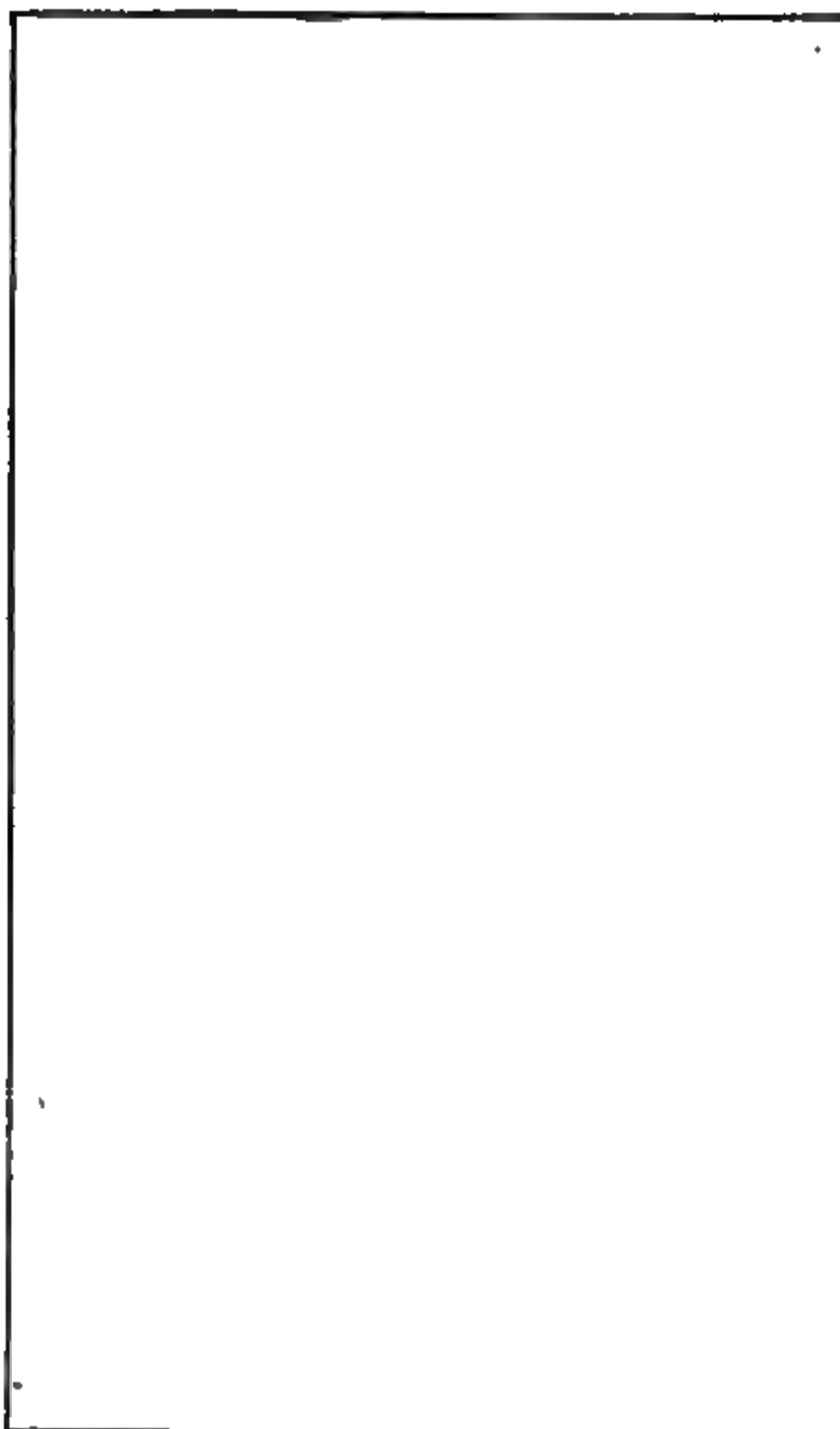


PHILETUS SAWYER

The richest and most influential of the Western "lumber barons" was Mr. Sawyer of Wisconsin. He was interested also in railroad development in the northwest and naturally went into politics. From 1865 to 1875 he was a member of the House of Representatives and in 1881 was sent to the Senate. He never spoke on a measure, but was active in committee, and his common sense and shrewd judgment were greatly valued by his party colleagues

down overwhelmingly. He tried for \$6.50 and again was beaten. He argued, threatened, cajoled. He read telegrams from the iron men of his state, brought in letters and testimony, worked day and night, but it took him over a month to succeed, and then it was only, as Beck said, after "he had threatened the Senate with the defeat of the whole bill if they did not give him at least \$6.50 on pig iron, and after he had drawn the party whip over the heads of his followers

with an audacity I have never seen equaled in any public assembly, by threats and every other means that a great bold parliamentary leader can assert over the men who look up to him." Beck was none too hard on Sherman. He beat his party into submission, but it should not be forgotten that the lash was on his own shoulder—the lash of Henry B. Payne of Cleveland, of the ironmasters of the Mahoning Valley, of all the highly organized iron interests of his state. He



NELSON W. ALDRICH IN 1883

Aldrich was forty years old in 1881 when he first entered the Senate from Rhode Island. He had served one term in the House. His training and his interests were all commercial and from the beginning of his Congressional career he aimed at making the tariff his specialty

knew only too well what failure to accede to their demand meant for the party in Ohio, for they did not hesitate to tell him privately and publicly.

Sherman fought for an increased rate on wool as he did for one on pig-iron. He was as hard pressed in one case as the other. The fight caused more than one hard and open tilt between him and his Republican colleagues, particularly with Allison, who disapproved a higher tariff on wool. Sher-

man was determined, however, and again and again returned to the attack with threats of defeating the entire bill if he could not have his way.

An Iniquitous Duty

But Mr. Sherman was not the only Senator who openly held up the party for duties higher than the majority of his colleagues approved of. The Senators of Maine,

Michigan and Wisconsin fought for duty on lumber in the same way. The Tariff Commission had not changed the duties on lumber. It left them as they were without a word of explanation. Better so; for a more indefensible tax than that on lumber could not be conceived. It had already helped work a destruction which a hundred years could not repair and its continuance seemed little less than crime. The duty on sawed boards was \$1.00 and \$2.00 per one thousand feet, according to variety. Under this protection, combined with the enormous demand which the growth of the country had created, the cutting of timber had been carried on recklessly and lawlessly, particularly in Wisconsin and Michigan. Ten years before, in 1873, the danger of exhausting the forests beyond repair had been shown and Congress had passed the Timber Culture Act to encourage planting—but while it gave a bonus for planting on one hand, it continued the bonus for cutting on the other. Pine in particular was being stripped off. A Federal Commission had just issued a report showing that there was only about 81,000,000 feet of white pine standing in the three principal states—enough for eight years only. The duty combined with the knowledge that the supply was limited, kept prices so high that in the "treeless states" like Nebraska and Kansas, new settlers were in great distress. From all over the West, indeed, came the cry for relief. People were living in dug-outs, the Western Senators and Representatives told Congress, because of this tax. Their cattle had no shelter, their fodder was covered only with a thatch. What made the tax more vicious was the well-known fact that the forests were largely in the hands of the "lumber barons," men who had in one way or another secured vast tracts of land at from \$1.25 to \$2.50 an acre and who now were gathering in \$8.00 or more an acre by unrestricted cutting of their timber. The Senate of the United States contained one of the greatest of these barons at this moment—Philetus Sawyer, Esq., of Wisconsin.

Naturally it was not the interests of Mr. Sawyer which the timber Senators pleaded! It was the cause of the lumber-men and of the mill-men. The tariff must be kept up in order to give them their higher wage. They must not be put into competition with the pauper wages of Canada! As a large

percentage of the laborers who received this higher wage were Canadians who came over for the season only, the argument had little effect. It was not argument indeed that saved the lumber duty. It was saved because the Southern Representatives who threatened to defeat it were told they could not have a duty on sugar unless they consented to one on lumber, and they made the trade.

Such barter went on openly in many other items. One of the most determined efforts to force a duty was made by Senator Mahone of Virginia, who wanted \$2.00 a ton on iron ore. The Tariff Commission had allowed 50 cents—the Senate Committee had allowed 50 cents, but Mahone made a fierce fight for more. He tried for \$2.00, for \$1.00, for 85 cents, for 75 cents, for 60 cents. He brought up the point at every opportunity, but again and again was voted down overwhelmingly. "I'll defeat the bill, if this duty is not raised," he is reported as saying, and Sherman backed him in his threat.

Senator Beck's Opposition

His attitude was the attitude of the representatives of various other interests big and little: that is, it developed almost as soon as the debate began that leading Republican Senators were determined to keep up duties in which certain of their constituents were interested and that to do this they were ready to trade and dicker with fellow Senators. That this determination of Sherman, Mahone and others was clearly demonstrated was due largely to the quick wit and the daring of Mr. Beck. He filibustered so adroitly from the beginning of the contest over the schedules that again and again he forced Republicans committed to tariff reform to go on record against a proposed reduction or for a proposed increase. In Sherman's struggle for the increased duty on pig-iron Senators like Morrill, Allison, Dawes, Frye, Hoar, Hale, Hawley, all voted against an increase, at first, but finally were whipped into line, Allison being the last to yield. Mr. Beck gloated over them, loudly pointing out how different ones had solemnly declared on the floor they would not support the increase, yet had yielded at last. Nothing could stop him. An effort was made to limit the debate to ten days. "Never!" shouted Beck, "not

to ten weeks." Not even the effort of some of his party to put an end to his obstruction availed. He gloried in his insubordination.

It was the 20th of February before the Senate Bill was passed. Two weeks before this the bill had taken on an importance quite unexpected. This change was due to the growing certainty that the House was not going to be able to finish its bill and that if a tariff bill was passed this session it would be the measure on which the Senate was working. No sooner did this rumor go out than the whole body of lobbyists, whose work up to this time had been concentrated on the House, rushed pell-mell to the corridors of the Senate to see what they could do to make the measure "satisfactory" before it was reported. Some of the things they helped to do have already been alluded to.

Carlisle Refuses to Allow Kelley's Bill to Pass

The House Bill was having a hard time. The Committee instead of following the Tariff Commission report and reducing duties 20 per cent. had reduced them less than 10 per cent. Now there was no doubt but that a majority of the Republicans in the House were in favor of real reform. Most of them declared they dared not go home without a reduction of taxes. But there was a powerful Republican minority who believed with Senator Sherman that it was more essential to satisfy the combined industrial organizations besieging the Capitol than it was to satisfy public opinion. This minority was determined no bill which gave anything like a 20 per cent. reduction should pass. It is not unfair to say that it wanted a bill but *a bill which gave the appearance of reduction, not actual reduction.*

The Democrats, too, were divided. John G. Carlisle, who led the majority, was what may be called an approximate free trader; that is, he believed in scaling down duties as rapidly as industries enjoying them could support it, until a "tariff-for-revenue-only" basis was reached. He declared now that if the Republicans had presented a bill which sincerely attempted to embody the reduction of 20 per cent. suggested by their commission and demanded by public opinion, he would favor its passage, but Kelley's bill he would not support. Randall, who led the Democratic minority, was a high protectionist, but Randall was willing really to

support any bill which promised to get the tariff out of the way. He expected to be a candidate for speaker at the opening of the next Congress and did not want to divide his party by supporting protection in opposition to the Democratic majority.

From the very beginning of the debate on the bill it became evident that each faction was ready to fight strenuously to carry out its program. The Carlisle Democrats began by bringing almost every item to issue as it was read. They made amendments, debated them, forced them to vote by voice, by rising divisions, and by tellers, and they openly declared that they would keep this up until the Fourth of March rather than allow Mr. Kelley's bill to come to vote. Their tactics indeed were very like those Mr. Beck was using in the Senate and their effect was identical, that is, they constantly forced the Republicans to put themselves on record against lowering duties. Not infrequently they were aided in their work of obstruction by revenue reform Republicans, particularly from the West, where the tariff on lumber and an increased duty on barbed wire were causing indignation.

Haskell of Kansas

So strong a program of opposition was developed that in ten days after the discussion opened it became evident that if any bill was passed it would be because the high protection faction yielded to the demands of the majority of the party for a reduction or that they carried their program by superior parliamentary tactics. That they were in strong position for the latter everybody saw. As a fact they held all the strategic positions: the speakership, the chairmanship and a majority of the Ways and Means Committee, and the Committee on Rules. For the moment, however, the work was all in the hands of Chairman Kelley and his lieutenants. Mr. Kelley had been ill from the beginning of the session and he had asked Mr. Haskell to take charge of the bill on the floor. A more sympathetic and vigorous understudy than Haskell, Kelley could not have had. He was a man only forty years old, a powerful individual, over six feet high, with a voice as big as his body, and with the face and eyes of an evangelist. His earnestness, for a cause he had espoused, was almost tragic in its

intensity and forced him to work and fight for it passionately and untiringly. Two subjects had occupied him so far in the six years he had been in Congress, polygamy and protection. He hated the first as he revered the second. Indeed, for Haskell protection was as complete a solution of all economic difficulties as it was for Kelley, and he had the same fanatical devotion to the doctrine. The only question he asked himself in making a tariff bill was whether an article could or could not be raised in this country. If it could not, he would put it on the free list. If it could, he would protect it beyond the possibility of foreign competition. Of course, this reduced his labor to finding out how much each article needed to be put beyond competition. This was a matter of fact. As soon as he was put on the Committee of Ways and Means, which was at the opening of the 47th Congress, he went to work with unparalleled industry to master the conditions of each article. He became a veritable encyclopedia of information on the "needs" of industries. When the work on the bill of 1883 began, he redoubled his efforts. His days he spent in committee and in the House, his nights receiving representatives of all sorts of industries. The facts and figures they gave him he attached in long festoons to copies of the bills which he was making ready for the debate.

Convinced as Kelley and Haskell were of the perfection of their doctrine, it was not to be wondered at that they looked on the Democratic opposition to the duties they were trying to carry through as outright filibustering or that they were willing to lend themselves to almost any maneuvers which would thwart it. Their first move was to try to stop debate. The attempt threw the Democrats into violent excitement, for so far only two out of sixteen schedules had been considered. It was an effort to gag the House, they declared. "Such a proposition," said Mr. Carlisle, "has never been heard of in the parliamentary history of this country, a proposition to destroy the freedom of debate on a bill to raise revenue." "Stop your filibustering then," was the gist of Mr. Haskell's retort. "Never under gag rule," replied Mr. Carlisle, and the attempt failed.

The failure of this attempt to get his bill to vote discouraged Kelley, and it began to be rumored that he and his colleagues were

going to drop it and go to the country with the charge that the Democrats had killed it by obstruction. The rumor reached the White House and Arthur let it be known that if Congress failed to pass a bill he should call them in extra session.

The Dilemma of the Republicans

The dilemma was a serious one for Mr. Kelley. It was evident that the Democrats would never allow his bill to come to vote unless its duties were materially reduced. He would never consent to that. But the President demanded a bill of some kind, would call an extra session to get it if necessary. The only hope seemed in the Senate bill, which was already fairly advanced and which Kelley knew would soon be reported. But this Senate bill did not suit him at all. Its duties he saw were bound to be considerably lower than those recommended by the Tariff Commission. Supposing that he waived the constitutional objection to a revenue bill originating in the Senate and let it come before the House, was there any method by which he could make it to suit his notion before it came to vote? The question was a difficult one, and for the moment there seemed no answer.

As day by day passed and nothing was done, irritation and uncertainty grew on both sides. Only the lobby rejoiced. There would be no reduction after all! But they did not reduce their pressure. Indeed it increased rather. The iron and steel men called down Commissioner Oliver. The mineral water men stirred up their attorney, the Hon. Roscoe Conkling. Every interest engaged the highest-sounding names it could secure for a final day and night attack.

The House in Disorder

The effect of all this on the two chambers was deplorable. Particularly in the House did the debate lose all semblance of sincerity and order. Again and again it was broken up by charges and counter-charges—by contradictions, appeals to the Speaker, cries of "Hear, hear!" "Order, order!" "Rule, rule!" The Democrats, gloating over the apparent predicament of the Republicans, taunted them repeatedly with not intending to pass a bill—charges which maddened Mr. Haskell especially. One day when these taunts were unusually

sharp, Haskell lost control of himself. Towering like a giant, his face white as a sheet, he shouted, "We will see who wants reduction! We will see who are the obstructionists. I move that the committee rise"—a motion intended to close debate on the bill. The Democrats almost as a body were on their feet at once, rushing down the aisles, dragging in members from committee rooms, haranguing on gag rule. A long and acrimonious debate followed, but as before, the attempt to close debate failed.

Another day when both sides were heated and bitter, Townshend of Illinois declared that the bill of the Ways and Means Committee did not originate in Congress at all, but was "sired by a lobby of hired agents of monopoly and was brought forth in a secret conclave unknown to the rules of the House." Mr. Haskell's wrath was terrible. "Every word of his declaration is a scandalous falsehood," he thundered. There was confusion on both sides for a moment but the friends of the two calmed them down. The next morning, however, Mr. Morrison waited on Mr. Haskell at his boarding house in Eighth Street with a peremptory demand that Mr. Haskell make public retraction of his offensive utterance or he, Mr. Morrison, would feel obliged to request Mr. Haskell to name some gentleman to confer concerning further remedies for his friend's wounded honor. Mr. Haskell laughed at the idea of a duel, but he assured Mr. Morrison that so long as Mr. Townshend's statement stood on record, his assertion of its falsehood would stand against it. And there the matter remained.

Such was the temper of the House when the Senate bill reached it on February 20th—a poor temper indeed for candid legislation. Nevertheless the bill could probably have been passed promptly if Mr. Kelley had been willing. The Carlisle Democrats criticised it but they declared it too good to obstruct. As for the majority of Republicans, they were in favor of it. But Mr. Kelley was not willing. His first business then was to block any attempt to get the bill off the Speaker's table and pass it by a regular procedure, a thing not difficult to do, for Speaker Keifer was playing perfectly into his hands and could be depended upon not to recognize anybody whom Kelley and Haskell were unwilling should get a hearing. Indeed, the Democrats had been say-

ing for days that nobody could catch the Speaker's eye unless Kelley first gave the wink. In this matter of keeping back the bill so small a matter as a misplaced semicolon aided Kelley materially. Mr. Haskell had discovered one in looking over the engrossed copy sent to the House from the Senate, which considerably changed duties on iron. He would not consider a bill so "ragged, ill-considered and half made," he declared. The poor little semicolon held up the House and gave half the papers in the country a subject for editorials. The Senate clerk hastened over to correct the error. It was only a slip. He could easily remedy it, he urged. "No," said Speaker Keifer sternly. He was not going to allow a Senate clerk to make a tariff bill for them. The bill had to be taken back to the Senate and corrected by proper procedure.

While the semicolon and other small matters were taking up time the Republican leaders were closeted with the Committee on Rules, which they controlled, in an effort to find a way out of their dilemma. If they could get the bill into a conference of their own kind and revise it and then pass it, they would be satisfied. It all amounted, as a matter of fact, to finding a way to defeat a bill which the majority would accept and to make and pass one which the minority wanted.

A Reed Rule

Now in anticipation of the difficulty in which they expected to be when the Senate bill reached them, Mr. Kasson had some days before this proposed a revision of the House rules which would allow a majority to take the Senate bill from the table to concur in, or to non-concur in and send to a conference. If Mr. Kelley could have been sure of a majority for non-concurrence he would have risked this procedure, but he found he could not. In caucus and out he canvassed the Republicans and always with the result that he feared a vote would result in concurrence. He was afraid of the Kasson rule.

It was certainly not an easy problem, but it was solved and the man to solve it was a member of the Committee on Rules, Thomas B. Reed of Maine. Reed had been six years in the House and in this time had shown himself an excellent debater and parliamentarian. On the tariff he was

sound enough to suit Mr. Kelley and "practical" enough to suit Mr. Sherman. From his point of view it was idle to discuss the matter. Protection, he said, was the accepted doctrine of the country—a closed question. His business was to get what his constituents wanted. His remarks on the lumber tariff and its relation to forest preservation show his general attitude. "I want to know why this country should preserve my forest for the benefit of some other gentleman? I should like to know why the principal industry of the State of Maine should be destroyed because the gentleman from Illinois thinks that his State needs a more humid atmosphere? Why, sir, the very purpose of forests in the course of nature is to be cut down and have houses built of them. . . . I tell you each generation can take care of itself, each generation is sufficient unto itself."

The rule Mr. Reed now proposed for extracting the high-protectionists was an admirable introduction to his later career as a parliamentarian. It ran as follows:

"That during the remainder of this session it shall be in order at any time to move to suspend the rules, which motion shall be decided by a majority vote, to take from the Speaker's table House Bill No. 5538, with the Senate amendment thereto, entitled a bill to Reduce Internal Revenue Taxation, and to declare a disagreement with the Senate amendment to the same, and to ask for a committee of conference thereon, to be composed of five members on the part of the House. If such motion shall fail, the bill shall remain on the Speaker's table unaffected by the decision of the House on said motion."

It was a rule which allowed the House to declare a disagreement but not an agreement. It allowed a majority to non-concur, but forbade it to concur! A New York *Herald* correspondent characterized Mr. Reed's rule perfectly when he declared that it realized the Irishman's dream of a gun which should fire so as to hit the object if it was a deer and miss it if it was a cow!

It was on Saturday, the 24th of February, that Mr. Reed reported his rule and on Monday it was taken up. Only seven days then remained of the session.

The storm which burst over the rule when it was read on Monday was quite worthy of its audacity. It was a "monstrous proposition," said Mr. Carlisle. "It is a fraud on parliamentary law; a fraud on all that is just and fair, in our politics, it is revolutionary," said Mr. Cox. Mr. Reed

listened placidly to it all and finally closed the discussion by declaring coolly that he himself considered the procedure he was introducing as "forcible," that he should never be in favor of such a rule save in a "great emergency," but that such an emergency he considered to be at hand. The country demanded a revision. The Democrats had defeated the House bill by a systematic course of obstruction. The Senate bill was not satisfactory to business men; it was unconstitutional to adopt it, but something must be done to relieve distress. There was nothing to do but revise the Senate bill "in the quiet of a conference committee." The rule was adopted after nearly a day's debate by a vote of 129 to 22.

The Constitution or a High Tariff?

But the Democrats were not through yet. They raised the constitutional question—was the House of Representatives to waive its right to originate revenue measures? Never. The discussion precipitated lacked sincerity—for leading Democrats had already testified to their willingness to let the Senate bill go through as it stood. Mr. Haskell finally stopped debates by a resolution which was carried. It turned the constitutional question over to the Tariff Conference for decision. The maneuver was adroit. It simply meant that if the Tariff Conference did not result satisfactorily to the high protectionist members, they had the plea of unconstitutionality to fall back on, or as somebody put it, "If pig-iron goes up the amendment of the Senate will be constitutional; if pig-iron goes down it will be unconstitutional."

It was late on Tuesday the 28th day of February before finally things were adjusted, and the conferees appointed by both House and Senate. The appointments precipitated another tangle. As was to have been expected, Speaker Keifer appointed a high protectionist committee—packed it, moderate Republicans, who were not represented at all, said. Mr. Randall, who was one of the two Democratic appointments, felt so badly about the make-up that he refused to serve. This tangle was straightened out and finally on the evening of the 28th the conferees had their first meeting. Among those from the Senate were Beck and Bayard. They were disturbed by the idea that the conference

might not be "full and free"—that is, that the constitutional question might be raised—and when they found they could get no assurance to the contrary they withdrew. Ten different Senators were appointed before two could be found to accept! These were Mahone and McDill, both Republicans!

When the Committee was finally under way it made quick work of revision—as indeed it could do, having a powerful high-protection majority. There were sharp contests—more than once rumors ran up and down the Capitol, where for the last few days all Washington had congregated, watching developments, that the conference would fail because Sherman was not getting his desired raise on wool or because Morrill was failing in his efforts to keep down the rate on pig-iron. The tension the uncertainty caused was broken at noon on March 2d, when Mr. Morrill entered the Senate and said: "I desire to ask unanimous consent for the printing of the report of the Conference Committee." It was granted and at nine o'clock that evening the printed report was before the Senate.

The End of the Struggle

Of course everybody turned at once to the item over which the great struggle had come. Had Sherman secured his rate on pig-iron and wool, Mahone on iron ore, Kelley on steel and quinine and nickel, the Louisiana planters on sugar, etc., etc.?

The most cursory examination showed that the high protectionists had got much that they asked. Iron ore had been raised to 75 cents a ton after having been given 50 by tariff commission, by House, and by Senate. Pig-iron was restored to \$6.72; steel rails, after having been given \$15.68 in the Senate and \$15.00 in House, were raised to \$17.00. Mr. Beck attacked the bill violently, making a most imposing array of duties raised, but of course saying nothing of those lowered! At the same time he attacked Sherman for his part in raising duties. Sherman was not jubilant, however, over what he had done. Indeed, he was almost in despair. For if he had succeeded in the metal schedule he had failed in the wool. His failure had led him to refuse to sign the conference report. It was a question if he would vote for the bill now. But when the matter came to a test, as it did about midnight of Saturday, March 3d, he voted yea.

"I have always regretted," Mr. Sherman wrote twelve years later, "that I did not defeat the bill, which I could have readily done by voting with the Democrats against the adoption of the conference report, which passed the Senate by the vote of yeas 32, nays 30. However, the propriety and necessity of a reduction of internal taxes proposed by the bill were so urgent that I did not feel justified in denying relief from burdensome and unnecessary taxes on account of provisions in the bill that I did not approve. With great reluctance I voted for it."

It was not until about noon of Saturday that Mr. Kelley, pale from fatigue and suffering, presented the report. The House was in a state of the greatest confusion at the time, the galleries crowded with visitors, many of whom were women; the corridors alive with excited lobbyists, the floor in disorder from the running to and fro of Democrats, still bent on obstruction, and of moderate Republicans anxious but hardly daring to defeat the report. Such was the din that Mr. Kelley could not be heard when he tried to read a statement showing the changes the conference had made. The Democrats would have none of his statements—they wanted the whole report, schedules and all, and so the worn-out clerk was called to read the entire document.

Two hours were then allowed for debate. Mr. Carlisle criticised the bill in sober and dignified language, his chief point being that the bill did not, could not produce the decrease Mr. Kelley claimed for it—that it was for that reason a deception. Others of his side were violent over the increases; many sarcastic over the acceptance of a Senate measure. "They have swapped the Constitution for a high tariff," declared Mr. Tucker. But the criticism of Mr. Carlisle and his friends was not so severe as that of those high protectionists who had failed to get the increase they asked, particularly of the supporters of higher duties on wool. "I have voted with the protectionists of Pennsylvania and with the protectionists of New England," complained Mr. Robison of Ohio, "with the assurance—the most positive assurance—that this great interest I represent should be taken care of, . . . and you have stricken us down."

There is no doubt but that on the morning of the 3d there was very real doubt about the report being adopted. The

moderate protectionists on the Republican side were against it and all conservative Republicans were disgusted with the jugglery which had brought it through. A strong high protectionist element, too, including Speaker Keifer, were against it—but before four in the afternoon when the debate was to close, the tide turned. It was the pressure of the country which did it. From one ocean to the other business men commanded and implored over the wires that the bill pass—good or bad. So many telegrams, it was said, had never before been received in Washington. And so the bill passed. And a few minutes before Congress adjourned it was signed by President Arthur.

General Dissatisfaction

At the time of its passage nobody knew what was in the bill of 1883, such had been the juggling with it. But this was certain, everybody but the persons who had saved their duties was disgusted with it. Mr. Sherman went home to meet a political storm such as he had never met before—a storm which forced him to explain and defend himself. It was raised by the dissatisfied wool growers. The Democrats went out with the story of the barter and trickery which had attended the measure. The Republicans everywhere were obliged to defend themselves for doing or not doing. Dissatisfaction was increased with the testing of the bill. It did not produce the reduction promised either in internal revenue or in customs. The bill went into operation July 1, 1883. In the first year of its operation it reduced duties only about \$20,000,000 (from \$210,637,293 to \$190,282,836). The average reduction on iron and steel proved to be only 4.54 per cent.; on clothing wool 10.73 per cent.; on woollen goods 1.01 per cent. On many articles there was an increase: 13.11 per cent. on earthen

ware; 1.48 per cent. on glass ware; 2.54 per cent. on cotton goods. The average reduction on dutiable goods was less than 1 per cent.

But there were more serious features still. Mr. Sherman says in his "Recollections" that the "Tariff law of 1883 laid the foundation of all the Tariff complications since that time." The lack of "harmony" in duties, the failure to protect all interests equally—wool and woolens, iron ore and pig iron, and articles made from it—was what disturbed Mr. Sherman. If we are to have protection, his view was, all must be protected. "The dogma of free raw material is more dangerous to the protective policy than the opposition of free-traders."

There was something more serious than the failure to admit the claims of all to protection. It was the semi-official recognition of the lobbyists in the making of tariff schedules. True, they had been more or less active in every bill since the war, but never before had their effort to stand day and night at the doors of Senate and House, to sit in committee, to be closeted in every leisure hour with their representatives in Congress, been tolerated. It was a recognition they were not likely to forget. Moreover it was demonstrated clearly in 1883 that the size of the duty is according to the size of the lobby. The quinine-makers even with Mr. Kelley's help were unable to get their product off the free list where it had been put in 1879, but they were a feeble folk—only four of them in the country! The pottery people on the contrary received an advance of some 13 per cent. on their wares, for they were strong in Ohio and New Jersey. Mr. Joseph Wharton, standing alone, had to submit to a reduction of 50 per cent. on his nickel; standing with iron men he suffered a reduction of only 4 per cent. on his pig-iron. It was a great lesson in the value of organization and numbers.

"PRACTICE MARCHING"

BY ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

Big Bill Taft one mornin' rose a-feelin' somewhat bad,
He thinks about them soldier boys a-restin'.
He sez: "Their muscles will git stiff, O, ain't it very sad
To see them soldier fellers all siestin'!
Ho! Issue them an order to take a practice march;
Their legs'll soon be gittin' stiff like they wuz caked with starch;
Ho! Issue them an order an' tell 'em for'ard march—
It's fierce th' way them soldier boys are restin'!"

So it's fourteen miles to Some Place
An' fourteen to th' Fort;
So shoulder arms and knapsacks
An' order arms an' port.
It's fourteen miles to No Where,
An' grub a-runnin' short,
But think o' what we're learnin' practice marchin'!

'Twus Teddy got th' idea when things were gittin' slow;
He wonders 'bout them soldier boys a-restin'.
He sez: "I think we oughter have an exhibition, O
Them soldiers' blood'll likely be congestin'.
Ho! Issue them an order to mobilize at once;
Ho! Issue them an order, we will have maneuver stunts;
Ho! Issue them an order, an' all th' army grunts;
For it's fierce th' way them soldier boys are restin'!"

So it's ninety miles to That Place,
Maneuvers goin' on;
It's ninety miles to This Place,
An' summer days are gone;
It's phoney fights an' hikin'
An' rollin' out at dawn—
But think o' what we're learnin' practice marchin'!

From New Year's down to Christmas there isn't much to do
Exceptin' in th' barracks sorter restin'.
Unless someone gits thinkin'—'bout every day or two—
About them soldier fellers all siestin'.
Then issues forth an order to do a practice drill,
A practice camp, a practice hike, a practice how to kill;
Or issues forth an order to practice to be still—
It's fierce th' way them soldier boys are restin'!

Then up a hill an' down a hill
Th' same as Bonypart;
Five hundred miles a year to do—
So make a healthy start;
Th' officers must do it, too—
Oh, cheer up, heavy heart!
An' think o' what we're learnin' marchin'!

"It takes a smart man, mister, to outdo his own wife, once she's started"

SETH CARTER'S WIFE

BY MRS. L. H. HARRIS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY I. DEREMEAUX

E Stranger sat upon the bench outside the door of Pappy Corn's house. There was a sound of shuffling feet within, and Pappy himself appeared carrying a split-bottom chair in one hand and a lighted pipe in the other. He tilted the chair against the opposite side of the door, settled himself in it, caught the pipe firmly in the corner of his mouth and coined his face into one of those rare smiles which served as the preface to so many of his stories.

"Did I ever tell about how Seth Carter got the best of his wife?" The question was a mere formality to which the Stranger knew he was not expected to reply.

"It takes a smart man, mister, to outdo his own wife, once she's started. He may

get drunk, break the furniture and fling all the dishes out of the winder, but, if she has the long-sufferin' underhanded spirit which is natural in all women, she can set right down where she is and have him in a cold sweat of mortification and repentance without turning a ha'r or shedding a tear. There's something terrible about a woman's resignation under them circumstances, and the average man knows it. He knows that he'll be obliged to buy her a new dress, or nail up a gol-dern shelf somewhere in the house, or maybe scald bed-stids all day before he can persuade that look of accusing godliness off of her face when he has been on a spree. I reckon that's the reason some of the poor devils kick up such a racket when they do git loose once in a while. The price they have to pay afterwards makes 'em desperate.

"But them's glitterin' generalities. What I am fixin' to tell you is how one man got the best of a row he had with his wife, and she the all-firedest termagant that ever set foot in this Valley.

"Seth Carter was an honest, hard-working man, but he wa'n't much to look at. He was tall, knock-kneed, and so thin that his own inwards could see him every time he smiled. He had a little gal nose, and looked over his own whiskers at you like a man hiding in a brush-heap. And he was so meek that if you could have picked the soul out of him, it would have been a worm, just a poor worm of the dust. His first wife was a fine woman, but spiteful on him, because he couldn't so much as look at hard cider without getting drunk. Folks said she used to sew him up in the bed sheet when he came home that way and whip him sober. I don't know whether she did or not; still we all thought when she died that he'd stay widdered or be more careful about selecting his next partner. But man's a curious animal, son. If you could set him on a hot gridiron and keep him squirming there long enough, he'd git used to it, and prefer that to a sedan rocking chair. And that was Seth's case. He'd been nagged and henpecked till he couldn't be satisfied unless he had a cackling, scolding female to torment him. So the first Misses Carter wa'n't more'n settled in her grave before he up and married the oldest Pendergrass gal, Eva May. Some say she done the proposing, but I doubt that. Fellows like Seth Carter ain't so darn timid as you might think when it comes to asking a woman to have 'em. One of that kind will roll up agin her skirts as soft and harmless-looking as a ball of yarn, then first thing she knows he's got her same as if he'd courted like a house afire. And they always take to ill-tempered women, because marrying is the one brave adventure of their lives. So they git a case of buck-courage and shine up to women that other men fight shy of

because the blame fools don't know that an ill-tempered female is about the easiest thing courted in this world.

"Seth 'lowed to me the reason he was in such a swivet to git married again was because he couldn't bear to be so free that nobody cared whether he done right or wrong, whether he stayed drunk or sober. He said it mighty nigh broke him up to think he could eat his victuals with his hat on, and without even washing his hands, and no woman there to make a fuss about it. But that wa'n't all. He 'lowed that a cantankerous woman acted on him like a spiritual tonic, sorter took the place of gittin' drunk, because she kept him excited all the time wondering where she'd hit next.

"Well, sir, accordin' to my way of thinking there was as much sense in his marrying a virago for them reasons as if he'd hired a yaller-jacket to sting him for company. So I kept my eyes skinned to see what would happen. And Eva May wa'n't slow about doing her part towards the sequel. She was a fair, fat woman with a face that took on a pound of sternness every time she gained a pound of flesh. Her nose was the only raw-boned thing about her. It riz like a fang between her narrow blue

eyes—mister, have you ever made a study of that peculiar human document, the nose? It's the tell-tale Scripture in every man's face. If you know how to read noses, you know how to read life. I've been living a long time, and I ain't never knowed a man or woman to contradict his nose yet. And Eva May's pale, thin, high one give her dead away, as if the thorn of her nagging spirit stuck out through the front of her face. But, Lord bless you, she didn't care.

She had a prickly virtue, that rabid kind of righteousness which makes some saints more dangerous than mad dogs, and she was give up to be the best and most aggravating woman in the settlement. She couldn't let nothing nor nobody rest, couldn't see a cat

- dinner -

*"Kneeling in the middle of the floor,
with her eyes walled up, praying
and calling him names"*

Interlude-

*"Lit in to shave every gol-dern whisker
off his face"*

on the doorsteps without taking a broom to it, nor a fly set down on the winder pane without r'aring around the room flapping her apron at it. She stayed in the kitchen most of the time, bilin', baking and preserving things. Then she'd git hopping mad and cry if Seth didn't eat whatever she cooked. This was his worst trial; 'lowed to me in confidence once that he wa'n't hearty and it went agin his stomach to be obliged to eat the half of a pig's head, a slice of pickled souse, a kershaw pie and a mould of jelly when he wa'n't hungry, just to keep his wife in a good humor.

"And it was this disposition to fatten him whether he would or no that finally brung on the crisis between 'em. One day in the spring, he wa'n't feelin' so well, and she spread an extra fine dinner to tempt him. Well, sir, Seth 'lowed he couldn't eat a bite, and Eva May complained that he wouldn't eat out of pure spite. She jumped up from the table crying, beat the dog, scared the cat up a tree, pulled down the stove pipe, and then went into hysterics because Seth told her he didn't feel well enough to put it up again.

"Now Carter wa'n't a professing Christian, he was a sort of black-sheep Job, and about the worst thing his wife done to him

when she had these tantrums was to wind up by taking the Bible and reading one of them blaspheming Psalms David wrote before he was converted. Then sometimes at class-meeting in church she'd git up and ask the prayers of all Christian people for the one nighest and dearest to her. She named no names, but everybody knowed who she meant and Seth knowed too, for apt as not he'd be setting over on the men's side like a forked worm, listenin' to her.

"On this particular day I'm telling of, he come in from the barn when he seen the cat come down and the dog sneak back toward the door-step, becuse them was always the signs he went by. But I'll be darned, sir, if he didn't find that woman kneeling in the middle of the floor, with her eyes walled up, praying and calling him names and telling things on him to her heavenly Father that wa'n't so! Him and the dog seen her at the same time, and the dog tucked his tail between his legs and went back to the wagon-shed, but for once Seth didn't turn tail himself. He was riled, and quick as a flash, he made up his mind to give Eva May a sure 'nough job of praying to do for him.

"Mister," said Pappy, looking at him drolly, "when a worm turns, it's one of the funniest, meanest, most aggravating things that ever squirmed. There ain't no dignity, nor any real harm in the poor thing, but it's mean and little and mischievous, and the worm had turned in Seth. That

4

*"Put on his Sunday clothes and
light out"*

meek and lowly spirit in him was gittin' ready to deal with Eva May's heel. And we ain't never had nothing like it in this Valley.

"No sooner did he catch sight of her kneeling there in the floor back-biting him to the Lord, than he tramped in, laid out his Sunday clothes and lit in to shave every golden whisker off of his face. At first she just stayed where she was, mourning and whispering; but when Seth begun to whet his razor and lather his jaws, he could see her through the glass staring at him. He said nothing, but kept right on till his face was as clean as a gal's. Then he roached up his hair, put on his Sunday clothes, picked up the cane that he hadn't carried since he went courting and made for the door. By this time Misses Carter was setting up in her chair looking sorter dumb and puzzled.

"Where you going?" says she.

"To the frolic at Jim Bledsoe's," says he.

"Why ain't I going too?" says she.

"'Becase you ain't asked.' Then, just to rile her more, he 'lowed, 'Jim didn't invite the married women.' And with that he brushed his coattails, twirled his cane and switched off down the road, leaving Eva May too dumbfounded to speak.

"There wa'n't the sign of a woman at Jim Bledsoe's that night, married or single. He asked a passel of his cronies over to a 'possum supper, and that was all the frolic we had. And naturally we were surprised when Seth stepped in dressed like it was a ball or a wedding and all the whiskers off of his face.

"'Lorddie Mighty, Seth!' says I, rubbing my eyes, 'is Misses Carter's health failing?'

"'No,' says he, 'but my patience is. I'm tired of having my wife pray for me every time she gits mad. I've took the bit between my teeth.'

"'Keep it there,' says Jim, laughing and slapping him on the back, 'but can't you do it without wearing your fancy martingales and crupper for every day?' he pointed at Seth's pearl-colored legs and the Jim-swinger coat.

"'That's part of it,' he answered. 'She ain't let me wear these things except to weddings and funerals since we were married, and I'll be darned if I don't begin by being the boss!'

"We all knowed how Eva May carried on, so it wa'n't no breach of confidence when he told us about this last spell. And we passed the evening giving him devilish advice, and laughing behind our hands at that worm of a man who could talk about pitting hisself agin a woman, same as if she'd been a man. Nary one of us thought he'd have the spunk to hold out or we'd have been more careful.

"That night as we come on home together Seth pulled a rose off of the vine and stuck it in his button-hole. Afterwards he told me the first thing 'e seen the next morning was Eva May standing by the winder holding up his coat and looking at that innocent flower as if her heart would break. And that was just the beginning. From being the humblest, most accommodating of husbands, Seth turned into the most arrogant and unreliable. He'd go off without cutting the wood or splitting the kindling. Then if Eva May so much as opened her mouth to complain up he'd git, shave, put on his Sunday clothes and light out with the air of a man bound straight for hell. She held in as long as she could, but when he took to staying all night at Jim Bledsoe's, who was a bachelor, and not nigh all he ought to be; and when he went to every picnic for miles around as if he'd been a young man on the carpet, Eva May was plum distracted. One day she flung her apron over her head and went to see the preacher about it.

"Seth ain't treating me right"

"'Brother Milum,' says she, weeping, 'Seth ain't treating me right.'

"'You say he ain't, Sister Carter,' says he, putting on his glasses. 'Well! that astonishes me. He ain't a professing Christian, I know, but we all thought him a model husband.'

"'But he ain't!' snapped Eva May. Then she busted out and told what had been going on between 'em.

"For a preacher, Milum had a right smart natural human sense. So when she finished, he sort o' cut his eyes around at his own man-devil, so to speak, and he 'lowed:

"'I can't meddle, Sister Carter. Not being a church-member your husband don't come under my jurisprudence. But you go 'long back home and keep pleasant. A man prefers it to just righteousness in his wife. Encourage the dog and the cat to come in and lay down on the hearth-rug. It's a good recommendation to a woman's temper when them animals trust her. Seth ain't naturally rampageous, and I reckon he'll tame down when you do.'

"But Seth had another card up his sleeve and he played it the next Sunday night at the experience-meeting. Eva May was setting where she always did, right up front, and Seth was a good way back on the men's side, looking as frisky in them pearl-colored breeches as any young goat in the house. First one and then another stood up and give in their experience. But Mrs. Carter, who was usually first an' foremost to testify, had nothing to say. At last when everybody was done talking as the preacher thought, he riz to give out the closing hymn. Then all seen Seth stand up, hoop hisself forward and crook his finger at the preacher.

"'Wait a minute, mister!' says he, no louder than a hoarse whisper. Then drew out his handkerchief and begun to sniff. The women followed suit all over the house, but Jim Bledsoe nudged me, and he says: 'The blame fool is drunk!' All this time there stood

Seth, wagging in his tracks, the tears streaming down his face, and him hooking his finger at the preacher. Then he fetched a backward surge, walled up his eyes—it was one of the funniest imitations I ever expect to see a lean person give of a fat one—and begun:

"'Bretheren and sisters, I ain't nobody nor nothing that you should waste your prayers on me. But,' says he, pintin' his finger at his wife, 'there's one nighest and dearest to me who stands in need of 'em. She is full of redeeming grace, but she don't know how to practice it towards a poor benighted sinner like me. And I want to ask the prayers of all Christian people that her religion may be softened a little and made more favorable to such as me!'

"With that he set down, sobbing like a baby. I don't reckon he'd ever done what he did if he'd been sober. But he wa'n't, and somebody had told him about Eva May's trip to see Milum. And we ain't never had anything as nigh a matinee in this Valley as that experience-meeting. Jim Bledsoe was laughing so he slipped off of his seat. But Eva May's face looked like a white sail in a storm.

"'Let us pray!' says the preacher, but the minute folks was on their knees, it sounded like mice squeaking all over the church, they was squeezing so to keep from laughing. And I always shall believe I heard a snort from the pulpit before Milum begun in a terrible shaky voice. He prayed all over creation, then at the very last he 'lowed, in a mighty curious tone of voice, 'And, Oh Lord, far be it from us to uphold Brother Carter in being the kind of worm of the dust he is,

but thou hast heard his request and, so far as we know, it won't be no harm to grant it!'

"When we raised our heads Seth and Eva May were both gone. But from that day to this them two air about as even matched as any married folk in this Valley; and I don't know which takes the most care not to provoke the other to wrath."



"Wagging in his tracks, the tears streaming down his face"

ARETHUSA, A PRINCESS IN SLAVERY

A LOVE STORY OF OLD CONSTANTINOPLE

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "VIA CRUCIS," "A ROMAN SINGER," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

PART V

CHAPTER IX

NO rose with an effort, and with something like a sigh.

"I must be going," he said, standing beside the divan. "Good-night."

"Good - night, Messer Carlo," answered Zoë softly and a little sadly.

She had never before addressed him in that way, as an equal and a Venetian would have done, and the expression, in the tone in which it was uttered, arrested his attention and stopped him when he was in the act of turning away. He said nothing, but there was a question in his look.

"I am sorry that I made you angry," she said, and she turned her face up to him with one of those half-pathetic, hesitating little smiles that ask forgiveness of a man and invariably get it, unless he is a brute.

"I am sorry that I let you see I was annoyed," he answered simply.

"If I had not been so foolish, you would not go away so early!"

Her tone was contrite and regretfully thoughtful, as if the explanation were irrefutable but humiliating. Eve was, on the whole, a good woman, and is believed to be in Paradise; yet with the slight previous training of a few minutes' conversation with the serpent she was an accomplished temptress, and her rustic taste for apples has sent untold millions down into unquenchable fire.

"I would stay if I could," Zeno said. "But I have an appointment, and I must go."

"Is it very important, very—very?"

Zeno smiled at her now, but did not answer at once. Instead, he walked to the window, opened the shutters again and looked out. The night was very dark. Here and there little lights twinkled in the houses of Pera, and those that were near the water's edge made tiny paths over the black stream. After his eyes had grown used to the gloom Zeno could make out that there was a boat near the marble steps, and a very soft sound of oars moving in the water told him that the boatman was paddling gently to keep his position against the slow current. Zeno shut the window again and turned back to Zoë.

"Yes," he said, answering her last speech after the interval, "it is very important. If it were not, I would not go out to-night."

He was going out of the house, then. She knew that he rarely did so after dark, and she could not help connecting his going with the invitation he had given to Polo and his daughter for the next day. He was to be betrothed to Giustina to-morrow, he was going now to settle some urgent matter of business connected with the marriage-contract; or he was betrothed already; yes, and he was to be married in the morning and would bring his bride home; Zoë, in her lonely room upstairs, would hear the noisy feasting of the wedding-guests below—

When the thread broke, leaving her in the unreality, her lip quivered, and she was a little pale. Zeno was standing beside her, holding her hand.

"Good-night, Arethusa," he said in a tone that frightened her.

The words sounded like "good-bye," for that was what they might mean; he knew it, and she guessed it.

"You are going away!" she cried, springing to her feet and slipping her hand from his to catch his wrist.

"Not if I can help it," he answered. "But you may not see me to-morrow."

"Not in the evening?" she asked in great anxiety. "Not even after they are gone?"

"I cannot tell," he replied gravely. "Perhaps not."

She dropped his wrist and turned from him.

"You are going to be married," she said in a low voice. "I was sure of it."

"No!" he answered with emphasis. "Not that!"

She turned to him again; it did not occur to her to doubt his word, and her eyes asked him the next question with eager anxiety, but he would not answer. He only repeated the three words, very tenderly and softly—

"Good-night—Arethusa!"

She knew it was good-bye, though he would not say it; she was not guessing his meaning now. But she was proud. He should not see how hurt she was.

"Good-night," she answered. "If you are going away—then, good-bye."

Her voice almost broke, but she pressed her lips tight together when the last word had passed them, and though the tears seemed to be burning her brain she would not shed them while his eyes were on her.

"God keep you," he said, as one says who goes on a long journey.

Again he was turning from her, not meaning to look back; but it was more than she could bear. In an inward tempest of fear and pain she had been taught suddenly that she truly loved him more than her soul, and in the same instant he was leaving her for a long time, perhaps forever. She could not bear it, and her pride broke down. She caught his hand as he turned to go and held it fast.

"Take me with you!" she cried. "Oh, do not go away and leave me behind!"

A silence of three seconds.

"I will come back," he said. "If I am alive, I will come back."

"You are going into danger!" Her hand tightened on his, and she grew paler still.

He would not answer, but he patted her wrist kindly, trying to soothe her anxiety. He seemed quiet enough at that moment, but he felt the slow, full beat of his own heart and the rush of the swelling pulse in his throat. He had not guessed before to-

night that she loved him; he was too simple, and far too sure that he himself could not love a slave. Even now he did not like to own it, but he knew that the hand she held was not passive; it pressed hers tighter in return, and drew it to him instead of pushing it away, till at last it was close to his breast.

"Oh, let me go with you, take me with you!" she repeated, beseeching with all her heart.

He was not thinking of danger now, he had forgotten it so far that he scarcely paid attention to her words or to her passionate entreaty. Words had lost sense and value, as they do in battle, and the fire ran along his arm to her hand. It had been cold; it was hot now, and throbbed strangely.

Then he dropped it and took her suddenly by her small throat, almost violently, and turned her face up to his; but she was not frightened, and she smiled in his grasp.

"I did not mean to love you!"

He still held her as he spoke; she put up her hands together and took his wrists, but not to free herself; instead, she pressed his hold closer upon her throat, as if to make him choke her.

"I wish you would kill me now!" she cried in a trembling, happy little voice.

He laughed low, and shook her the least bit, as a strong man shakes a child in play, but her eyes drew him to her more and more.

"It would be so easy now," she almost whispered, "and I should be so happy!"

Then they kissed; and as their lips touched, they closed their eyes, for they were too near to see each other any longer. Her head sank back from his upon his arm, for she was almost fainting, and he laid his palm gently on her forehead and pushed away her hair, and looked at her long.

"I had not meant to love you," he said again.

Her lips were still parted, tender as rose-leaves at dewfall, and her eyes glistened as she opened them at the sound of his voice.

"Are you sorry?" she asked faintly.

He kissed the question from her lips, and her right hand went up to his brown throat and round it, and drew him, to press the kiss closer; and then it held him down while she moved her head till she could whisper in his ear:

"It was only because you were angry," she said. "You are not really going out to-night! Tell me you are not!"

He would not answer at first, and he tried to kiss her again, but she would not let him, and she pushed him away till she could see his face. He met her eyes frankly, but he shook his head.

"It must be to-night, and no other night," he said gravely. "I have made an appointment, and I have given my word. I cannot break it, but I shall come back."

She slipped from his hold, and sat down on the broad divan, against the cushions.

hand and buried her face in the soft leathern pillow.

"You had made me forget that I am only a slave!" she cried.

The cushion muffled her voice, and the sentence was broken by a sob, though no tears came with it.

"I would go to-night, though my own mother begged me to stay," Zeno answered.

Zoë turned her head without lifting it, and looked up at him sideways.

"I had not meant to love you," he said again

"You are going into danger," she said. "You may not come back. You told me so."

He tried to laugh, and answered in a careless tone:

"I have come back from far more dangerous expeditions. Besides, I have guests to-morrow—that is a good reason for not being killed!"

He stood beside her, one hand half-thrust into his loose belt. She took the other, which hung down, and looked up to him, still pleading.

"Please, please do not go to-night!"

Still he shook his head; nothing could move him, and he would go. A piteous look came into her eyes while they appealed to his in vain, and suddenly she dropped his

"Then much depends on your going," she said, with a question in her tone. "If it were only for yourself, for your pleasure, or your fortune, you would not refuse your own mother!"

Zeno turned and began to walk up and down the room, but he said nothing in reply. A thought began to dawn in her mind.

"But if it were for your country—for Venice——"

He glanced sharply at her as he turned back toward her in his walk, and he slackened his pace. Zoë waited a moment before she spoke again, looked down, thoughtfully pinched the folds of silk on her knee, and looked up suddenly again as if an idea had struck her.

"And though I am only your bought slave," she said, "I would not hinder you then. I mean, I would not even try to keep you from running into danger—for Venice!"

She held her head up proudly now, and the last words rang out in a tone that went to the man's heart. He was not far from her when she spoke them. The last syllable had not died away on the quiet air and he already held her up in his arms, lifted clear from the floor, and his kisses were raining on her lips, and on her eyes, and her hair. She laughed low at the storm she had raised.

"I love you!" he whispered again and again softly, roughly, and triumphantly by turns.

She loved him too, and quite as passionately just then; every kiss woke a deep and delicious thrill that made her whole body quiver with delight, and each oft-repeated syllable of the three whispered words rang like a silver trumpet-note in her heart. But for all that her thoughts raced on, already following him in the coming hours.

With every woman, to love a man is to feel that she must positively know just where he is going as soon as he is out of her sight. If it were possible, he should never leave the house without a ticket-of-leave and a policeman, followed by a detective to watch both; but that a man should assert any corresponding right to watch the dear object of his affections throws her into a paroxysm of fury; and it is hard to decide which woman most resents being spied upon, the angel of light, the siren that walketh in darkness, or the semi-virginal flirt.

Zoë really loved Zeno more truly at that moment, because the glorious tempest of kisses her speech had called down upon her willing little head brought with it the certainty that he was not going to spend the rest of the evening at the house of Sebastian Polo. This, at least, is how it strikes the story-teller in the bazaar; but the truth is that no man ever really understood any woman. It is uncertain whether any one woman understands any other woman; it is doubtful whether any woman understands her own nature; but one thing is sure, beyond question—every woman who loves a man believes, or tells him, that he helps her to understand herself. This shows us that men are not altogether useless.

Yet, to do Zoë justice, there was one other element in her joy. She had waited

long to learn that Zeno meant to free Johannes if it could be done, and he had met all her questions with answers that told her nothing; she was convinced that he did not even know the passwords of those who called themselves conspirators, but who had done nothing in two years beyond inventing a few signs and syllables by which to recognize each other. Whether he knew them or not, he was ready to act at last, and the deed on which hung the destinies of Constantinople was to be attempted that very night. Before dawn Michael Rhangabé's death might be avenged, and Kyria Agatha's wrongs with Zoë's own.

"I want to help you," she said when he let her speak. "Tell me how you are going to do it."

"With a boat and a rope," he answered.

"Take me! I will sit quite still in the bottom. I will watch; no one has better eyes or ears than I."

"This is man's work," he answered. "Besides, it is the work of one man only, and no more."

"Someone must watch below," Zoë suggested.

"There is the man in the boat. But watching is useless. If any one surprises us in the tower, I can get away; but if I am caught by an enemy from the water the game is up. That is the only danger."

"That is the only danger," Zoë repeated, more to herself than for him.

He saw that she had understood now, and that she would not try to keep him longer, nor again beg to be taken. She went with him to the door of the vestibule without calling the maids, and she parted from him there, very quietly.

"God speed you!" she said, for good-bye.

When he reached the outer entrance and looked back once more, she was already gone within, and the quiet lamplight fell across the folds of the heavy curtain.

CHAPTER X

Zeno left his house noiselessly half an hour later, after changing his clothes. It was intensely dark as he came out, and after being in the light he could hardly see the white marble steps of the landing. He almost lost his balance at the last one, and when he stepped quickly toward the boat, to save himself, he could not see it at all, and

was considerably relieved to find himself in the stern sheets instead of in the water.

"Gorlias!" he whispered, leaning forward.

"Yes!" answered the astrologer-fisherman.

The light skiff shot out into the darkness, away from the shore, instead of heading directly for Blachernae. After a few minutes Gorlias rested on his oars. Zeno had grown used to the gloom and could now see him quite distinctly. Both men peered about them and listened for the sound of other oars, but there was nothing; they were alone on the water.

"Is everything ready?" Zeno asked in a low tone.

"Everything. At the signal over eight hundred men will be before Blachernae in a few minutes. There are fifty ladders in the ruined houses by the wall of the city. The money has had an excellent effect on the guard, for most of them were drunk this evening, and are asleep now. In the tower, the captain is asleep too, for his wife showed the red light an hour ago. She took up the package of opium last night by the thread."

"And Johannes himself? Is he ready?"

"He is timid, but he will risk his life to get out of the tower. You may be sure of that!"

"Have you everything we need? The fishing-line, the tail-block, and the two ropes? And the basket? Is everything ready in the bows, there?"

"Everything, just as you ordered it, and the rope clear to pay out."

"Give way, then."

"In the name of God," said Gorlias, as he dipped his oars again.

"Amen," answered Zeno quietly.

The oars were muffled with rags at the thole-pins, and Gorlias was an accomplished oarsman. He dipped the blades into the stream so gently that there was hardly a ripple, and he pulled them through with long, steady strokes, keeping the boat on its course by the scattered lights of the city.

Zeno watched the lights, too, leaning back in the stern, and turning over the last details of his plan. Everything depended on getting the imprisoned man out of the Amena tower at once, and he believed he could do that without much difficulty. At first sight it might seem madness to attempt a revolution with only eight hundred men to bear arms in the cause, against ten or fifteen thousand, but the Venetian knew what sort

of men they were, and how profoundly Andronicus was hated by all the army except his body-guard.

For nearly twenty minutes Gorlias pulled steadily up stream. Then he slackened speed, and brought the boat slowly to the foot of the tower.

The windows were all dark now, and the great mass towered up into the night till the top was lost in the black sky. During the hours Gorlias had spent in fishing from the pier he had succeeded in wedging a stout oak peg between the stones; he found it at once in the dark, got out and made the boat fast to it by the painter. His bare feet clung to the sloping surface like a fly's to a smooth wall; he pulled the boat alongside the pier, holding it by the gunwale, and held up his other hand to help Zeno. But the Venetian was in no need of that, and was standing beside his companion in an instant. It was only then, a whole second after the fact, that he knew he had stepped upon something oddly soft and at the same time elastic and resisting, that lay amidships in the bottom of the boat, covered with canvas. The quick recollection was that of having unconsciously placed one foot on a human body when getting out. He had taken off his shoes, but the cloth soles of his hose were thick, and he could not feel sure of what he had touched. Besides, he had no time to lose in speculating as to what Gorlias might have in the skiff besides his lines and his coil of rope.

Gorlias now got the end of the fishing-line ashore, and took it in his teeth in order to climb up the inclined plane of the pier on his hands and feet, ape-fashion. In a few seconds he had found the end of a string that hung down from the blackness above, with a small stone tied to it to keep it from being blown adrift. To this string he bent the fishing-line. Until this was done neither of the men had made the least sound that could possibly be heard above, but now Gorlias gave a signal. It was the cry of the beautiful little owl that haunts ruined houses in Italy and the East, one soft and musical note, repeated at short and regular intervals. The bird always gives it thus, but for the signal Gorlias whistled it twice each time, instead of once. No living owl ever did that, and yet it was a thousand to one that nobody would notice the difference, if anyone heard him at all, except the person for whom the call was meant.

He had not been whistling more than a quarter of a minute when he felt the twine passing upward through his fingers, and then the line after it. He let the latter run through his hand to be sure that it did not foul and kink, though he had purposely chosen one that had been long in use, and he had kept it in a dry place for a week.

Zeno had dropped his cloak in the stern of the boat before getting out, and he now sat at the water's edge with his hands on the moving line ready to check the end when it came, in case it were not already fast to the rope that was to follow it. But Gorlias had done that beforehand, lest any time should be lost, and presently Zeno felt the line growing taut as it began to pull on the rope itself.

This had single overhand knots in it, about two feet apart, for climbing, and instead of coiling it down, Gorlias had ranged it fore and aft on the forward thwarts so that it came ashore clear. Whatever the astrologer's original profession had been, it was evident that he understood how to handle rope as well as if he had been to sea. Moreover Zeno, who was as much a sailor as a soldier, understood from the speed at which the rope was now taken up, that there was a tolerably strong person at the other end of it, high up in the topmost story of the tower. The end came sooner than he expected, and a slight noise of something catching and knocking against the inner side of the boat brought Gorlias instantly to the water's edge.

"The tail-block is fast to the end," he whispered; "and the other line is already rove, with the basket at one end of it. When you are aloft, you must haul up the climbing rope and make the block fast—you understand."

"Of course," Zeno answered; "I have been to sea."

"Whistle when you are ready and I will answer. As he comes down I can check the rope with a turn round a smooth stone I have found at the corner of the tower. You must come down the climbing rope at the same time, and steer the basket as well as you can with your foot."

"Yes. Is all fast above?"

Gorlias listened.

"Not yet," he whispered. "Wait for the signal."

It came presently, the cry of the owlet repeated, as Gorlias had repeated it. Zeno

heard it and began to climb, while Gorlias steadied the rope, though there was hardly any need for that. The young Venetian walked up with his feet to the wall, taking the rope hand over hand, as if he were going up a bare pole by a gant-line.

When he was twenty feet above the pier and was fast disappearing in the darkness, something moved in the boat, and a white face looked up cautiously over the gunwale. It was a woman's face. Zeno had stepped upon her with his whole weight when he was getting ashore, but she had made no sound. Her eyes tried to pierce the gloom, to follow him upward in his dizzy ascent. Soon she could not see him any longer, nor hear the soft sound of his cloth-shod feet as he planted them against the stones.

Up he went, higher and higher. Gorlias steadied the end below, keeping one foot on the block lest it should thrash about on the stones and make a noise. He could feel each of Zeno's movements along the rope, and though he had seen many feats in his life he wondered at the wind and endurance of a man who could make such an ascent without once crooking his leg round the rope to rest and take breath. But Carlo Zeno never stopped till his feet were on the slight projecting molding of the highest story, and his hands on the stone sill.

As he drew himself up with a spring his face almost struck the chest of a large woman who was standing at the window to receive him. He saw her outline faintly, for there was a little light from one small lamp, placed on the floor in the farthest corner of the oblong room. The tower was square, but the north side of the chamber was walled off to make a space for the head of the staircase and a narrow entry. The single door was in this partition. Zeno looked round while he took breath, and he was aware of a tall man with a long beard who stood on one side of the window, and seemed inclined to flatten himself against the wall, as if he feared being seen from without, even at that height and in the dark.

The woman moved a step backward, and Carlo put one leg over the window-sill and got in. He took his skull-cap from his head and bowed low to the imprisoned Emperor before he spoke to the woman in a whisper.

"I will haul up the basket," he said, and he laid his hands on the knotted rope to do so.

"Will you come with me? There is still time"

But the tall man with the beard touched him on the shoulder and spoke in a low voice.

"We must talk together," he said.

Zeno hardly turned his head, and did not stop hauling in the rope. Below, Gorlias was steering the tail-block clear of the wall, lest it should strike the stones and make a noise.

"This is no time for talking," Zeno said. "When your Majesty is free and in safety we can talk at leisure."

The knotted rope was coming in fast; Zeno threw it upon the floor behind him in a wide coil to keep it clear.

"Stop!" commanded the Emperor, laying one hand on the Venetian's arm.

Zeno set his foot on the rope to keep it from running out, and turned to the prisoner in surprise.

"Every moment is precious," he said.

"If we are discovered from 'outside the tower the game is up, and we shall be caught like rats in a trap. I have a basket at the end of this rope in which you will be quite safe from falling, if that is what makes you hesitate. Fear nothing. We are two good men, I and my companion below."

"You are a good man indeed, to have risked your life in climbing here," answered Johannes.

He made a few steps, bending his still handsome head in thought. He limped slightly in his walk, and he was said to have only four toes on his left foot.

Zeno at once continued hauling up the rope, but a moment later the Emperor stopped close beside him.

"It is of no use," he said; "I cannot go with you."

Zeno was thunderstruck, and stood still with the rope in his two hands.

"You will not go?" he repeated, almost stupidly. "You will not be free, now that everything is ready?"

"I cannot. Go down your rope before there is an alarm. Take God's blessing for your generous courage, and my heartfelt thanks. I am ashamed that I should have nothing else to offer you. I cannot go."

"But why? Why?"

Carlo Zeno could not remember that he had ever been so much surprised in his life, and so are they who gather round the storyteller and listen to his tale. But it is a true one; and many years afterward one of Carlo Zeno's grandsons, the good old Bishop of Belluno, wrote it down as he had heard it from his grandsire's lips. Moreover it is history. The imprisoned Emperor Johannes refused to leave his prison, after Zeno had risked life and limb to prepare a revolution, and had scaled the tower alone.

"Andronicus has my little son in the palace," said the prisoner; "if I escape he will put out the child's eyes with boiling vinegar, and perhaps mutilate him or kill him by inches. Save him first, then I will go with you."

There was something very noble in the prisoner's tone, and in the turn of his handsome head as he spoke. Zeno could not help respecting him, yet he was profoundly disappointed. He tried one argument.

"If you will come at once," he said, "I promise you that we shall hold the palace before daybreak, and the little prince will be as free as you."

Johannes shook his head sadly.

"The guards will kill him instantly," he said; "the more certainly if they see that they must fight for their lives."

"In short, your Majesty is resolved? You will not come with me?"

"I cannot." The Emperor turned away, and covered his face with his hands, more as if trying to concentrate his thoughts than as if in despair. "No, I cannot," he repeated presently. "Save the boy first," he repeated, dropping his hands and turning to Zeno again, "then I will go with you."

Zeno was silent for a moment, and then spoke in a determined tone.

"Hear me, sire," he said. "A man does not run such risks twice except for his own blood. You must either come with me at once, or give up the idea that I shall ever help you to escape. The boy may be in

danger, but so are you yourself, and your life is worth more to this unhappy empire than his. To-night, to-morrow, at any moment, your son Andronicus may send the executioner here, and there will be an end of you and of many hopes. You must risk your younger boy's life for your cause. I see no other way."

"The other way is this; I will stay here and risk my own. I would rather die ten deaths than let my child be tortured, blinded and murdered."

"Very well," answered Zeno; "then I must go."

He let the knotted rope go over the sill again till it was all out, and he sat astride the window mullion ready to begin the descent.

"Cast off the rope when I whistle," he said, "and let it down by the line, and the line after it by the twine."

He spoke to the big woman, who was the wife of the keeper, himself a trusted captain of veterans. She nodded by way of answer.

"For the last time," Zeno said, looking toward Johannes, "will you come with me? There is still time."

The Emperor looked prematurely old in the faint light, and his figure was bent as he rested with one hand on the heavy table. His voice was weak too, as if he were very tired after some great effort.

"For the last time, no," he answered. "I am sorry. I thank you with all my heart——"

Zeno did not wait for more, and his head disappeared below the window almost before the prisoner had spoken the last words. Five minutes had not elapsed since he had reached the chamber.

Below, Gorlias had been surprised when he felt the second rope slack in his hand, and when the basket and block, which had been half-way up the wall, began to come down again. The astrologer could only suppose that there was an alarm within the tower, and that Zeno was getting away as fast as he could. The last written message, lowered by the yarn at dusk that evening, had been to say that the Emperor was ready, and that a red light would be shown when the captain was asleep, under the influence of the drug his wife had given him. It could not possibly occur to the astrologer that Johannes would change his mind at the very last moment.

"Take care!" Gorlias whispered quickly

saw his dark figure descending through the gloom.

She had scarcely stretched herself out when she was startled by a loud cry, close at hand.

"Phylaké! Aho—ho—o! Watch, ho! Watch, ho!"

A boat had shot out of the darkness to the edge of the pier. In an instant three men had sprung ashore, and were clambering up the sloping masonry toward Gorlias. The woman stood up in Zeno's skiff, almost upsetting it, and her eyes pierced the gloom to see what was happening.

Gorlias threw himself desperately against the three men, with outstretched arms, hoping to sweep them altogether into the water from a place where they had so little foothold. The woman held her breath. One of the three men, active as a monkey, dodged past the astrologer, caught the knotted rope, and began climbing it. The other two fell, their feet entangled in the line rove through the tail-block, and with the strong man's weight behind them they tumbled headlong down the incline. With a heavy splash, and scarcely more than one for all three,

Gorlias and his opponents fell into the water.

There was silence then, while the other man climbed, higher and higher.

The woman watched in horror. In falling, the men had struck against the stem of the skiff, dragging the painter from the peg. The other boat was not moored at all, and both were now adrift on the sluggish stream. The woman steadied herself, and tried to see.

The man climbed fast, and above him the dark figure moved quickly upward. But Zeno's pursuer was fresher than he,

Zeno had cut the rope below him

to the woman at his elbow, as soon as he was sure of what was happening. "He is coming down again."

"Alone?" The anxious inquiry answered his words in the same breath.

"Alone—yes! He is on the rope now, he is coming down, hand under hand."

The woman slipped down the inclined surface, almost fell, recovered her foothold and nearly fell again as she sprang into the boat, and threw herself at full length upon the bottom boards. Zeno was half-way down, and before she covered herself with the canvas she glanced up and distinctly

and as quick as a cat, and gained on him. If he caught him, he might crook his leg round the knotted rope to drag Zeno down and hurl him to the ground.

Still he gained, while the boats began to drift, but still the woman could make out both figures, nearer and nearer to each other. Now there were not ten feet between them.

A faint cry was heard, a heavy thud on the stones, and silence again. Zeno had cut the rope below him. The woman drew a sharp breath between her closed teeth. There was no noise, now, for the man that had been as active as a cat was dead.

But an instant later one of the other three was out of the water, and on the edge of the pier, panting for breath.

The woman took up one of the oars, and tried to paddle with it. She thought that the man who had come up must be Gorlias, and that the other two were drowned; and she tried to get the boat to the pier again; she had never held an oar in her life, and she was trembling now. High in mid-air Zeno was hanging on what was left of the rope, slowly working his way upward, fully fifty feet above the base of the tower.

The skiff bumped against the other boat alongside, and the woman began to despair of getting nearer to the land, and tried to shove the empty boat away with her hands. The effect was to push her own skiff toward the pier, for the other was much the heavier of the two. Then, paddling a little, she made a little way. The man ashore seemed to be examining the body of the one who had been killed; it lay sprawling on the stones, the head smashed. The living one was not Gorlias; the woman could see his outline now. She was strong, and with the one oar shoved her skiff still farther from the other boat, and nearer to the pier. The man heard her, got upon his feet, and slipped down to the water's edge again.

"Hold out the end of the oar to me," he said, "and I will pull the boat in."

It was not the voice of Gorlias

that spoke, and the woman did not obey the instructions it gave. On the contrary she tried to paddle away, lest the man should jump aboard. Strangely enough the skiff seemed to answer at once to her will, as if some unseen power were helping her. It could not be her unskilled, almost helpless movements of the oar that guided it away.

But the man rose to his feet, on the lowest course of the stones, where there was a ledge, and he sprang forward, struck the water without putting his head under and was at the stern of the boat in a few seconds.

The woman seemed fearless, for she stepped quickly over the after thwart, taking her oar with her, and a moment later she struck a desperate blow with it at the swimmer, and raised it again. She could not see him any more, and she knew that if she had struck his head he must have sunk instantly; but she waited a little longer in the stern, the oar still uplifted in both her hands.

She struck a desperate blow with it at the swimmer

At that moment, the repeated call of the owlet came down from far above. It could only mean that Zeno had reached the upper window in safety. Then the boat rocked violently two or three times, and the woman was thrown down, sitting, in the stern sheets; she saw that a man was getting in over the bows and was already on board.

"That was well done, Kokóna," said the voice of Gorlias softly.

Zoë sank back in the stern, half-fainting with exhaustion, pain and past anxiety.

"Is he safe?" she managed to ask.

"That was his call. He has reached the window again, but it was a narrow escape."

She could hardly breathe. Gorlias had taken the oars, and the skiff was moving.

(To be continued)

MISS DEBBY

BY S. DECATUR SMITH, JR.

Miss Debby's progress down the street
Is interrupted here and there;
She has a neighbor's child to greet,
A friend to speak to everywhere;
A babe to kiss, a horse to pat,
A friendless dog to interview,
A sick man's door to linger at,
And call a cheery "how d'ye do?"

Miss Debby's plain, old-fashioned gown
Hangs straight and silken to her feet.
A brooch, with hair of youthful brown,
Lies where her bonnet ribbons meet.
Her mitts half hide a well-worn ring,
And children coming home from school
Know that she seldom fails to bring
Them comfits in her reticule.

The parted bands of snowy hair
Frame fittingly her placid face.
Only a smile can harbor where
Is written God's own gift of grace.
To cheer, to cherish, to caress,
In gentle ways, as gentles should—
These are the loving deeds that bless
Miss Debby's sweet old-maidenhood.



THE NEMESIS

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

AUTHOR OF "THE LONESOME TRAIL" (JUST PUBLISHED)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

Frenchy called for two more and reached for a third and the bottle. His head spun dizzily. The light of the glasses at the table shone upon his ears like gongs. He was about to risk upon one "show-down" the realization of a five years' dream. He felt certain of losing; that was the strange thing about it. Yet somewhere in the buzzing back of his head a compelling little devil whispered and he obeyed.

He drank three big ones straight, and for a moment things stood still and the buzzing ceased: but in the sudden silence the hissing of the little devil increased to a roaring like the river's in the June rise. "*All on the deuces! All on the deuces! Every last cent!*" That is what the little devil in the back of his head was howling now.

"But if I lose it all—and wanting to go back home in the spring?" That was the question his pounding heart hurled at the insistent little devil.

"You won *once*—didn't you?—didn't

you?—DIDN'T YOU?" howled back the little devil jeeringly.

"Five hundred," said Frenchy quietly. His bronze face had grown livid; his black eyes narrowed and glittered with a steady stare. With a hand that betrayed the least perceptible tremor, he pushed the chips to the center.

The next man tossed his hand into the discards. The next hesitated, carefully studying the face of Frenchy with a furtive lifting of the eyes under his hat brim; he too laid down his hand.

"Raise you two hundred," said the next with quiet cheerfulness.

"Two hundred more," said the next nonchalantly, drumming a devil's tattoo with his fingers on the table.

The fifth drew a long breath, grinned nervously, showing his teeth like a hungry wolf—and tossed his hand into the discards.

It was now up to Frenchy.

"Pardon me," said he, "but did you call me?"

His face had turned a dull, ghastly green, but his voice was quiet and clear.

"Raised it."

"Oh, certainly," said he, smiling. "Thinking of something else—trip home, I guess." His voice lowered until it was almost inaudible. This absent-mindedness was unusual for Frenchy.

An oppressive silence had fallen in the barroom of the "Big 6." There was no longer any clinking of glasses or hum of maudlin voices. The loungers drew up in a hushed circle about the table and stared with fascinated eyes. A "big game" was on—and it was up to Frenchy. Frenchy was no quitter; he was a gambler to his finger-tips. "Frenchy? He'd bet on which'd be the last breath of his dying mother!" That was the way the popular legend ran, and the man lived up to it.

"Stake it all—stake it all on the deuces—the deuces—THE DEUCES!" The little devil in the back of his head was shrieking now and stamping red-hot heels into Frenchy's brain.

"But the trip home—I've planned five years—" urged his pounding heart.

"You won on them *once*—didn't you?—*didn't you?*—DIDN'T YOU?" reiterated the little devil.

Frenchy quietly poured out another glass and downed it. Then he pulled off his boots, produced a bunch of bills from the bottom of each, put on his boots again and looked at his hand.

"Come two thousand more!" he whispered.

A sound of deeper breathing grew up about the fascinated circle of onlookers. Frenchy had gone into his boots—they knew what that meant. Would the others stay? *Would* they?

The place became uncanny with stillness. Nothing moved in the room. The circle of eyes stared steadily upon the three who sat with expressionless faces blanched with the pitiless struggle that was going on. For a minute that seemed endless the soundless battle continued. Psychic forces exchanged invisible sword-thrusts across the table. Nerve wrestled with nerve that cowered but still fought on.

The whole scene vanished for Frenchy. It seemed to him that he was the center of a silent hollowness; only a voice, that was rather an ache felt than a sound heard, kept up a pitiless jeering.

"They'll stay—they'll stay," shrieked the little devil; "your bluff won't work

—you're a dead horse and they're crows—crows—crows!"

"They're weakening!" beat the heart of Frenchy.

"Deuces—ha ha! Deuces! And they've both got face cards—deuces—ho ho!—going home, eh?—win on deuces?—ho ho ho—deuces!" The insistent devil laughed spitefully.

"Raise you five hundred more!"

The words echoed and re-echoed in the lonesome hollowness. Frenchy stared at his cards.

"Five hundred more!"

Frenchy winced and shivered. It seemed to him that a long thin-bladed knife had reached out of the silent hollow that surrounded him and stabbed him twice in the breast.

"Ho ho ho!" went the little devil at the back of his head. "Stay with 'em! Put up the horses—everything on the deuces—ho ho ho!"

"But I can lay down now and save the horses," urged the sick heart of Frenchy.

"You won on the deuces *once*!" shrieked the little devil; "didn't you—DIDN'T YOU?"

Frenchy now heard his own voice growing up out of the hollow. "Taken: my five horses and outfit are good for it."

Then he emerged from the soundless hollow and was aware of the circle of glittering eyes staring down on the field whereon he had just staked five years of his life and his last cherished dream.

"Full house—Aces on Queens."

Frenchy heard the words and grinned exultantly. The little spiteful devil was silent.

"Four Kings!"

Frenchy dropped his cards face up and reached for the bottle. "Ho ho ho!" went the little devil, dancing all over his brain; "everything lost on the deuces—dead horse for the crows to pick!—he he he!"

A ripple of exclamations ran about the circle of loungers as they leaned forward to see the hand upon which Frenchy had staked all that he owned.

"Deuces! By the jumping—four dirty deuces!"

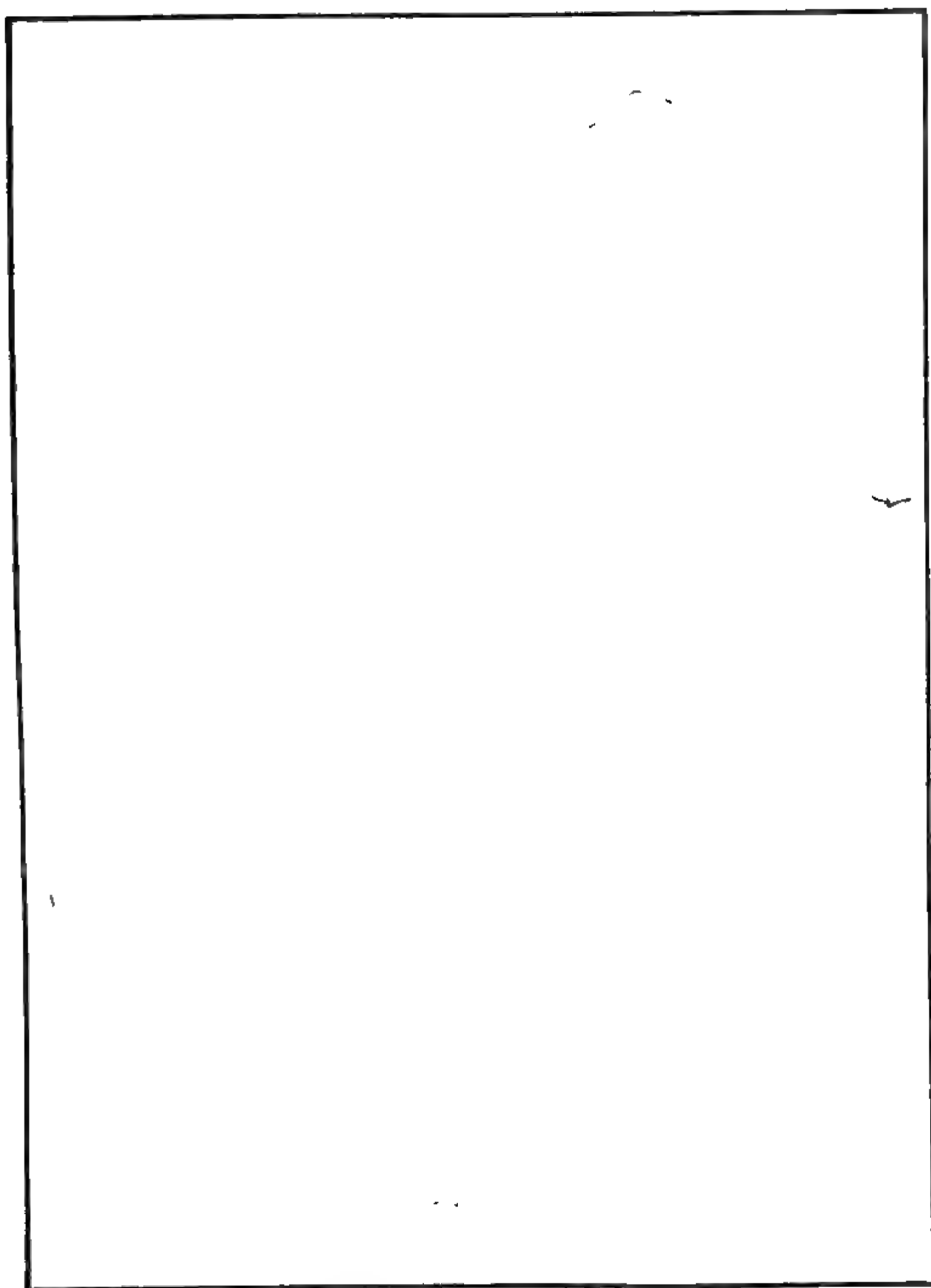
"Deuces?"

"Four of 'em."

"How's that for a bluff?"

"Fool play!"

A buzzing undertone of comment filled



"Everything lost on the deuces"

the room and steadily grew into a chattering as of crows about a spot where something has just died. Frenchy seemed not to hear; he was busy filling and refilling glasses. The man with the four Kings quietly raked in his winnings. "And the horses —?" he suggested.

Frenchy set the drained glass down with a bang, and with a snake-like forward thrusting of the head leered hideously at the winner. "Can't you shut up about the horses?" He forced the words menacingly through his shut teeth.

A hush fell upon the loungers as they looked upon the pinched, malignant face with the upper lip lifted quiveringly and the close set teeth showing beneath. This was no longer the Frenchy of legend; that Frenchy had always been known as one who lost or won large sums with the utter nervelessness of a machine. This was no longer the face of Frenchy—the gay, careless, haughty face of him who flirted with Fortune. This was a new Frenchy—a terrible Frenchy, with a coiled snake lurking just behind each glittering eyeball. This face sent a shiver through the crowd—like the sight of an ugly knife unsheathed in anger.

The loungers with affected carelessness began to move away. With a lightning sweep of the hands Frenchy drew his guns and banged them down violently on the table before him. "Stay where you are, gentlemen!" he said; "I'm going to talk and I want an audience. When I'm done talking, I'm off on the long trail and the first man that moves goes with me!"

There had always been a winsome something in the voice of the man. It was now commanding, irresistible. The loungers stood still and stared dumfounded upon this terrible new version of an old legend.

Frenchy picked up four cards from his hand and held them up fanwise before his enforced listeners. "Look at 'em!" he shouted hoarsely. "Look at 'em! Let 'em burn through your hides into your souls! Oh, you don't see anything, eh? Don't one of you dare to grin!"

One hand fumbled nervously with the guns.

"What do you see? I say what do you see? Four deuces? That all? I'll tell you what I see. I see the red warm hearts of two friends! I see diamonds that are

cheap beside such hearts! I see a club—a black, brutal, treacherous club—that struck down a friend! And I see the devil's spades that dug his grave! That's what I see! Look hard!"

Frenchy seemed to exercise an uncanny influence over his hearers. Not one moved—all stared upon the four upheld deuces.

"It's the devil's story, gentlemen," he continued in a low husky voice. "It's hung by me for three bloody years—it haunts me! I've got to tell it."

He passed his free hand over his forehead beaded with sweat. Then he whispered a question to the spellbound audience:

"Did any of you know the Kid—Kid Smith?"

A momentary expression of infinite kindness softened the face of Frenchy, only to give way immediately to deep quivering lines of anguish. He continued tremulously.

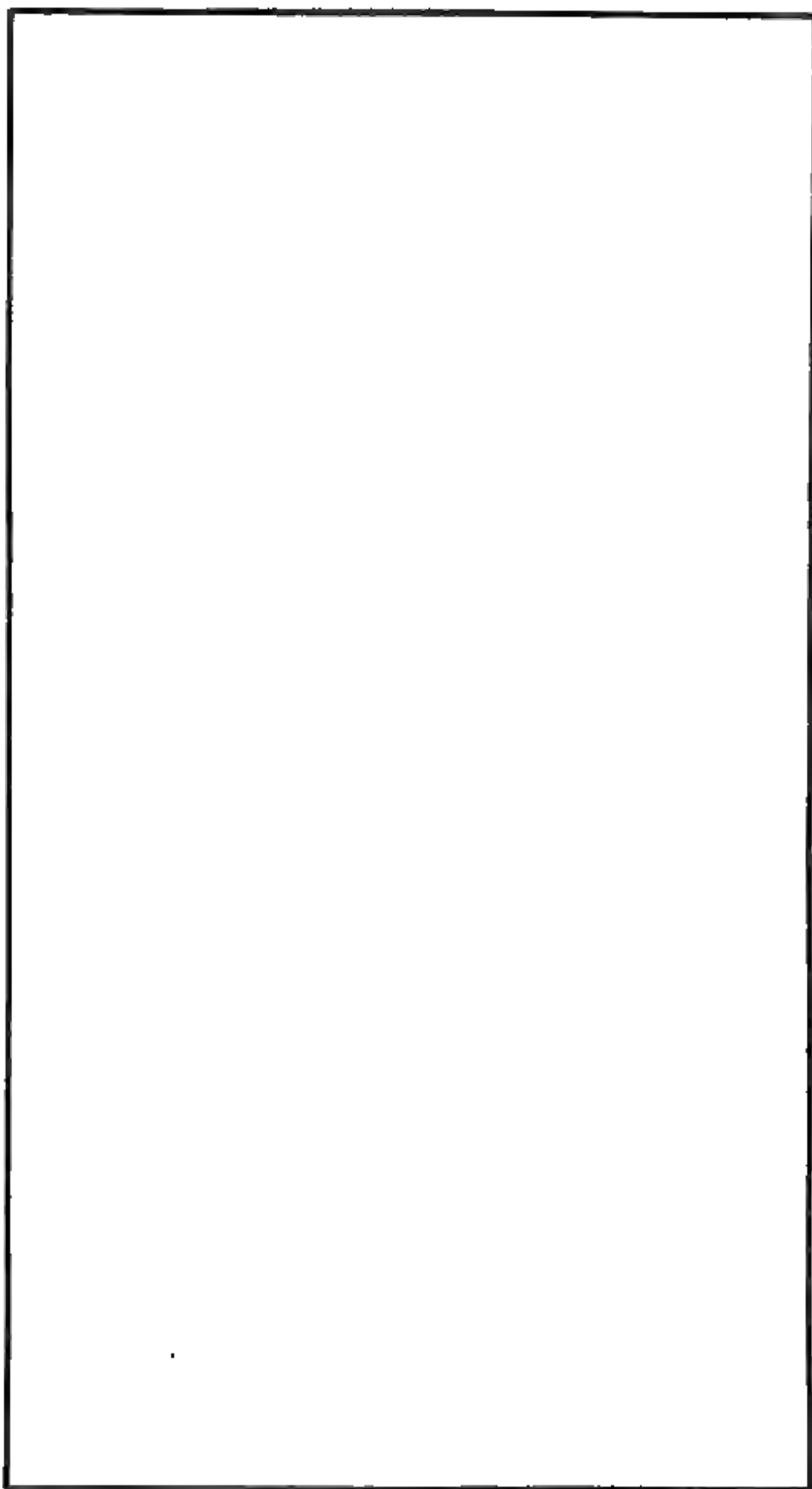
"I knew him—the Kid. Had the biggest, bravest heart that ever beat in the god-forsaken white spaces of a map. One of that breed of fellows that the world nails to its crosses—the Kid was. And we were friends; that is, he was a friend. He gave and I took, and he was happier in the giving than I in the taking. That's the way it always goes: one gives and one takes—and God pity the man that only takes!"

"Why did I bet on the deuces? Oh, the dirty deuces! Don't I know the game? I know every card like a kid knows his mother's face! Didn't I know it was the last ditch for me and no hope? I tell you, gentlemen, I didn't play 'em! The Devil played 'em for me—the black Devil of the dirty deuces with the fiery feet that have been kicking me hellward for three aching years!"

"Look at the cards! Look at 'em! There's blood on every one of 'em, and they stink with the writhing flesh of a friend in the flames!"

Frenchy took another drink and his manner changed. The violence of his delirious outburst gave way to quietness. He spoke in a low, penetrating voice, and the black flame of his eyes held his hearers.

"The Kid and I had been riding across a big stretch of brown grass for two days, and our tongues were thick with thirst. I remember how he gave me the last drops



Frenchy

of water we had with us, cussing a man who got thirsty. 'I can go without water with the biggest camel that ever stuck a hoof into the sand,' said he. And I took the water: I always took and the Kid was always giving.

"And along in the evening we struck a little water hole and camped. How the

Kid did drink when he thought I wasn't looking! Oh, he wasn't such a camel for carrying water with him! It was his big heart that carried the water—the sweet, pure, sparkling waters of friendship.

"Along about sundown a dull gray cloud grew up in the west—smoke! But the wind was against it, blowing soft and dry

from the east where the river lay thirty miles away. 'Think we'd better ride on?' says the Kid. But I was tired and wanted sleep, and the Kid gave in. Says he, 'Horses need a rest, I guess;' didn't lay it onto me, you know. Giving again and I taking.

"So we lariatied the horses and rolled in. Do you know how a man sleeps after he's been burning dry for days and fills up at last? I plunged into ten thousand fathoms of soft, soft sleep—deep, deep down, where the cool sweet dreams bloom in worlds of crystal. And everywhere in my sleep there were bubbling springs and I drank and drank and drank, and every gulp was sweeter than the last.

"Then the dreams changed and the many bubbling water-holes of sleep went dry, and fine hot dust sprayed up out of the chinks where the water had flowed. Then the wind of sleep grew hot and hotter. It scorched my face and sent thin needles of fire into my brain. And then I was standing up coughing and rubbing my eyes and the Kid was beside me. What did we see?

"The wind had veered about while we slept. All hell was climbing up the west and a booming wind swept howling devils through the smoky twilight. Above the unnatural dawn long black ragged arms reached out into the zenith and cloaked the stars. I heard a horse snorting and tugging at his lariat.

"Good God, Kid!' I wheezed; 'let's be off!'

"The Kid turned his face upon me and smiled—that slow, brave smile haunts me night and day.

"Your horse is gone—' He waved his hand toward the miles of dark that stretched toward the river. 'Pulled his stake just before you woke up; heard him go.' The Kid's voice didn't even tremble.

"Quick!' I yelled; 'the matches! Start a back-fire!'

"Then a big cold hand gripped my heart; the Kid had given me the last match that day; I had wanted to smoke.

"All hell behind us and a horse for two! A thirty-mile heat with the mustangs of the Devil, and double weight to carry! It made me sick—dizzy sick. I forgot everything. Oh, gentlemen, when you face hell-fire you'll know if your mother bore a coward.

"For a minute we stared into the west—a minute years long. Big pink waves of smoke rolled into gulfs of purple and disappeared in holes of murk. Above, the blood-red surf frothed and sparkled and fell in yellow showers! Great blankets of dense gloom dropped from the sky and smothered out the hellish morning, hurling momentary night down the howling wind! Then keen, zigzag blades of fire ripped through the belly of the night!

"I felt the Kid's hand grasp mine. Oh, God! the feel of his hand! 'One horse for two, Frenchy,' he said, quiet as a man who proposes another drink at the bar. 'One of us makes a run for his life; and the other—' He motioned carelessly toward Hell. 'One more deal of the cards, Frenchy, and the last for one of us. High hand takes the horse: low hand—produce the deck.'

"I produced the deck—greasy and dog-eared; for many's the social game the Kid and I had played with 'em together. We squatted on the prairie in the red twilight, and the Kid dealt. Not a tremor of his perfect gambler's hands! Cool as though it was a game of penny-ante.

"I drew three deuces! *Deuces!* Oh, the damned dirty deuces!

"How many?' says the Kid pleasantly. For the first time in my life I forgot to guard my hand. A deep rolling thunder had grown up out of the burning west. It seemed I could feel the prairie dell tremble like a bridge under a drove of sheep. 'Listen!' I gasped. 'It's the critters coming,' said the Kid; 'cattle and buffalo and elk and deer and wolves—the whole posse. How many cards did you call for?—two wasn't it?'

"He thrust two cards into my hand. One of 'em was the deuce of hearts! It wasn't only the printed heart he gave me; it was the warm, red, beating heart of a friend."

Frenchy dropped his head into his arms on the table and groaned. When he lifted his face again his eyes were wet.

"Four deuces—and they burn holes in the dark whenever I shut my eyes! And all day I see four pairs of devils dancing in the sunlight till my head swims!"

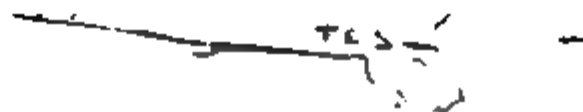
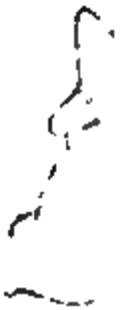
Frenchy dropped his head upon his chest and breathed deep, uneven breaths for a space.

"The Kid had only a pair of face-cards,"

he continued; "a dinky little pair of face cards. And for a second the man in me came to the surface, and I threw the four hand down and stamped on it and said I wouldn't leave him. And what did the Kid do? Began with all the blackguard adjectives of the language and ended with 'coward' and threw the bunch in my teeth.

gotten everything. I was a Fear without a body flying through a darkness that coughed smoke and spit light. And then at last things quit whirling, and I felt the steady *lift, lift, lift* of the good brute racing with all the devils down a heart-breaking stretch for the river.

"I turned about in the saddle. Half



"For the first time in my life I forgot to guard my hand"

'You're the first man that ever called me a quitter, Frenchy,' he said. 'I played my hand, didn't I? What would you do to a man who'd ask you to take your money back when you'd lost? If I'd won, do you think I wouldn't leave your carcass here to stew, you cussed fool?'

"And then something in the back of my head woke up and howled: 'You won—it's yours—a chance for life—fair play—he'd go if you lost—he'd go!' And there was a roaring in my head and the flaming night whirled 'round, and the bitter words stung me, and my heart hardened—and—I—went.

"I found the Kid's horse saddled and bridled. I cut the lariat and leaped astride. I jabbed the spike spurs into the frightened brute till he roared with pain. I had for-

the sky had turned into an open furnace! Above me a great stormy ocean of blood rolled on into the twilight of the east! Blood!—a seething, billowy sea of red blood, with great red, purring cat-tongues lapping it greedily! Gaudy giant flowers—purple, yellow, red, green—bloomed for a moment in a strange garden of dreams, and nodded in the wind and fell and bloomed again and fell! The infernal beauty of the thing fascinated me for a moment. Then I heard the rumbling—the unceasing thunder. It was louder than before. I thought of the ten thousand sharp hoofs gaining, gaining, with whips of fire lashing them in the rear. And then I thought of the Kid back there.

"My heart sickened. The hot wind that scorched my face accused me; the choking

air accused me. I could see him lying on his face even then with the mad hoofs beating him into a pulp; I could see the writhing of his body as the heat increased; I could smell the stench of his sizzling flesh!

"I reeled in the saddle, yet the mad wish to live lashed my hands to the pommel. But this was only for a moment. The meanest worm that ever wriggled in a dung-hill holds fast to his life. I forgot the Kid again; I remembered only myself and that I must ride to win. I pulled the horse down and held him steady. Never did I throw a leg across a better horse than the Kid's—honest, rangy, clean-limbed and deep in the chest! My heart leaped with joy when I heard his long, even breathing. I had a great delirious love for the big-hearted brute as I felt his long, even reach, the tireless rhythmic stride that throws the miles behind. The drifting red sea of smoke above cast the wild glare down upon the prairie and made the footing sure. I threw my guns away; I stripped off my coat and gave it to the wind. I knew what an extra pound might mean.

"An elk forged slowly past, his wide antlers tipped with light. An antelope sprang up and bounded away into the twilight ahead. A coyote leaped from a shoe-string clump; he cowered and whined like a whipped dog with his tail between his legs, then raced away down the wind. Snorting shadows began to move to right and left in the further gloom and disappear in the smoke-drift. I was now a part of the ragged edge of the flotsam tossed up by the approaching lip of the flood. I gave my horse another inch of rein and held him steady. The thunder in the rear grew louder; I could hear dimly the wild confusion of animal cries. I was the fox hearing the yelp of the hounds and racing for cover.

"Years and years of flight with the breath of an oven to breathe! Years and years of raising and falling, raising and falling, and my throat was tight with the driving smoke. The good brute began to wheeze and cough. I felt the tremor of his wearying muscles, the slight unsteadiness of the knees. I prayed for the river—prayed like a kid at his mother's knee. I begged the brute to keep his legs; I cursed him when he tottered; I called him baby names and cursed him in a breath.

"And after years the day began—a sneaking shadow of a day, shamed out by the howling western dawn that met it on the run. A storm of sound was all about me. Neck and neck I raced with a buffalo bull that led the herd; his swollen tongue hung from his foaming mouth; his breath rumbled in his throat. Wheezing steers toiled up about me. Deer and elk raced side by side, slowly forging into the van. Gray wolves bounded past, whining and yelping. And my good brute beat away bravely at the few remaining miles. I felt the dry rasp of his lungs and the breaking of his big strong heart. He stumbled—I gave him the spur to the heel; he gave no sign of pain. He was dying on his feet.

"And the cheap, dirty day crept in through the smoke—and I thought of the Kid, and lost heart and cared no more about the race. But by and by I saw the river ahead, and we plunged in—a howling, panting flood of beasts, struggling for the farther shore.

"The sky and the river whirled about me. I felt my horse totter up a sandbank and fall. Then the day went out, and I forgot.

"Oh, God! I wish I'd never wakened up! Why didn't the buffalo and the steers beat me into the sand? Why did I wake up?"

Frenchy covered his face with his hands and the tears trickled through his fingers.

"But the dead horse parted the herd, and I woke up and the fire was dead and the sun looked like a moon through the smoke. Three aching years ago, it was; and I've dragged my carcass about and tried to look like a man. But night and day the deuces have followed me and tortured me. They burn holes in the dark whenever I shut my eyes; four pairs of devils dance before me all day in the sunlight till my head whirls."

Frenchy picked up the four deuces and held them tremblingly before the staring crowd.

"Look at 'em! Let 'em burn through your hides into your souls! There's the blood of the Kid on 'em. The damned dirty deuces! They've got me in the last ditch! I'm done!"

Frenchy crushed the cards and dashed them to the floor. He arose unsteadily to his feet, took his guns and staggered out of the barroom of the "Big 6."

THE PATRICK CASE, COMPLETE*

IN WHICH AN INGENUOUS CONSPIRACY CRUMBLED,
AND A FAMOUS MURDER WAS EXPOSED

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY IN NEW YORK COUNTY

ILLUSTRATED WITH FACSIMILES

"The Devil himself, which is the author of confusion and lies."

—Robert Burton in "Anatomy of Melancholy."



WILLIAM M. RICE, 84 years of age, died at the Berkshire Apartments at 500 Madison Avenue, New York City, at about half after seven o'clock on the evening of Sunday, September 23, 1900. He had been ill for some time, but it was expected that he would recover. On or about the moment of his death two elderly ladies, friends of the old gentleman, had called at the house with cakes and wine, to see him. The elevator man rang the bell of Mr. Rice's apartment again and again, but could elicit no response, and the ladies, much disappointed, went away. While the bell was ringing Charles F. Jones, the confidential valet of the aged man, was waiting, he says, in an adjoining room until a cone saturated with chloroform, which he had placed over the face of his sleeping master, should effect his death.

Did Jones murder Rice? If so, was it, as he claims, at the instigation of Albert T. Patrick?

These two questions, now settled in the affirmative forever, so far as criminal and civil litigation are concerned, have been the subject of private study and public argument for nearly six years.

An Aged and Lonely Millionaire

Mr. Rice was a childless widower, living

* In 1906 the Governor of New York commuted the death sentence of Albert T. Patrick to life imprisonment, and the most extraordinary struggle in the legal history of the State on the part of a convicted murderer, for his own life came to an end. The defendant in the "Death House" at Sing Sing had invoked every expedient to escape punishment, and by the use of his knowledge even saved a fellow prisoner, "Mike" Brush, from the electric chair.

the life of a recluse, attended only by Jones, who was at once his secretary, valet and general servant. No other person lived in the apartment, and few visitors ever called there. Patrick was a New York lawyer with little practice who had never met Mr. Rice, was employed as counsel in litigation hostile to him, yet in whose favor a will purporting to be signed by Rice, June 30, 1900, turned up after the latter's death, by the terms of which Patrick came into the property, amounting to over seven million dollars, in place of a charitable institution named in an earlier will of 1896. It is now universally admitted that the alleged will of 1900 was a forgery, as well as four checks drawn to Patrick's order (two for \$25,000 each, one for \$65,000, and one for \$135,000, which represented practically all of Rice's bank accounts), an order giving him control of the contents of Rice's safe deposit vaults (in which were more than \$2,500,000 in securities), and also a general assignment by which he became the owner of Rice's entire estate. Thus upon Rice's death Patrick had every possible variety of document necessary to possess himself of the property. Jones took nothing under any of these fraudulent instruments. Hence Patrick's motive in desiring the death of Rice is the foundation stone of the case against him. But that Patrick desired and would profit by Rice's death in no way tends to establish that Rice did not die a natural death. Patrick would profit equally whether Rice died by foul means or natural, and the question as to whether murder was done must be determined from other evidence. This is only to be found in the confession of the valet Jones and in the testi-

mony of the medical experts who performed the autopsy. Jones, a self-confessed murderer, swears that upon the advice and under the direction of Patrick (though in the latter's absence) he killed his master by administering chloroform. There is no direct corroborative evidence save that of the experts. Upon Jones's testimony depended the question of Patrick's guilt or innocence, and of itself this was not sufficient, for being that of an accomplice it must, under the New York law, be corroborated.

In the confession of Jones the State had sufficient *direct* evidence of the crime and of Patrick's connection with it, providing there was *other evidence tending to connect Patrick with its commission*. This corroborative evidence is largely supplied by the facts which show that for a long time Patrick conspired with Jones to steal the bulk of Mr. Rice's estate at his death. This evidence not only shows Patrick's possible motive for planning Mr. Rice's *murder*, but also tends to corroborate Jones's whole story of the conspiracy.

Rice did not know Patrick even by sight. He had heard of him only as a person retained by another lawyer (Holt) to do "the dirty work" in an action brought by Rice against Holt, as executor, to set aside Mrs. Rice's will, in which she assumed, under the "Community Law" of Texas where Rice had formerly resided, to dispose of some \$2,500,000 of Rice's property. If Rice was a *resident of Texas* she had the legal right to do this,—otherwise not. Holt employed Patrick to get evidence that Rice still was such a resident. Rice knew of this and hated Patrick.

Choosing a Conspirator

Patrick's connection with the Rice litigation had begun four years before the murder, which was not planned until August, 1900. His first visit to Rice's apartment was made under the assumed name of Smith for the purpose of discovering whether the valet could be corrupted into furnishing fictitious proof of Rice's intent to reside in Texas. He flattered Jones; told him he was underpaid and not appreciated, and, after a second visit, at which he disclosed his right name, persuaded him to typewrite a letter on Rice's stationery addressed to Baker, Botts, Baker & Lovett (Rice's attorneys), in which he should be made to say

that he had lost hope of winning the suit against Holt, was really a citizen of Texas, and that he wanted to settle the litigation. Patrick said that he could arrange for the signing of such a letter and was willing to pay Jones \$250 for his help. Jones agreed.

Patrick now learned that Mr. Rice was living with no companion except Jones; that he held little communication with the outside world; that the valet was in his confidence and thoroughly familiar with his papers, and that the will made in 1896 disinherited natural heirs in favor of an educational institution which he had founded in Texas. He also learned that while Mr. Rice was 84 years of age he was in possession of all his faculties, conducted his own business, and might live for years. Possessed of these facts Patrick's evil mind soon developed a conspiracy with Jones to secure the whole estate.

Mr. Rice's pet charity was the William M. Rice Institute "for the advance of science, art and literature," of Texas, which he had founded in 1891. He had donated to it more than a million and a half dollars. By the will of 1896 only small legacies were bequeathed to relatives, while the bulk of his fortune was left to the Institute.

Preparing a Bogus Will

About a month after Patrick's first visit to the Berkshire Apartments, that is, in December, 1899, while he and Jones were examining Rice's private papers, they stumbled upon the will. Patrick saw his opportunity. By the forgery of a new will which would increase the legacies of those mentioned in the will of 1896 and leave legacies to every person who might have any claim upon the estate, it would be for the interest of those persons to sustain and carry into effect the forgery. The whole scheme was based upon the belief that "every man has his price." He told Jones that he thought the will unjust; that he did not think it right to leave so little to relatives, and later he brought to Jones a rough draft of a will which could be substituted for the genuine one. Patrick was to get half the estate, the relatives were to receive double or three times the amount provided in the 1896 will, and what was left was to be given to the Rice Institute. He proposed that Jones should typewrite this will, and guaranteed to arrange for the witnessing

and signing of it, and promised that Jones should get whatever he wanted. Jones at first objected, but was finally won over. Rewritten many times to include new ideas of the conspirators, the document finally reached the form of the will of June 30, 1900, in which Patrick substituted himself for the Rice Institute and made himself one of the executors.

An ingenious part of the conspiracy was the decision to leave the 1896 will in existence. If Patrick had destroyed it and the relatives had succeeded in overthrowing the will of 1900, the estate would have been left without testamentary disposition and the relatives would have got more than was provided by either will. With the will of 1896 in existence, however, the relatives would get less if they overthrew the forgery. By

retaining it, therefore, Patrick figured that the relatives would have selfish reasons for accepting the forgery as genuine.

The preparation of this bogus will occupied about a month, and the next question was the procurement of witnesses. It was desirable to get the same persons who witnessed the former will. These were Walter H. Wetherbee and W. F. Harmon, clerks for many years at Swenson's banking house. On the assumption that Wetherbee had been injured by Rice and was therefore hostile to him, Jones practically unfolded the scheme. He told Wetherbee that one

of Mr. Rice's bonds had disappeared and that Rice had accused Wetherbee of stealing it. He wound up with the suggestion, "I will get one witness and you can get another, and the thing is done." But Wetherbee indignantly declined to join in the conspiracy.

Morris Meyers, who had been employed in Patrick's office, and David L. Short, a friend of both, were the false witnesses finally selected.

They were clothed with the appearance of honesty and were brought into contact with Rice by Jones at various times: Meyers as a notary public, and Short as commissioner of deeds for the State of Texas, an appointment procured for him by Patrick probably for this specific purpose.

The date of the forged will, June 30, 1900, was selected to correspond

with the date of three genuine papers which Rice acknowledged before Short on that date.

Series of Ingenious Forgeries

The next step was to obviate the absurdity of Patrick's being selected as the residuary legatee at a time when he was engaged in bitter litigation against Rice. The best way out was for Patrick to pose as a lawyer who had brought about a settlement of this expensive litigation and thus won Rice's regard. Patrick first tried to accomplish

(ee-)	(4)									
tate, and such portion shall come to the said Albert W. Patrick.										
<p>Witness: I give, devise and bequeath to Albert W. Patrick, formerly of Texas, now of New York, all the rest and residue of my estate, real, personal and mixed, heretofore or hereafter acquired and wheresoever situated.</p> <p>IN TESTAMENTARY WITNESS, I, the said William M. Rice, to this my Last Will and Testament, have subscribed my name and affixed my seal in the presence of <i>Morris Meyers and David L. Short</i> as subscribing witnesses, who sign the same as subscribing witnesses at my request, in my presence and in the presence of each other this 30th day of <i>June</i>, A. D. nineteen hundred (1900).</p> <p><i>W. M. Rice</i> (seal)</p> <p>Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said William M. Rice, as, for and to be his last Will and Testament, in our presence, and we, at his request and in his presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto signed our names as witnesses this 30th day of <i>June</i>, A. D. nineteen hundred (1900).</p> <table border="0"> <tr> <td><u>Name.</u></td> <td><u>Occupation.</u></td> <td><u>Address.</u></td> </tr> <tr> <td><i>Morris Meyers</i></td> <td><i>Lawyer</i></td> <td><i>165 Third St Manhattan, N.Y.</i></td> </tr> <tr> <td><i>David L. Short</i></td> <td><i>Publisher</i></td> <td><i>404 Broadway Brooklyn, N.Y.</i></td> </tr> </table>		<u>Name.</u>	<u>Occupation.</u>	<u>Address.</u>	<i>Morris Meyers</i>	<i>Lawyer</i>	<i>165 Third St Manhattan, N.Y.</i>	<i>David L. Short</i>	<i>Publisher</i>	<i>404 Broadway Brooklyn, N.Y.</i>
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FACSIMILE OF THE LAST PAGE OF THE FORGED WILL

Showing (1) the clause leaving "the bulk" of the property to Patrick, (2) the forged signature of Rice and (3) the signatures of the false witnesses

this by getting friends to visit Rice and urge a settlement. But Rice rebuffed them all. Accordingly, Patrick again resorted to forgery, and in August, 1900, manufactured an instrument of settlement, dated March 6, 1900.

But such an agreement would not explain the paradox of a man whom Rice hated and despised and did not know by sight turning up as the principal beneficiary under his will. It was necessary to manufacture evidence to be used after Rice's death in support of his claim of close relations. The idea of a personal meeting with Rice had been abandoned on Jones's advice, and Patrick therefore caused the valet to prepare twenty-five or thirty forged letters addressed to him and purporting to come from Rice. These referred to current business matters and conveyed the impression that it was Rice's custom to seek the lawyer's advice. One instructed Patrick as to the terms of the will of 1900. Carbon copies were made for filing in Rice's letter book after his death.

To make assurance doubly sure and to secure immediate possession of Rice's securities a general assignment to Patrick of all Rice's estate was forged, and an order giving him access to and possession of the securities on deposit in Rice's safety vault.

But Patrick did not stop here. He procured from Jones three checks signed by Mr. Rice in the regular course of business, one payable to Jones for his July salary and the other two for the July and August salary of an employee of Rice's in Texas named Cohn. These three checks Patrick kept as models, forwarding to Cohn two forged checks filled out by Jones upon which Rice's signature had been traced, and returning to Jones a substitute check with Rice's signature traced upon it. All three checks passed through the banks unsuspected. Traced signatures were also substituted for genuine ones upon letters dictated by Rice to his Texas correspondents. Thus Patrick secured the circulation of five copies of Rice's signature which, if occasion demanded, he could produce as standards of comparison to correspond with his other forgeries. The principal preparations were complete. But title under the will might long be delayed and perhaps even eventually fail. Patrick was poor and in no condition to conduct adequately a serious litigation. The moment Mr. Rice died a large

amount of cash would be necessary. For the procurement of this Patrick and Jones looked to the current balance of Rice's bank account, which amounted to some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on deposit at Swenson's private bank and at the Fifth Avenue Trust Company. With this they felt reasonably secure of success. For even if the will should be set aside as fraudulent they had a second line of defense in the general assignment of the estate and the orders to Rice's two million five hundred thousand dollars of securities.

Notorious "Cremation Letter"

While the evidence affords a motive for Patrick to desire the death of Mr. Rice, it does not of itself, up to this point, indicate the slightest intention on the part of Patrick to do away with the old gentleman. It was therefore conceded by the prosecution that, upon Jones's own testimony, the conspiracy to murder was not formed until about seven weeks before the event. The first evidence which points to an intent to murder is the famous "cremation letter," dated August 3d.

The cremation letter from Mr. Rice authorizing Patrick to cremate his body shows that Patrick intended to do away with Rice in such a way that an autopsy must, if possible, be prevented and the evidence of murder destroyed. That Patrick forged such a letter was evidence that his connection with the murder was premeditated and deliberate. To cremate the body before an autopsy it was necessary to procure a physician's certificate that Rice had died from natural causes. He therefore made preparation to secure such a certificate, and then upon the strength of the cremation letter to give directions for the immediate destruction of the body.

Patrick, with the view of having at hand a physician who would be unsuspicious, and who would issue a certificate of death from natural causes, induced Jones to send for Dr. Curry, his own friend and physician, on an occasion when the valet was ill. This was in March, 1900. Dr. Curry came, and Jones, acting under Patrick's advice, cautioned him not to mention the lawyer's name to Rice. In course of time he saw Rice, gained his good opinion and became his attending physician. But Rice did not die, and curiously enough it was he himself

who suggested to Jones the instrumentality of death which was finally employed, for he read an article dealing with the dangers of chloroform as an anæsthetic, and discussed it with the valet. This suggestion was conveyed to Patrick, who asked Dr. Curry whether chloroform left any traces discoverable upon an autopsy. Dr. Curry gave erroneous information that it left but slight traces if administered only in the quantities which would be fatal to a man with a weak heart. Patrick told Jones, so Jones alleges, to procure some chloroform and this he did, sending to Texas for two bottles of two ounces each. From Dr. Curry's remarks it was manifest that a weakened condition of the patient was an important element, and as Jones was taking some mercury pills (prescribed for him by Dr. Curry), the valet induced his master to take some of them. The old gentleman was benefited, however, rather than weakened. This was *before* the forgery of the cremation letter. It was clear that larger doses of mercury would be necessary, and accordingly Patrick furnished Jones with pellets containing the drug in such quantities that Jones, experimenting with one of them, became ill.

Waiting for an Old Man to Die

They had now the means to effect gradual death, but as mercury leaves traces discernible at an autopsy, it was decided that the body must be cremated promptly. Hence

the cremation letter. It was now hoped that Rice might drop off at any moment, owing to his weakened condition, and in anticipation of death Patrick discontinued his visits to the apartment in order to establish a satisfactory alibi. Jones also frequently absented himself from the apart-

ment in the evenings after the old man had fallen asleep.

On September 16th Rice had an attack of acute indigestion, which might have resulted seriously had it not been for the mercurial pills which promptly relieved him. The reader should observe that practically all of this testimony comes from Jones. There is no extraneous evidence that Patrick induced the giving of the mercury. Patrick, however, spread false rumors as

New York Aug 2, 1900.

Albert T. Patrick, Esq.
#277 Broadway City,
Dear Sir:-

Concerning the matter of cremation. I sent down to the United States Crematory office for information and got two circulars which are very interesting, I will show them to you when you come up. Every since Col. Robert Ingersoll, and Col. Waring were cremated, I have thought that I should like to be cremated also.

Col. Ingersoll was a very smart man and a man of great judgment about all things which is possible for a man to know, but about religion a man cannot know. Ingersoll may be right or he may be wrong that is all guess work.

Col. Waring was a great sanitary man, and it seems to me that the law should not allow dead bodies to be buried all over the country, after dying of all kinds of diseases. I would much rather have my body burned than eat by worms or stolen by some medical student and carved to pieces. If I should die I want you to see that I am not embalmed as they fill you with chemicals when they embalm you, but I want you to have my body cremated at once and my ashes put in an urn and interred with my late wife Elizabeth S. Rice. As to funerals I do not think my relatives would care to come to mine and I see no use having one until my ashes are interred with my wife.

I write these things because I happen to think of them although told me to give you written directions some time ago. But I expect to live twenty years, as I come of a long lived family and am in pretty good health for a man of my age.

Yours truly

H. J. Rice

FACSIMILE OF THE FAMOUS "CREMATION LETTER"

to Rice's general health and also as to his financial condition and intentions, namely, that Rice was only worth seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and that those who expected he was going to leave his money to the Institute were doomed to disappointment. But neither his statements about Rice's condition nor his remarks as to the disposition and extent of his property are inconsistent with a mere *hope* that he would die and thus leave Patrick free to enjoy the fruits of his forgeries.

There now occurred, however, an event which may well have played a part in inducing Patrick to supplement forgery by murder. On Sunday, September 16th, the Merchants' and Planters' Oil Company of Houston, Texas, of which Rice owned

seventy-five per cent. of the capital stock, was destroyed by fire. The company being without funds to rebuild, its directors telegraphed to Rice requesting him to advance the money. The amount needed was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars,—and if Rice consented, all the available funds on deposit in the New York banks, upon which the conspirators relied to accomplish their object, would be exhausted. Jones endeavored to dissuade the old man from advancing the money, but without effect, and Rice sent a letter to Houston agreeing to supply one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and more in installments of twenty-five thousand dollars each. This was on September 18th, after he had wired to the same effect on September 17th. Patrick and Jones suppressed a telegram that Rice would advance two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and on September 19th the old man received word that the first draft in conformity with his telegram of September 17th had been drawn and would arrive in New York on the 22d. Jones says that on showing this to Patrick the latter announced that Rice must be put out of the way as soon as possible. Accordingly, on September 20th and 21st, Jones administered larger doses of mercury than usual, which, while weakening and depressing him, failed to cause his end. Saturday, September 22d, the draft was presented at Rice's apartment. The old man was not confined to his bed, but Jones told the bank messenger, after pretending to consult him, that Rice was too ill to attend to business that day and to return on Monday. That night Jones and Patrick met, and it was agreed (according to Jones) that Rice must not be allowed to survive until Monday. They still hoped that he might die without any further act upon their part, but Jones was informed by Dr. Curry that although the old man seemed weak and under a great mental strain, he nevertheless thought that he would recover. This Curry also told to Patrick, the latter calling at the doctor's house about five o'clock in the afternoon.

"You think Mr. Rice will be able to go down Monday morning?" Patrick asked.

"You had better wait until Monday morning comes," replied Dr. Curry.

"Do you think he will be able to go down town next week?" persisted the lawyer.

The doctor answered in the affirmative.

The Murder

That night Mr. Rice slept quietly until eight o'clock Sunday morning. Dr. Curry called and found him in excellent condition, having eaten a hearty breakfast. His heart was a trifle weak, but it was sound. His organs were all working normally; he felt no pain. The doctor left without prescribing any medicine, stating that he would not return unless called, and expressing his opinion that the patient would recover. This was about eleven o'clock, and Jones immediately hastened to Patrick's house and reported the conversation.

It was clear that Rice's death would not occur before Monday morning. He might live to pay over the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; long enough to give further testimony in the Holt litigation, and thus expose the whole fraudulent scheme of pretended settlement and of friendly relations with the lawyer, and finally, perhaps, even to make a new will. The success of the conspiracy demanded that Rice should die that night. Did he die naturally? Was his death caused by any further act of the conspirators? Did Jones kill him by means of chloroform?

Jones's story is that Patrick supplied him with some oxalic acid which was to be mixed with powdered ammonia and diluted in water, on the theory that it was preferable to chloroform since it would not require Jones's presence in the room at the moment of death. Jones said that he endeavored to administer the mixture to the old man, but that he refused to take it. Jones had already procured the chloroform from Texas, as has been stated, and had turned it over to Patrick. He says that that afternoon he procured this from Patrick, who told him how to administer it. This was a few moments after six o'clock. Rice was sleeping soundly. The colored woman who did the housework was absent for the day and the rooms were deserted. He saturated a sponge with chloroform, constructed a cone out of a towel, placed the sponge in the cone, put the cone over the sleeping man's face and ran out of the room and waited thirty minutes for the chloroform to complete the work. Waiting in the next room he heard the door bell ring, and ring again, but he paid no attention to the summons. In point of fact he was never quite sure himself whether the bell was not the

creation of his own overwrought brain. At the end of half an hour he returned to the bedroom, removed the cone from Rice's face and saw that he was dead, then after burning the sponge and the towel in the kitchen range he opened the windows, straightened the rooms out, called the elevator man, asked him to send for Dr. Curry, and telephoned to Patrick that Rice was dead.

First Hitch in the Conspiracy

Jones had no sooner telephoned Patrick that Rice was dead than the lawyer hastened to Dr. Curry's, and within forty minutes appeared with him in Rice's apartments, assuming complete charge. Summoning an undertaker and having the cremation letter at hand, he gave orders for speedy cremation. But he now discovered the principal mistake in his calculations. He had omitted to investigate the length of time required to heat the crematory. This he now discovered to his horror to be twenty-four hours. But the body must be destroyed. The undertaker suggested that the body might be embalmed while the crematory was being heated, and Patrick at once seized upon the suggestion and gave orders to that effect, although the cremation letter sets forth specifically that one of the reasons why Rice desired cremation was his horror of being embalmed. The body was embalmed at the apartments that night, Dr. Curry supplying the certificate of death from "old age and weak heart," and "as immediate cause, indigestion followed by collocratal diarrhoea with mental worry."

Having arranged for the cremation at the earliest possible moment, Jones and Patrick rifled the trunk in which Rice kept his papers, and stuffed them in a satchel which Patrick bore away with him.

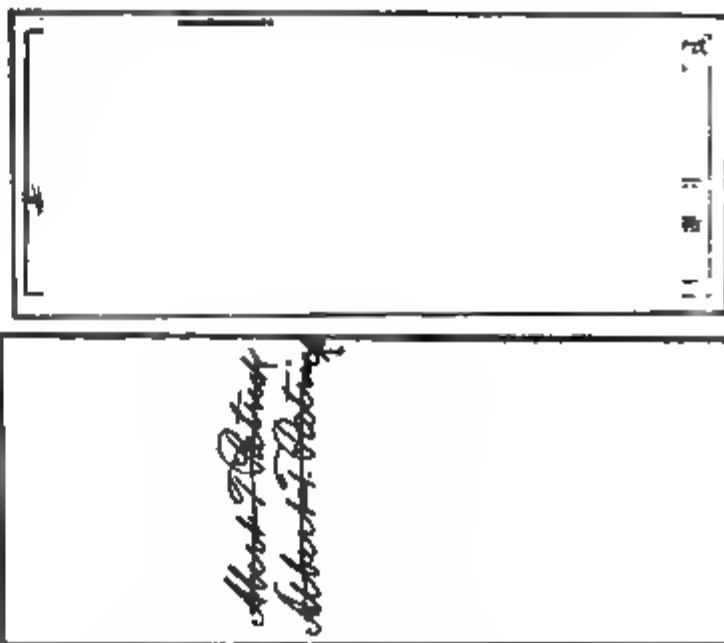
The funeral was to be held early Tuesday morning and the ashes conveyed by Jones to Milwaukee, to be interred near the body of Rice's wife, while the relatives should not be notified until it should be too late for them to reach New York.

The next step was to secure the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars which Rice had on deposit. Patrick had already forged Rice's name to blank checks on Swenson and the Fifth Avenue Trust Company. Early Monday morning Jones, with Patrick looking over his shoulder and directing him, filled out the body of the checks, which

covered all but ten thousand dollars of Rice's deposits. These consisted of one for twenty-five thousand dollars and one for sixty-five thousand dollars on Swenson, one for twenty-five thousand dollars and another for one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars on the Trust Company. They were all made payable to the order of Patrick and dated September 22d, the day before Rice's death. One of the drafts on the Fifth Avenue Trust Company was cashed for him by a friend named Potts early Monday morning, and was paid without difficulty.

Fatal Omission of the Letter "l"

But now came the second error, which resulted in the exposure of the conspiracy and conviction for murder. Jones in filling out the twenty-five thousand dollar check on Swenson had in his nervousness omitted the "l" from Patrick's Christian name, so that the check read "Abert T. Patrick," and Patrick in his excitement had failed to notice the omission or attempt to obviate it



FACSIMILE OF THE \$25,000 CHECK AND THE BACK OF THE SAME WITH PATRICK'S INDORSEMENT

Showing how in his nervousness Jones left the "l" out of the name Albert

by extra indorsement. This twenty-five thousand dollar Swenson check was intrusted to David L. Short for presentation to Swenson & Sons for certification. When he presented it, Wallace, the clerk, recognized Jones's handwriting in the body of it, and thought the signature looked unnatural. He took it to a rear office, where he showed it to Wetherbee, who was the person whom

Jones approached nine months before with a request that he join the conspiracy to manufacture a bogus will. Wetherbee compared the signature on the check with genuine signatures in the bank, and returned it to Short without any intimation that he regarded it as irregular, but assigning as the reason the defect in the indorsement. Short thereupon returned the check to Patrick, who supplied the necessary supplementary indorsement and telephoned to Jones what had occurred, instructing him to say that the check was all right in case the Swensons should inquire.

Half an hour later Short returned to Swenson's, where the check was examined by one of the firm. Rice's apartments were then called up, where Jones said that the checks were all right. But this did not satisfy Mr. Swenson, so he instructed Wallace to call up the apartment again and insist on talking to Mr. Rice. Jones delayed replying to Wallace and in the afternoon called up Patrick on the telephone, inquiring what he should say. Patrick replied that he would have to say that Rice was dead. And in accordance with this Jones informed Swenson that Rice had died at eight o'clock the previous evening. It was thus clear to Swenson that although the maker of the check was dead, Patrick, a lawyer, cognizant of that fact, was seeking to secure payment upon it. For Jones had told Swenson that he had reported Rice's death to the doctor and to Rice's lawyer, Patrick.

Patrick, accompanied by Potts, went immediately to the bank, where Swenson informed him that the check could be paid only to the administrator. Patrick replied that there would be no administrator; that Rice left no property in this State, and informed Swenson that he had an assignment by Rice to himself of all Rice's securities with Swenson. He also invited Swenson to the funeral.

Later in the day Patrick attempted to obtain possession of Rice's securities in the Safety Deposit Company and in the Fifth Avenue Trust Company, by presenting forged instruments of transfer to the orders heretofore referred to; but after some delay the trust companies declined him access. The conspiracy had begun to go to pieces. The two mistakes and the failure to secure funds placed Patrick in a dangerous position.

Two o'clock on Monday afternoon, eighteen hours after the death, Jones, at Patrick's direction, began to notify the relatives that Rice had died the evening before, and that the funeral would take place the following morning. The telegrams to Baker and to Rice, Jr., in Texas, were in the following extraordinary form:

"Mr. Rice died eight o'clock last night under care of physicians. Death certificate, 'old age, weak heart, delirium.' Left instructions to be interred in Milwaukee with wife. Funeral 10 A.M. to-morrow at 500 Madison Avenue."

It is significant that care was used to convey the information that the death was a natural one with a physician in attendance; that the body was to be interred in Milwaukee, without reference to the cremation. This may well have been so that if any suspicions of foul play should arise, the recipients, realizing that they could not reach New York in time to arrest matters there, might hasten to Milwaukee to intercept the body, where they could be met by Jones with the cremation letter in his pocket and his urn of ashes under his arm.

But the telegram did arouse suspicion, and Baker and Rice immediately wired Jones as follows:

"Please make no disposition of Rice's remains until we arrive. We leave to-night, arrive New York Thursday morning."

Baker also instructed N. A. Meldrum, a Texan then in New York, to co-operate with Jones in preserving everything intact.

In the meantime, however, Swenson had notified his attorneys, who in turn had informed the police and the district attorney's office, and that evening at about eleven o'clock James W. Gerard, accompanied by a detective, who posed as the lawyer's clerk, interviewed Patrick at his home. Patrick informed Gerard that he had an assignment of all Rice's property and also a will of Rice's of which he was executor. This was the first reference to the will of 1900. He also informed Gerard that he would not receive a cent under its provision. To have explained the real terms of the will would under the circumstances have excited too much suspicion. Yet he was eager to let the Swensons know that as executor he was in a position to control the profitable banking business that would arise from the settlement of the estate. In the meantime four headquarters' detectives, representing themselves as lawyers, visited the apartments.

Patrick in a State of Panic

Patrick hurried to 500 Madison Avenue, where he learned of Meldrum's presence in town. Things were turning out far from the way in which he had expected. He then hastened to his office down-town, which he reached about half-past one in the morning, and, alone, destroyed great quantities of paper, attempting to dispose of them through the toilet bowl, which was so clogged that the water flowed out upon the floor, necessitating an apology to the janitor. In the silence of the night misgivings came upon him. He lost his nerve, and at two o'clock in the morning called up the undertaker and revoked the signed order for cremation which he had given. Leaving the office at about five in the morning he first visited Meyers, thence proceeded to his own boarding house, and from there went to the apartments, which he reached at eight o'clock. Here he found the detectives who had been on guard since early morning to forestall any attempt to remove the body.

At the funeral itself he attempted to conciliate adverse interests and to win witnesses for his purpose. He had begun to do this the very night that Rice had died, when he told the elevator man that he was remembered in Rice's will. He had also informed Wetherbee that he had a five thousand dollars' legacy. At the funeral were Blynn, one of Rice's nephews, who had come on from Massachusetts, a Mrs. Adams, and a Mrs. Carpenter, to each of whom he stated that they had legacies which would soon be available provided there was no contest of the will.

The detectives now informed Patrick that he was wanted at Headquarters, and Patrick invited Potts to accompany him, informing the latter that the police suspected that there was something unnatural in the cause of death, but that he could explain satisfactorily. As a matter of fact no such intimation had been made to him by the police or anyone else. At Police Headquarters after an interview with Inspector McClusky he was permitted to go his way.

Patrick returned to Rice's apartments, sent for Short and Meyers, and conferred with them there. He took this occasion to tell Maria Scott, the colored woman who worked in the apartment, that she was suspected of having poisoned Rice, and that

she had better say nothing about his death. Jones told her that she was remembered in the will and that it would be worth her while to stand by himself and Patrick, who would see that she was taken care of. Meanwhile the coroner had sent the body to the morgue for autopsy.

Revelations at the Autopsy

The autopsy was performed on Tuesday, forty-three hours after death occurred, by Dr. Donlin, a coroner's physician, in the presence of Dr. Williams, also a coroner's physician, and of Professor R. A. Witthaus, an expert chemist. The two physicians testified at the trial that the organs of the body, except the lungs, were normal in condition, except as affected by the embalming fluid. They and Professor Witthaus agreed in their testimony that the lungs were congested. Dr. Donlin spoke of their being "congested all over"; while Dr. Williams characterized it as "an intense congestion of the lungs—coextensive with them." Outside of the lungs they found no evidence of disease to account for death, and beyond the congestion of these they showed nothing except a small patch of consolidated tissue about the size of a twenty-five cent piece. They testified, in effect, that nothing save the inhalation of some gaseous irritant could have produced such a general congestion, and that the patch of tissue referred to was insufficient to account for the amount of congestion present. Dr. Donlin could not testify what the proximate cause of death was, but was firm in his opinion that no cause for it was observable in the other vital organs. In this Dr. Williams concurred. He was of the opinion that chloroform would act as an irritant upon the lungs and cause precisely that general congestion observable in the case of the deceased. Professor Witthaus testified that his analysis revealed the presence of mercury, obtained as calomel, and while the amount was not sufficient to have caused death, its presence indicated that a larger quantity had existed in life. The embalming fluid had contained no mercury, and he and Dr. Donlin agreed that the embalming fluid would have no effect upon the lungs beyond a tendency to bleach them. In other words, the people's evidence was to the effect that no cause of death was observable from a medical examination of the body save the congestion

stated to exist in the lungs, and that this might have been caused by chloroform.

Thursday morning Mr. Baker and F. A. Rice, the brother of the deceased, arrived in New York. He showed them the cremation letter, and, inasmuch as they took a neutral position in the matter, ordered the cremation to proceed, and accordingly it took place that very day. Patrick endeavored to win the confidence of Baker, but succeeded in accomplishing little. He finally gave the latter a copy of the 1900 will and the original will of 1896. He also informed Baker that he had taken a large number of papers from Rice's apartments, and turned over to him a considerable number of them. He also surrendered on Friday the two Swenson checks.

After considerable discussion Baker told Patrick flatly that he would never consent to the probate of the 1900 will; that he was satisfied that the '96 will was the last will of Rice, and that he would insist upon its being probated, to which Patrick replied, that so far as he was concerned he did not know but that the probate of the '96 will would suit him just as well as the probate of the 1900 will; that it was a matter of indifference to him, and that so far as the Rice Institute was concerned he was prepared to give Baker from three to five million dollars for it, or any other sum Baker might name. These negotiations and conferences continued until the fourth of October, Patrick yielding step by step, until he had divested himself of all control of the documents and securities.

The Conspirators' Arrest

Meantime sufficient evidence having been secured, Patrick and Jones were arrested on a charge of forgery and held for the Grand Jury. Bail was fixed at ten thousand dollars each, but was not forthcoming.

On October 21st, Mr. House, Patrick's lawyer, visited Patrick and Jones in the Tombs. Jones says that after Patrick had talked to Mr. House the former called Jones to one corner of the room and told him that House insisted on knowing definitely whether a crime had been committed and directed Jones to tell House that a murder had been committed, but that he (Patrick) was not concerned in it. This Jones declined to do without implicating Patrick.

The two prisoners then returned to House and Jones informed House that he had killed Rice by chloroform, and gave him the "same story which he told on the witness stand." After this Jones apparently lost his nerve and told Patrick that he intended to commit suicide. This idea Patrick encouraged, agreeing that they should both do it at about the same time.

On the 26th of October Jones made a statement to Assistant District Attorney Osborne which was in large part false, and in which he endeavored to exonerate himself entirely from complicity in any of the crimes, and in which he charged the actual administration of the chloroform to Patrick. Four days later Osborne sent for him and told him he had lied, upon which Jones became confused, and continued to persist in some of his statements, qualified others and withdrew still others. He was completely unnerved and that night attempted, by means of a knife which Patrick had supplied him, to cut his throat. The attempt was a failure, and he was removed to Bellevue Hospital, where he remained until November 12th. He then finally gave the statement which corresponded with his testimony upon the trial and which jibed with all the circumstances and evidence known to the District Attorney.

Did Patrick conspire with Jones to murder Rice? What corroboration is there of Jones's story that he killed Rice under Patrick's direction? First: What proof is there that murder was committed?

Roughly, that Jones so swore; that Rice died at the time alleged; that he did not die from disease, but that he died from a congestion of the lungs which could have occurred only in the case of a living organism by the administration of some such irritant as chloroform; that some one therefore must have killed him, and that Jones alone had the opportunity.

Second: What proof is there that Patrick directed the murder?

Evidence of an elaborate conspiracy, as briefly heretofore set forth, which contemplated the death of Rice. Of course Patrick wanted Rice to die. If Patrick was not implicated in the killing, what motive had Jones to commit the deed? Why did Rice die at the precise psychological moment which would enable Patrick to prevent two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on deposit being diverted to Texas? And

finally, why did Patrick prepare a forged cremation letter for the destruction of the body? If the conspiracy contemplated a *natural* death, nothing could be of greater value to the two parties concerned than the means of proving that the death was *not* unnatural.

The Convicted Murderer's Claim

This, in the most abbreviated form, is the case against Patrick. Space forbids at this time any reference to his elaborate and ingenious defense, which was based entirely on an alleged complete failure of corroboration of Jones's testimony. Starting with the premise that the word of a self-confessed murderer and thrice-perjured scoundrel was valueless as proof, he contended that there was no adequate evidence that Rice's death was felonious, and that the congestion of the lungs could have been and

was caused by the embalming fluid and was only attributed to the chloroform after Jones had given his final version of how the murder was accomplished. Technically the case against Patrick was not a strong one. Dramatically it was overwhelming. His own failure to testify and his refusal to allow his lawyer, Mr. House, to relate what passed between them in the Tombs, remain significant, although not evidence proper for a jury to consider. Wherever lawyers shall get together, there the Patrick case will be discussed, with its strong points and its weak ones, its technicalities and its tactics, and the ethics of the liberation of Jones, the actual murderer, now long since vanished into the obscurity from which he came. On the one hand stands a public convinced of Patrick's guilt, and on the other the convicted "lifer" pointing a lean finger at the valet Jones and stubbornly repeating, "I am innocent."

SUNDERED

BY GERALDINE MEYRICK

They go from us, our well-beloved dead;
But, ev'n as sailors by the northern star,
We steer our course by lights that shine afar,
And trust to come at last, unhindered,
(When that our days of diligence be sped),
Unto the blessed regions where they are,
Into their gracious presence, with no bar
Between our souls and theirs, nor any dread.

But ah, for those who, living, heap up scorn
Against us; make a barrier of wrong
Or dull indifference; who have upturn
Affection by the root! Though we be strong,
Though we be faithful, we may not come nigh.
These are our lost ones, and not those who die!

IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

IF an arrangement could be made with the almanac-makers—said the Poet—I would be in favor of having the year begin with the first of May.

On the first of January I **The Year** have no real sensation of the beginning of a new period, the **Should** starting of a "new deal." Between the last day of December and the first day of January there exists no substantial difference. **May 1** My heart does not signify by a single throb that it is aware of the change. Nature does not turn over in its sleep when the whistles blow and the bells ring to announce the artificial dawn of the artificial year, or disturb the snow blanket under which it has lain inanimate for a month or more. On the other hand we spontaneously signalize the arrival of the Spring by a revolution in our thoughts, our manners, our physical relations to the world, our clothes, our houses and our habits. Nature, contemptuous of the astronomers, shakes off its cold lethargy and gives us a Happy New Year at the flowery threshold of the month of May. I have no notion of how the change I suggest could be brought about or whether Pope Pius who saw the real New Year sail splendidly across the lagoon in his beloved Venice for many years, could upset the decree of his learned predecessor; I can only say my own blood tells me that although by the almanac we are to-day well into the second quarter of the New Year, the Old Year is still with us and the New Year is about to dawn. I feel it in my heart, which as an organ of reflection has been unjustly overlooked, and

not till this moment have I thought of discarding the mental cerements in which the winter has wrapped me and going out in my singing robes.

I WOULD wear my flannels too—said the Philosopher.—A poet with a cold in his head sings in vain.

YOU have Doctor Johnson against you in your craven submission to the whims of the seasons—said the Observer.—He said: "Surely nothing is more reproachful to a being endowed with reason than to resign its powers to the air and live in dependence on the weather and the wind for the only blessings which Nature has put into our power, tranquillity and benevolence. This distinction of seasons is produced only by imagination operating on luxury. He that shall resolutely excite his faculties or exert his virtues will soon make himself superior to the seasons; and may set at defiance the morning mist and the evening damp, the blasts of the east and the clouds of the west."

I FIND it no great hardship—said the Poet—to have Doctor Johnson against me. It is now the common lot of mankind to be at variance with the "great Cham of Literature." The post-mortem penalty which the good doctor has paid for the years of uninterrupted bullying to which he subjected all his acquaintances, is the general disagreement of the world

with pretty nearly everything he said or wrote. It is a just penalty according to all poetical concep-

The Re- words of a like. Johnson having contradicted everybody and brooked

Literary no contradiction while in the flesh, endures in his shade the

Bully perpetual torment of incessant contradiction. If his ghost is permitted to revisit the earth, as he believed it might be, what pangs it must suffer, how it must mumble, gasp and puff in a furious attempt to burst its bounds and begin: "Why, sir——"

The torture, in one way, is gradually softening for the reason that people no longer talk or write about Doctor Johnson. At least not those who love to steer their frail barks of learning in the dimpled waters of fashionable cultivation, who have been introduced to Anatole France by my illuminated friend, James Huneker, and who have read Nietzsche, translated into Scotch, by a professor at Edinburgh. But always reading him and not caring very much what critical company I keep, being more at home indeed with the audience at a Western "lyceum course" than with Professor Santayana or Georg Brandes, I am not afraid to share the general, commonplace appreciation of Johnson, that as a talker he was a genius and as a writer was not. He talked like an angel and wrote like—like Grover Cleveland.

And, I will tell you the reason if you will let me wander so far afield. It is that great writing, as well as great talking, must be improvisation, and he was blessed with the gift in only one department of utterance. Goldsmith had it only on the writing side. The habit, I admit, is a dangerous one even when supported by the fullest mind in the world. No matter how well stored the brain may be, there is always a lot of useless truck in it. We throw into it scraps of worthless stuff, odds and ends of no-account judgments, observations, experiences, till it is like a school boy's pocket. And when we thrust in our hands in a hurry we are quite as liable to pull out the futile as the valuable thing. But the power of improvisation is after all one of the most clearly defined marks of unusual capacity

and the degree to which it is successful, the degree to which the act of improvising brings out of the storeroom of the brain the best that has been hidden there, the degree of lightness and certainty with which it can penetrate the most remote and secret caverns of the mind and produce the long-buried and half-forgotten treasure, is the final measure of genius. "Patient drudgery" there may have been, and "the infinite capacity of taking pains," but unless the quality of the improvisatore is added, the artist is no more illuminated than the plowman.

Johnson was blessed with the gift in speech. To the sound of his voice all the store of his reading and thinking answered and formed itself into phrases and arguments and learned jests. Johnson writing was Johnson shackled to self-consciousness with no deliverer at hand. Mechanically he piled together those vast and formidable books that the world, necessarily accurate in its final selection of literature, has consented never to read.

Daudet must have been thinking of his own methods of writing when he described Numa Roumestan as "only beginning to think when he began to talk." I do not mean to say that to be a great writer, talker, musician, painter, a man has but to dip his pen in the ink, open his mouth, seize the brush or ask the leader of the orchestra for C sharp, if he possesses the noble gift I am talking about, of improvising, of uttering the great thing without special and immediate preparation for this particular thing. Even the good fairy could not deliver the money wished for by the student in the story without robbing his landlady. A void is a void in which the inspiration cannot live any more than a candle flame can live in a vacuum. The "mute Miltons" continue mute because they have not learned the art of singing.

And it is the common testimony of the best writers that writing is not easy. "Easy writing is—hard reading." The fact, I guess from the reluctant admissions of a most conceited and irritable class, is that the actual writing is not hard but the beginning is painful to the point of tragedy—the attempt to produce the state in which work of an imaginative nature can be done, that terrible dislocation of the writer's facul-

ties that brings about an exalted condition of mind in which he is capable of receiving what is called "inspiration." If the doctors take the trouble to investigate it they will find that it is like the agonized raptures of trance mediums and dervishes. There is as good a basis for this theory as for the scientific explanation of the stigmata on the hands and feet of Saint Catherine of Sienna as a "hysterical manifestation."

I SUPPOSE great writers are irritable and conceited because of their inner knowledge of the small part they, themselves, have had in the creation of their wonders. The appearance of conceit does not flow from assurance but from a lack

The Reason for of it. Our greatest American, Mr. Jeffreys, is notoriously

Conceit in good-natured, modest, even shy in his appearance because

Genius he is confident of himself. Little men always are conceited and hunchbacks irritable. The nerves of a genius are apt to be sore because he is constantly shadowed by the terrible thought that not he, but the mysterious and erratic power, has produced all these gallant flowers that the world admires, a mysterious power that comes when he summons it by exquisite self-torture and assembles from his brain, facts, ideas and phrases that he never knew were there, that his friends would swear were never there. When he has prepared himself for the entertainment of this high-handed ally, it has come and swept him out of his commonplace self in a rush of golden images.

But will it always help him? That is the terrifying reflection. He knows how small is the part that really

A Case of Double represents him. His learning, his ordinary imagination, the disciplined forces that he can pleasurably summon to his aid,

Personality may construct a clumsy cargo boat useful in navigating the slow canals of contemporary literature, but it is not until

the wind blows off the mountain of the gods that he is carried far into the unknown seas. He must envy the simple builders like myself, who can say: "This is a poor work but all my own. There is no inspiration about this. It is, no doubt, ugly and mean and never will challenge the

stars with its roof, but I did it all myself."

I knew a great writer who told me once that he always "wrote better than he knew." (I did not say what I felt, "and worse than you think.") He said he "produced work which he never had in him." It was by him but it was not from him. He felt that if it were not for the expenses of moving in fashionable New York society, which upon the appearance of his famous novel, "The Recrudescence of Rufus Higgins," had kindly welcomed him to its charmed circle of bank presidents, intoxicated stock brokers, officers of insurance companies and scions of an old nobility dating from the first Cleveland administration, he would put by a certain sum each year for the Other Man. At present he was an embezzler from an erratic, unknown, mysterious, miraculous visitor who seized his vague theories, half-knowledge, indistinct recollections and all the lumber of his brain and out of it constructed a palace. How many writers, if they told the truth about themselves, would strike their own names from their title pages and substitute: "Dictated by the Other Man to an Amanuensis."

I THINK Thackeray was one of those who acknowledged the debt, although I can't put my finger on the quotation.

After planning a book, putting down hundreds of dates and facts and making notes on innumerable subjects (he was a great note-book man, in spite of the apparently careless character of

Confessions of his mind), he would wait long and fearfully; then a "hand

Two Great Writers seized his pen" and wrote his book for him. But Sterne most

frankly expressed it when he wrote in the wittiest of books: "I begin by writing the first sentence—and trusting to God for the second. I wish you saw me, half starting out of my chair, with what confidence I grasp the elbows of it, I look up—catching the idea even sometimes before it reaches me. I believe, in my conscience, I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man."

That is another way of saying improvisation. My doctor, a learned man, says it is only concentration, and that if I watched for them I would find parallels to literary

achievements in the brilliancies of commerce. Genius, says he, is largely the ability to concentrate powerfully and for long periods on one's occupation. Perhaps so, but I doubt it. The business brilliancies that have most recently been noticed in the newspapers have, it is true, shown the power of concentration, but it is the concentration of other people's money in one man's pocket. In other words high finance—*i. e.* theft.

But I began to talk to you about Spring.

I F it was Spring when you began to talk—said the Philosopher with asperity—it must be well along in the Summer now.

I FOLLOW the Johnsonian method—said the Poet—when I am permitted to. I was saying when I interrupted myself that Spring is the open door of the real New Year. The New

The Poet Year, to have really the significance that we now pretend for it, ought to suggest a promise of better things. If the grace

Returns to the Old were within, there would be outward and visible signs. Our

Theme jaded spirits are supposed to revive with hope of the future, but how can they revive with the larger and colder and worse part of the Winter rising before them? We ought to feel a spontaneous sense of enlargement. The New Year should mean a striking off shackles, a general moral and physical jail delivery. Your artificial New Year but leads us from the cold cell of December to the colder cell of January.

Winter, no matter what we pretend, is thralldom for all the northern

Winter world, or at least for the great part of the inhabitants of the

the Jailer northern world who are no longer young and whose

hearts are no longer resolute enough to send useful quantities of blood to the remote capillaries. I cannot recall that even in the hot days of my youth I enjoyed it much. The most fragrant recollection of it hangs on the domestic contrasts to the utter cold afforded by chimney corners and the warmth of winter dinner tables. As age reduces me my body testifies its repugnance to the cold by turning blue and my

mind reflects the perils of my body by fretting on pneumonia, grip and the other attendants of the season. Winter is imprisonment at hard labor. We were not constructed for it. The struggle is too severe for our frail frames. It is a constant fight with a cruel and jealous jailer who is never more dangerous than at moments when he appears to relax his vigilance. We struggle merely to live through his tyrannical reign. Many perish, but those who survive at last hear the hoof beats of the deliverer. Word is passed around among the prisoners that the Spring is at hand. In a little while he will be beating at the iron doors. The jailer still reigns but he is visibly weakening. He feels his power slipping from his fingers. He is alternately severe and mild. In April he becomes maudlin and weeps a good deal.

The Spring comes nearer and nearer. A few poor wretches prepare to greet him by throwing off the cumbersome garments of

Spring

the

Deliverer

their imprisonment and attiring themselves in light and appropriate costume for the happy day of freedom. With the last remaining power of his evil arm, our wicked jailer strikes these down, while the rest of us huddle in corners and wonder whose turn it will be next. If we can only hold out!

The heralds of Spring can be heard proclaiming his approach. His couriers slip quietly through the crevices of the walls and flower with messages of encouragement from their master. One day the Spring strikes at the gates, is repulsed; again he hurls his bright lance and is driven back by snow and frost. But we, inside, know winter is beaten. He has fired the last snow-ball in his locker. Pull down your flag, Hoary Monster, and prepare for death. The Deliverer is here. The gallant South Wind makes in to give the fatal blow to the old tyrant. And attended by a countless company voicing his praise in language pied of sound and color, the all-conquering Spring breaks down the walls of the stronghold and in his shining presence all that is left of winter melts away.

I T is like "Ivanhoe"—said the Philosopher.

Or Laura Jean Libbey—said the Observer.

ANYHOW—said the Poet—it is a description that has the weight of authority. It has been used so often that it must be good. There is nothing new and garish about it.

A Defence of the Above Old songs, old books, old wines, old friends and old figures of speech for me. If I must talk to you on a subject so ancient as Spring—

You wrote your own invitation—said the Reporter.

If I must talk to you on Spring—said the Poet—I can only do it in figures of speech of a suitable age. Such a topic demands seemly dressing and is not to be decked out in the frivolities of youth. But why argue with you about it? Your own faces, your views of life, your hopes, your manners toward each other, combine to testify your realization of the glad importance to you as human animals of this mere seasonal change. It is a far bigger thing to all of us than all the artificial achievements of the year. We are a part of the Spring.

It awakens in us a new life. We put behind us the horrors of the winter in the city—the dirty streets, the russet-colored mounds of snow, the disease-breeding slush of the side streets, the Thaw trial and Mr. Mallock lecturing at Columbia University—all these incongruous and unsuitable features of the old year of 1906 we put behind us. Fifth Avenue has be-

come brilliant in the bravery of the returning rich. Naples and the Riviera return our American beauties to us and Sandusky and Ottumwa supply our show with their fairest flowers. Even the mean

We Let the Poet Sing side streets cheer up for their only radiant period—the month or two of interval between too much ice and too little. The air is filled with life. The

restaurants have put out the little trees on their porches. Madison Square is attiring itself in a cloak of yellowy green. The fire-escapes in Avenue A are making a fine show of geraniums in pots—and children in arms. I begin to like the winter because the Spring has come.

The suddenness of our Northern spring is one of its great glories. I do not envy the people who live in those blander climes, where the Spring languidly advances, so languidly that we cannot mark the transition from winter. With us it fairly leaps into being. We go to bed at night lamenting. We wake up in the morning and are conscious of a great change—and looking out we see the world in flower. And with the transformation new hopes and ideals come to us, a kinder and broader view of life, a new energy of purpose. It is not only that the snow has disappeared from the earth and the icicles from the trees, but in agreement with the changes in the physical aspects of nature we have dislodged winter from our hearts.

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Photograph by Brown Bros. taken in March, 1907

EDWARD H. HARRIMAN

*This photograph, never before published, is a remarkable likeness of Mr. Harriman,
according to those who know him*

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HARRIMAN

BY EDWIN LEFÈVRE

AUTHOR OF "WALL STREET STORIES," "SAMPSON ROCK OF WALL STREET," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS, AND A DRAWING BY W. R. LEIGH

HE in their moneyless have envied us, Rothschild, Astor, egie, even John D. efeller. But I have heard, even in Wall Street, any man wish that he were in Harriman's place. Yet he is less a horrible example than a sad case. The public thinks of Harriman as a symbol, a creature racing madly toward the first rank among the financial powers, a thing cold as ice, hard as steel, morally insentient as a granite boulder, a brain of machinery precise and tireless and, in lieu of two hands and ten fingers, an infinitude of restless tentacles reaching into myriad pocket-books, spreading resistlessly over public lands, absorbing public grants and public franchises and public property wherever it is not strongly fastened. And where it is fastened, prodding complaisant legislators with golden spurs until they untie the knots. For years, while this reputation was building, he shunned the center of the stage and the limelight, disregarding the elemental psychology of a nation of newspaper readers. He must suffer now, and suffer in this wise: Harriman the railroad president? Wonderful! Harriman the financier? Horrible! Harriman the Wall Street operator? Conscienceless! Harriman the human being? . . . A blank stare.

This article will concern itself with the man.

There are no school-day intimates to volunteer characteristic anecdotes; no boy-chums to tell you that the world misunderstands the great heart of that staunch friend; no present-day associates to speak of the great money-maker's epigrams, of business aphorisms to prove that he is really scrupulously honest; no blind partisans to attest to his personal magnetism in the days when he was obscure. All you hear are stories that he was a fighter, a chronic "scrapper,"—which sounds apocryphal—or that he was a normal, colorlessly amiable youth; which is not characteristic. To what extent his early environment influenced the formation of his character cannot be told with assurance. I have talked to scores of men who knew Harriman before Harriman was rich and powerful and not one of them asserts that he detected in those days the signs of greatness—and great he undoubtedly is. His kinsfolk are silent. His closest business associates will wax eloquent on his ability as a railroad manager and a railroad financier, his remarkable energy, his indomitable will, his Napoleonic bigness of vision, but on Harriman *the man* not a word, except that he is charitable and even then their air is apologetic, as though they expected incredulity.

Morals of a Clergyman's Son

Edward Henry Harriman was born on February 25th, 1848, in the rectory of St. George's Episcopal Church at Hempstead,

Long Island, then in charge of his father, the Reverend Orlando Harriman. Edward Henry was one of six children—four boys and two girls—and we are merely told that his father was a man of "aristocratic" birth and breeding who married a "gentlewoman" of distinguished New Jersey lineage, which means that Harriman's ancestry on both sides were people who had known how to read and write for several generations, had early last century attained to good table manners and were able to enjoy the pleasures of the best society for some scores of years. The branch of the family to which the Reverend Orlando Harriman belonged, enjoyed the blessed gift of poverty at the time Edward Henry was born. A year afterward his father was in charge of a church in Staten Island. There followed several precarious years when the Rev. Mr. Harriman assisted the rectors of divers parishes, managing to live somehow, possibly receiving needed "help" from his family—the Harrimans have always had the loyalty as well as the pride of family. From 1859 to 1866 Harriman's father acted as rector of

John's Church in West Hoboken at a salary of \$200 a year. At the end of the seventh year we learn that the church owed the rector—a man whose portraits show much force of character—\$374 for arrears of salary and that he settled with the church for \$250 "payable in six months." But not long after this his wife inherited some money from a relative, and the Harrimans were able to buy a comfortable house in Jersey City. They lived, after that, quietly but without the privations of those earlier dark days. It may be interesting to speculate whether four years at one of the big Universities and association with men of non-commercial inclinations might not have made E. H. Harriman any different, but it is far more interesting to consider that this son of a clergyman, whose only school outside of the district school was a church school, where he spent two years, is accused of being deficient in financial morality. Wall Street was his real *alma mater*; he breathed its atmosphere while in his formative period. It is also peculiarly interesting to know that Harriman was born poor and to-day his weakest spot is what no man who has felt the spur

THE BEST OF HARRIMAN

Interior of his Boys' Club which he built at a cost of \$250,000

THE WORST OF HARRIMAN

The Panic of May 9th, 1901, which he caused. "From that day to this he has been to Wall Street the incarnation of cold-blooded pitiless ambition"

of poverty should ever forget, to wit, the need of conciliating public opinion. A little more of the demagogue in him—as there is in James J. Hill—would have made him less vulnerable. Probably Harriman's aloofness from the mob is hereditary as much as it is temperamental. From all accounts the Harriman family were always cold and reserved toward outsiders, but among themselves loyal to each other and affectionate. A man who is perhaps Mr. Harriman's closest associate said once, when his partner suggested that some friend of Mr. Harriman ought to speak to him frankly on the unwisdom of his lack of tact: "Friend? I don't believe that Harriman has a friend in the world!" The man who said this is a very great financier who has been in, and has had an active interest in, every deal of Mr. Harriman's since 1899.

Learning the Game in Wall Street

Harriman entered a Wall Street office as clerk while still a boy in his teens. He

must have made some lucky speculations, for in 1870 he bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange and became a "trader," that is, a professional speculator, a gambler in stocks. Old-timers take great pleasure in assuring us that Edward Henry Harriman was nothing but a "piker" in those days, that is, a very small gambler. But it was inevitable that he should have made money. That is the way an all-wise Providence made him, just as it made Napoleon a winner of battles. A "trader" in the Stock Exchange is a man who bets on stock fluctuations. Harriman to-day is a man who makes them.

He went into the Stock Exchange at a time when dark financial history was making, when the exploits of Daniel Drew, Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, Commodore Vanderbilt and others left blots on the annals of the Street. He had their example and their methods before him. He learned the routine of a broker's life; the ups and downs of stocks, panics and booms, gaining a knowledge of technical market

conditions surpassed by few other operators big or little. The game of the Street he knew, and knows it still, from the sub-cellar to the gilt ball at the end of the flag-pole, for he began at the bottom and has since climbed as high as any human being can climb in Wall Street.

"A Cold-Blooded Little Cuss"

Even in those early days he was not popular. Not one man in a thousand found him genial, not one in ten thousand congenial. He was, an old friend says, "a cold-blooded little cuss, Ned Harriman, not exactly offensive nor self-opinionated, but with a vein of cynicism that kept friendships away." Some call him worse. But there was this difference between the cold-blooded little cuss and the other "traders," that even while he was betting on fractional fluctuations, he was studying. His hunger for information was—and still is—insatiable. Impatient at the theory that chance rules the world of the ticker, he was analyzing conditions and men, determining causes and effects. As he grew in years he grew in dollars—that was what knowledge was made for, to be coined. And as his fortune grew his reserve toward his fellow-gamblers also deepened, for he was outgrowing his own class. The more he knew the less he talked. A man has said of him that Harriman carried the railroad map of the United States pasted on the back of his head in those days. To-day he would like to carry the same map in his inside pocket, labeled "Harriman System." But his knowledge—that was what built the rungs of his golden ladder. He knew the quotations of stocks and the vagaries of the market, but he knew also what the stocks themselves meant, what they were worth, and why certain conditions must produce certain stock market effects, so that when the time came and securities sold away below value, he plunged; he bought confidently, imperturbably, betting his entire fortune not on fluctuations, but on the soundness of his knowledge and the clearness of his vision. It was not courage, it was logic—the logic that makes cowardice an impossibility to his temperament.

He formed the Stock Exchange firm of Harriman & Co.—still in existence, though he is not a member of it. He secured the aid of the richer branch of the Harriman

family and the clientage of the Fish family and their wealthy and aristocratic connections. Many of his acquaintances say it was as a commission broker and not as a trader or speculator that he made his first fortune. He cultivated rich customers, but his individuality was too strong for him to have been content to do merely a commission business.

Climbing

He did not take an active interest in the actual management of railroads until 1883, when, through the influence of his friend and associate on the Stock Exchange, Stuyvesant Fish, he was elected a director of the Illinois Central, of which he was a stockholder. He had, in the meantime, married Miss Mary Averell, the daughter of a well-known capitalist who had some reputation as a railroad man. It is a safe bet that Harriman learned in a week all that his father-in-law had spent years in learning. At all events the marriage doubtless increased Harriman's interest in railroads, for he saw in deals a means of more expeditious ladder-building than in piking on the floor of the Exchange, or executing orders for a commission. Also, it strengthened his financial condition. His married life, it may be remarked here, has been singularly happy, though even at home he is absolute dictator. His devotion to his family is deep and tender. On that point friend and foe are agreed.

His friend, Stuyvesant Fish, was vice-president of the Illinois Central, and Harriman began seriously to study the practical side of railroading. He was already familiar with both the financial and the stock-gambling end of it. In 1887 Fish was made president of the road, and Harriman became the vice-president. No figure-head, he. He learned quickly. With his craving for knowledge, his amazing memory, his genius for detail and a downright blindness for non-essentials, he was not long in acquiring a reputation for solid ability and solid knowledge. An intimate friend says that Harriman literally burned the midnight oil mastering details. Day after day and night after night he studied until he knew everything down to the price of spikes, and no contractor that ever put in a bid could catch him asleep or ignorant. The charges of graft in the awarding

of the Illinois Central contracts under his vice-presidency may be dismissed. It isn't the way he works. It is, moreover, true that he, more than Stuyvesant Fish, made the Illinois Central an efficient road, and many influential people knew it.

This man whose tactless impatience has more than anything else made him cordially disliked, was patient enough in those days, for patience was wise and logical. It did not occur to him to be unwise and illogical. That was a luxury he was not to permit

—always among individuals rather than among banks or corporations. He had ideas, clear, clean-cut, money-making, convincing ideas. On matters of finance or railway management nobody who listens to Harriman can possibly disagree with him, unless the listener is deaf or an ass. On matters of psychology he is not always right. On the ethics of business—but that is another story.

Harriman had by now served his apprenticeship. His consuming thirst for

Mr. Harriman's Home at Arden

himself until he had reached the summit. So he added to his fortune, sometimes only a little, occasionally a great deal, dozens of rungs at a clip, for he invested discriminatingly—he would probably say accurately—in times of storm and stress. Also he went into several minor railroad deals. More and more he kept his mouth shut and opened it only when to do so meant more money for himself, or more prestige, a greater reputation for ability among certain rich men whom he needed as allies—rung-finders and ladder-builders for Harriman. In that trying period between 1890 and 1896, he extended his sphere of influence

knowledge at first hand, his ceaseless study of the science of railroading, both the “practical” and the financial sides of it, his training in stock-gambling and stock-market methods and procedure, all made him a valuable man, a daring man, but one whom the most conservative financier would not call a dangerous speculator—he knew too much and thought too logically, too dispassionately.

Harriman vs. Morgan

He came into some public prominence at the time when the Erie Railroad was in

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E. H. HARRIMAN

"A little chap, fifty-nine years old, who up to three months ago looked ten years younger"

process of reorganization by J. P. Morgan. In those days Mr. Morgan was the head-keeper of the railroad morgue of the United States and his financial surgery was so ruthless that it was called Morganizing. The Erie operation was serious and severe. Harriman opposed it. He knew he could do it better than "Jupiter Morgan." But nobody thought of anybody but Mr. Morgan, for it was a sick road, the victim of all kinds of financial crimes dating back to the dear buccaneer days of Daniel Drew and Jay Gould. It took Morgan's superb insensibility to the patient's pains and his equally superb credit to insure success in the reorganization. But that "cold-blooded little cuss," to whom no man loomed very big, saw in the reorganization of the Erie a life-work, a titanic exploit, the fulfillment of his dreams and desires. He talked to friends who were holders of the bankrupt road's securities and convinced them that opposition to Mr. Morgan was not only well-founded, but ought to be highly profitable. He tried to interest acquaintances and strangers and the public, but he lacked sufficient capital to do it alone, and had not enough prestige to secure strong enough allies. The legend is that he went into J. P. Morgan's office and laid his objections before the firm. Mr. Morgan's partners asked him whom he represented and he answered curtly, "Myself!" This may not be true, but it has been called characteristic of Harriman. It is well to add, however, that at that time Harriman was not at all arrogant. He was more than amiable toward the newspaper reporters whom he vainly besought to take up his fight—he called it the public's—against Morgan. The newspaper men used to cross the Street whenever they saw little Harriman coming; they knew he would talk Erie till the cows came home, and ask them to make up all sorts of impossible attacks on Morgan and Morgan's plan. Yet, even loquacious devotion to the public's financial welfare was characteristic, for he saw plainly that he could not fight Morgan with financial weapons, and he knew that Public Opinion is a very strong ally—he saw that clearly in those days when he wasn't rich enough to make his will virtually law, before he established the truth of my contention, that it takes but five years of prosperity to make a man lose his sense of relative values and two weeks to restore it and three sunshiny days to make him forget it again.

He lost his fight with Morgan, but nevertheless he made money. He made money, I am informed, even during the Baring panic and the Venezuela scare and the summer of '96, when hard-headed capitalists actually thought of converting their sadly depreciated securities into gold and going to England to live—a time when, the public may now learn, Mr. John D. Rockefeller suffered from nervous dyspepsia until his health was shattered, all because the election of Bryan would have made him cease to be the richest man in America. Harriman had no illusions, but likewise no fears. He lost neither appetite nor money.

His Great Opportunity

The career of what we may call the present E. H. Harriman dates from the first election of William McKinley. It is difficult to resist the temptation to dwell at length on the condition of the country at that time, to show how the United States had taken the rest-cure in business for several years, how our national buoyancy had been repressed, how the hard times had checked the growth of the productive capacity of our factories even while our population was growing at an enormous rate, how a stupendous river of gold had been dammed, how intelligent observers detected cracks in the dam built by panic, and knew that it was only a question of a short time when the dam would be swept away and God's country flooded with gold.

Governor Flower was the leader of the recovery of courage, but under Flower were millions of dollars, and back of him stood the greatest aggregation of American capital and American business brains ever gathered together for the purpose of making golden history. Harriman saw what was coming as clearly as Roswell P. Flower or J. P. Morgan, or any of the other great optimists of Wall Street.

The opportunity came with the reorganization of the Union Pacific. The road was then in the hands of the Federal Government receivers. Mr. Morgan looked it over and, ruthless surgeon though he was, threw up his hands in despair. The task seemed beyond the possibility of a fair banker's profit. But Mr. Harriman had his eye on it. He spoke to Kuhn, Loeb & Co., at that time a rich banking house,

but by no means in the first rank. They recognized the possibilities and, what was far more important, they saw what manner of man Edward Henry Harriman was. He appealed to them as he appeals to any intelligent money-maker who will listen to Harriman two minutes. They formed a syndicate which included the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Ames of Boston, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and their foreign clients, the Standard Oil branch, represented by its banker, Stillman, and Harriman. The least important member of the syndicate was Harriman, and at first the Street, that always likes its goods prestigiously labeled, called it a "Vanderbilt road." The Union Pacific was taken over by the syndicate in January, 1898. The syndicate had to pay \$75,000,000 in all for 1,800 miles of poor railroad and a few smaller lines that were deemed desirable to control, as well as settle with bondholders for cash. Within three years the original syndicate managed by Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and E. H. Harriman got back its seventy-five millions in profits on various "deals." Harriman's ladder needed but few more rungs. Moneyed men saw a great money-maker in him.

A Juggler of Dollars

Before the work of Harriman as a railroad man is considered it is well to bear in mind his achievements as a juggler of dollars, a strategist of the ticker. In the upbuilding of Union Pacific Harriman saw a man's work and good profits. But as its possibilities unfolded, as the national prosperity grew and as, with the bursting of the dam that let loose the golden flood, the American people took to stock gambling on an unprecedented scale, there came to Harriman the vision of the greatest achievement in our financial history. He saw himself not alone very rich, but Czar of the railroad empire of the United States. He had waited many years, he had watched for his opportunity, and it had come. It had taken him fifteen years to make a fortune—fifteen years he now says he wasted—and fifteen to become a railroad man. His education was finished. He had been patient; now he moved—in straight lines as his thoughts always move—and irresistibly. If his capitalistic friends had only backed him as blindly in 1898 as they did a few years later, he would now control

100,000 miles of railroads and several billions of credit. But he saw himself even in 1899 potentially the head of the greatest system in the country. He worked to transform the potentiality into an actuality. The report went out that the Union Pacific, the Chicago and Northwestern and the New York Central lines would be merged—and the public wisely enough bought Union Pacific, of which stock the Harriman crowd had some to sell. So insistent was the report and so fast did the stock advance in price, that Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt himself actually wrote to the newspapers, denying that any such merger was planned. It has been said that Harriman himself started the rumor—and the rise—in order to make a market turn in his Union Pacific stock. But I doubt if that was the original or the principal intention. Mr. Harriman saw what such a merger would mean. He and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. went ahead on the plans, feeling certain that the obvious advantage and profits could readily be perceived by Mr. Vanderbilt. But Mr. Vanderbilt, even then intent on not attending to business, put an end to it—though not before Mr. Harriman had utilized the work done as was proper—by taking profits on the advance in Union Pacific stock, the advance caused by the rumor. Wall Street began to think the Union Pacific was a valuable property. But Harriman was not yet filling the center of the stage.

The fact that the Vanderbilt alliance had not been cemented stimulated Harriman's mind. He must go it alone, backed by Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and the rest of the original syndicate. They bought the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon Railway and Navigation, giving the holders of these stocks in payment, not cash, but stock of the Union Pacific. Even at that time it was said that Mr. Harriman and the other insiders had made money on that deal, buying cheap as individuals and paying dear as directors for the same stock—an accusation often heard since, and probably not altogether baseless. But it was a good time to build up the Union Pacific physically, for that would mean a money-making road with credit, which was the same as cash; and that meant the power to do anything. Incidentally Mr. Harriman, as an individual, associating himself with other individuals, found time to acquire the control of the Kansas City Southern

and to make a little money, and to "absorb" the Chicago & Alton, whose capital was readjusted with highly pleasing results—at least they were highly pleasing up to the time this year that Mr. Harriman was questioned on the witness stand about it. It was a flagrant bit of stock watering, the Street thought then and now knows. But Harriman's optimism saw in it a legitimate operation. For one thing it made the Street realize that E. H. Harriman was a great financier, one of the tiptoppers. He had created something out of nothing but hope and nerve. The most powerful capitalists of the Street recognized an equal in E. H. Harriman.

Napoleonic Plans

The limitations of space preclude dwelling at length on Mr. Harriman's remarkable work as an upbuilder of railroads. We had entered into the longest "boom" we have ever had. Harriman made a long trip over the Union Pacific and the territory it served, saw not the seemingly hopeless task of improving the wretched railroad but what was coming and without consulting his associates decided on plans that in those days were nothing short of Napoleonic. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. backed him, but from other associates came remonstrances. Harriman had his way, and his plans involving vast expenditures were approved. When Harriman talked to his associates opposition ended. He saw what the future held in store for the Harrimanized Union Pacific. He convinced his fellow directors that he was a clear-headed, far-sighted railroad man, the one man for the place, and the financial support was forthcoming. He did not forget to keep in sight the psychology of the great gamblers, and also showed them not that he was a great market "operator," but that betting on a sure thing was wisdom. So they agreed with his views, as soon as he had demonstrated how sure a thing it was. The unexampled prosperity of course helped him more than can be easily overestimated, but he would have won out even in normal times.

His vision broadened as he mastered more fully the details of his work and its possibilities. So that when in February, 1901, he bought the Southern Pacific—partly in the open market and partly by negotia-

tion with the C. P. Huntington estate—he was at last recognized as a man without a superior in his peculiar line. It is to be regretted that one cannot here go into detail about this deal. It seemed like a case of the tail wagging the dog when the Union Pacific bought the control of the Southern Pacific, bringing a tremendous mileage under the control of the Kuhn-Loeb-Harriman combination. The stock market end of it showed a master-mind at work, the financing of it showed that practically unlimited capital was ready to follow blindly where Harriman led. So thoroughly had he done his work as a railroad manager and upbuilder and as a railroad financier, that the Union Pacific's credit was already very high—the road that only three years before had found so much trouble in securing capitalists to undertake its reorganization! But Harriman said he needed the big Huntington system, and his fellow directors said: "Very well!"—after he had practically captured it.

At War with James J. Hill

Not long after Harriman had shown to the world how large railroads could be "absorbed" by purchases in the stock market, James J. Hill decided that the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific "needed" the St. Paul road. It was the time when, owing to the raging public speculation in stocks, financing huge deals was as easy as falling off a log. Hill and Morgan found to their unspeakable surprise that some big holders of St. Paul would not sell their stock, and Hill began to buy Burlington stock instead. He had not proceeded very far when Harriman was alarmed. He felt as France might have felt when the Triple Alliance was formed. There was a delicate balance of power in the railway world; the acquisition of the Burlington by Hill would smash it and give him the dominant influence. That was repugnant to Harriman temperamentally, and alarming to his associates financially. They went to Hill. They expressed their views and amiably added that while they thought he had "paid a damned fool price for the Burlington"—as one of them put it to me—they were willing to participate, so that everybody should be satisfied and the *status quo* maintained. They desired peace, even at \$200 a share for Burlington

stock. War would mean millions of waste. But Hill did not see it in the same light. His idea of peace is very much like Harriman's; the *pax Romana*. To the giant of the Northwest the world consisted of his friends, who held stock in the Great Northern, and of the foes, who were all fools, having no "Hill stocks." When Hill met Harriman, an immovable body was met by an irresistible force. Harriman said nothing more to Hill, but to his associates he showed how Hill could be defeated by the purchase of the controlling interest in the Northern Pacific. That was cheaper and easier than to buy an equal interest in Burlington, and Harriman's associates assented, and his bankers worked accordingly, and they bought \$80,000,000 worth of Northern Pacific shares, and the common stock was cornered and the great panic of May 9th, 1901, followed.

Schiff Begs Harriman to Let Up

That also is another story, a tragedy, a great drawn battle, which ruined thousands. To the mob it was a battle of great millionaires, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Harriman, the Goulds, the Standard Oil set and their allies, against Morgan and Hill and their following. It is too recent to have been forgotten. Harriman had arrived! Bathed in the blood of those whose wounds run gold, he stood before the world, imperturbable, at last with practically unlimited power. It was what he had striven for; it was what he had gained. Also from that day to this he has been to Wall Street the incarnation of cold-blooded pitiless ambition. When half the houses of the Street were practically ruined, and the din of the battle filled the civilized world, his associates, frightened at the prospect of a crash that would make them all suffer, implored Mr. Harriman to let up, and he said, "No!" He had no fight in mind; he desired no world-wide panic. But if such things came they were merely incidental. They had no bearing on the point at issue, which was to keep Mr. Hill from relegating the Union Pacific to the second rank. Mr. Harriman's chief backer, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, it is said, literally went down on his knees and with tears in his eyes asked Mr. Harriman to be magnanimous and forego a decisive triumph achieved at such a cost, and Mr. Harriman, to whom such

considerations as cost—whether in dollars, tears or death—were irrelevant, consented. I do not know about Mr. Schiff's tears, but I do know that it was Mr. Schiff's pleading that won the day for humanity. Mr. Harriman is not ungrateful, and he owed much to Mr. Schiff, just as it is true that Mr. Harriman has made possible huge profits for Mr. Schiff's firm. The Union Pacific did not gain the control of the Northern Pacific, but Mr. Hill's victory eventually put millions in the Union Pacific treasury at Harriman's disposal. That is genius.

Czar of the Street

There was peace after the battle. Harriman devoted his energies to his railroad. It prospered, because it was practically rebuilt. There were deals, differing each from the other chiefly in the amount of the profits. Harriman had become recognized as a great power. The Street did not know that he had become Czar. In a board of directors composed of the greatest capitalists in the world, Harriman was—and at this writing is—an autocrat. He had a free hand. He was also busy in forming connections which meant money support, because that helped his autocracy. He cultivated James Hazen Hyde, as that young man can testify. The life insurance scandals later merely showed Harriman in his usual and most characteristic rôle, to wit, that of getting or storing golden ammunition wherever there was enough of it to strengthen his tactical position. The biography of a man who in nine years has done what would be a remarkable life-work for a very remarkable man, cannot be told in a few words. Neither is it possible to enter into his political activities in New York State, his influence in California and elsewhere. He is above all things logical. Not having time to capture the primaries or the conventions, he "absorbs" governors and legislators. His personal magnetism is not great. But he is very rich.

Summing up we find this: Here is a man who is acknowledged even by his enemies to be a remarkable railroad economist, with a marvelous genius for detail, and yet with a bigness of vision vouchsafed to few men since the dawn of civilization. A railroad financier infinitely superior to James J. Hill, or any other man in the world. A stock market operator

of consummate skill and, his enemies assert, absolutely free from scruples as from fear. A fighter, a doer of great things, who has for close associates such men as William Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers and H. C. Frick. We know what his enemies say of him. Now, what manner of man is this man Harriman?

How Harriman Looks, Talks and Acts

A little chap, fifty-nine years old, who up to three months ago looked ten years younger, with eyes that are not particularly expressive behind the lenses of his spectacles; a heavy drooping mustache, now tinged with gray, a manner of speaking neither vivacious nor languid. His chin is pugnacious; his head is so well-shaped that it has no conspicuous "bumps." His forehead is his best feature. A quiet-spoken little man, not at all impressive-looking, who walks with a curious sort of bow-legged "horsey" jauntiness as of a jockey. His complexion inclines one to fear that the Harriman liver is not as efficient as the Union Pacific. You can tell that real *bonhomie* is foreign to him these days, but you are not surprised to learn that he is a model husband and a tender father. You can talk to Harriman and think him ruthless. You can't listen to him without thinking him a man of great brain-power. He talks rather easily and seldom uses figures of speech, but is often at a loss for the precise word wanted, and when you offer it to him he uses it without correcting himself, in a matter-of-fact way that conveys no sense of help received or gratitude. I should say he is the kind of man who would not dream of saying "Thank you" to a fellow who helps the deal to come Harriman's way, because it would have come anyway, with or without help or opposition from others, and why be grateful?

His mind works in straight lines. Often, when he talks, you imagine you can see the thoughts coming from his mind and going in this and that direction, but always in a straight line, mathematically straight, painfully straight. Whatever his mind may have been once, it is to-day as I have described. It is curious to note that the criticism experts make about Harriman's railroad policy and work of development is that he does not build enough "feeders"—little civilizing branches to new sections. He runs to straight lines always. He

thinks so clearly and logically that he would have been a great man in almost any walk of life; with more red corpuscles in his blood and a larger heart, he would have been a great statesman. He has so trained himself to think that to him the non-essentials are simply non-existent. He doesn't have to reflect and ponder and weigh and study in order to eliminate the inessential. The inessential never gets close enough to him to have to be eliminated. He sees big vividly, but his imagination lacks a certain warmth just as his speech lacks picturesqueness, possibly because he does not think in epigrams. He probably has had very little to unlearn, except in matters of psychology, because when it comes to knowing men and grasping the possibilities of human nature a certain degree of emotionalism is needed and he hasn't it. What he knows he knows thoroughly and absolutely, and that is the reason he knows exactly what he can do, in good health and with enough money. That habit of his of reducing everything to terms of efficiency, whether it be expressed in dollars saved and dollars earned, or time and effort saved, is what keeps his imagination from being gorgeous, just as his logical machine-like mind prevents him from having the personal magnetism without which there has never been a great leader of men. He seems to lack absolutely the faculty of projecting himself into the personality of others; probably he does not like to cease to be Harriman, even for a fraction of a second. He is intensely individualistic. That he can be generous, charitable, even unselfish at times, there is no doubt. That he could be a philanthropist, a man with profound compassion for the weaknesses of fellow mortals, decidedly no. He is tactless at times to a degree perfectly incomprehensible in a man who was brought up a "gentleman," and yet he thinks firmly that his subordinates love him. He can be needlessly rude, unintelligently brusque and offensive, and yet he is a very intelligent man. I believe that his "moods" are due to periods of ill-health. He is too able a man not to be patient. But the liver can make sixteen Solomons impatient.

Getting Rid of a Subordinate

This tactlessness of Harriman's probably is the most conspicuous of his shortcom-

ings—leaving aside all ethical considerations. For instance, the story of Horace Burt's resignation as president of the Union Pacific. As chairman of the Executive Committee, Harriman saw no essential difference between the president and one of the clerks. Burt was summoned to New York to be told plainly that his business in the future should be merely to carry out Harriman's orders. Burt came, called at Harriman's office and was told to wait. He waited all day. He waited all the next day. On the third day he still waited to see Harriman. Clerks, visitors, friends, all went in and spoke to Harriman, who still sent out word for Burt to wait until the Chairman of the Executive Committee was ready to see the insignificant president of the road. Then Burt resigned. Harriman avoided further friction by taking the job himself. Similarly he assumed the presidency of the Southern Pacific. It seemed arrogance for that "little big man" to assume charge of the practical end of the great system. But he knew what he could do. He knew no fear and brooked no opposition. What he desired he got—his associates had learned that Harriman could improve the physical condition and efficiency of railroads; also that he made money for his associates. The combination made him irresistible. There is this also to be said: The little man sees so clearly and talks so unemotionally yet convincingly, that it is small wonder that the directors simply give him *carte blanche*. If his actions gain for him cordial dislike, that is his own funeral; the same actions increase their bank accounts.

As Inquisitive as Li Hung Chang

Whatever he wants to know he learns by going to the spot. His Alaskan expedition is a case in point. He is always asking questions. A friend of his says that Harriman, when he was in Japan, reminded him of Li Hung Chung in this country. He asked more questions than the small boy of the comic weeklies, questions about everything. And he never forgets. I asked him once: "When you jump from one thing to another, do you have to stop and think and adjust yourself to the new mental condition created by the consideration of a totally different subject?"

"No," he answered.

"You are not conscious of any change in the speed of the mental machinery, as it were? No break of any kind when you decide what to do in this case and immediately what to do in the next—jumping from a matter in New York City to some engineering problem in Utah or California?"

"No."

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"I don't know. I think," he went on meditatively, "that the mind is like these—what d'y'e call 'em on this desk?—these pigeon-holes. A man comes to me. I listen and decide on what to do; and then—it goes into a pigeon-hole."

"And it's always there? No trouble in finding it again at any time?"

"It's always there." He was thinking, obviously looking for an explanation. "It's always there. Whenever I need it again I find it there."

"And you don't know how you do it?"

"I don't know how I do it," he repeated after me, almost hypnotically. Evidently he was trying to find out. But after a moment he shook his head and said: "But there are fewer pigeon-holes, I think."

Not Awed by Morgan, Hill or Anybody

The man is efficiency-mad. He wants results and he gets results. Inefficient work he considers immoral. I remember years ago speaking to a member of the banking firm that financed Union Pacific about Harriman's rudeness and indifference to public opinion, which were remarkable in so intelligent a man. He explained: "Harriman has been able to do what he has by fighting. He could not have done it if he had waited to consult people's feelings and whether they would be hurt." Nevertheless it was and is unintelligent. I asked Harriman point-blank if his manner of speaking as he does at times did not gain for him that unpopularity which I said I supposed he knew he had, and he answered earnestly:

"I suppose people think so because I don't truckle or toady to any of the big men. I don't have to. Why should I?"

It sounded funny to hear E. H. Harriman talk about truckling to big men. He must have had in mind his lack of awe for J. P. Morgan, James J. Hill and their multimillionaire associates. Or the story

may be true that once in his excitement he spoke to H. H. Rogers in such a manner that Rogers said: "Do you know whom you are talking to?" and Harriman subsided. He had missed the point of my question because it did not occur to him to think of the opinion of lesser men. He went on: "I never fight unless somebody fights me. As long as they pound I pound. But I'd rather be let alone. Let the other side go to work and succeed and prosper; so long as they leave me alone I'm satisfied. I drop all revenge. Often my associates have expressed their astonishment that I don't follow up a fight after it's stopped. I am not vindictive." He evidently shared the astonishment of his associates. Then he bethought himself of his apparently gratuitous attack on Stuyvesant Fish while on the witness stand testifying about the Alton deal. He said, with much earnestness: "About my testimony concerning the deposition of the President of the Illinois Central. Why, my fellow directors who deposed that person pledged me to tell all about it. We knew how wrongly the public judged our action and my fellow directors pledged me to tell the facts if I went on the witness stand. I told the facts as I was pledged to, and I told them while I was under oath, and they have never been controverted!"

Harriman Tells Who His Friends Are

I pursued the subject and told him that doubtless people thought of him as the worst type of the Wall Street magnate, a cold, impersonal sort of human money-making machine. The human side of Harriman was what the public did not know. He answered: "I have friends. You mustn't go to Wall Street for the human"—he called it *humane* persistently—"side of Harriman; Wall Street is always imagining a lot of things that aren't so, about people. Go out West if you want to know about the human side of Harriman. Ask the Union Pacific employees about the human side of Harriman. They know that the humblest worker will get as fair and as quick a hearing from me as the highest. When I take charge of a property I don't discharge the old men to make room for my pets. I haven't any pets. The way to reward faithfulness is not by discharging the old hands." Evidently a slap at Mr. Hill's way. "I sometimes shift their positions,

putting a man where I think he will do best. Ask *them* about the human side of Harriman. A man's neighbors ought to know what sort of man they have for a neighbor. Go to Arden. Don't tell me when you go; go by yourself and ask questions of the people there. There isn't a man or woman in Arden that wouldn't go to hell and back to do something for me, if I asked them."

Everybody is Afraid of Him

It is impossible to interview all the Union Pacific employees. Those that I did see say they have nothing against Harriman. He has no pets, but he is liberal. I know that he speaks to some of the highest officials of the road at times as the average business man would not talk to his office boy. They don't dislike Harriman like the Great Northern men dislike Hill. The trouble seems to be that everybody is afraid of Harriman. His employees, high and low, act as if they expected their discharge if they say a word too much or leave one necessary monosyllabic word unsaid. They do not exactly cringe nor kowtow before him. They act rather as though they recognized the existence of a vast gulf between his brain and theirs. As for Arden, the worst stories about Harriman I have ever heard came from Orange County, mostly concerning the methods he used to buy up the land—"he collects mountains as other men collect china," one of his neighbors said—all manner of stories about the way he compelled certain people to sell him their land so that he might have a 30,000 acre estate. As for his associates, I have yet to hear one of them speak affectionately of Harriman and I have spoken to many of them, not only those who were friendly once but not now, but to some of those to whom he doubtless refers when he says he has friends. He has the usual entourage of all great men. Some of his satellites are not ungrateful, some of his jackals probably lick his hand. Of all the things that are written about Harriman, that which irritates him is the allegation of his utter friendlessness. He may find real affection at home, from his family, from some direct beneficiary. But for a man whose nod means bread and butter or starvation to thousands of men, a man who has had scores of business associates,

who has met more people than the average man, Harriman is to all intents and purposes friendless. He himself has never gone out of his way to make friends, except when he needed friends to help him. He has not hesitated to sever the relations of years at a moment's notice—the moment business differences came between them.

Wall Street's chief grievance against Harriman has really been his taciturnity. Now, Wall Street knows that all the "big men" have tickers in their offices, that there is no "inside crowd" that does not habitually use and abuse what is called inside information. But these insiders talk; they give tips to friends and the Street sometimes makes money by their loquacity. Not so Harriman. In speculation every man should be for himself. He argues that whoever bought Union Pacific stock after he took charge of its affairs cannot complain. No investor has been disappointed. As for the gamblers, they can grumble and be hanged. In sooth, why should anybody, who wants to get something for nothing, talk ethics or descant on the quality of mercy?

Justifies His Alton Deals

In his money-making, I verily believe, E. H. Harriman has had no more wicked thought than the desire to obtain the power that money gives; the desire of a general to strengthen his army. Carnot, the organizer of victory, helped Napoleon. Harriman helps himself. He discussed the Chicago and Alton deal. It will be remembered that Harriman and a few others formed a syndicate, bought the stock of the road because they saw what the Street calls a "hidden equity" in the shape of the ineptitude of its management. They changed \$8,000,000 of old bonds and \$22,000,000 of old stock, of a market value of about \$45,000,000, into \$54,000,000 of new bonds and \$40,000,000 of new stock of a "manipulated" market value of \$70,000,000. It was a great piece of watering. Also a 30 per cent. dividend was declared by the simple device of finding fault with the bookkeeping of the old management which had cheated the stockholders by charging to operating expenses what should have been charged to capital account. Harriman has tried to show how the profits of that deal were no greater than they ought to have been con-

sidering the risks taken, etc. He has a stack of figures to prove his contention. In a talk with me he said, referring to the so-called flagrant watering: "The amount of stock, what the hell does that matter? Go to the people along the line of the Alton and ask them if they are not doing more business and making more money and if they are not enjoying greater prosperity because of the work we did on that road, the money we spent making it a better road, able to handle more business more cheaply. Ask them about it."

That was his justification. He made money, but he gave something for it, he was merely paid for his work. That he fixed his own wages, what has that to do with the essential thing, which is that he improved a road and enabled more people to do more business at freight rates which were not put up? He sees no flaw in his argument. It is the autohypnotism of the average captain of industry. The end justifies the means—any means whereby the individual fortune is swollen.

His Boys' Club

In his other work for the benefit of his fellows, that is, in his charities, I think he always considers mass. His best-known benefaction is the Boys' Club in New York's East Side. It is no eleemosynary institution, no place for boys to be made into Christians, but a club for boys, where they can find healthy recreation without regard to religious beliefs or social standing. He started it some thirty years ago, and not long since gave it a \$250,000 building. He goes to all its theatrical entertainments, helps the club financially, and does not do it ostentatiously. It is to his credit, and yet the thought intrudes that Harriman would rather help *boys* than a *boy*—boyhood in bulk—bigness.

Views on Governmental Interference

He is full of the subject of Government interference with the railroads. He said they were suffering from legislation.

I interrupted him and asked: "Can you tell me one single specific piece of legislation enacted to date which is disastrous to the railroads?"

"It's what the present agitation may lead to," he answered. The railroads, he went

on, should have the same rights as individuals. The managers should be allowed to meet and discuss their business, and come to understandings and be allowed to make agreements and binding contracts, instead of meeting surreptitiously and talking and each man saying what he *thinks* he will do.

"But power to do what you say would inevitably lead to great abuses," I interjected.

"Under proper Government regulation, of course," he said impatiently; "under reasonable regulation. The railroads would be able to do business cheaper. They are prevented by law from doing things that would lower the cost of transportation. And that increased cost comes out of the pockets of the public. *They* pay for it." There was an air of finality about him as he said it. It was doubtless incomprehensible to him that the public stupidly wished to keep on paying more than it should. Then he added: "And even if there were abuses they would not be as great as the advantages the public would derive if the railroads were permitted to do business scientifically. You have no idea how uneconomically the railroads of this country do business!" There was a note of wistfulness, of sincere regret, almost of despair in his voice, as he said this. It came from knowledge and from the vain desire to be the organizer of the country's entire railroad business. If he had the power to systematize it, to be the Secretary of Railroads, with a "life-job" like a Supreme Court Justice and absolute power—above all things the absolute power—there is no question that we would have better railroads and cheaper transportation, for Harriman is the type of man who, knowing his capacity, necessarily believes that the best form of Government is an absolute autocracy under a benevolent despot.

His Own Explanation of Himself

He took from his desk a long typewritten statement—an article he said he was preparing. As he read from it I realized that it was the *apologia pro vita sua*. Characteristically enough it was mostly in figures—dollars and tons and miles. It was the record of his work on the Union Pacific. He read me what the Union Pacific did in 1899 and what it did in 1906.

He showed what the tonnage was when he took hold and what it was last year, and what the cost was then and what the cost is now, and the train load then and the train load to-day. He showed how the Union Pacific was able to do so much business at such a low cost only because \$125,000,000 had been spent on the property in seven years. He looked up from the paper and asked: "Don't you think we are entitled to some return on the money we have so spent?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think," he repeated fiercely, "that we are entitled to some return on the money we spent to reduce the cost of operation without which we could not do the enormous business we are doing? Answer me that."

"Yes, you are."

"Aren't we entitled to some return on that money?" he persisted. It was his answer—that question—to the thousand accusations of over-capitalization, of sensational disbursements of profits for stock-jobbing purposes, in short, to all the anti-Harriman talk.

He placed the typewritten sheets—that statistical record of his work which was to him his vindication—and talked about the Union Pacific upbuilding. He told what the road used to be and how it had changed. He gave full details and very interesting he made them. He spoke even of the time it took to water the engines in 1899—between two and three minutes. But instead of the old feed pipes, only eight inches in diameter, they were now twelve inches in diameter, and they used bigger tanks and it only took fifty-three seconds to fill them. And even as he spoke I was conscious that the earnest little big man was not thinking of the pipes, he did not hear the water rushing into the tanks, but he rejoiced that each train saved one minute and thirty-nine seconds—one minute and thirty-nine seconds saved several times a day by each engine; one minute and thirty-nine seconds that the train-crews were not idle, drawing their wages without giving the Union Pacific something in return. It rose to hours, to days, to weeks and months and years—so much time saved, time which means money, money which is the reward of efficiency. But above all things efficiency—the breath of life to a man whose mind thinks in straight lines, to whom the

non-essential is non-existent, to whom the individual is nothing. To such a man cowardice is worse than shameful, it is illogical. He has never hesitated to spend money—lots of it—for improvements. The best is obviously the cheapest. That it costs millions or pennies is all one to him. The degree matters nothing. The principle is everything. He considers results and only results. It takes courage to do these things, a species of inhumanity, to discard what does not give the full theoretical measure of efficiency. But Harriman has it. A man who does that with machinery may or may not do the same thing with human beings. But the individual who stands in the way—what can he matter? The personal equation in great engineering feats—what is that unless it “shows” in the net earnings? Morality, ethics, what have they to do with running railroads or making money?

His Own Vindication

“Do you realize,” I asked him, “the responsibilities of such a man as yourself toward the public?”

“Certainly I realize them.” His fingers tapped instinctively on the typewritten sheet before him, the record of what he had done.

“But the public assails and attacks you and impugns your motives and accuses you of all sorts of things. Doesn’t the thanklessness of the job ever embitter you?”

“That remains.” The typewritten pages, the mass of golden statistics, the unimpeachable record of work done—great work well done. He had made scores of millions out of it; the “public” had made hundreds of millions.

“And is that all the satisfaction you get out of it?” He faced me and said very earnestly: “Don’t you think it’s some satis-

faction that we stopped the overflow of the Colorado River when the Government couldn’t, and saved the lives and property of hundreds of families? Don’t you think *that* is some satisfaction?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Don’t you think it’s some satisfaction when after the San Francisco disaster we were able to move 200,000 people out of the stricken city without one accident? Isn’t it some satisfaction to have done that? Isn’t it?”

“It would be to me,” I said, for he was looking me straight in the eyes. But even then it was not any kindly gleam in his own eyes that fixed mine, but his remarkable forehead. And I was conscious that even if this man felt the sublime sense of having saved human life, that upon which his mind dwelt with the keenest satisfaction and pride was the having built and improved a transportation machine so efficient that when a stupendous disaster came, the machine did the work—*without a single accident*—the machine on which he spent a hundred and twenty-five millions in seven years—the work of Harriman.

Fights to Win

And that is what he is, a Worker, superlatively efficient, the chosen Representative of those free-born Americans who conduct great business enterprises efficiently in this republic. They do their work in the same spirit in which a general who does not count his dead fights battles—to win. They do not pause at the sacrifice of men or of principles. They would be judged not by the cost of the victory but by results. The material comfort of thousands seems greater to them than the individual soul. And in this opinion the world concurs nineteen hundred years after the Sermon on the Mount.

THE CASE OF KATIE REED

BY M. J. REYNOLDS



It was Miss Leighton who went to court with Katie Reed that last day, to hear the decision. Miss Anne Leighton, of the Plum Hill Settlement, had been instrumental in bringing the damage suit for the Reed girl against the Cramer Company in the first place. Then she had been called to the Pacific Coast to spend the winter with an invalid sister, and had only just returned. But she had kept track of the case in all its bearings, and was more excited than Katie herself when she accompanied her to court that morning. Katie Reed knew only that she had had a hand cut off, and that the judge would say that day whether she was to have money to live on, or were to be given nothing and become an object of charity. Miss Leighton saw this, and in addition she saw a long procession of men, women, and children, dependent on their two hands to make a living; minus an arm, a hand or a finger left under the knife blade of some machine, and all affected by this decision.

Anne was astonished to see Robert at the table around which the lawyers clustered as thick as bees, inside the railed space in the centre of the court room. He had met her at the train late the night before, and they had had an hour together. But there had been too much to talk of for either to inquire the other's plans for the next day, and they had separated merely with an appointment for this evening.

Robert Halstynne was also surprised to see his fiancée, as she came in with the little Reed girl; and told her as much in the one glance which he permitted himself across the court room. Neither knew what the other was there for; but Anne dwelt admiringly for a moment on his clean, handsome, highbred face, which already, though he was so young, contained that look of power which presaged a coming ruler of men. No wastrel was Robert Halstynne, although reared in a free living free spending atmos-

phere. Throughout a college course, in which he had been a leader of his fellows, the common vices of men had had no power to touch him. An accomplished athlete, with all the clean living which that demands, he had never forgotten that it was by his brains and not his body he was to make his way. The magnificent balance and self-control which he had shown in every relation of life attended him there also; and now, such a little time after his graduation, no man of his class had gone so far or gave such promises of future power. Although she would have married him within a few months after she became engaged to him, still Anne was proud of the fact that he had held steadfastly to the determination not to marry until his income was what he considered reasonably commensurate with hers.

All these things ran through her mind in the moment or two before she fixed her attention on the court proceedings. She was proud of Robert. She regarded him as a splendid example of the highest American type, and she was glad that it was so. Anne looked about with a little curiosity. She had never been in this home of the higher tribunal before, although her self-imposed duties had taken her into various lower courts. She noted the frescoed forms that covered the walls, stately Greek goddesses symbolizing justice and the reign of law. She noted the softened light that fell through the richly stained windows, the hushed atmosphere of respect that seemed to pervade the place; the names of great jurists inscribed on the windows of the dome, Marshall, Legaré and others; the ornately carved screen of rare wood that rose behind the judges' bench; and, seated before it, those five men in black robes; silverhaired, some of them; grave, almost solemn, all of them, as befitted the judges of a high tribunal of a great state. Anne had seen some of the most beautiful rooms in the world, but it seemed to her she had never felt in one of them such an atmosphere of

dignity and of power. It was impressive, almost too impressive. Anne felt like a very small atom, brought in contact with a vast machine, a mighty, organized system set in operation by a sovereign people for its own protection and defence. She got a new sense of the power and immensity of civilization.

She forgot these things as the judge began to read his decision. The lower court had awarded Katie Reed five thousand dollars damages for the loss of her right hand. The accident had been directly due to her employer's violation of a statute which required a guard upon the particular machine which the girl tended, and her livelihood was dependent upon her earnings. The statute had been secured, after great exertions, by a combination of Settlement workers and trades-unionists, and this was the first case which had come to trial under it. The company had appealed the case, and now the highest court of the state was reviewing the history of the matter in technical language. Anne bent every faculty to catch the full significance of the learned judge's remarks.

He admitted the direct violation of the statute by the employer. But, he claimed, the girl's constitutional freedom of contract was affected by the law. He quoted the constitutions of the state and the United States to show that the property rights of citizens were protected by the fundamental law of the land. The right to labor was a property right, he said; and any statute depriving the laborer of that God-given right was in direct violation of the quoted articles of the state and federal constitutions. The freedom of contract was a right gained by labor through long and painful processes, in the days since all labor was slave or serf; a sacred right, not to be lightly meddled with by statute. The constitutional freedom of contract of the girl, Katie Reed, gave her the right to assume all risk of operating an unguarded machine, and no statute could deprive her of that freedom, for which men had fought and died in ages past. Her very act in keeping at work at the unguarded machine really constituted a contract with her employer to waive all claims for resulting damages. The decision of the lower court was reversed.

Anne listened almost stunned, as she heard the long efforts of herself and so many others thus set at naught in five

minutes; and by what seemed to her so strange, so bizarre an interpretation of the law; so confusing a defense of the rights of labor. She gazed around, half dazedly, and an enlightening flash assaulted her inner vision. For one hideous instant the veil was torn from civilization, and she saw all this stately pomp and paraphernalia, not as the defence of justice, but of injustice; the barrier behind which insolent privilege entrenched itself to prey upon those whom it sought to exploit. She saw the quiet splendor of this room, the opulent dignity of those men in robes, resting on and supported by the meagre forms of Katie Reed and her like.

The iron entered her soul. The churches call such things conversion, when the whole course of a man's life is changed by one sudden burst of enlightenment. But it happens outside the church as well as in. Anne knew that in that instant her life and her viewpoint of life were changed.

Sixteen-year-old Katie Reed, with the stub wrist hanging at her side, knew nothing at all about the matter when the decision was finished. She raised her big blue eyes questioningly to Miss Leighton. Anne clasped the girl's cape about her shoulders.

"Come home, Katie," she said chokingly; "I'll tell you about it when we get out."

But in the confusion of the court's adjournment Robert came hurrying towards them, his face radiant with pleasure and enthusiasm.

"Wasn't that great, Anne?" he exclaimed as he grasped her hand exultantly. "I tell you I've worked to knock out that law. This victory means a lot for me—for us. Wasn't that a great decision?"

Anne withdrew her hand and looked at her lover.

"Do you mean to say," said she, "that you were counsel for the Cramer Company?"

"Indirectly," said he; "they insure with us, the United Employers' Insurance Company, you know. We handle all their damage suits. This is the biggest case our company has ever turned over to me yet, the biggest because it meant so much to all our clients to have that law declared unconstitutional. It's a step up for me, I can tell you. Anne, what's the matter with you? Aren't you glad I won?"

Anne passed her hand across her eyes.

"I don't know," she said coldly. "I

can't talk about it now. I must go home with Katie Reed. No, I don't wish you to come with me. I will talk with you about it this evening."

And all the congratulations of his confrères could not prevent young Halstyne from leaving the building with the light of enthusiasm quenched in his face.

"But I cannot understand you," he said that evening, as he stood before her in the beautiful library of her own home, the soft firelight glinting on the richly tinted books and draperies. It was the room in which he had proposed to her and had been accepted, and was especially dear to them both. Anne, in a long, clinging white gown, sat in a great chair of dark leather, and Halstyne stood before her, his face set and hard.

"What am I to infer?" said he. "You have claimed to love me for two years. And yet you side with this unknown girl against me. Who is the girl? What is she to you? Why should you place her interests against mine? And in the most important case I have yet had, a case affecting great manufacturing interests, a case after which many older lawyers congratulated me to-day upon my victory—you seem to blame me. What does it mean? Are you tired of me, and seeking to break our engagement?"

Anne did not answer for a while, but sat steadfastly studying him.

"Robert," she said finally, "is this the means to which you look for advancement in your profession? Defending employers against suits of persons injured in their establishments, and getting laws passed for the protection of workers in dangerous trades declared unconstitutional?"

"Why, certainly," said Halstyne; "that's the business of the company by which I am employed. We insure employers against the damage suits of employees. You knew it. I have talked to you of my cases a number of times."

"I didn't understand," said Anne.

"We offered the girl fifty dollars," continued Halstyne; "that would have paid all her expenses. She refused it, and now she will get nothing. I don't think the people who prompted her to that course were her friends. I supposed it was some shyster lawyer after half the damages. I'm surprised to know it was your Settlement crowd. You'll grow more practical, Anne, after you've seen more of the world. The girl had no ground at all. The guard was

right there. All she had to do was to adjust it."

"But if she had adjusted it," said Anne, "it would have limited the output of her machine, and she would have been discharged. Other girls had tried it, and were discharged, so she knew."

"Very well, then," said Halstyne coolly, "when she chose to operate unguarded machinery she deliberately assumed all risk. By that act she contracted with her employer to waive damages in case of injury."

"But, Robert," said Anne, leaning forward with hands clasped nervously, "is there really freedom of contract when one party must enter into the contract or lose his means of livelihood? To preserve real and actual freedom of contract, shouldn't the state protect the weaker party, so as to place him on a basis of equality with the other?"

Halstyne strode up and down the room. "Anne," said he, in a voice of uncontrollable irritation, "you are the most utterly impractical person I ever saw."

"Perhaps I am," said Anne; "I don't know yet. I'm trying to find out. There's another side of it. It seems to me it isn't a case of Katie Reed alone, but a case of the public welfare. The girl's right hand has been cut off. For all practical purposes she might about as well have been stricken with paralysis. She can never earn her living again. No store, no factory, no housewife will ever employ her. She isn't of the class that can rise above such a handicap in the business world. Few people could. No man of her class will ever marry her. A workingman's wife with only one hand would be too impossible. Her parents will support her for a time, but she must eventually become a public charge. She is only sixteen years old. The state may have to support her thirty, forty, fifty years, and into the bargain lose all the productive industry of which she would otherwise have been capable in that time. The state must incur all this loss and all this expense, in order that your company might make a few extra dollars per week by the output of that machine. I am a taxpayer. It seems to me I have an interest in the matter. Why should I be obliged to help support Katie Reed for the benefit of this company?"

Halstyne continued his restless stride. Finally he stopped squarely in front of her chair:

"Is this the way you are going to check and frustrate me right along?" he demanded. "Is this the sympathy you are going to give me? Is this the way you are planning to help my career through life?"

"Oh, no," said Anne quietly, with a note of finality in her voice. He understood her—understood that she meant she would not interfere with him, because she would not marry him. The thought sobered his intense anger.

A gloriously beautiful peasant girl might have made Halstyne's senses thrill, but she could not have held him two minutes. It was the exquisitely patrician quality of Anne—of her beauty, her personality, everything about her—which had dominated his critical and fastidious taste. He was proud to be her accepted lover, and no woman who could not inspire in him this pride could ever have held him.

"Anne, Anne," said he, "do you understand what you are doing?"

She rose, her white hand resting on the great oak table.

"It's no use, Robert," she said steadily. "Our point of view of life is too different. It is as far apart as the poles. The fact that we have not realized it in two years shows how little our natures have really touched."

She drew off her engagement ring and laid it on the table.

"Anne," said Halstyne, "do you realize that you are changing the course of our two lives on account of a difference of opinion over a lawsuit?"

"It isn't that, Robert," she replied; "it's

a difference in the whole plan and scope of our lives. There could be no sympathy between us on anything. It would color every act and thought. It's radical."

The scene of the afternoon surged up in her mind and sent one brutal sentence from her lips, avenging on Halstyne all the hatred and disgust she had conceived for the five men in black robes and the whole system they represented.

"Go," said she, "and live on the blood and bones of Katie Reed if you like. I don't care for such fare."

In one instant love changed to hate in Halstyne's face. White and icy he turned to go, but paused at the head of the table to say with a deadly sneer, "It is my misfortune that I am at present obliged to earn my living in the way you so delicately indicate. If my father had done it for me, as your's did, I should be spared the necessity. How do you suppose the money you live on was made?"

"Out of profits on Katie Reed and her kind," replied Anne promptly. "I beg your pardon, Bobbie, for what I said. It was outrageous. We are all in the same boat together—the same dirty boat. I don't know as I shall ever get out of it myself. But I want to—if I can find out how—and you don't. That's the difference between us."

Halstyne left the room. The big library was silent, and the firelight played over the beautiful head of Miss Leighton, bowed on her hand as she sat motionless before the fireplace.

"NOW, O MY MOTHER!"

BY WITTER BYNNER

Unheeding I had often heard

How, when you were but three,
You had a doll whose face was blurred,

A broken doll was she;
And yet the seams and cracking glue
Meaning a deeper need of you,
You took her to your mother breast
And held her close and loved her best.

Now, O my mother, when I've come

From what I thought disgrace,
With all the slow unhappy sum

Of failure in my face,
When there was nothing left to do
But just to tell it all to you. . . .
O how I'll show the world of men!—
You took me to your heart again!

FOLLOWING THE COLOR LINE

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. B. PHELAN AND OTHERS

THE NEGRO IN SOUTHERN CITY LIFE



SOON after my arrival in Atlanta, and when I had begun to understand some of the more apparent ramifications of the color line (as I related last month), I asked several Southern men whose acquaintance I had made where I could best see the poorer or criminal class of Negroes. So much has been said of the danger arising from this element of Southern population and it plays such a part in every discussion of the race question that I was anxious to learn all I could about it.

"Go down any morning to Judge Broyles' court," they said to me, "and you'll see the lowest of the low."

So I went down—the first of many visits I have made to police and justice courts since I came down here. I chose a Monday morning that I might see to the best advantage the accumulation of the arrests of Saturday and Sunday.

The police station stands in Decatur street, in the midst of the very worst section of the city, surrounded by low saloons, dives and pawn shops. The court occupies a great room upstairs, and it was crowded that morning to its capacity. Besides the police, lawyers, court officers and white witnesses, at least one hundred and fifty spectators filled the seats behind the rail, nearly all of them Negroes. The ordinary Negro loves nothing better than to sit and watch the proceedings of a court. Judge Broyles—"Briles," the Negroes call him—kindly invited me to a seat on the platform at his side where I could look into the faces of the prisoners and hear all that was said.

In a Southern Police Court

It was a profoundly interesting and significant spectacle. In the first place the

very number of cases was staggering. The docket that morning carried over one hundred names—men, women and children, white and black; the court worked hard, but it was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon before the room was cleared. Atlanta, as I showed in a former article, has the largest number of arrests, considering the population, of any important city in the United States. I found that 13,511 of the total of 21,702 persons arrested in 1906 were Negroes, or sixty-two per cent, whereas the colored population of the city is only forty per cent of the total.

A very large proportion of the arrests that Monday morning were Negroes, with a surprising proportion of women and of mere children. Last year 3,194 Negro women were arrested in Atlanta. It was altogether a pitiful and disheartening exhibition, a spectacle of sodden ignorance, reckless vice, dissipation. Most of the cases, raveled out, led back to the saloon.

"Where's your home?" the judge would ask, and in a number of cases the answer was:

"Ah come here fum de country."

Over and over again it was the story of the country Negro, or the Negro who had been working on the railroad, in the cotton fields or in the saw mills, who had entered upon the more complex life of the city. Most of the country districts of the South prohibit the sale of liquor; and Negroes, especially, have comparatively little temptation of this nature, nor are they subjected to the many other glittering pitfalls of city life. But of late years the opportunities of the city have attracted the black people, just as they have the whites, in large numbers. Atlanta has many saloons and other places of vice; and the results are to be seen in Judge Broyles' court any morning. And not only Negroes, but the "poor whites" who have

come in from the mountains and the small farms to work in the mills: they, too, suffer fully as much as the Negroes.

Negro Cocaine Victims

Not a few of the cases both black and white showed evidences of cocaine or morphine poisoning—the bleary eyes, the unsteady nerves.

"What's the trouble here?" asked the judge.

"Coke," said the officer.

"Ten-seventy-five," said the judge, naming the amount of the fine.

They buy the "coke" in the form of a powder and snuff it up the nose; a certain patent catarrh medicine which is nearly all cocaine is sometimes used; ten cents will purchase enough to make a man wholly irresponsible for his acts, and capable of any crime. The cocaine habit, which seems to be spreading, for there are always druggists who will break the law, has been a curse to the Negro and has resulted, directly, as the police told me, in much crime. I was told of two cases in particular, of offenses against women, in which the Negro was a victim of the drug habit.

So society, in pursuit of wealth, South and North, preys upon the ignorant and weak—and then wonders why crime is prevalent!

One has only to visit police courts in the South to see in how many curious ways the contact of the races generates fire.

"What's the trouble here?" inquires the judge.

The white complainant—a boy—says:

"This nigger insulted me!" and he tells the epithet the Negro applied.

"Did you call him that?"

"No sah, I never called him no such name."

"Three-seventy-five—you mustn't insult white people."

And here is the report of the case of a six-year-old Negro boy from *The Georgian*:

"Because Robert Lee Buster, a six-year-old Negro boy, insulted Maggie McDermott, a little girl, who lives at 507 Simpson Street, Wednesday afternoon, he was given a whipping in the police station Thursday morning that will make him remember to be good.

"The case was heard in the juvenile court before Judge Broyles. It was shown that the little negro had made an insulting remark to the little girl."

So it goes back and forth.

Story of a Negro Arrest

The very suspicion and fear that exist give rise to many difficulties. One illuminating case came up that morning. A strapping Negro man was brought before the judge. He showed no marks of dissipation and was respectably dressed. Confronting him were two plain-clothes policemen, one with his neck wrapped up, one with a bandage around his arm. Both said they had been stabbed by the Negro with a jack-knife. The Negro said he was a hotel porter and he had the white manager of the hotel in court to testify to his good character, sobriety and industry. It seems that he was going home from work at nine o'clock in the evening, and it was dark. He said he was afraid and had been afraid since the riot. At the same time the two policemen were looking for a burglar. They saw the Negro porter and ordered him to stop. Not being in uniform the Negro said he thought the officers were "jes' plain white men" who were going to attack him. When he started to run the officers tried to arrest him, and he drew his jack-knife and began to fight. And here he was in court! The judge said:

"You mustn't attack officers——" and bound him over to trial in the higher court.

A White Man and a Negro Woman

Another case shows one of the strange relationships which grow out of Southern conditions. An old white man, much agitated and very pale, was brought before the judge. With him came a much younger, comely-appearing woman. Both were well dressed and looked respectable—so much so, indeed, that there was a stir of interest and curiosity among the spectators. Why had they been arrested? As they stood in front of the judge's desk, the old man hung his head, but the woman looked up with such an expression, tearless and tragic, as I hope I shall not have to see again.

"What's the charge?" asked the judge.

"Adultery," said the officer.

The woman winced, the old man did not look up.

The judge glanced from one to the other in surprise.

"Why don't you get married?" he asked.

"The woman," said the officer, "is a nigger."

She was as white as I am, probably an

octoroon; I could not have distinguished her from a white person, and she deceived even the experienced eye of the judge.

"Is that so?" asked the judge.

The man continued to hang his head, the woman looked up; neither said a word. It then came out that they had lived together as man and wife for many years and that

rooms. A few minutes later the bailiff came out quickly and said to the judge:

"The old man has fallen in a faint."

Not long afterward they half led, half carried him out across the court room.

One thing impressed me especially, not only in this court but in all the others I have visited: a Negro brought in for drunkenness,

Photograph by Julian Dimock

The Coming Generation

they had children nearly grown. One of the girls—and a very bright, ambitious girl—as I learned later, was a student in Atlanta University, a Negro college, where she was supported by her father, who made good wages as a telegraph operator. Some neighbor had complained and the man and woman were arrested.

"Is this all true?" asked the judge.

Neither said a word.

"You can't marry under the Georgia law," said the judge; "I'll have to bind you over for trial in the county court."

They were led back to the prisoners'

for example, was punished much more severely than a white man arrested for the same offense. The injustice which the weak everywhere suffer—North and South—is in the South visited upon the Negro. The white man sometimes escaped with a reprimand, he was sometimes fined three dollars and costs, but the Negro, especially if he had no white man to intercede for him, was usually punished with a ten or fifteen dollar fine, which often meant that he must go to the chain-gang. One of the chief causes of complaint by the Negroes of Atlanta has been of the rough

treatment of the police and of unjust arrests. After the riot, when the Civic League, composed of the foremost white citizens of Atlanta, was organized, one of the first subjects that came up was that of justice to the Negro. Mr. Hopkins, the leader of the League, said to me: "We complain that the Negroes will not help to bring the criminals of their race to justice. One reason for that is that the Negro has too little confidence in our courts. We must give him that, above all things."

In accordance with this plan, the Civic League, heartily supported by Judge Broyles, has already employed and is paying a young lawyer, Mr. Underwood, to appear regularly in court and look after the interests of Negroes. Other plans, including the possible employment of Negro policemen, to arrest Negroes only, are under consideration.

Convicts Making a Profit for Georgia

One reason for the very large number of arrests—in Georgia particularly—lies in the fact that the state and the counties make a profit out of their prison system. No attempt is ever made to reform a criminal,

either white or colored: convicts are hired out to private contractors or worked on the public roads. Last year the net profit to Georgia from its chain-gangs, to which the prison commission refers with pride, reached the great sum of \$354,853.55.

Of course a very large proportion of the prisoners are Negroes. The demand for convicts by rich saw-mill operators, owners of brick-yards, large farmers and others is far in advance of the supply. The natural tendency is to convict as many men as possible—it furnishes steady, cheap labor to the contractors and a profit to the state. Undoubtedly this explains in some degree the very large number of criminals, especially Negroes, in Georgia. One of the leading political forces in Atlanta is a very prominent banker who is a dominant member of the city police board. He is also the owner of extensive brick-yards near Atlanta, where many convicts are employed. Some of the large fortunes in Atlanta have come chiefly from the labor of chain-gangs of convicts leased from the state. I have looked into other phases of the chain-gang system, of which I shall have more to say.

INSIDE A NEGRO CABIN

*"It is rare, indeed, that I entered a Negro cabin . . . without seeing
 . . . bottles of some abominable cure-all"*

Fate of the Black Boy

As I have already suggested, one of the things that impressed me strongly in visiting Judge Broyles' court—and others like it—was the astonishing number of children, especially Negroes, arrested. Some of them

"Well, if they're bad we put 'em in the stockade or the chain-gang, otherwise they're turned loose."

I found, however, that a new state juvenile reformatory was just being opened at Milledgeville—which may accommodate a few Negro boys. An attempt is also being made

Photograph by Julian Dimock

A GROUP OF CHILDREN AT HOME

"Every child, white or colored, is getting an education somewhere. If that education is not in schools, or at home . . . then it is on the streets or in chain-gangs"

were very young and often exceedingly bright-looking. From the records I find that last year one boy six years old, seven of seven years, thirty-three of eight years, sixty-nine of nine years, 107 of ten years, 142 of eleven years, and 219 of twelve years were arrested and brought into court—in other words, 578 boys and girls, mostly Negroes, under twelve years of age!

"I should think," I said to a police officer, "you would have trouble in taking care of all these children in your reformatories."

"Reformatories!" he said, "there aren't any."

"What do you do with them?"

in Atlanta to get hold of some of the children through a new probation system. I talked with the excellent officer, Mr. Gloer, who works in conjunction with Judge Broyles. He reaches a good many white boys, but very few Negroes. Of 1,011 boys and girls under sixteen, arrested in 1905, 819 were black, but of those given the advantage of the probation system, 50 were white and only 7 colored. In other words, out of 819 arrests of negro children only 7 enjoyed the benefit of the probation system.

Mr. Gloer has endeavored to secure a colored assistant who would help look after the swarming Negro children who are be-

Children in a Negro Orphan Asylum

coming criminals. The city refused to appropriate money for that purpose, but some of the leading colored citizens agreed last year to contribute one dollar a month each, and a Negro woman was employed to help with the colored children brought into court. Excellent work was done, but owing to the feeling since the riot the Negro assistant has discontinued her work.

Care of Negro Orphans

With many hundreds of Negro orphans, waifs and foundlings, the state or city does very little to help them. If it were not for the fact that the Negroes, something like the Jews, are wonderfully helpful to one another, adopting orphan children with the greatest willingness, there would be much suffering. Several orphanages in the state are conducted by the colored people themselves, either through their churches or by private subscription. In Atlanta the Carrie Steele orphanage, which is managed by Negroes, has received an appropriation yearly from the city, and has taken children sent by the city charities department. Since the riot the appropriation was suddenly cut off without explanation, but through the activities of the new Civic League, it has, I understand, been restored.

Without proper reformatories or asylums, with small advantage of the probation system, hundreds of Negro children are on the streets of Atlanta every day—shooting craps, stealing, learning to drink. A few, shut up in the stockade, or in chain-gangs, without any attempt to reform them or teach them, take lessons in crime from older offenders

and come out worse than they went in. They spread abroad the lawlessness they learn and finally commit some frightful crime and get back into the chain-gang for life—where they make a profit for the state!

Every child, white or colored, is getting an education somewhere. If that education is not in schools, or at home, or, in cases of incorrigibility, in proper reformatories, then it is on the streets or in chain-gangs.

Why Negro Children are not in School

My curiosity, aroused by the very large number of young prisoners, led me next to inquire why these children were not in school. I visited a number of schools and I talked with L. M. Landrum, the able assistant superintendent. Compulsory education is not practiced anywhere in the South, so that children may run the streets unless their parents insist upon sending them to school. I found more than this, however, that Atlanta did not begin to have enough school facilities for the children who wanted to go. Like many rapidly growing cities, both South and North, it has been difficult to keep up with the demand. Just as in the North the tenement classes are often neglected, so in the South the lowest class—which is the Negro—is neglected. Several new schools have been built for white children, but there has been no new school for colored children in fifteen or twenty years (though one Negro private school has been taken over within the last few years by the city). So crowded are the colored schools that they have two sessions a day, one squad of children coming in the

forenoon, another in the afternoon. The colored teachers, therefore, do double work, for which they receive about two-thirds as much as the white teachers.

Though many Southern cities have instituted industrial training in the public schools, Atlanta so far has done nothing. The president of the board of education in his report (1903) calls attention to this fact, and says also:

"While on the subject of Negro schools, permit me to call your attention to their overcrowded condition. In every Negro school many teachers teach two sets of pupils, each set for one-half of a school day.

"The last bond election was carried by a majority of only thirty-three votes. To my personal knowledge more than thirty-three Negroes voted for the bonds on the solemn assurance that by the passage of the bonds the Negro children would receive more school accommodations."

The eagerness of the colored people for a chance to send their children to school is something astonishing and pathetic. They will submit to all sorts of inconveniences in order that their children may get an education. One day I visited the mill neighborhood of Atlanta to see how the poorer classes of white people lived. I found one very comfortable home occupied by a family of mill employees. They hired a Negro woman to cook for them, and while they sent their children to the mill to work, the cook sent her children to school!

How Negroes Educate Themselves

Here is a curious and significant thing I found in Atlanta. Because there is not enough room for Negro children in public schools, the colored people maintain many private schools. The largest of these, called Morris Brown College, has nearly 1,000 pupils. Some of them are boarders from the country, but the greater proportion are day pupils from seven years old up who come in from the neighborhood. This "college," in reality a grammar school, is managed and largely supported by tuition and contributions from Negroes, though some subscriptions are obtained in the North. Besides this "college" there are many small private schools conducted by Negro women and supported wholly by the tuition paid—the Negroes thus voluntarily

taxing themselves heavily for their educational opportunities. One afternoon in Atlanta I passed a small, rather dilapidated home. Just as I reached the gate I heard a great cackling of voices and much laughter. Colored children began to pour out of the house. "What's this?" I said, and I turned in to see. I found a Negro woman, the teacher, standing in the doorway. She had just dismissed her pupils for recess. She was holding school in two little rooms where some fifty children must have been crowded to suffocation. Everything was very primitive and inconvenient—but it was a school! She collected, she told me, a dollar a month tuition for each child. Mollie McCue's school, perhaps the best known private school for Negroes in the city, has 250 pupils.

Many children also find educational opportunities in the Negro colleges of the city—Clark University, Atlanta University and Spellman Seminary, which are supported partly by the Negroes themselves and partly by Northern philanthropy.

Mr. Landrum gave me a copy of the last statistical report of the school board (1903), from which these facts appear:

	School Population.	No. of Schools.	Teachers.	Seats.	Without Seats.
White...	14,465	20	200	10,052	4,413
Colored .	8,118	5	49	2,445	5,673

Even with a double daily session for

Negro Boys Going to School

colored pupils nearly half of the Negro children in Atlanta, even in 1903, were barred from the public schools from lack of facilities, and the number has increased largely in the last four years. Some of these are accommodated in the private schools and colleges which I have mentioned, but there still remain hundreds, even thousands, who are getting no schooling of any kind, but who are nevertheless being educated—on the streets, and for criminal lives.

White Instruction for Black Children

I made a good many inquiries to find out what was being done outside of the public schools by the white people toward training the Negro either morally, industrially or intellectually—and I was astonished to find that it was next to nothing. The Negro is, of course, not welcome at the white churches or Sunday schools, and the sentiment is so strong against teaching the Negro that it is a brave Southern man or woman, indeed, who dares attempt anything of the sort. I did find, however, that the Central Presbyterian Church of Atlanta conducted a Negro Sunday school. Of this Dr. Theron H. Rice, the pastor, said:

"The Sunday School conducted in Atlanta by my church is the outcome of the effort of some of the most earnest and thoughtful of our people to

give careful religious training to the Negroes of this generation and thus to conserve the influence begun with the fathers and mothers and the grandfathers and grandmothers of these colored children when they were taught personally by their devoted Christian masters and mistresses. The work is small in point of the number reached, but it has been productive of sturdy character and law-abiding citizenship."

A white man or woman, and especially a Northern white man or woman, in Atlanta who teaches Negroes is rigorously ostracised by white society. I visited one of the Negro colleges where there are a number of white teachers from the North. We had quite a talk. When I came to leave one of the teachers said to me:

"You don't know how good it seems to talk with some one from the outside world. We work here year in and year out without a white visitor, except those who have some necessary business with the institution."

Explaining the attitude toward these Northern teachers (and we must understand just how the Southern people feel in this matter), a prominent clergyman said that a lady who made a special call upon a teacher in that institution would not feel secure against having social equality thrust upon her, and that when the call was returned a similar embarrassing situation might be created.

Photograph by Frances B. Johnston

A Model Negro School, Inspired by Tuskegee

Apologizing for Helping Negroes

Just in this connection: I found a very remarkable and significant letter published in the Orangeburg, S. C., *News*, signed by a well-to-do white citizen who thus apologizes for a kind act to a Negro school:

"I had left my place of business here on a business trip a few miles below; on returning I came by the above-mentioned school (the Prince Institute, colored), and was held up by the teacher and begged to make a few remarks to the children. Very reluctantly I did so, not thinking that publicity would be given to it or that I was doing anything that would offend anyone. I wish to say here and now that I am heartily sorry for what I did, and I hope after this humble confession and expression of regret that all whom I have offended will forgive me."

The sentiment indicated by this letter, while widely prevalent, is by no means universal. I have seen Southern white men address Negro schools and Negro gatherings several times since I have been down here. Some of the foremost men in the South have accepted Booker T. Washington's invitations to speak at Tuskegee. And concerning the very letter that I reproduce above, the *Charlotte Observer*, a strong Southern newspaper, which copied it, said:

"A man would better be dead than to thus abase himself. This man did right to address the pupils of a colored school, but has spoiled all by apologizing for it. Few people have conceived

that race prejudice went so far, even in South Carolina, as is here indicated. Logically it is to be assumed that this jelly-fish was about to be put under the ban, and to secure exemption from this, published this abject card. To it was appended a certificate from certain citizens, saying they 'are as anxious to see the colored race elevated as any people, but by all means let it be done inside the color line.' . . . The narrowness and malignity betrayed in this Orangeburg incident is exceedingly unworthy, and those guilty of it should be ashamed of themselves."

The Rev. H. S. Bradley, for a long time one of the leading clergymen of Atlanta, now of St. Louis, said in a sermon published in the *Atlanta Constitution*:

" . . . We have not been wholly lacking in our effort to help. There are a few schools and churches supported by Southern whites for the Negroes. Here and there a man like George Williams Walker, of the aristocracy of South Carolina, and a woman like Miss Belle H. Bennett, of the blue blood of Kentucky, goes as teacher to the Negro youth, and seeks in a Christly spirit of fraternity to bring them to a higher plane of civil and moral manhood, but the number like them can almost be counted on fingers of both hands.

"Our Southern churches have spent probably a hundred times as much money since the Civil War in an effort to evangelize the people of China, Japan, India, South America, Africa, Mexico and Cuba, as they have spent to give the gospel to the Negroes at our doors. It is often true that opportunity is overlooked because it lies at our feet."

The Southern Baptist Church and other white church organizations I have found carry on missionary work to some extent

among the Negroes, which I shall refer to again.

Concerning the Vagrant Negro

Before I get away from observations of the low-class Negro, I must speak of the subject of vagrancy. Many white men have told me with impatience of the great number of idle or partly idle Negroes,—idle

In some of these saloons—conducted by white men and permitted to exist by the city authorities—pictures of nude white women were displayed as an added attraction. Has this anything to do with Negro crimes against white women? Since the riot these conditions in Atlanta have much improved.

Increased Negro idleness is the result, in large measure, of the marvelous and rapid changes in Southern conditions. The

Photograph by Julian Dimock

AN OLD MAMMY NURSE

"There's no Negro problem there: that's just plain human love"

while every industry and most of the farming districts of Georgia are crying for more labor. And from my observation in Atlanta, I should say that there were a good many idle or partly idle Negroes—even since the riot, which served, I understand, to drive many of them away. Five days before the riot of last September, a committee of the city council visited some forty saloons one afternoon, and by actual count found 2,455 Negroes (and 152 white men) drinking at the bars or lounging around the doorways.

South has been and is to-day dependent on a single labor supply—the Negro. Now Negroes, though recruited by a high birth rate, have not been increasing in any degree as rapidly as the demand for labor incident to the development of every sort of industry, railroads, lumbering, mines, to say nothing of the increased farm area and the added requirements of growing cities. With this enormous increased demand for labor the Negro supply has, relatively, been decreasing. Many have gone North and

West, many have bought farms of their own, thousands, by education, have become professional men, teachers, preachers, and even merchants and bankers—always draining away the best and most industrious men of the race and reducing by so much the available supply of common labor. In short, those Negroes who were capable have been going the same way as the unskilled Irishman and German in the North—upward through the door of education—but, *unlike the North, there have been no other laborers coming in to take their places.*

What has been the result? Naturally, a fierce contest between agriculture and industry for the limited and dwindling supply of the only labor they had.

Negro Monopoly on Labor

So they bid against one another—it was as though the Negro had a monopoly on labor—and within the last few years day wages for Negro workers have jumped from fifty or sixty cents to \$1.25 and \$1.50, often more—a pure matter of competition. A similar advance has affected all sorts of servant labor—cooks, waiters, maids, porters.

High wages, scarcity of labor, and the consequent loss of opportunity for taking advantage of the prevailing prosperity would, in any community, South or North, whether the labor was white or black, produce a spirit of impatience and annoyance on the part of the employing class. I found it evident enough last summer in Kansas where the farmers were unable to get workers to save their crops; and the servant problem is not more provoking, certainly, in the South than in the North and West. Indeed, it is the labor problem more than any other one cause, that has held the South back and is holding it back to-day.

But the South has an added cause of annoyance. Higher wages, instead of producing more and better labor, as they would naturally be expected to do, *have actually served to reduce the supply.* This may, at first, seem paradoxical: but it is easily explainable and it lies deep down beneath many of the perplexities which surround the race problem.

Most Negroes, as I have said, were (and still are, of course) farm-dwellers, and farm-dwellers in the hitherto wasteful Southern way. Their living is easy to get and very simple: in that warm climate they need few

clothes: a shack for a home. Their living standards are low; they have not learned to save; there has not been time since slavery for them to attain the sense of responsibility which would encourage them to get ahead. And moreover they have been and are to-day largely under the discipline of white land owners.

What was the effect, then, of a rapid advance in wages? The poorer class of Negroes, naturally indolent and happy-go-lucky, found that they could make as much money in two or three days as they had formerly earned in a whole week. It was enough to live on as well as they had ever lived: why, then, work more than two days a week? It was the logic of a child, but it was the logic used. Everywhere I went in the South I heard the same story: high wages coupled with the difficulty of getting anything like continuous work from this class of colored men.

On the other hand the better and more industrious Negroes, who would work continuously—and there are unnumbered thousands of them, as faithful as any workers—occasionally saved their surplus, bought little farms or businesses of their own and began to live on a better scale. One of the first things they did after getting their footing was to take their wives and daughters out of the white man's kitchen, and to send their children from the cotton fields (where the white man needed them) to the school-house where the tendency (exactly as with white children) was to educate them away from farm employment. With the development of ambition and a higher standard of living, the Negro follows the steps of the rising Irishman or Italian: he has a better home, he wants his wife to take care of it, and he insists upon the education of his children.

In this way higher wages have tended to cut down the already limited supply of labor, producing annoyance, placing greater obstacles in the way of that material development of which the Southerner is so justly proud. And this, not at all unnaturally, has given rise on the one hand to complaints against the lazy Negro who will work only two days in the week that he may loaf the other five; and on the other hand it has found expression in blind and bitter hostility to the education which enables the better sort of Negro to rise above the unskilled employment and the domestic service of which the South is so keenly in need. It is human

nature to blame men, not conditions. Here is unlimited work to do: here is the Negro who has been for centuries and is to-day depended upon to do it; it is not done: the natural result is to throw the blame wholly upon the Negro, and not upon the deep economic conditions and tendencies which have actually caused the scarcity of labor.

Immigrants to Take the Negroes' Places

But within the last year, thinking men in the South have begun to see this particular root of the difficulty and a great new movement looking to the encouragement of immigration from foreign countries has been started. Last November the first ship-load of immigrants ever brought from Europe directly to a South Carolina port were landed at Charleston with great ceremony and rejoicing. If a steady stream of immigrants can be secured *and if they can be employed on satisfactory terms with the Negro* it will go far toward relieving race tension in the South.

Of course idleness leads to crime, and one of the present efforts in the South is toward a more rigid enforcement of laws against vagrancy. In this the white people have the sympathy of the leading Negroes. I was struck with one passage in the discussion at the last Workers' Conference at Tuskegee. William E. Holmes, president of a colored college at Macon, Georgia, was speaking. Some one interrupted him:

"I would like to ask if you think the Negro is any more disposed to become a loafer or vagrant than any other people under the same conditions?"

"Well," said Mr. Holmes, taking a deep breath, "we cannot afford to do what other races do. We haven't a single, solitary man or woman among us we can afford to support as an idler. It may be that other races have made so much progress that they can afford to support loafers. But we are not yet in that condition. Some of us have the impression that the world owes us a living. That is a misfortune. I must confess that I have become convinced that at the present time we furnish a larger number of loafers than any other race of people on this continent."

These frank remarks did not meet with the entire approval of the members of the conference, but the discussion seemed to indicate that there was a great deal more of

truth in them than the leaders and teachers of the Negro are disposed to admit.

The Worthless Negro

I tried to see as much as I could of this "worthless Negro," who is about the lowest stratum of humanity, it seems to me, of any in our American life. He is usually densely ignorant, often a wanderer, working to-day with a railroad gang, to-morrow on some city works, the next day picking cotton. He has lost his white friends—his "white folks," as he calls them—and he has not attained the training or self-direction to stand alone. He works only when he is hungry, and he is as much a criminal as he dares to be. Many such Negroes are supported by their wives or by women with whom they live—for morality and the home virtues among this class are unknown. A woman who works as a cook in a white family will often take enough from the kitchen to feed a worthless vagabond of a man and keep him in idleness—or worse. A Negro song exactly expresses this state of beatitude:

"I doan has to work so ha'd.
I'se got a gal in a white man's ya'd;
Ebery night 'bout half pas' eight
I goes 'round to the white man's gate:
She brings me butter and she brings me la'd—
I doan has to work so ha'd!"

This worthless Negro, without training or education, grown up from the neglected children I have already spoken of, evident in his idleness around saloons and depots—this Negro provokes the just wrath of the people, and gives a bad name to the entire Negro race. In numbers he is, of course, small, compared with the 8,000,000 Negroes in the South, who perform the enormous bulk of hard manual labor upon which rests Southern prosperity.

How the Working Negro Lives

Above this low stratum of criminal or semi-criminal Negroes is a middle class, comprising the great body of the race—the workers. They are crowded into straggling settlements like Darktown and Jackson Row, a few owning their homes, but the majority renting precariously, earning good wages, harmless for the most part, but often falling into petty crime. Poverty here, however, lacks the tragic note that it strikes in the crowded sections of

Northern cities. The temperament of the Negro is irrepressibly cheerful, he overflows from his small home and sings and laughs in his streets; no matter how ragged or forlorn he may be good humor sits upon his countenance, and his squalor is not unpicturesque. A banjo, a mullet supper from time to time, an exciting revival, give him real joys. Most of the families of this middle class, some of whom are deserted wives with children, have their "white folks" for whom they do washing, cooking, gardening, or other service, and all have church connections, so that they have a real place in the social fabric and a certain code of self-respect.

I tried to see all I could of this phase of life. I visited many of the poorer Negro homes and I was often received in squalid rooms with a dignity of politeness which would have done credit to a society woman. For the Negro, naturally, is a sort of Frenchman. And if I can sum up the many visits I made in a single conclusion, I should say, I think, that I was chiefly impressed by the tragic punishment meted out to ignorance and weakness by our complex society. I would find a home of one or two rooms meanly furnished, but having in one corner a glittering cottage organ, or on the mantel shelf a glorified gilt clock; crayon portraits, inexpressibly crude and ugly, but framed gorgeously, are not uncommon—the first uncertain, primitive (not unpitiful) reachings out after some of the graces of a broader life. Many of these things are bought from agents and the prices paid are extortionate. Often a Negro family will pay monthly for a year or so on some showy clock or chromo or music-box or decorated mirror—paying the value of it a dozen times over, only to have it seized when through sickness, or lack of foresight, they fail to meet a single note. Instalment houses prey upon them, pawnbrokers suck their blood, and they are infinitely the victims of patent medicines. It is rare, indeed, that I entered a Negro cabin, even the poorest, without seeing one or more bottles of some abominable cure-all. The amount yearly expended by Negroes for patent medicines, which are glaringly advertised in all Southern newspapers, must be enormous—millions of dollars. I had an interesting side light on conditions one day while walking in one of the most fashionable residence districts of Atlanta. I saw a magnificent gray stone residence standing somewhat back from the street. I said to my

companion, who was a resident of the city: "That's a fine home."

"Yes; stop a minute," he said, "I want to tell you about that. The anti-kink man lives there."

"Anti-kink?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes; the man who occupies that house is one of the wealthiest men here. He made his money by selling to Negroes a preparation to smooth the kinks out of their wool. They're simply crazy on that subject."

"Does it work?"

"You haven't seen any straight-haired Negroes, have you?" he asked.

Ignorance carries a big burden and climbs a rocky road!

Old Mammies and Nurses

The mass of colored people still maintain, as I have said, a more or less intimate connection with white families—frequently a very beautiful and sympathetic relationship like that of the old mammies or nurses. To one who has heard so much of racial hatred as I have since I have been down here, a little incident that I observed the other day comes with a charm hardly describable. I saw a carriage stop in front of a home. The expected daughter had arrived—a very pretty girl indeed. She stepped out eagerly. Her father was halfway down to the gate; but ahead of him was a very old Negro woman in the cleanest of clean starched dresses.

"Honey," she said eagerly.

"Mammy!" exclaimed the girl, and the two rushed into each other's arms, clasping and kissing—the white girl and the old black woman.

I thought to myself: "There's no Negro problem there: that's just plain human love!"

"Master" Superseded by "Boss"

Often I have heard Negroes refer to "my white folks" and similarly the white man still speaks of "my Negroes." The old term of slavery, the use of the word "master," has wholly disappeared, and in its place has arisen, not without significance, the round term "Boss," or sometimes "Cap" or "Cap'n." To this the white man responds with the first name of the Negro, "Jim" or "Susie"—or if the Negro is old or especially respected: "Uncle Jim" or "Aunt Susan."

To an unfamiliar Northerner one of the very interesting and somewhat amusing

phases of conditions down here is the panic fear displayed over the use of the word "Mr." or "Mrs." No Negro is ever called Mr. or Mrs. by a white man: that would indicate social equality. A Southern white man told me with humor of his difficulties:

"Now I admire Booker Washington. I regard him as a great man, and yet I couldn't call him 'Mr.' Washington. We were all in a quandary until a doctor's degree was given him. That saved our lives! we all call him 'Dr.' Washington now."

Sure enough! I don't think I have heard him called *Mr.* Washington since I came down here. It is always "Dr." or just "Booker." They are ready to call a Negro "Professor" or "Bishop" or "The Reverend"—but not "Mr."

In the same way a Negro may call Miss Mary Smith by the familiar "Miss Mary," but if he called her Miss Smith she would be deeply incensed. The formal "Miss Smith" would imply social equality.

I digress! But I have wanted to impress these relationships. There are all gradations of Negroes between the wholly dependent old family servant and the new, educated Negro professional or business man, and, correspondingly, every degree of treatment from indulgence to intense hostility.

I must tell, in spite of lack of room, one beautiful story I heard at Atlanta, which so well illustrates the old relationship. There is in the family of Dr. J. S. Todd, a well-known citizen of Atlanta, an old, old servant called, affectionately, Uncle Billy. He has been so long in the family that in reality he is served as much as he serves. During the riot last September he was terrified: he did not dare to go home at night. So Miss Louise, the doctor's daughter, took Uncle Billy home through the dark streets. When she was returning one of her friends met her and was much alarmed that she should venture out in a time of so much danger.

"What are you doing out here this time of night?" he asked.

"Why," she replied, as if it were the most natural answer in the world, "I had to take Uncle Billy safely home."

Over against this story I have an account of a Tennessee farmer who, entering an Illinois Central Pullman car in Kentucky, and discovering therein a Negro Bishop and his wife, compelled enforcement of the "Jim Crow" law. The train was held

nine minutes at Hopkinsville while a policeman made them dress and move into the compartment for colored passengers.

I have now described two of the three great classes of Negroes: First, the worthless and idle Negro, often a criminal, comparatively small in numbers but perniciously evident. Second, the great middle class of Negroes who do the manual work of the South. Above these, a third class, few in numbers, but most influential in their race, are the progressive, property-owning Negroes, who have wholly severed their old intimate ties with the white people—and who have been getting farther and farther away from them. Of some of these leading Negroes in Atlanta I told last month, and I shall have much more to say of the class in coming articles.

A White Man's Problem

Do you know, after being down here for some months it keeps coming to me that this is more a white man's problem than it is a Negro problem. The white man as well as the black is being tried by fire. The white man is in full control of the South, politically, socially, industrially: the Negro, as ex-Governor Northen points out, is his helpless ward. What will he do with him? Speaking of the education of the Negro, and in direct reference to the conditions in Atlanta which I have already described, many men have said to me:

"Think of the large sums that the South has spent and is spending on the education of the Negro. The Negro does not begin to pay for his education in taxes."

Neither do the swarming Slavs, Italians and Poles in our Northern cities. They pay little in taxes and yet enormous sums are expended in their improvement. For their benefit? Of course, but chiefly for ours. It is better to educate men in school than to let them so educate themselves as to become a menace to society. The present *kind* of education in the South may possibly be wrong; but for the protection of society it is as necessary to train every Negro as it is every white man.

When I see the crowds of young Negroes being made criminal—through lack of proper training—I can't help thinking how pitilessly ignorance finally revenges itself upon that society which neglects or exploits it.

[Mr. Baker's next article will follow the color line into the country districts of the South]

LETITIA, NURSERY CORPS, U. S. A.

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

AUTHOR OF "EMMY LOU"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"HIMSELF HE COULD NOT SAVE"

IS the story of how private Garr saved the at to the battery, and accidentally, of how one with wanted speech th his captain. It happened on the field artillery and cavalry post ere papa and mamma d Letitia next were ationed, a friendly, rry garrison where the b lieutenants danced attendance on pretty visiting girls, and where there were riding parties and teas and hops for every day.

It was a post full of color and bustle, too, and the clatter of troop drill and of horse training on the bull-ring, and maneuvering hikes afield with the guns; and, where, company days, the riding-hall doors fly open to the burst of, say, Garry Owen, and the blue-shirted troopers dash in and around the hall, a part of them, as the gates clang to, throwing their mounts and sitting on them—Koontz feeding sugar to vicious Baldy unbeknownst to keep him down—while the rest, emptying their Colts as they ride, maneuver around and between their

prostrate comrades, until, through the blue powder wreaths and above the music and the snorting of the horses—that of the yellow guidon's bearer rampant, pawing the air—the cheers of the civilian spectators arise.

Of course, there are things to be deplored on every post. For instance *here* was Sergeant O'Grady. Hitherto Letty herself had had reason always to think highly of sergeants, but she had not been here over-long before she gathered that the men didn't like O'Grady. It's when they won't talk, rather than when they will, that you gather these things. Papa didn't altogether fancy O'Grady either. He said he was too smooth, but he said, too, he did his work, and kept his men well under.

Things generally went with a snap and a precision here, though, for it's with K. O.'s like it is with mammas. Letty's mamma never nagged, she never had whipped Letitia in all her little life. She said do it, or don't, and easy and off-hand as the way of saying it might be, Letitia did it, or desisted. It has a simplifying result on life to have colonels and mammas this way, and saves many misunderstandings. Moreover, Letitia's whole passion in life was for mamma. To come near her was to

touch cheek to her arm, while listening to the message, or was to possess herself of her parent's hand, and caress it while she explained. After which Letty went and did the errand.

And it's so with K. O.'s. As mamma had announced on arrival, there was brace up in the air of this garrison, which means things as they should be, so far as a K. O. can have them, and also means a popular colonel.

To be sure there was O'Grady. But then there were those between who ought to have known about O'Grady long before it reached the colonel. Papa said he had just made up his mind about him when it all happened. O'Grady, you see, being smooth, stood well with his officers.

Matters with papa and mamma had cheered up, too, since the post where Aunt Emma came and straightened things out.

If you don't owe, mamma said, you can take heart of grace to be an ensample of godly life, but when you do, how can you make the rest of the world believe in your views on the higher life?

She said all this to Mrs. Billy, the new lieutenant's wife, who was nineteen and a bride and just come into the army.

Lieutenant Bill, who in consequence of being married, was now a husband, was also a shavetail and just out of the academy in June last. There are a good many shavetails just arrived, and their young civilian wives have to learn, though as a class they are not given to thinking so.

Since there are always ladies on posts pleased to show an interest in cub lieutenants, mamma said it was up to her to be a sister to Mrs. Billy, because she claimed Mrs. Billy was pretty, and not thoughtful where the older women who weren't so pretty, or who had daughters who weren't so pretty, were concerned, and because, too, Mrs. Billy was unreservedly fond of a good time, all of which, mamma claimed, gave her a fellow-feeling for her.

Therefore she and mamma and Letitia met often in off-hours on their respective porches, or, idle mornings, walked down to drill or to band-practice or guard-mount together.

"I was nineteen and a bride too, when I came to my first post," mamma told Mrs. Bill, "and I was also the product of a so-called finishing school not a hundred miles from West Point, where the munificence of an uncle had placed me. And it was

just as improvident for Buckner and for me, with our tastes, to marry on his second lieutenant's pay as it probably was for you and your Bill, from what you anxiously tell me. It looks big and easy until you've tried it. The wedding hardly over, however, with a shavetail classmate for best man, and the ices in the shapes of unmounted guns, the wedding over, and your little visit to *his* people done with, when you found what it was going to cost Billy to get you and all your and his crated plunder (unless your people paid yours for you) to your first post, and when you also learned from your Bill's unwilling lips—he almost straight to you and the wedding from West Point—something of what it had cost him to set up his lieutenant's wardrobe, why, getting his point of view, perhaps the honeymoon became slightly eclipsed with dollar marks preceded by minus signs, young Mrs. Army Bride?

"And then, with Buckner and me, Letitia here came before we had caught anywhere near even on the first involving. And like as not, too, a second lieutenant's people have been a little frank as to his haste in marrying on his pay. And if so, little sister Billy, and you ever come to find yourself involved, and pride or circumstances won't let you ask help from your own people or from his, don't, *don't* let your Bill be led to seeking 'financial accommodation,' whatever else in your young innocence you do. You make me think of myself; you're pretty, you haven't had your fling out, nor your dancing days either. And so I'm telling you. Debt burrows into your moral flesh, and eats at your peace of mind, and after a bit, Mrs. Billy, you grow hard and frivolous, even reckless, to forget it; and also your Bill, first terse, then irritable, then morose, seeks forgetfulness according to his disposition. In other words, you are overcome, you and your Bill, by wretchedness and recklessness in proportion to your original good intentions and conscience, though there are those who would not credit me with either. And now I've opened my lips as I've never to any woman before because you sought me out with your eyes away across a crowded room that first night as if you liked me. Women have not been generous to me as a rule, on posts or off, they never are to what they call a man's woman, and the effect on the type of woman is hardening. Oh, I don't doubt

Hobnobbing

somebody will tell you that I represent the pernicious, the regrettable type of the modern army woman, the one that does the service harm, the type which, if we are segregated in severals, gives a post a black eye. Maybe I am all that, or *was*, let us say, but it hasn't helped me to have other women say it. As a general thing, however, there's a community of interests on a post; you're free to draw on your neighbor for 'most anything at the moment you are short in, from the bridge score-pad to the moth-balls——"

"It was a coffee pot," admitted Mrs. Billy, "that first morning——"

And so mamma and Mrs. Billy were friends, which, of course, is to say Letitia and she were friends also. There was so much this lady did not know that it made Letty feel most concerned and anxious for her. For instance, there was a trooper on post, a boy from Mrs. Billy's own town, and she, recognizing him down near headquarters one day, rushed up to him and held out her hand and called him Tommy and told him to come to see her and hear the home news, to the consternation and overcoming of the embarrassed Tommy. And even after her Bill had raved to her, she couldn't seem to realize what she had done.

"He's a nice boy, and from my own town, even if his people are plain," Mrs. Bill declared defensively; "and for that we both stand for the same thing, don't we, being Americans?"

"But he's an enlisted man," explained the earnest Letitia, "and you're a shave-tail."

A friendship with a Letty, thus you see, means a liberal education not only along social and official lines, but along others which the ladies of posts might reasonably be expected to be deficient in. Indeed it came to be that whenever Mrs. Billy felt in need of coaching, she went and hobnobbed with her youngest friend.

They were hobnobbing thus, one early morning in May, which meant they were sitting on Letty's back-door steps feeding the battery goat with lettuce leaves grumblingly and grudgingly allowed them by the cook. The goat did not belong to Mrs. Bill's troop, but was the property of the battery, Letitia belonging to the one service and Mrs. Billy to the other. Nor was it that the animal had any business where it was, either, but only that no means as yet have been devised to keep a goat where he should be on a post or otherwise.

Perhaps in this case the men could have

explained why. There is something provocative of glee in the aspect of an ancient and Silenus-eyed billygoat at any time, but there is still further jocularly in the situation in conceding broken ropes, smashed locks, and the general débris of escape to your goat creature's satyr cunning. Old stable Sergeant McClosky, back in Cuba, had supplied the animal with a name smacking of learning, McClosky, besides being versed in hippology, having been destined in his youth in County Kerry, according to his own story, for a priest, though unexpectedly turning out a jockey instead. And it was he who with a wink at the goat, they said, supplied him with the name of Sylvanus.

Men in the army, you see, have to baby something. Riley, the oldest battery horse, and Sylvanus the goat, were as valued parts of battery property as the colors, or even Cook Tom, that jewel of a master-hand for keeping his mess good-humored. And it is understood that Letitia, as far as conditions permitted, in her time had occupied a place with the men fully up to that accorded the horse or the goat, but this, of course, was long ago when she had been a little and a baby thing. As far as the present went, she highly valued and adored Sylvanus herself. Nor are the olfactories easily offended in youth. Letitia, right now sitting on her back-door step, Mrs. Billy on a step above, had her arms rapturously about the neck of Sylvanus, and her cheek against his wicked old person just behind his horned head. As for the animal himself, with a leaf of lettuce depending sidewise out of his mouth, and a soothed, even a reflective cast in his evil, slant, small eyes, his pendulous old beard moving sedulously in time to his measured munch, the goat had the meditative air of liking it.

Mrs. Billy, however, with a visible wariness as to the animal's movements, kept to her higher step. Big, iron-gray, with sides like barrels, Sylvanus had a fetching way of appearing from behind things and, lifting upon his hind feet, offering combat with his forehead frontage to the oncomer. That the men, who had taught him the gentle challenge, boxed hilariously back with their fists, was small comfort to Mrs. Bill, belated and hurrying home one day, when he emerged from the internal duskiness of a shed-way, and confronted, nay, chased her down the line of buildings, the men still at

afternoon stables; nor, since she had no business making use of that short-cut, could she reasonably complain; nor but deplore it, either, that her own husband chanced to be officer taking stables that day, though it was he who rescued her.

Even now the goat, munching while Letitia embraced him, seemed to turn his gaze with wandering meditation Mrs. Bill's way.

It kept her anxious and almost prevented her hearing what Private Garr had to say, when that soldier-man appeared, rope in hand, come up from the stables to secure the errant animal.

Private Garr was a mountain boy according to Letitia, who had come in during Cuban times, and he was tall and red-haired, with high cheek-bones, and the color laid on the same in generous patches. He had a mountain-people's friendliness and directness of manner, boyish and inoffensive, because you realized it was native. He was given to a certain friendly pursing up of his lips too between remarks, in effect half comical, half interrogatory, and wholly confiding, and from his nice blue eyes, as they met yours, you received a gaze of good faith with perhaps a hint of the droll therein. Up to the time Private Garr got his cough he had been striker at Letty's house, and indeed, now that he was out of hospital, they were only waiting for him to come back. Mrs. Billy, beginning to be more certain of her ground, acknowledged the soldier-man's presence. Indeed Letitia had coached her in this.

"I can talk to 'em, you see, and let 'em tell me," Letty had explained to her, "because I'm only twelve, but *you* can't. You can speak to them, because that's polite, and if you remember their names to call them by, it'll make 'em hold their heads up, and feel better inside."

So Mrs. Billy spoke to Garr, after which he proceeded to explain the necessity for removing Sylvanus, though it was plain he was not nearly so grieved over the ambulatory sins of his battery's property as he should have been.

"Something got in the ol' man's gyarden patch last night," explained Private Garr, "an' even with a rope and a bar and a padlock this side, and a gate and a hasp that, he's a-layin' of it onto Sylvaney and threatenin' dire. Se we're thinkin' it's better he should be tied up before it gets around."

Mrs. Billy being new, in order to include her in post affairs, very often you have to explain. Letitia turned back to her now.

"You know the ol' man," she reminded her.

Yes, in a way, Mrs. Billy knew the ol' man, by hearsay, at any rate, his reputation guaranteeing that much. He owned the rickety frame house and an acre of ground just outside of post. Indeed the nearer to post the better from his standpoint, as Mrs. Bill understood it, for immediately subsequent to anti-canteen, which is to say for some two years now, the ol' man had utilized his house for the soldierman's benefit, and had batted and fattened on what had been the profits of canteen together with considerable additional profit on that.

But there was more which Mrs. Billy did not know, and this was that even previous to this period of fat prosperity the ol' man was said to have done fairly well at lending money to the enlisted man at "one per cent.," which is to say, you lend one dollar to-day and get back two at pay-day. Not that these things are officially known, there being no proof, but only go the rounds on hearsay. So while Letitia did not know at all what one per cent. meant, she did know papa said he believed the old fellow stood for it. Afterward it came to light that papa did the old man injustice. It was Sergeant O'Grady who did the lending, the ol' man merely supplying the money, there being room for a double rake-off, which is what you call it, on things lent at one per cent. But O'Grady's part of it only came to knowledge afterward.

Yet we all have our amiable weaknesses. Letitia, hazy, for instance, about one per cent., knew all about the ol' man's vegetable patch wherein he dived and potted like any virtuous old gran'pap'.

On the other hand, the weakness of Sylvanus was for the succulent crispness of young sprouting things, and the provender for your goat in a garrison being looked on in the nature of loot to be cribbed from stables by his friends, why, when looted oats ran low, there was the ol' man's patch, with only a few mild obstacles between, which Sylly's friends had been known absently to remove were the evening dark, obstacles such as a gate hasp, for example. For, oddly enough, the ol' man and his class are not loved of the enlisted man whether he be a patronizer of the same or not.

Still, as Private Garr intimated, it was

better that Sylvanus should be found tied this morning, should inquiry be on. Curiously, the ol' man had been known to complain to O'Grady to some purpose before this.

"An' he's mad this time, sure," stated Private Garr; "I've heard he's offering money this morning for Sylly's hide. And when the ol' man offers money, he's mad, bad."

So, appreciating the wisdom of a speedy retreat of her creature friend, Letitia desisted from making a necklace of herself about his neck, and Private Garr proceeded to attach the rope to his collar.

He was a little long about it, after all, deft-fingered as Private Garr was, and handy at things, because a bit of coughing seized him. That was why he hadn't come back as striker. He said hacking seemed to weaken a man's grip on doing and made him lazy.

He was still hacking furtively as he departed stableward with Sylvanus at his heels, soldier-men being inclined to be more or less secretive about it when they get hacks and such things, concealing the fact as long as possible, which is the natural thing to do. Letitia, herself, had a cat once that crawled under the house and hid when it was sick, and she remembered a cook who in her misery spells used to enwrap herself, countenance and all, in the bedclothes, and demand to be let alone. Indeed, Letty, being a normal small person herself, didn't like to confess to sickness and be dosed and put to bed either. Moreover, the general attitude of the world to sick persons is that they are reprehensible in the matter somehow, and are to be regarded accordingly.

But as Garr departed, hacking, the eyes of Mrs. Billy followed him. It was a pity about it. She would judge Garr to be a good man, for even Mrs. Bill, by now, knew the self-respecting soldier-man when she saw him.

"It would be a pity to lose a man like Garr," she said, looking after him.

Did she mean because of his hack? Letty had known other men, in her time, lost from ranks for that reason. There was a song in one barracks where the thing got bad (they tore 'em down on that account afterward), bearing on the matter. It went this way:

"Twelve khaki soldier-men making up a squad,
One coughed his tubes up and—*you* think that
left odd?"

'Acking, 'acking Johnny is gone on the shelf, The woods are full of rookies to make the twelfth."

But then the average soldier-man won't admit until he has to that he's ill.

Letitia felt she had to apologize for Garr. "He's been to hospital once, and he's better now."

"Barker didn't get better," said Mrs. Bill. Barker had been the soldier who drove the 'bus when she first got here.

"No," agreed Letty. "He went to Bayard; he and Garr were in the same squad."

But so cheerful was she about it, it was obvious Letitia failed to grasp what hacks or Bayard meant either, while Mrs. Billy with all her limitations did, Bayard being that place set apart for soldier-men with hacks.

That afternoon Mrs. Bill asked her Bill a question. Diffidently, for already she was learning that if there is one thing above all others objectionable in a garrison, it's the new-come woman who wants to know about what she can't help in the end, because it does not concern her.

"Billy," she asked her husband, "after a man's been removed from barracks for tuberculosis, what would be done to the quarters?"

"The medico, or a hospital man detailed by him, would disinfect," said Bill; "and beyond that, it is provided that the surgeon on a post shall examine into the sanitary condition of all buildings at least once a month."

"Oh, well then," said Mrs. Billy, relieved.

Letitia, however, over on her side of things, had soldier-men's worries other than this, and anyhow, Garr wasn't worrying. You can't make the Garrs, nor the Barkers, nor ones like rollicking, popular Batts who went to Bayard ahead of Barker, understand the gravity of these things. They laugh at you for a funny one when you try. There was a chaplain once, and the right sort this chaplain was and a favorite with the men, had a lecture with slides about a thing he called The White Plague. You thought you had 'em, when those slides showed up, the men said afterward, and going home, the chorus led by the company quartette chanted softly, so it went the rounds next day:

"Now would you have thought *he'd* be dippy?"

Letty's concern just now was not with Garr, but with Smith, that soldier-man de-

tailed in the quartermaster's department to bring round the ice, who was kicking. He said the service was something no American-born Jefferson Democrat was going to stand for. He said he wanted speech with his captain and he couldn't get it.

According to the way Letty explained it, when a man wants speech, to take a grievance say, to his captain, he speaks to his sergeant through his squad-leader, or else direct to his top sergeant himself. But your sergeant *may* turn you down. And Smith didn't stand in with Sergeant O'Grady. To be sure Smith went around saying the Philippine thirst, and bino if once indulged in, will eat the wital goodness, whatever that may be, out of any man, much less an O'Grady. He said, too, O'Grady was a crummy old bird, and that when a sergeant's wital goodness has been eaten out, if he doesn't like you, he's more than apt, don't you see, to turn you down.

There was more, which Letitia did not know, concerning her friend Smith. Though he had been a little of everything before he came into the army, a medical student among other things, he claimed, Smith, though tough, was tough only in his own way, and when Sergeant O'Grady made a remark in the barrack-room which the other didn't fancy, Smith promptly batted the head of that worthy top-sergeant against the barrack-room wall. He claimed he couldn't stand for O'Grady's language concerning ladies. He said he hoped he *would* go to mill in consequence. He said he'd like that chance to complain because, for all that Article of War, Number 30, claims to do for the soldier-man and his wrongs, *he* had been in the army long enough to know a man is handling a buzz-saw when he tries to profit by it. But O'Grady, you see, didn't report him. Still it wasn't to be expected that he would be apt to favor Private Smith when he wanted speech with his captain.

It was when Mrs. Billy heard about this latter part of it, which was all Letitia herself knew, that she showed her civilian ignorance. Mrs. Bill was very droll. She couldn't understand why a Private Smith couldn't address himself to his captain direct!

Letitia looked shocked. She looked her big amaze. Why, there was a man who did it, who mailed a letter through the post to his young captain, and his punishment for the same was a small matter to the horror

that spread over post that an enlisted man should do so terrible a thing!

Letty did her young best to set Mrs. Bill right. What Smith, under ordinary conditions, according to Letitia, would have done, was ask his squad-leader, or, better still, ask his sergeant direct, for leave to speak to his captain. She even went into grave and minute particulars.

"What in ——" well, it wasn't a pretty word, mamma wouldn't like her to say it, even for Mrs. Billy, "do you want to report to him now?" would have been Private Smith's likeliest reception from Sergeant O'Grady.

To which Letitia thought Smith most likely would have said, "What is it to you what I want to report?"

And here Mrs. Bill broke in, pardonably curious to know what it was Private Smith wished to report. But Letty didn't know that. She only knew he had been turned down and was kicking.

Later everybody knew about it, for when Smith ended in trouble, he told his chaplain, who told it in his turn. Up to then Smith had had an unreasoning and crooked prejudice against chaplains, and also a notion his officers were all against him. There's many a Smith gets a distorted idea so.

"You can't make easy fools like Garr and Barker and Batts understand," he explained. "Things have been glossed over

in our part of barracks too long. Batts went to Bayard seven months ago, and Barker followed Batts. I've been here long enough to know what ought to've been done, and if that rowing big medico sent to Manila last year had a been here, would of been done. I don't care who detailed who, or what, to be done about it; I know it *wasn't* done. And now Garr's hacking. And you couldn't expect an O'Grady who don't want enemies above, to report a thing like that, now, could you?"

But Smith told all of this to his chaplain *later*. Right now O'Grady had turned him down for the third time, and he was kicking.

It was the afternoon when Letitia was telling Mrs. Billy all this, as they sat together on the steps of that lady's front porch, that mamma came over cross yards, and reaching the porch steps, stopped, portentous news in her eyes. Letitia left Mrs. Bill's side, and hurried down to slip her fingers in her mother's while that lady told it.

"Now, Mrs. Bill," said mamma, smiling half-heartedly, for when you are just getting on your feet financially, you see it's discouraging to have to move in just eleven months from the time it cost to move *here*—"now, Mrs. Army Bride, you'll begin to better understand why we older women haven't your array of pretty breakables. Such things won't stand too many cratings. We've our orders, Letty."

"Mamma!"

And Letty dropped mamma's hand, and flew back to Mrs. Bill. In the army, you have to cling with ardor to the temporary objects of your adoration while you have 'em, before fate removes them, or you. And now they must leave Mrs. Billy!

"The battery is to march overland with the guns," explained mamma. "Your father wants you and me to stop off on the way north to see Aunt Emma, Letty. She isn't enthusiastic over me, but she'll overlook that to get you, though I'm sure I'm more grateful to her than I ever dreamed I could be to any one."

The eyes of Mrs. Bill were filling, for she was new to this thing of losing your friends just about the time you have really made them.

But here were orders, and besides, to the ones ordered, there is the allurements of the unknown ahead, and Letty dropped Mrs. Bill's pretty hand, and with her own in mamma's went home.

But with orders, calamity fell upon the battery barracks.

Private Garr took it hardest, gnawing his finger-nails in perplexity, they said, as he hunted a way out of the situation, for Garr, having brought the goat at a rope's end into camp back there in Cuba, stood in the place of a parent to Sylvanus, and on a march overland the dogs may ride on the caissons, but you can't, so to speak, take your goat on the guns!

Of course the post carpenter may be relied on to loot enough lumber to crate him for shipping, but crating isn't all; it costs to ship a crated goat with sides like barrels, and there is not always a large showing of velvet on hand by the middle of the stretch between pay-days, even when all available cash be produced and lumped together and the results added up. Yet to become separated from your goat is a thing no soldier-man is willing to contemplate. At the mere threatening of such a possibility, man after man went out and boxed a round or two with Syll that he might be reassured. That is, all went but Garr; they left *him* chewing his nails and hunting a way out of it.

In course of time he joined the ring of boxers, too. With a sanguine coloring often goes an inventive spirit, and on seeing the lips of Private Garr amiably pursed, and the eyes of him innocently bland, the hearts of his messmates cheered. Reading the

signs in the countenance of Private Garr, the inference they deduced was, that since *they* were going, Sylvanus, the goat, was evidently going too.

If you impress around the necessity of keeping news of orders to march from spreading outside of post, you can confidently rely upon the ol' man hearing about it before night, just as you want him to. And when there is scarce money by the time you've squared with washerwoman, tailor, post exchange, and your friends, to send your mascot goat ahead, why, it is the graceful act to bequeath him to your cavalry brother-soldiers in Troop B left behind. And by sufficiently impressing the secrecy of *this* around barracks too, you can depend upon *it* getting to the ol' man by sundown also. Nor would it increase the ol' man's affection for the goat to hear it.

Letitia did not learn of these things until afterward, by which time the story was about the garrison and the occasion of wide, if unofficial rejoicing, but she did supply the details to Mrs. Billy at the last.

According to Letty, the night following that on which the news leaked out to the ol' man, something got into that person's yard by starlight, and, according to his telling, ate up his seedling tomato plants even to the tin cans in which they had been sprouted.

Moreover, this same demolishing something had danced with a satyr-like capering and ecstasy on window-sash hot-beds to the demolition of cabbage and sweet potato plants within. And the next morning it spread over post, at least in the battery's quarters, that the ol' man had cunningly risen to the extent of four dollars to a murderous proposition made him by a hitherto model soldier-man, named Garr, not at all given to frequenting *him*, that Sylvanus be secretly delivered to him just before the planned bequeathal of him to Troop B, thereupon mysteriously and forever to disappear.

The same day this news of the ol' man's generosity spread abroad, Private Garr went over to town. His report to his mates on return was that the express clerk estimated that it would cost eight dollars for Syll to disappear.

Whereupon it spread about barracks again, how important it was that news of the moving of the battery being even nearer at hand than had been understood, should

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"We've our orders, Letty"

not get abroad, nor the fact that Troop B was openly rejoicing over its legacy.

Letitia says, that *this* evening when Private Garr went down again to see the ol' man, he went humming a tune, which, as he neared, he put into words. Cook Tom, she says, had supplied the song.

"Who saw him die?"
"I," said the fly,
"With my little eye,
I saw him——"

This is what Letitia says Garr sung.

But the ol' man wouldn't rise but to five.

And that night Letitia says something ate up four rows of promising pea-vines, something, she claims, attached to the end of a rope, which in turn led to a figure sitting on the ol' man's fence in the evening's rain and gloom.

The next day the ol' man raised to six. But to this Private Garr, who had strolled over there about noon, shook his sanguine head and departed post-ward, singing:

"Who saw him die?"
"I," said the fly,

"With my little eye,
I saw him——"

But by the time Private Garr was well within post, the ol' man's little grandson came hurrying after him to say he'd give seven.

"Who caught his blood?"
"I," said the fish,
"With my little dish,
I——"

sang Private Garr, regarding the little boy darkly.

That small soul, not having the clue, and perhaps taking it personally, fled, nor, since it occurred well within post boundaries, could the little boy or his relatives rightfully complain when Sylvanus, panting a little, true, as if just hurried along from somewhere to get there, emerged from behind a shed onto the path of flight, and arose a yard or two above the infant's head into that rampant attitude invitatory to a bout at boxing.

An hour later it went around post that the ol' man had agreed to eight.

And that night, they tell, at early dusk, there was a delivery at the ol' man's back gate of a rope at the extremity of which was something whose small eyes seemed to gleam an evil red even in the thick darkness. And with the rope in hand, the ol' man counted into an outstretched waiting palm eight good hard dollars. Where-upon, since those evilly gleaming eyes looked threatening, the recipient of the eight good dollars generously offered to conduct the object just transferred into the coal shed and tie it securely, for there being danger from soldier visitors to the house this early in the evening, it had been deemed safer that the eternal disappearance should be later.

And then the recipient of the dollars strolled sociably into the house with the ol' man for a sort of ratification, proffered on the recipient's part, of the good-will and feeling between them.

And in this same space of time, while the ol' man was occupied within, Sylvanus, according to bargain, disappeared. It would seem, as had often been threatened, the ol' man's premises at last had been raided, and a goat was missing in consequence. According to report, so Letitia told Mrs. Bill, Cook Tom led the raiding party.

During the celebration which ensued that same evening down barracks way, wherein Sylvanus with a myrtle vine hung wreathishly about his venerable horns, was led in by Cook Tom, amid an ascension of carrots, and other emblems of congratulation curving the air and falling shower-like, in greeting, to a chorus softly chanted, "When the roll is called up yonder, he'll be there,"—a ghastly thing befell the sanguine-hued, amiable Garr, just in from some errand outside. What with hilarity, rejoicing, and a sudden return of hacking, Private Garr coughed once too often.

And when the ghastly thing occurred, Smith, who was bitter, and a sore-head, and

a knocker all times, and who said nobody cared if the men did die off like flies, rose up in his place and smashed in one O'Grady's head with a kitchen poker which he seized from Cook Tom who'd been leading with it in the singing.

Asked afterward why he did it, Smith said O'Grady and his betters had done that cruel wrong to Garr, and to Barker who had gone before him.

And so Garr and O'Grady went to hospital. And Smith? Why, Smith went to the guard-house pending trial.

It was the morning for the battery's departure, and the garrison was out to see them go. The roadway from battery stables through post led by the colonel's corner, and everybody of a feminine persuasion, mammas, Letitias and all, had gathered, by invitation, on Mrs. K. O.'s side porch to see them go by.

She was a jolly, even if elderly Mrs. K. O., with a decided manner and

Olympian cast of countenance, who, however, fed people sociably the minute she could get them together. And they said too that in the Philippines, where a regiment is divided into so many detachments, and sent to so many posts, a chaplain can't get around to all his men—they said this Mrs. K. O. claimed it was in these out-of-the-way places the men needed chaplains worse, and so she up and did royal chaplain work herself.

She could speak her mind too, even as now, and at such times she told shavetails' wives they didn't know what hardships in the army meant nowadays.

"When my second baby came unexpectedly on a half-garrisoned post in Dakota of twenty years ago" she was telling one of them now, while she poured coffee for Letitia to carry around—"the only woman nearer to me than three hundred miles, was a corporal's wife."

But the battery was coming, and coffee

*That night something ate up four
rows of promising pea-vines*

was forgotten. Papa had gone some time before. His orderly had brought the pawing Harry to the door, and he and the soldier-man had gone ahead, canteen and saddle-bags in place, papa being quartermaster, which also meant selector of the camping sites for nights, you know.

And now the battery is following, and your heart leaps at the rumble of the guns, and at sight of your battery's captain, on Black Ben, with McAdams, the best bugler in any ten companies, on hard-mouthed Judge. Indeed, what with the martial rumble of it, and the leap and the glow inside herself, Letty was moved to slip her hand in that of the nearest lady at hand for sheer need of understanding and sympathy. It chanced to be the plump member of Olympian Mrs. K. O., who bent and kissed her little neighbor's cheek. She and a Letitia are one, when it comes to the army!

And old Tim, Timothy Harty, in other words, has the colors, the scarlet guidon with its crossed guns and the battery's numerals above, and Sergeant Kelly, stolid, mustached, grizzled and keen of eye, on iron-gray Hawthorne, follows him.

And gun after gun, with men and horses reflecting glory of being and battery pride, rumble by, with the newest shavetail, Binny Benton, borne past, flank front, or head rear, and face scarlet, because his horse is fresh.

And your interest in the first caisson as it comes up, is not altogether because of the men thereon, whom you know at least by name, but because of Tapioca, the Gordon setter, called Taps for short, sitting with seemly dignity on the "cracker-box," and Terry and Mac, the Irish rats, yapping with excitement, between the men.



And here Mrs. Billy, behind you on the porch, draws breath as it comes to mere quartermaster-wagons and mules, ambulance and such, and you drop Mrs. K. O.'s hand and slip your fingers in Mrs. Bill's, for, oddly enough, she is breathing uncertainly. It's new to Mrs. Billy, the pride and glory of the army, and you adore her because it makes her cry, and you hate to go and leave her behind, but then you hate to tell Mrs. K. O. good-bye too, for your colonel's wife can do and be so much on a post if she will.

But when the battery and the men and the glory of it were gone, and emptiness was settling like a gray dulness down, there across the open space Letitia and Mrs. Billy saw, at one and the same moment, on the hospital porch, a piece of battery property which they recognized, evidently left behind. Its face was wax-like beneath its sanguine hair, and it was known as Private Garr. From its stand on the porch it too had evidently been watching the men go by, and even now the eyes of it were following the long line and the dust curving around the garrison road ahead.

"The crate is ready for Sylvanus," said Letty, suddenly remembering, "the carpenter has it made."

"And Letty and I," said mamma, coming up, "are going to lunch with you, Mrs. Billy, according to invitation, and leave this afternoon."

"And Garr?" inquired Mrs. Bill, nodding toward the hospital porch.

Letitia had not yet grasped the significance of one certain post over others. "Oh, Garr?" she told Mrs. Billy; "after he sees Sylvanus off, why, Garr leaves for Bayard."

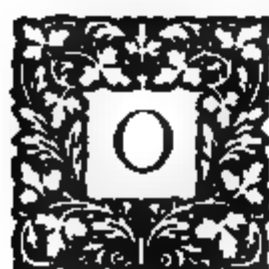
WETTER NEW YORK

A TALE OF NEW YORK IN 1913

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

AUTHOR OF "PIGS IS PIGS"

ILLUSTRATED WITH "PHOTOGRAPHS" BY A. B. PHELAN



ON June 20, 1913, I had just opened the door of my little office in the Flat-iron Building when the telephone bell rang. Only the week before, I had finished my college course and my father, the contractor, had asked me to hang around the office and answer the telephone for a few weeks while he made a hurried trip to California. He assured me that there was little likelihood of anything coming up that would require much attention during his absence, and that my principal duties would be to tell inquirers when he was expected back in New York, and to assure anyone that dropped in with a bill that he would settle it on his return.

"Hello," called a voice, when I had put the telephone receiver to my ear, "is this Phineas Briggs, the contractor?"

"No," I answered, and I was going on to tell the inquirer that father was out of town, but the voice cut in.

"Very well," it said. "I just wanted to know whether you were in town or not. Just stay in your office until I get there, will you? It is very important. This is John D. Markright speaking."

It was evident that the man had misunderstood me, but he had cut me off, and there was nothing for me to do now but

await his arrival. I knew John D. Markright well by reputation. He was one of those who, in the enormous changes following the year 1907, had attained such tremendous wealth. In fact, he was not only the richest man in America, but it was computed that his wealth was greater than all the remaining wealth of the world, and that it was increasing at something like the rate of one hundred million dollars each day. It was not surprising that such a man should desire the services of a contractor like my father, but it was unusual that he should offer to come to our office, rather than issue an order to my father to go to him.

I had not long to wait. In less than half an hour the door opened and John D. Markright stepped inside. Often as I had seen his portrait in the newspapers, I should never have recognized the man before me as the great financier, had I not been expecting him. His long face was worn and sallow, as with the sadness of a thousand years. Ill health spoke from the wrinkles of his crafty face, and his immaculate grooming only served to emphasize his frailty of body. I could see that John D. Markright was a very sick man. But if I was astonished to see the embodiment of so much wealth a prey to the ills that attack common men, John D. Markright seemed still more astonished to see me.

He had expected no doubt to see my father, and what he beheld was a youth with the effervescent spirits of a college lad still speaking from his eyes.

As soon as John D. Markright entered the room I began to explain the error he had made, but he cut me short again, in that tone, half imperious and half querulous, that I soon came to know so well, and as he went on I saw that he was still under the impression that I was the contractor. He expressed some surprise at my youthfulness, saying he had expected to find an older man, and then launched at once into the business he had in mind. As he whined along—now telling a bit of his plan, and now complaining of his health like a sick child—I began to see that he was offering me an opportunity to engage in one of the greatest contracting jobs the world had ever seen, and with all the rashness of youth I decided that I was the man to

undertake it. My father, most conservative of men, would, I knew, not consider the idea for one moment, and here was the richest man in the world laying the opportunity at my feet, nay, begging me to take it. I was, it seemed, his last hope. Every other contractor to whom he had applied had refused to consider the idea as at all feasible and had looked upon it as the vagary of a senile dyspeptic. Senile dyspeptic or not, John D. Markright was still the richest man in the world, and the proposition was one that appealed to my boyish imagination.

"These doctors," he whined, "these doctors say I must get out of this climate, or die. They won't have it any other way—die or get out! Go to the Mediterranean, or die, they say. They all say it. And how can I leave New York? I can't! I can't!"

He broke down and wept, and for shame and pity I hid my face. There was some-

thing so mean—so unmanly—in this old man clinging to the place where he had made his money and where he was still making it, and crying at the thought of leaving it, as a child cries when it must leave its silly toys at bedtime.

"I can't leave it!" he whimpered. "I mustn't leave New York! I would lose money if I did. And if I stay I will die, and the money will be gone—all gone!"

"Well, sir," I said, "I don't see what you are going to do about it."

"If you will help me," he said, wiping his eyes, "it can be arranged. The old man will fool them yet. I will stay in New York, and I will go to the Mediterranean. I will stay in New York and you will take New York to the Mediterranean."

As the immensity of the idea dawned on me I gasped, and well I might, for never had John D. Markright conceived such a plan before. Nothing but the threats of death and of pause in gain could have forced that abnormal shopkeeping mind to such heights of imagination.

I sat with my chin in my hand thinking for several minutes after he had ceased speaking, and he sat watching me with painful intensity. He seemed to be trying to read my thoughts as I thought them, and he waited with quivering lips my answer.

"It could be done," I said slowly. "Yes, it could be done, but the expense—have you considered the expense?"

"It will be awful," he answered with a groan. "Millions!"

"Billions!" I said calmly, and he answered with another groan.

"But your life—" I suggested.

"That's it!" he said sadly. "It must be done. And as soon as possible."

"There are preliminaries, too," I said. "Things not in my line of business. You can't run away with New York as you propose unless you own it. I will not be a party to any plan for stealing New York. I am an honest man, Mr. Markright, and I would not steal a pin. To you the theft of a bit of land like the Island of Manhattan may be but a little thing, but while my parents are but poor, they are honest, and it shall never be said that I brought their gray hairs to the grave by helping to run away with even a part of the State of New York."

"I'll attend to all that," he said nervously. "My agents will buy the whole

business from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil, and from the Hudson to the Harlem. I own a great deal of it now, and I will get the rest. I'll lose on it. It will tie up some ready money. But I have faith in New York real estate. I'll buy it all."

"Very well," I said severely. "See that you do. And another thing—I will not move the island an inch until you get permission from Congress and the State Assembly. I have an idea that this nation does not favor secession. I don't know how it would like the idea of having its leading city floated off to the Mediterranean, and tagged onto France or Morocco, or wherever you want it. I want to do the fair thing by the nation in which I was born."

"I'll attend to all that, too," he said with a peculiar smile, which made me think that after all there might be something in a faint rumor that had reached my ears to the effect that John D. Markright had some influence with our governing bodies. "Don't worry about that, my boy! The gentlemen you mention will be glad if I do not make them pay the expenses of our little moving day."

We then settled roughly on the terms of the contract, and John D. Markright paid down a check for a few millions to bind the bargain. It was all I needed. With his name back of me I should be able to command untold credit. He left me a different man from the one that had come sniveling to my office a few minutes before. Already his step was firmer, and he bore himself more nobly. He had faith in Ethelbert Q. Briggs, and the faith was well placed.

You must not suppose that I had undertaken this tremendous job without thought. My football training at college had taught me to concentrate a great deal of thought into a very short time, and in the few moments I had spent thinking while Mr. Markright waited I had not only roughed out the plan, but had arranged most of the important details. The plan thus conceived was the one I used when the work was under way, and that was less than a week later. With the enormous funds at my disposal I was able to work rapidly and employ immense bodies of proletariats at different points simultaneously.

As New York was an island my task was greatly simplified, for I did not have to cut it loose from the mainland. The fact that

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LOOKING UP BROADWAY TO TIMES SQUARE

*"If New York could not go to Venice I would make a Venice of New York,
and I did it in one night!"*

it was merely a point of solid gneiss rock, part of the firmest portion of the earth's surface, would have daunted some less daring contractors, but to me it was a favorable condition. Chicago, which is built on loose soil and swamp land, I would never have attempted to float off. To build a raft under a dozen square miles of swampy, crumbly land such as Chicago is built on would be too big a job for even me. I may say that I would be the last man in the world to try to float Chicago to balmy southern climes. But all that was necessary in regard to New York was to separate a thin slice of the upper part of the rock, and I then had the whole city, as I may say, on a platter.

Slicing off this thin layer was not such a difficult matter. Never in my life did I so appreciate the vast system of subways (or underground railways) as when I took this contract for removing New York. In the few years just following 1907 the city had

been crisscrossed by new subways, running under nearly all the streets and avenues. These were, as you are aware, cylindrical tubes bored through the solid rock of the town, some ten or more feet below the street surfaces, and into these, as soon as John D. Markright had completed the purchase of the city, I had my laborers pack tightly sawdust, cotton, rags, sponges and any other materials that were of that nature. I had these rammed in and tamped home as tightly as possible, and then, at an appointed moment, I had great streams of water run into the subways. The various stations made handy orifices into which to run the water, and as soon as the sawdust, cotton, dried-apples, rags, etc., felt the vivifying floods they began to swell gently and simultaneously, just as the wooden plugs that the marble-cutter drives into the holes he has drilled into the piece of marble he wishes to split, swell under similar circumstances.

So gentle was the swelling process, and so evenly did the cleavage occur, that pedestrians on the streets did not notice the slight jar that told that New York had been separated from her rocky base. I had succeeded, as I had hoped, in slicing off the top of the rock, and I had New York on an immense plate of rock, to do with as I chose.

The rest was very easy. With hy-

howls and imprecations of the commuters on the Long Island and Jersey shores, who had bought homes in those sections on the guarantee that they were but thirty minutes from Broadway, and who now found the distance doubled. I smiled as I thought what their rage would be when they found, a little later, their dear old Broadway located south by south-east of Italy—a distance so great that the hardest commuter would feel appalled at the idea of making the journey twice daily. When the city reached its ultimate destination, however, I found the commuters less ill-disposed than I had imagined they would be. The commuter is so accustomed to putting up with all sorts of things that he is pretty well hardened.

"Well, Mr. Markright," I said cheerfully, as soon as I had shaken hands with the old gentleman, "how do you feel about taking a sea voyage to-day?" and then I had to explain that the city was afloat, for he could not believe it, so well had I managed matters. Luckily he, nor any other man, has ever had any cause to doubt the truth of my words when once I have spoken, and a smile of pleasure lighted up his wrinkled face.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Let us get under way at once. I have——" he added, with something like a blush,—"I have bought a yachting cap. I thought it would be appropriate. Don't you think it would be appropriate?"

I could hardly repress a smile. A yachting cap on such a voyage as this could hardly be called appropriate. From the window where we sat we could look across Fifth Avenue into the vast expanse of Central Park, and beyond that, on the other side of the city, we could see the tall buildings. New York, although afloat, was still New York. Automobiles were whirring up and down the Avenue, and I knew that in the down-town districts the heavy trucks, and the street cars, and the elevated trains were moving the same as usual. In Wall Street the brokers and bankers were even then gathering as usual for their day of business, and, in fact, the whole life of the city was going on the same as usual. Unless Mr. Markright chose to sit on the edge of the city and let his feet hang over, I could not see how he could obtain the sensations of a yachtsman from the voyage the city was to make. Mr. Markright saw that

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UPPER BROADWAY

"Where there was danger there is now safety, and where there was noise there is now peace"

draulic jacks I raised the whole city sufficiently to insert an innumerable number of steel rollers under the rocky plate, while off the Battery, which was then the lower end of the city, I gathered an immense fleet of canal boats, tied side by side and decked over with a great wooden platform, like a floor. At a word from me the hydraulic jacks were removed and the city rolled slowly and gently onto the awaiting canal boat fleet.

When John D. Markright awoke the next morning I was awaiting him in his reception room in his mansion on Fifth Avenue. The transfer of the city to the floats had been done during the night, so as not to alarm the inhabitants needlessly, and even John D. Markright—poor sleeper as he was—had not been awakened. Of course there had been some little damage. The East and Hudson River tunnels had been pulled out by the roots, and the Brooklyn and other bridges had been broken like strands of rotten thread, and already—early as it was—we could hear the

I did not just approve of the yachting cap and he fell silent. But I had a bit of news that I thought would cheer him up.

"Mr. Markright," I said, "you may remember that when we discussed the purchase of the city you said you were willing to buy it, for you thought that it might be a good investment, even at the inflated prices you would have to pay. I am glad to be able to be the first man to call your attention to a money-making feature of which neither of us thought at the time. You have already made a splendid profit on the purchase, and you can take that profit whenever you choose."

I had heard that Mr. Markright had such prehensile ears that he could prick them up at the mention of any chance to make money, but I had never seen him do this, as all my connection so far had been in the way of making him spend, which had a tendency to make the whole man limp and flaccid. Now, however, I really saw that aural phenomenon. At the word "profit" his ears seemed to quiver and then bent forward. The one farther from me really almost strained itself, so eager did it seem to get its full share of what I was about to say.

"Mr. Markright," I said, "you thought you were buying one New York, but you have bought two! In peeling off this city in which we are now sitting I left the old site of the city bare, and it lies to the north of us, just where it has always been, between the Hudson on one side, and the East River and the Harlem on the other. True, it is bare, and bleak, and rocky, but it is New York real estate none the less, and while we go sailing to the Mediterranean with one New York, the other remains at home and can be sold as you please."

If anything was needed to complete the happiness of the old man, this was the thing, and we parted in the best of humors, I to attend to the last preliminaries of this vast moving-day, and he to see that one of his agents was left on the site of New York with authority to sell building sites, or ground leases.

I had computed that the progress of the city toward the Mediterranean would necessarily be very slow. To move such an immense float would be no easy matter, and I had no desire to have my rock plate crack. It was now the middle of August,

but I hoped to have the city far enough south before cold weather to avoid any of the bad effects that the old climate of the city had been having on John D. Markright. To this effect I had engaged the entire fleet of river and harbor tug-boats that had added so much to the life of the waters about New York, and they were prepared to attach themselves to the enormous float whenever I should command

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AN UPPER WEST SIDE STREET

"Business and pleasure occupy the people as usual"

them to do so, and I now gave the command. Never, I am sure, did such a team of tugs take in tow such a vessel. Great as was the weight of the float and its contents, the strength of the little tugs was more than sufficient to move it easily through the water, for the little tugs are boats of enormous power. As I stood on the point of the Battery with my arms folded, and gazed out over that teeming water where my thousand little tug-boats drew their towing-lines taut, a sense of exhilaration overcame me. When had a man ever undertaken such a contract? What other man would have dared to take it? I looked down at the prow—if I may so call it—of the island, to see what progress we were making through the water, and suddenly my exhilaration left me. Tugging and straining as my boats were, puffing and snorting as they were, the island was not moving an inch! A wave of shame swept through my veins—and then I laughed! I had forgotten to order the cables that moored us to the State of New York thrown off! In a moment I was at a telephone and the order was given. The

next moment I saw the little wavelets rippling about the point of the city, and I breathed a sigh of relief as I knew the good old town was on its way to sunnier climes. I turned away, and went up-town to my office. The voyage was begun, and the navigation of the city was in the hands of more experienced seamen than myself. I had a few business matters to attend to, and did not care to see the scenery. I had seen it before.

When I reached my office I stood for a few minutes looking out at the crowded junction of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, where they cross Twenty-third Street. Here were the same hurrying crowds that I had seen there of old. Below me I saw the same policeman guarding the pedestrians across the crowded streets, and the same sleepy cab horses drowsing in the sun along the edge of Madison Square. On the corner across the way a newsboy was crying the afternoon papers, and his voice came up to me, clear and shrill, above the rumble of the streets, and the clanging of the street cars. Thus, too, would the life of the city go on during all its long voyage, and even when it was safely moored at some coast where, perhaps, thousands of years ago, Ulysses touched in his little boat. And then, for the first time, I thought of my father, and turned to ring in a call for a telegraph boy. I turned from the box with a laugh. That was one of the things I had forgotten. There were no more telegraphic connections with the mainland. I saw that I should have arranged for wireless communication, but that, too, was one of the things I had forgotten.

Still, I could detach one of the tugs, and send it back with a message, and I turned to the telephone to do so, when a shock shook the whole building and threw me to the floor. I heard cries from the street, too, and the voices of drivers shouting at their fallen horses, and fear of a thousand different accidents passed rapidly through my mind. I turned to dash for the elevator, but before I had stepped into the hall my telephone bell rang furiously. I took down the receiver and held it to my ear.

It was one of the things I had forgotten. A man cannot be expected to remember everything, I hope. At any rate, John D. Markright had no cause to blame me, as he did. I did not put Staten Island where it happens to lie—some one else put it there.

It was there long before I was born, for that matter, and the captains and pilots I had hired to attend to the navigation of the city should have thought of it. But they did not. They steamed their tugs straight for the Narrows, and steamed into them, and of course, when the city tried to follow through, it was too wide. It jammed in, and wedged in, and stuck fast there. I could have told those captains what would have happened, if they had asked me. But they didn't ask me. I blame them for that.

There was nothing to do about it. The town was stuck in the Narrows, and there, as you know, it has stuck ever since. There was much complaint the first few days, because the town was now in the mosquito belt, being attached to Long Island on one side and to Staten Island on the other, and John D. Markright was most rude to me, until I had seen his physicians and talked the matter over with them. They had been in almost constant attendance upon John D. Markright since the island of Manhattan had jammed in the Narrows, and they had suffered tortures from his nerves. He was rapidly becoming a nervous dyspeptic wreck, and this was aggravated by the noises of the city. The rumbling of cabs, the jangling of car bells, and the clinking of horse-shoes on the pavements were driving the old man frantic.

"We advised the Mediterranean," they said, "because there he would have quiet. This whole idea of moving New York was folly. It is not the climate he needs, it is the greater quiet. My own advice was that he should go to Venice; it was his idea that the Mediterranean was what he needed. There are no noisy streets in Venice——"

I did not wait to hear more. The next morning when John D. Markright awoke—if his feverish tossings on his bed could be called sleep—it was a new city that met his gaze. In such a cause I do not spare myself. I did not begrudge John D. Markright the labor of that night. If he slept but poorly, I did not sleep at all. From the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil my men were at work with chisel and pick-axe, with crow-bar and auger, removing the streets of New York! Have you ever, in the old days, seen the force of men removing the snow from the streets of the metropolis? It was thus I worked removing the streets themselves. First the main thoroughfares—Broadway, Fifth Avenue and the shop-

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MADISON SQUARE

"The man now rides to his home on Fifth Avenue from his office in Wall Street, in his yacht"

ping streets—then the less important streets and avenues. Miles of asphalt my workmen rolled up as a man rolls a strip of carpet and dumped into the bay. Miles of cobblestones they punched through into the waters underneath the city. If New York could not go to Venice I would make a Venice of New York, and I did it in one night! One evening the whole population of New York was complaining of the crowded condition of the street cars—and the next morning there were no crowds on the cars; there were no cars; there were no streets; nothing but clean, noiseless canals where the streets and avenues had been.

I hope I did this all with no hope of political reward. I hope I only expected a few hundred millions of profit from it. I know this was so. But who can refuse the tokens of thankfulness forced upon him by a grateful populace? I did not wish to be made mayor of the city, but the city insisted. Its gratitude was overwhelming.

You who first see the city as it is now can

hardly, I fear, understand the reason for this gratitude as you sail gently up Broadway or fish for tommy-cods off the Flatiron Building. The man who now rides to his home on Fifth Avenue from his office in Wall Street, in his yacht, and watches the ripples play across the surface of Fifty-ninth Street, knows, however, how much the town is improved. So does the woman who, in her little gasoline launch, visits the great stores on Sixth Avenue or Twenty-third Street, or who drives in the park in her white-winged catboat. Even the washwoman, carrying home some one's week's laundry in her little canoe, has a word of thanks for me, while the visitors to the city who see its beauties from the decks of the excursion steamers are informed by the man with the megaphone that all this peace and beauty are due to my efforts.

For those who, in the old days, used the surface cars, there are the fleet passenger boats, and the users of the subway are provided with the nice warm submarine boats. Instead of the Fifth Avenue stages the con-

servatives are provided with a fleet of properly slow and worn-out lumber schooners. The honk of the automobile no longer frightens the wits out of the pedestrian. Where there was danger there is now safety, and where there was noise there is now peace. Our streets are always clean, and are not torn up day after day to permit the laying of pipes.

In summer the streets of the East Side are merry with the voices of the numerous children splashing about in life-preservers, while their mothers sit sewing in their skiffs, or bargain with the peddlers who steer their well-laden push-rafts from place to place, avoiding the vigilant eyes of the police tugs. In winter the skating is good.

The life of the town goes on as before. Business and pleasure occupy the people as usual. Occasionally a man who has partaken of too much wine falls into Broad-

way and is drowned, and now and then a sloop is wrecked while rounding the windy corner from Broadway into Twenty-third Street, but no one is killed or maimed by the street cars, or rudely hustled into eternity by a fool in an automobile. Wetter New York is a nice place in which to live.

John D. Markright is now a well man, and he is profuse in his thanks to me. His renewed health is all due to the change I made in the city he bought, and of late years he has largely withdrawn from his financial exertions, as he now owns everything worth owning, and has a mortgage on the rest. But he still goes down-town every day, where he takes a moist, aquatic pleasure. Any nice day you may see him in the financial district, garbed in a diver's suit and guarded by one of the police tugs, playfully gathering up the money that other men have dropped in Wall Street.

WALL STREET

"Any nice day you may see him in the financial district, garbed in a diver's suit and guarded by one of the police tugs, playfully gathering up the money that other men have dropped in Wall Street"

THE TARIFF IN OUR TIMES

BY IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF LINCOLN," "HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

IN THE HANDS OF THE DEMOCRATS



THE most conspicuous political figures in the United States in the fall of 1883 were two Democrats—John G. Carlisle of Kentucky and Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania, rival candidates for the speakership of the House of Representatives. Their contest was something more than a struggle for leadership. A grave question was at stake. Should or should not the Democrats open the tariff question? The Republicans had just passed a tariff bill violating their own promises. It was the second time in twenty-two years that they had broken faith on the question. Mr. Carlisle claimed that the Democrats should now make it their duty to effect the reforms so long promised and every day more needed. Mr. Randall claimed that the tariff should be left to the Republicans.

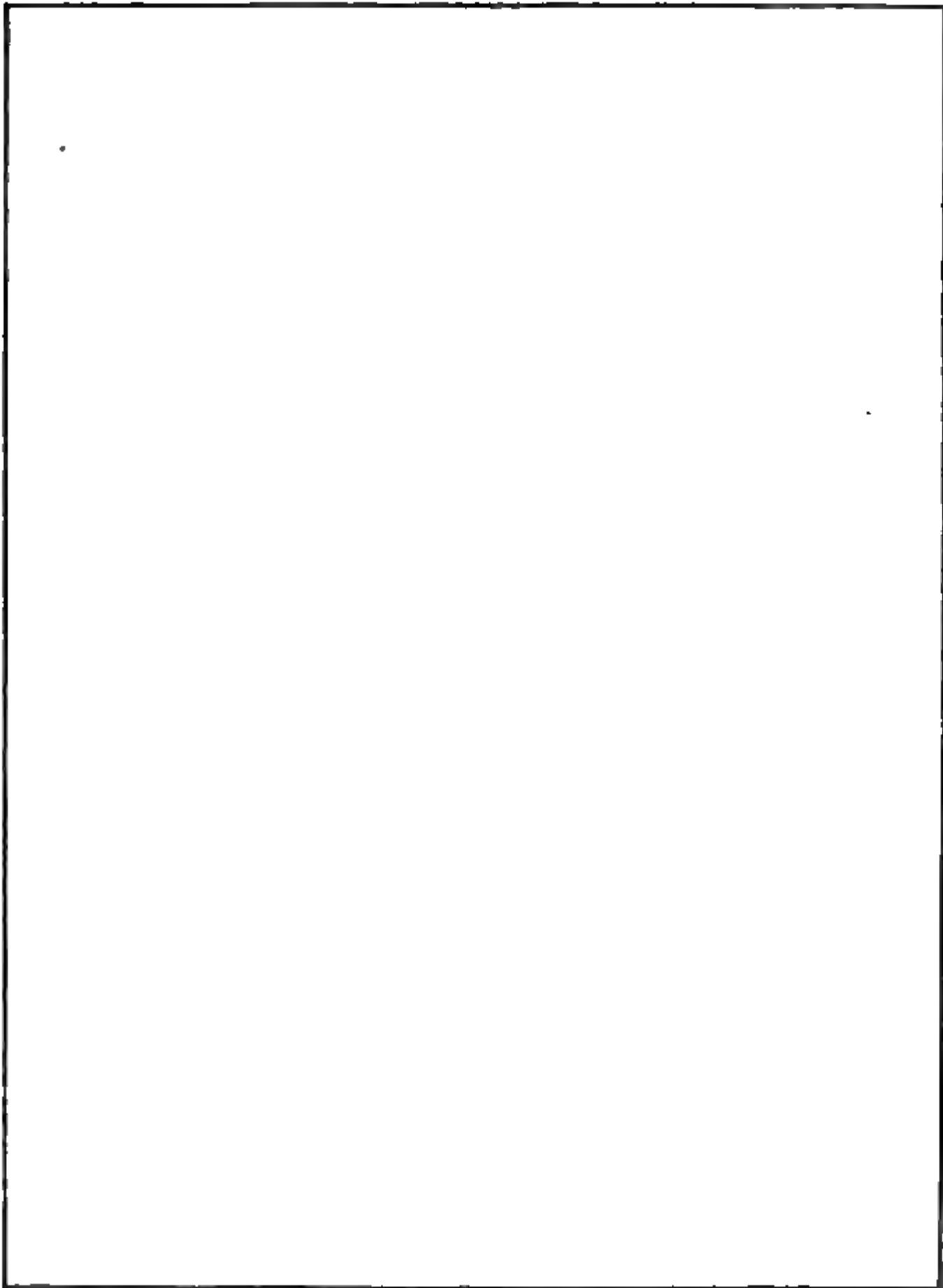
Randall of Pennsylvania

Two men could scarcely have offered a greater contrast in training, in methods and in ideals than the two thus thrown into prominence. Sam Randall was the older and by far the more experienced in national affairs, but he was an ignorant man whose only real school had been the questionable one of Philadelphia ward politics and in this his own father had been his master. Randall had first been sent to Congress in 1863 as a Democrat, and slowly but surely he had become the leader of his party. He had accomplished this mainly by the coolness and the skill with which he led a weak minority so that it frequently was able to frustrate the plans of a big majority. To play the parliamentary game successfully

against such odds as Randall faced had aroused enthusiasm and devotion and given him supreme power. It was not alone his parliamentary skill which won him followers. His presence counted for much. Randall was one of the handsomest men of his day—with a face chiseled like an old Roman's and lit by a pair of large dark eyes of amazing fire and softness. Speak of Sam Randall to-day to one of his old colleagues and it will not be long before he will tell you with softened voice of "those wonderful eyes," "that classic face." Randall's force and charm were such that they overcame his lack of studious habits, of reflection and of broad views.

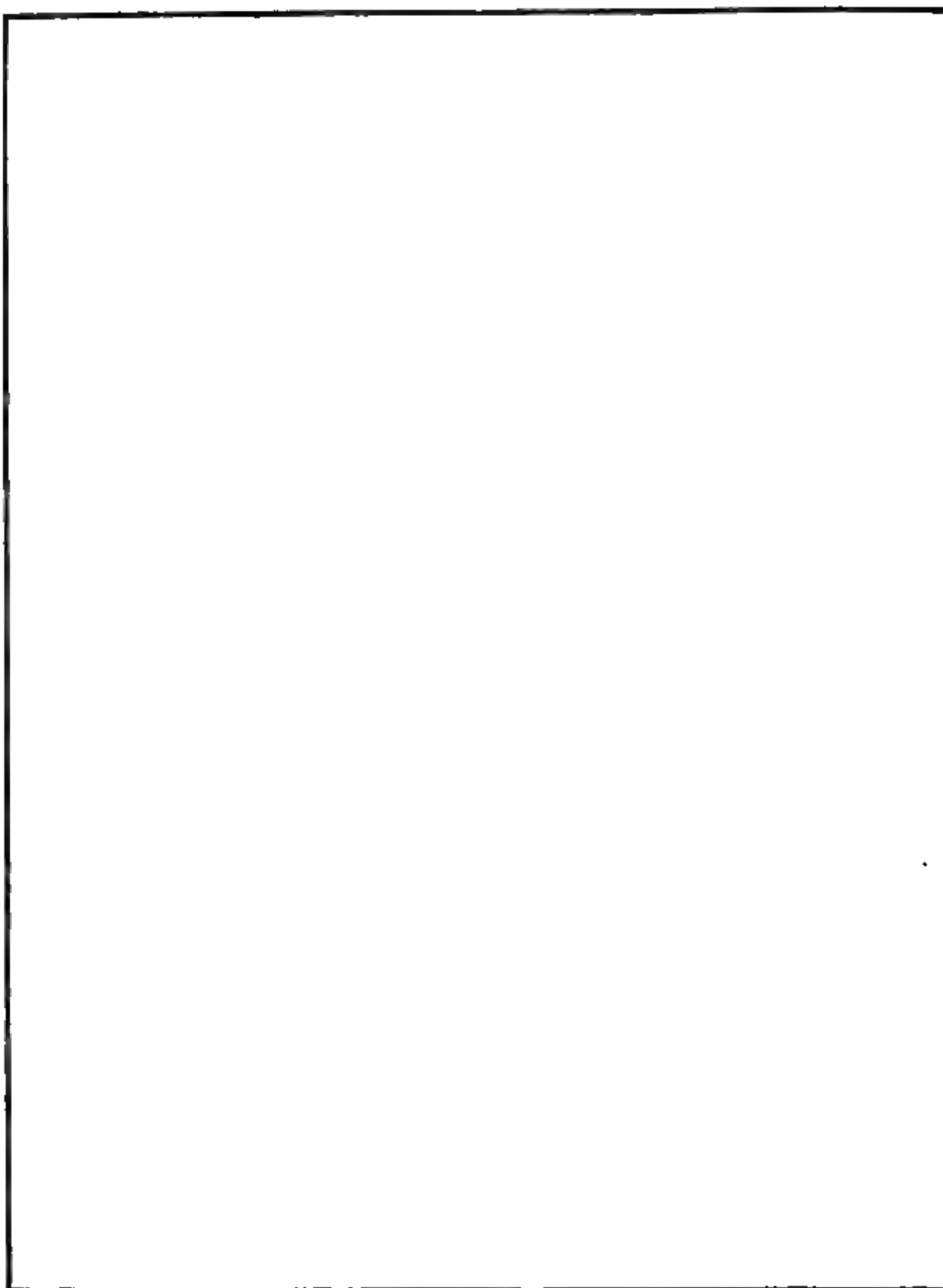
The first serious shock to Randall's leadership came in the early 80's. Then the issue of tariff-for-revenue-only became acute with his party and he could not follow, for Randall was a protectionist of the Kelley brand. In youth he had been a Whig, but in 1856 he and his family went over to Buchanan, largely on the ground of personal liking, it seems. In Congress he had always supported the high tariff arguments and bills, without ever bringing much light to the question, for he was not at all well equipped for tariff discussion. Indeed, as late as the bill of 1883 he went about the House studying a little handbook on the tariff—for the first time posting himself on the vocabulary and the schedules.

As it became more evident that the Democratic issue was to be tariff revision, Randall's place became more difficult, for it was a Republican district which was sending him to Congress and it was no secret that they sent him on condition that he support protection. To an outsider it seems now as if the natural thing would have been for Randall to have gone over to the Republi-



SAMUEL J. RANDALL IN 1883

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JOHN G. CARLISLE IN 1883

"John G. Carlisle . . . was probably the nearest approach to a statesman then in the United States Congress. He had come to his place through means which it is doubtful Randall could appreciate. . . . He had become a school teacher and in his leisure had read law. . . . He first entered the House in 1877, fourteen years after Randall, and he immediately made a deep impression"

cans at this juncture, but he believed, honestly enough no doubt, that he could force the Democrats back from the position they had taken, that he could in fact *protectionize* the Democratic Party.

Carlisle of Kentucky

But Randall was dealing with a bigger force and a bigger man in 1883 than he realized. John G. Carlisle, his opponent, was probably the nearest approach to a statesman then in the United States Congress. He had come to his place through means which it is doubtful if Randall could appreciate. Born on a Kentucky farm, he had spent the days of his early youth at farm work, the nights over books. He had become a school teacher and in his leisure had read law. Admitted to the bar, he had continued to study until he was called the ablest lawyer in the state. Admitted to the state legislature, he had become a leader of his party through force of his knowledge and his intellectual vigor. Carlisle had first entered the House in 1877, fourteen years after Randall, and he immediately made a deep impression on the country by his thorough mastery of subjects, his clearness of statement, his gravity and candor in argument, and his freedom from the trickery and deceptions of partisan politics. In the spring of 1882 he made a speech against a Tariff Commission which, as an argument for thorough tariff reform, was one of the ablest of the period. It really framed a strong logical position for the Democrats. His speech in 1883 when the Kelley bill was under consideration gave his position:

"In the broad and sweeping sense which the term usually implies I am not a free trader," he said. "I will add that in my judgment it will be years yet before anything in the nature of free trade would be wise or practicable in the United States. When we speak of this subject we refer to approximate free trade which has no idea of cutting the growth of home industries but simply of scaling down the inequalities of the tariff schedules where they are utterly out of proportion to the demands of that growth. After we have calmly stood up and allowed monopolists to grow fat we should not be asked to make them bloated. Our enormous surplus revenues are illogical and oppressive. It is entirely undemocratic to continue these burdens on the people for years and years after the requirements of protection have been met and the representatives of these industries have become incrustated with wealth."

That is, Carlisle saw clearly that certain evils inherent in high protection, evils

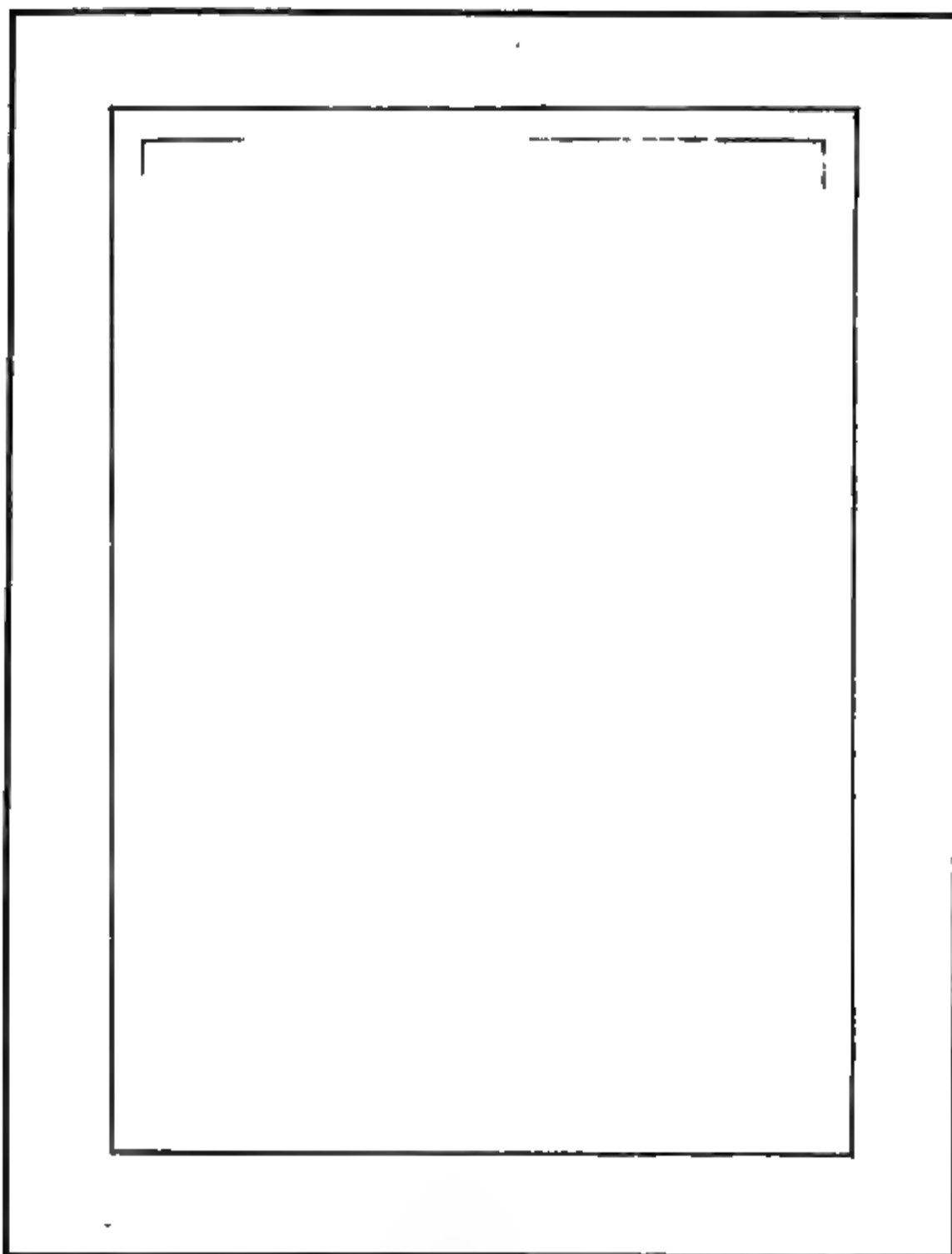
against which Garfield and all the Republican tariff reformers had so often warned, were becoming realities. The word monopoly was already in everybody's mouth, for at this time the impossibility of preventing the over-production and low prices which are the logical result of an artificial stimulus like a high tariff, except by some artificial check like a combination to limit output and hold up prices, had been completely demonstrated.

Mr. Randall, however, saw no danger in the building up of monopolies and combinations to limit production which counterbalanced the advantage there was in shutting out foreign competition and keeping the home market inviolate. The danger he claimed to see at the moment was one that our magnates claim to see now in continuing the discussion on the regulation of railroads: that is, unsettling capital. "There is nothing in life so sensitive to adverse criticism and which takes alarm so quickly," he said, "as capital invested in large industrial enterprises. . . . Shall we unsettle business interests by constant tinkering with the tariff? Shall no law last longer than the meeting of the next Congress?"

The contest between the two had begun in the summer and had been followed with keen interest in political circles. Early in November the candidates opened headquarters in Washington and soon the town was full of "Randall men" and "Carlisle men," each ready to prove his candidate a sure winner! All of the big newspapers had correspondents on hand, foretelling confidently the success of the candidate favored by their readers. But there was little to indicate the result. It all depended, it was seen, upon how deep and how general a belief there was in the Democratic party that high tariffs were dangerous.

"Buying Mules" in '83

The only really significant feature of the fall contest in Washington was the activity of the protected interests in Randall's behalf. The iron men and steel men, the wool men, the New Jersey potters, the Standard Oil Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad, were all said to be on hand. There were many hints at the use of money. Mr. Barnum of Connecticut, former United States Senator and now chairman of the National Democratic



WILLIAM R. MORRISON

"Mr. Morrison was too aggressively honest and outspoken ever to keep silence on a question which interested him. He had fought for reform, in Congress, in caucus, in national conventions, everywhere he could get a hearing, and now that he had a chance to make a bill he went at it with great zest, and in March he had it ready—'a bill to reduce import duties and war-tariff taxes' "

Committee, was said to be in town "buying mules" for Randall, as the slang of the day went. It was said that the Standard Oil Company was particularly generous. How much truth there was in these charges of bribery the writer does not know; but this is certain, an alliance of business interests in support of Mr. Randall was plainly evident in the fall of 1883. The protectionists were most active, but they had with them the railroads and the Standard Oil crowd, who at that moment were fighting hard to pre-

vent threatened regulation of interstate commerce: that is, all of the interests which were thriving on special privileges were combined into a league for the continuation of those privileges.

Up to this time these allied interests had supported the Republican party. It was in power and it had granted the privileges they enjoyed, but they were quite willing to support a man of any political faith who agreed with them. Naturally their great desire was that both parties should agree to pro-

tection as the American system, that the question should practically be taken out of politics. This would result if Mr. Randall's effort to protectionize the Democrats succeeded. Naturally then, they were eager to do their utmost to support him in his contest with Mr. Carlisle. But to their surprise and unquestionably to the surprise of Mr. Randall, Mr. Carlisle was elected speaker by a large majority. The tariff question was to be opened again. The man whom Mr. Carlisle selected to open it was William R. Morrison of Illinois, who had worked shoulder to shoulder with him the winter before in obstructing the Kelley bill.

Mr. Randall Defeats His Party

Mr. Morrison was an experienced man at tariff reform; indeed, the first Democratic tariff bill presented after the War originated with him. That was in 1875 and 1876, when the Democrats first obtained possession of the House. The Speaker, Michael C. Kerr, had asked Col. Morrison to take the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee. Mr. Morrison had brought in a good and reasonable measure, but even then the Randall faction of Protectionist-Democrats were too strong for him, and his bill had been speedily dropped. A little later Mr. Randall had succeeded Kerr as speaker and he had dropped Morrison from the Committee. He was not restored until 1879. But Mr. Morrison was too aggressively honest and outspoken ever to keep silence on a question which interested him. He had fought for reform, in Congress, in caucus, in national conventions, everywhere he could get a hearing, and now that he had a chance to make a bill he went at it with great zest, and in March he had it ready—"a bill to reduce import duties and war-tariff taxes"—he called it. The bill was clever, for it really asked nothing more than what the Republicans themselves were already committed to. Thus he proposed a general 20 per cent. reduction. The Republican Tariff Commission had advised from 20 to 25 per cent. in 1882—Congress in 1883 had granted only a little over 4 per cent. So, declared Mr. Morrison, I am only asking what your own experts have advised. This 20 per cent. reduction was to be applied horizontally to all duties on manufactured articles. Here again Mr. Morrison

was following Republican precedent: their reduction in 1872 being a 10 per cent. horizontal, and their increase in 1875 a restoration of the same. In order to forestall the objection that this reduction might bring certain duties back to the detested rates of 1857, Mr. Morrison put in the proviso that no duty should be lower than that provided by the Morrill tariff of 1861. That is, he was willing to give the Republicans the protection they themselves had devised before the war and which they had increased with a distinct understanding that as soon as the war was over the old rates should be restored. Even in putting salt, coal and lumber on the free list, Mr. Morrison followed a not very old Republican precedent, Eugene Hale backed by Mr. Blaine having passed a bill to that effect through the House in 1871.*

From the day of the introduction of Mr. Morrison's bill into the House, it was certain that Mr. Randall would oppose it. Randall indeed was working day and night to rally a strong Democratic opposition. His success was apparent when, after three weeks of general debate, Mr. Converse, an Ohio Democrat, suddenly moved that the enacting clause of the bill be struck out and the motion was carried by a vote of 159 to 155. That is, in a House having a majority of 80 Democrats a bill which was a moderate expression of a policy to which the party had always been committed could not be passed. Forty-one Democrats voted against the bill; twelve of them from Pennsylvania, ten from Ohio, six from New York, four from California, three from New Jersey and four from the South. It was a powerful vote, for when boiled down it represented iron and steel, wool and sugar, and the hold they had on the Democrats.

A Struggle for a Platform

The defeat of the Morrison bill only aggravated the feeling between the two factions and made it certain that there would be a great fight over the tariff plank of the platform in Chicago in July, when the National Convention met to nominate a presidential candidate, and there was—one of the most stubborn and prolonged in the history of conventions. Henry Watterson was first on the ground with the plank "tariff-for-revenue-only," which he had placed in

* See THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for March, 1907.

the platforms of 1876 and of 1880, and which he was determined should go in again. Ben Butler, a candidate for the Presidency, followed him with a compromise plank, and after him came Abram S. Hewitt and Manton Marble, also with compromise expressions. Mr. Randall's friends talked free whisky and free tobacco for the plank.

When the Committee on Resolutions finally was formed it included all these gentlemen. The session began with a deadlock over the chairman—18 being for Morrison, 18 for Converse of Ohio, Randall's man; and from that time until the end nothing but rumors of deadlocks came from behind the closed door. The sub-committee to which the framing of the tariff plank was finally confided sat for *fifty-one* consecutive hours, and the session ended in what

the disgusted Mr. Watterson called a "straddle"—a plank calling for revision in "a spirit of fairness to all interests"—one which would "injure no domestic industry and would not deprive American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor." It was an expression carefully arranged to back all shades of opinion between Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Randall—a platform which gave standing room to both factions, and it really compared very well with the Republican pledge to "correct the irregularities of the tariff and to reduce the surplus—so as to re-

lieve the tax-payers without injuring the laborers or the great productive interests of the country." If anybody was ahead in the platform contest it was Mr. Carlisle, and this from the fact that Mr. Morrison was selected to present the report to the Convention.

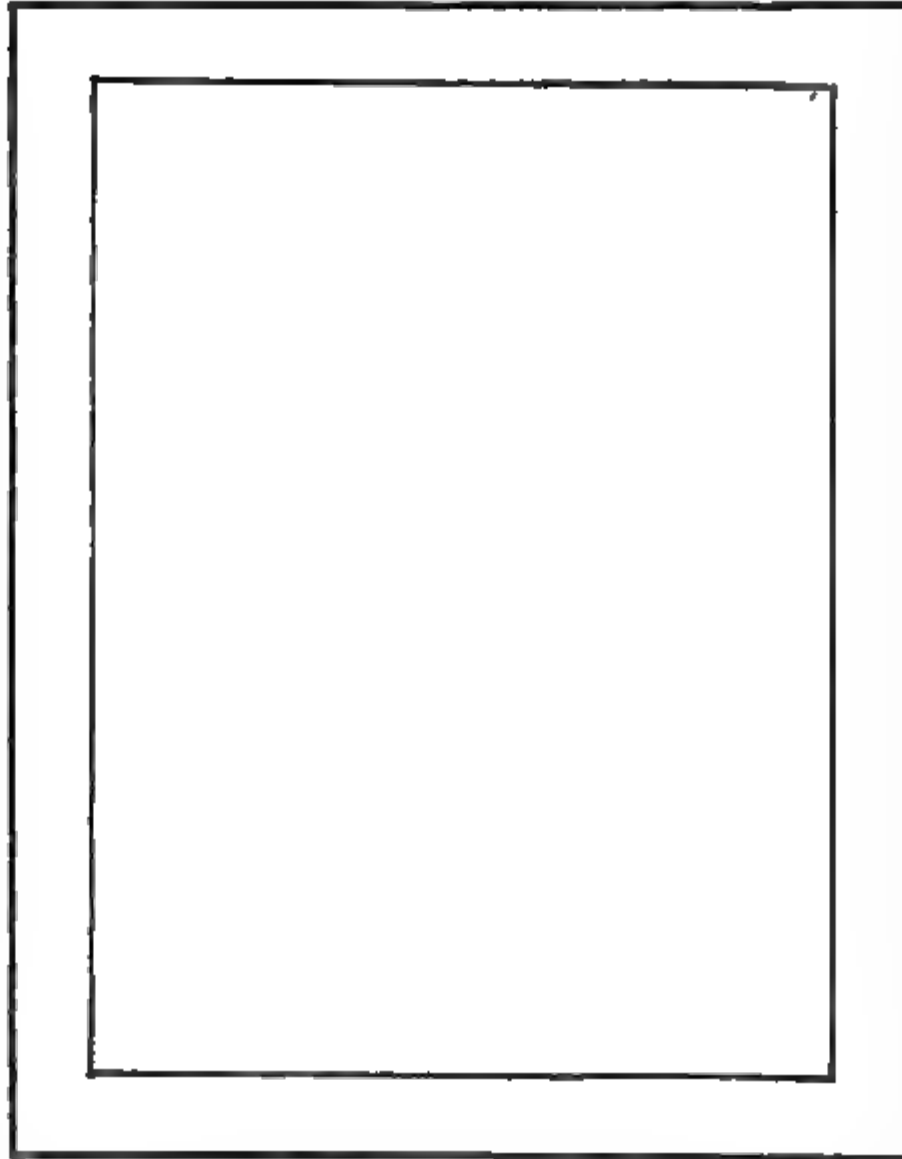
At the time of the National Convention it

looked as if the tariff would be the chief issue of the campaign, but as it turned out the Republican candidate, Mr. Blaine, was the issue, and he had not the vitality for the strain. His opponent, Grover Cleveland—a man unheard of in public affairs until three years before, but whose short record as mayor of the city of Buffalo and governor of the state of New York had been of such courage and patriotism that it had made him available for the nomination to the presidency, was elected in November by an electoral vote

of 219 to 182. The tariff issue was in Mr. Cleveland's hands.

Cleveland's First Word on the Tariff

It has been frequently said that when Grover Cleveland became president of the United States he knew nothing of the tariff. At least one tariff expert of that day has recorded a very different opinion. In an interesting unpublished manuscript of reminiscences by the late Professor Perry of Will-



ARTHUR LATHAM PERRY

Professor Perry began his free-trade teachings in Williams College about 1853 and continued them until his death in 1905. His "Principles of Political Economy" published in 1866 was one of the most influential text-books in economics ever published in this country

iams College there is an account of a talk the professor had with Mr. Cleveland in the fall of 1883 in Albany. Professor Perry had gone to Albany at the request of Thomas G. Shearman, of Brooklyn, to speak in behalf of free trade at a public meeting the Democratic leaders had organized, and the afternoon before the lecture he had been taken to the capitol to meet the governor. "He and I stood in the corridor for half an hour talking on the subject which had brought me to Albany," Professor Perry writes. "The Governor, as was proper, did most of the talking; and his interlocutor was surprised and gratified at the clearness and strength of his views on the whole tariff question and began to think he had this time brought coals to New Castle, since the first official in the state apparently knew as much about tariffs as he did and could express himself even better. The Governor said he was glad I came to Albany, thought he had better not attend the meeting himself, but hoped everybody else would go, and on parting gave me his best wishes for the efforts made and making in behalf of the good cause, with which efforts he seemed to be familiar. He impressed me as few other men ever did on first acquaintance, as *a strong man, a frank man and a man every way to be trusted.*"*

But in any case Mr. Cleveland was too wise a man to take radical action on any subject at the outset of a first presidential term, particularly when that subject was sharply dividing his followers. The election had by no means healed the breach between the Carlisle and Randall factions. If anything, indeed, it was widened, for Randall had by a clever maneuver apparently strengthened his side from the South. He had done this by campaigning in aid of Southern Democratic candidates for Congress who favored protection. Together with his first lieutenant, William McAdoo of New Jersey, Randall went in the fall of '84 to Louisville, Kentucky, and spoke under the very nose of his enemy, Watterson. From Kentucky he continued his work into Tennessee and Alabama. He did not meet with a cold reception. Everywhere he had large audiences and proofs of sympathy, everywhere he found newspapers to support him. To those on the inside it was apparent that Pennsylvania

had been busy in the Southern manufacturing centers and that its money and influence accounted largely for the candidates and the interest. But it was not a sign to be lightly regarded, and Mr. Randall took care that its full strength be known to Mr. Cleveland.

But however cautious Mr. Cleveland meant to be, his first message showed that he stood with Mr. Carlisle and not with Mr. Randall. He was for revision at once. "The fact that our revenues are in excess of the actual needs of an economical administration of the government justifies a reduction in the amount exacted from the people for its support," he wrote. "The proposition with which we have to deal is the reduction of the revenue received by the government and indirectly paid by the people from the customs duties. The amount of such reduction having been determined, the inquiry follows, where can it best be remitted and what articles can best be released from duty in the interests of our citizens? I think the reduction should be made in the revenue derived from a tax upon the imported necessities of life." "The question of free trade," Mr. Cleveland said, "is not involved, nor is there any occasion for the general discussion of the wisdom or experience of a protective system." He also interpolated a paragraph assuring the protected industries and their workmen that there was no intention in his mind of any ruthless changes which would hurt their interests.

Mr. Randall Again Defeats His Party

As was to be expected, Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Morrison returned to the charge as soon as Congress opened. Four months were spent in preparing a new bill and on it the very best brains of the party were engaged. Abram Hewitt, who had in the previous session presented a bill embodying his ideas, now went to work with Morrison. David Wells and J. S. Moore, the "Parsee Merchant," came to Washington to give their help. The greatest care was taken to meet the just objections to the previous measure, and when the bill was reported in April, 1886, it was found to be more moderate than its predecessor. The objectionable horizontal leveling had been given up. Duties had been studied in relation to labor cost. The free list was larger, including coal, salt, and

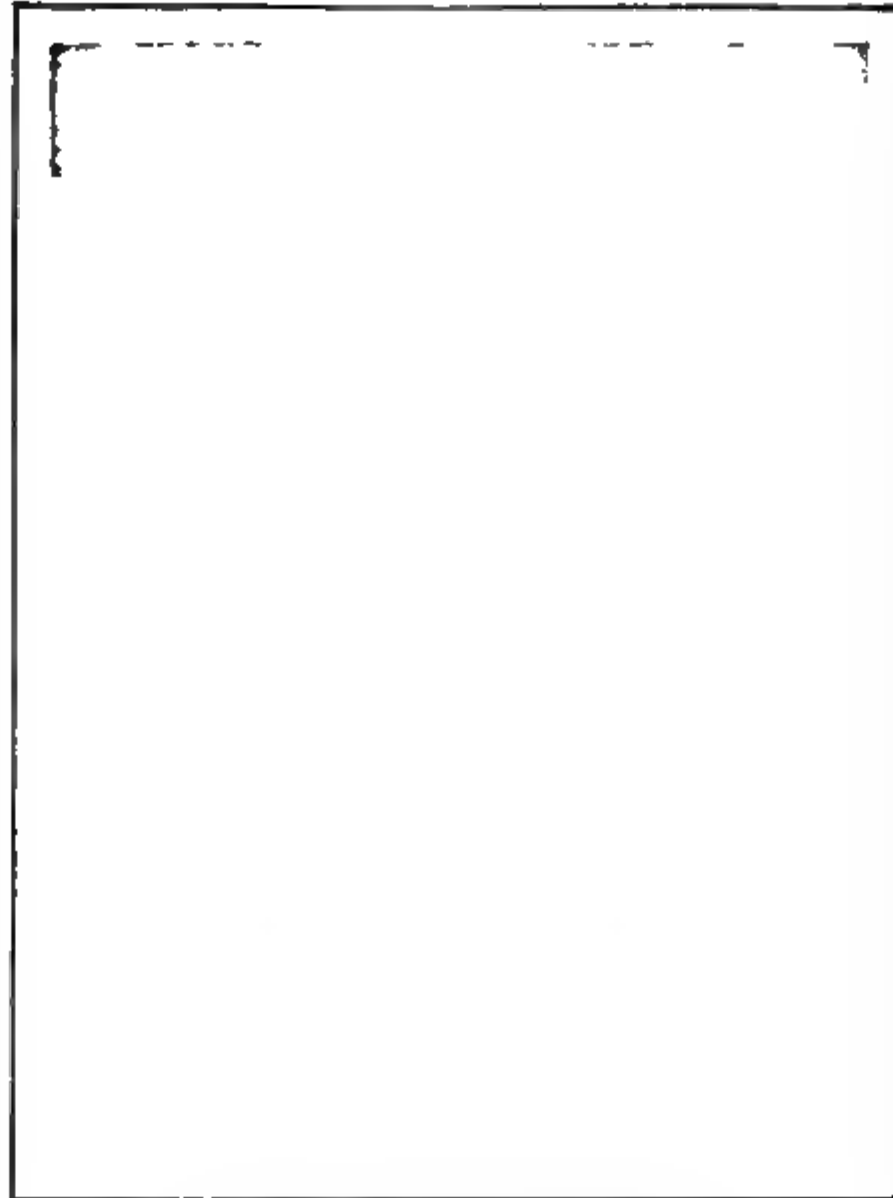
* The writer owes this bit of history to the courtesy of the son of Prof. Perry, Mr. Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

iron, copper and lead ores. It was a bill for which both Republicans and Democrats might have voted without violating party platforms, but there was no hope for it. The Randall faction again joined the Republicans when Mr. Morrison asked the House to go into a Committee of the Whole to consider his bill, and voted him down by a vote of 157 to 140. Four Republicans voted with Morrison, 35 Democrats against him.

Mr. Morrison might be defeated but the necessity of revision could not be. Indeed the situation was becoming more complicated everyday. For four years a serious business depression had harassed the country. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, who, as commissioner of labor, investigated the condition and reported a little later, found that in the year ending July, 1885, there had been fully 1,000,000 persons out of employment. He estimated that year of

idleness meant a loss of \$300,000,000 to the country. Strikes were incessant and in 1884 and 1885 over 20,000 failures had occurred, many of them being in highly protected industries. Indeed, some of the chief advocates of the system had gone down in the general distress, among them John Roach, whose panegyric on protection as the source of prosperity was one of the choice pieces collected by the Tariff Commission of 1882, and Henry

Oliver, the representative on the Commission of the iron and steel industries. The piling up of the surplus, too, was causing more and more uneasiness. In the year ending just after Mr. Morrison's second bill was denied consideration, the surplus was found to be nearly ninety-four million dollars, with no profitable provision for spending. Even Mr. Randall was willing to admit that this was serious, and to remedy it he now prepared a bill. The gist of it was the reduction of the surplus by increasing the duties, that is, making them prohibitory. If nothing was imported, nothing would be collected. Of course, there was no hope for Mr. Randall's proposition, though the Ways and Means Committee gave prominence to it by an adverse report and it was discussed fully in the public press, particularly in the New York Times, where the "Parsee



JOSEPH S. MOORE

The "Parsee Merchant" came to New York from Bombay where he had been a merchant. He entered the New York Custom House Service and was finally removed by Secretary Sherman because of his activity for tariff reform. Moore was a man of learning and of character, greatly beloved by his associates

Merchant" dissected it mercilessly.

Cleveland Again Urges Revision

This, in substance, was the condition of things when it came time for Mr. Cleveland to send in his second message. His first year in office had certainly given him large opportunity to study the tariff question. It had not been wasted. His notions had evidently been enlarged and intensified and

in his message he urged at length upon Congress the "pressing importance" of revision. He made a strong argument against the system which had produced the surplus he was laboring with and at the same time caused "abnormal and exceptional business profits," "without corresponding benefit to the people at large," and it ended with a plain warning to Congress that nothing could be accomplished "unless the subject was approached in a patriotic spirit of devotion to the interests of the entire country and with a willingness to yield something to the public good." This message is particularly interesting in comparison with the famous one of a year later. Indeed, it contains nearly all the points elaborated there. But it fell on deaf ears. Mr. Morrison proved this when, a few days later, he tried again to get his second bill reported; and was defeated. Not only did Congress refuse to consider Mr. Morrison's bill, it adjourned in March, 1887, without any action of any kind in regard to revenue.

And while the members of Congress sullenly refused to consider the needs of the country lest in so doing they might sacrifice party advantage, Mr. Cleveland and his Cabinet were spending anxious days trying to find means to unclog the treasury and avert panic. In the first six months after the message of December, 1886, nearly \$80,000,000 were applied to taking up 3 per cent. bonds. Financial uneasiness continuing, some eighteen to nineteen millions more were spent on the same bonds, and twenty-seven and one-half millions in taking up bonds not yet due and in anticipating interest. Even after this Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Fairchild, his secretary of the treasury, did not feel at all certain that trouble would not return, and as the hot weather came on and the Cabinet members prepared to leave for their summer homes, the President arranged that they keep him informed of all their movements. He wanted to be able to reach them, he told them, for he had made up his mind that if there was a recurrence of trouble he would call an extra session of Congress and lay matters before the members in such a way that they would be forced to act.

A Bold Decision

But the summer passed and business grew better rather than worse. In Septem-

ber Mr. Cleveland went to Philadelphia to the centenary of the Constitution and there he met Mr. Fairchild. The two talked matters over and agreed that no extra session would be needed. "I was almost sorry," Mr. Cleveland told the writer—"not sorry that the trouble was over, but that my opportunity was lost." But the cause of the trouble remained and continued to worry the President. It continued, too, to worry the country. Ugly evidences of this were continually coming from press and people. Mr. Cleveland was accused of not realizing the situation, of fearing the Randall faction of his party—of doing nothing because he was playing for a second term, etc., etc.—the old-time charges against the man who in a difficult situation with a divided party behind him studies his case and waits for a favorable moment to act. Later in September, something happened which set everybody agog. Secretary Fairchild and Speaker Carlisle were reported to be at Oak View in consultation with the President and Mr. Randall was not present. It was taken as a sign that the President had concluded to ignore the Randall faction. But Mr. Cleveland did nothing more at the September council than to get the opinion of his colleagues on the situation; he did not reveal his plan of campaign, though at that moment he had it in mind, indeed had practically decided upon it, and a bold, original plan it was.

Mr. Cleveland had come to the conclusion that the country must be forced to think about the tariff and its relation to the recent business disorders, and that the only way open to him to force this attention was to devote his entire forthcoming message to Congress to that subject. No such thing had ever been done by a president of the United States. But there was no constitutional objection to the idea. Nothing but precedent was against it and Mr. Cleveland concluded that here was a case where the breaking of a precedent was more useful than the observance. For weeks he turned the matter over in his mind, taking nobody into his confidence until finally early in November he told his Cabinet what he had determined upon. He regretted, he said, not to use their several reports as was the custom, particularly when everybody had made so good a showing, but in his judgment the situation justified the action. There was not an objector to



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GROVER CLEVELAND IN 1887

"The effect (of Cleveland's tariff message) was instantaneous. All over the country thinking people cried out that not since the Emancipation Proclamation had a president of the United States shown equal courage and wisdom. The patience with which Mr. Cleveland had waited for Congress to take the action needed, the deliberation and caution with which he had worked out HIS duty when Congress failed to do ITS duty; the courage with which he acted when he felt the time had come for his interference, the high patriotism with which he had swept away all thought of the result to himself and the party for what he believed to be the general good—all these features appealed to the thoughtful and led many to draw a parallel between Abraham Lincoln in 1862 and Grover Cleveland in 1887"

the suggestion; on the contrary, there was hearty and unanimous approval. Every member of the Cabinet seems to have realized that the President had hit on a move of undoubted wisdom.

The Making of a Famous Document

The writing of the message was a serious task for Mr. Cleveland. He realized that its effect depended upon the completeness of his argument and his making himself clear and convincing to plain people. It was really a literary task and Mr. Cleveland was not a literary man. He was a lawyer, accustomed to presenting what he had to say in the forcible and exact but more or less technical and ponderous terms of the law. He had a taste, too, for sonorous and unusual words and phrases, but now he wanted to be simple, as simple as he could be, and still be dignified. For weeks he kept his message within reach in the drawer of his White House work-table, whenever he had a moment, taking it out to add to and to correct. Finally he had the structure worked out to his satisfaction. He would begin at the end of the story with what the high tariff had done, the dangers and hardships it had brought on the country, and he would tell Congress plainly, this is your work and you alone can remedy it. With what dignity and clearness he worked out the situation every one remembers:—

"You are confronted at the threshold of your legislative duties," he wrote Congress, "with a condition of the national finances which imperatively demands immediate and careful consideration. The amount of money annually exacted through the operation of present laws, from the industries and necessities of the people, largely exceeds the sum necessary to meet the expenses of the Government. . . . This condition of our Treasury is not altogether new; and it has more than once of late been submitted to the people's representatives in the Congress, who alone can apply a remedy. And yet the situation still continues with aggravated incidents, more than ever presaging financial convulsion and widespread disaster. . . . If disaster results from the continued inaction of Congress, the responsibility must rest where it belongs."

He set down the income, the expenses, the unusual efforts made to dispose of the surplus, and after all was done he told them

another June would probably see \$140,000,000 more in the Treasury than was needed, "with no clear and undoubted executive power of relief." All of the suggestions before him for getting rid of the surplus: that is, purchasing at a premium bonds not yet due; refunding the public debt; depositing the money in banks throughout the country for use, he believed to be unwise and extravagant. What was needed was something deeper than expedients for spending money, it was stopping the inflow by removing the cause. What was the cause? Why, unnecessary taxation, of course. "Our scheme of taxation by means of which this needless surplus is taken from the people and put into the public treasury," Mr. Cleveland wrote, "consists of a tariff or duty levied upon importations from abroad, and internal-revenue taxes levied upon the consumption of tobacco and spirituous and malt liquors. It must be conceded that none of the things subjected to internal-revenue taxation are, strictly speaking, necessities. There appears to be no just complaint of this taxation by the consumers of these articles, and there seems to be nothing so well able to bear the burden without hardship to any portion of the people. But our present tariff laws, the vicious, inequitable and illogical source of unnecessary taxation, ought to be at once revised and amended."

And Mr. Cleveland set out to explain clearly to the people why, in his opinion, the adjectives he applied to the tariff were not too strong. The argument is important. It was the reason of an honest and candid man for the faith within him and it was destined to convince masses of people and to be the accepted argument of a majority of his party in years of future struggling on the question. The gist of it was that the tariff is really a tax,—that is, the price of the imported article one buys is higher by the amount of the duty, and this duty makes it possible for people who are manufacturers of the same kind of articles as those imported to sell them for a price approximately equal to that demanded for the imported goods. In the first case the tax or duty goes to the government, in the other case to the domestic manufacturer. "It is said that the increase in the price of domestic manufactures resulting from the present tariff is necessary in order that higher wages may be paid to our

working men employed in manufactories, than are paid for what is called the pauper labor of Europe." Now out of a population of 50,155,783, 2,623,089 persons are employed in such manufacturing industries as are claimed to be benefited by a high tariff. "To these the appeal is made to save their employment and maintain their wages by resisting a change. . . . Yet with slight reflection they will not overlook the fact that they are consumers with the rest. . . . Nor can the worker in manufactures fail to understand that while a high tariff is claimed to be necessary to allow the payment of remunerative wages it certainly results in a very large increase in the price of nearly all sorts of manufactures, which in almost countless forms he needs for the use of himself and his family. He receives at the desk of his employer his wages, and perhaps before he reaches his home is obliged, in a purchase for family use of an article which embraces his own labor, to return in the payment of the increase in price which the tariff permits, the hard-earned compensation of many days of toil."

The Farmer and the Wool Tariff

Mr. Cleveland felt strongly that it was to the 7,670,493 farmers in the country that the tariff worked particular injustice. Seeking an illustration of his idea he went back to his boyhood in New York State, when every farmer he knew had a few sheep; when he himself wore a suit of homespun wool—the very odor of which he will tell you he remembers to-day! What good were these farmers getting from the wool-tariff?

"I think it may be fairly assumed," he wrote, "that a large proportion of the sheep owned by the farmers throughout the country are found in small flocks numbering from twenty-five to fifty. The duty on the grade of imported wool which these sheep yield, is ten cents each pound if of the value of thirty cents or less, and twelve cents if of the value of more than thirty cents. If the liberal estimate of six pounds be allowed for each fleece, the duty thereon would be sixty or seventy-two cents, and this may be taken as the utmost enhancement of its price to the farmer by reason of this duty. Eighteen dollars would thus represent the increased price of the wool from twenty-five sheep, and thirty-six dollars that from the wool of fifty sheep; and at present values this addition would amount to about one third of its price. If upon its sale the farmer receives this or a less tariff profit, the wool leaves his hands charged with precisely that sum, which in all its changes will adhere to it, until it reaches the consumer.

When manufactured into cloth and other goods and material for use, its cost is not only increased to the extent of the farmer's tariff profit, but a further sum has been added for the benefit of the manufacturer under the operation of other tariff laws. In the meantime the day arrives when the farmer finds it necessary to purchase woollen goods and material to clothe himself and family for the winter. When he faces the tradesman for that purpose he discovers that he is obliged not only to return, in the way of increased prices, his tariff profit on the wool he sold, and which then perhaps lies before him in manufactured form, but that he must add a considerable sum thereto to meet a further increase in cost caused by a tariff duty on the manufacture. Thus in the end he is roused to the fact that he has paid upon a moderate purchase, as a result of the tariff scheme, which when he sold his wool seemed so profitable, an increase in price more than sufficient to sweep away all the tariff profit he received upon the wool he produced and sold.

"When the number of farmers engaged in wool-raising is compared with all the farmers in the country, and the small proportion they bear to our population is considered; when it is made apparent that, in the case of a large part of those who own sheep, the benefit of the present tariff on wool is illusory; and, above all, when it must be conceded that the increase of the cost of living caused by such tariff becomes a burden upon those with moderate means and the poor, the employed and unemployed, the sick and well, and the young and old, and that it constitutes a tax which, with relentless grasp, is fastened upon the clothing of every man, woman, and child in the land, reasons are suggested why the removal or reduction of this duty should be included in a revision of our tariff laws."

The Tariff and the Trusts

Perhaps the most significant parts of Mr. Cleveland's message from the point of view of present-day developments are those in which he pointed out the relation of the tariff to the trusts. By this time (1887) the movement to prevent any lowering of domestic prices of the protected articles by natural competition was already strong and alarming. The sugar trust, the National Lead Trust Company, the National Linseed Oil Trust, the Copper Syndicate, the association of steel men, the combinations in wax, rubber goods, oil cloth and dozens of other highly protected articles were worrying the whole country. "It is notorious," Mr. Cleveland wrote, "that competition is too often strangled by combinations quite prevalent at this time, and frequently called trusts, which have for their object the regulation of the supply and price of commodities made and sold by members of the combination. The people can hardly hope for any consid-

eration in the operation of these selfish schemes. . . . *The necessity of combination to maintain the price of any commodity to the tariff point, furnishes proof that some one is willing to accept lower prices for such commodity, and that such prices are remunerative.*"

Mr. Cleveland did not neglect either to touch upon another feature of the protective trust which was causing uneasiness and of which he was soon to learn much more than he knew then—that was the measures they were taking to prevent any revision at all. "So stubbornly have all efforts to reform the present condition been resisted by those of our fellow-citizens thus engaged (in protected industries) that they can hardly complain of the suspicion entertained to a certain extent that there exists an organized combination all along the line to maintain their advantage."

Little by little with care and pains the message was beaten out. The greatest caution was taken to have it exact. For example, after the illustration on the farmer and his wool was written, Mr. Cleveland became concerned for his figures. He knew twenty-five to fifty was the right average for a farmer's sheep in New York State, but how about Ohio? He called in a member of the bureau of statistics, and was told the average Ohio flock was between twenty and forty. And as he verified figures he qualified statements, reiterating his assurance that no revision which would destroy any business was contemplated—none which would throw labor out of work or lower its wages, that no doctrinal discussion was sought. "*It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory,*" was his famous phrase. And most solemnly did he beg Congress to approach the question "in a spirit higher than partisanship, to consider it in the light of that regard for patriotic duty which should characterize the action of those intrusted with the weal of a confiding people."

Throughout the whole period of composition of the message Mr. Cleveland took no one into his confidence. Finally, one day after it was complete, Mr. Carlisle called on some business. When he had finished Mr. Cleveland said: "Carlisle, I want to read you something." It was his message. He had decided to present it practically as it was, he said, but he was afraid he had made it too simple. He

wanted it perfectly dignified. Would Mr. Carlisle listen to it and make any suggestions he might have? Walking up and down, Mr. Carlisle listened attentively. Once or twice he broke in, correcting what he believed to be a too general statement. Thus Mr. Cleveland had written, "The majority of our citizens who buy domestic articles of the same class (as imported articles) pay a sum *equal* to the duty to the home manufacturer." Mr. Carlisle did not think they paid the full amount of the duty. He believed usually it was a little less. Mr. Cleveland had better say "substantially equal." Mr. Cleveland wrote finally, "at least approximately equal." Beyond a few suggestions of this kind Mr. Carlisle had only hearty approval for the message.

Congress Takes Notice

On the sixth of December it went to Congress. The effect was instantaneous. All over the country thinking people cried out that not since the Emancipation Proclamation had a president of the United States shown equal courage and wisdom. The patience with which Mr. Cleveland had waited for Congress to take the action needed and to which he had in both his previous messages urged it, the deliberation and caution with which he had worked out *his* duty when Congress failed to do *its* duty; the courage with which he acted when he felt the time had come for his interference, the high patriotism with which he had swept away all thought of the result to himself and the party for what he believed to be the general good—all these features appealed to the thoughtful and led many to draw a parallel between Abraham Lincoln in 1862 and Grover Cleveland in 1887.

The immediate important political result of the message was that it crystallized tariff sentiment in both parties. The Democrats who had been trying to mix enough protection with their "ultimate free-trade" or "tariff-for-revenue-only" principles to ease the fears of protected industries, and win over Mr. Randall, turned exclusive attention to revision without compromise. As for Mr. Randall, it was plain his day was over—if his fight was not.

At first the message caused something like a panic among Republicans. The *Tribune* appealed to Mr. Blaine for help and he sent from Paris a famous interview

which belongs rather to a future article than this. If anything was needed to emphasize the worth of Mr. Cleveland's message it was supplied by Mr. Blaine's interview. The combination of the two documents caused something like a split in Republican ranks. The *Chicago Tribune* and a number of other Western papers came out with as strong a commendation of Mr. Cleveland as the *New York Nation*, and in Minnesota, Nebraska and Iowa particularly, many leading Republicans publicly approved it. Nevertheless, the final effect on the party

was to crystallize its protective sentiment.

But the great thing about the message of 1887 was that it *reached the people*. It made them think and they agreed with the President that this was not a question of free-trade or of protection. It was a question of reducing taxes. Both parties had repeatedly agreed they were too high. To refuse to lower them for party's sake was disloyal. This once firmly in the popular mind, further delay was impossible. Congress knew this and prepared for action.

(The next article in this series will appear in *The American Magazine* for September)

HOW OLAF, THE SON OF OLAF, ADMINISTERED JUSTICE

BY WALTER ARCHER FROST

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. MOWAT



WHEN the *Savernia*, of the Evans Line, ran down the Swedish bark *Helga* in the fog off Minot's Light, her small boat picked up but one man, and him they did not see until his big hand caught the bow oar close to the gun'al and stopped them like a rock; and it took three men to land the big hand's owner. After they had hauled him inboard, he shook the water from his yellow head and beard, and smashed the bow seat, when he settled himself upon it, for he was a heavy man.

Deeply chagrined at this, he mutely insisted in pulling an oar back to the big liner, and he snapped the oar the first time he threw back his shoulders. He then ceased offering aid, rumbled a pipe organ apology in his native jargon, and sat motionless, a huge column of a man, until he swung himself up the swaying ladder, and stood upon the *Savernia's* deck.

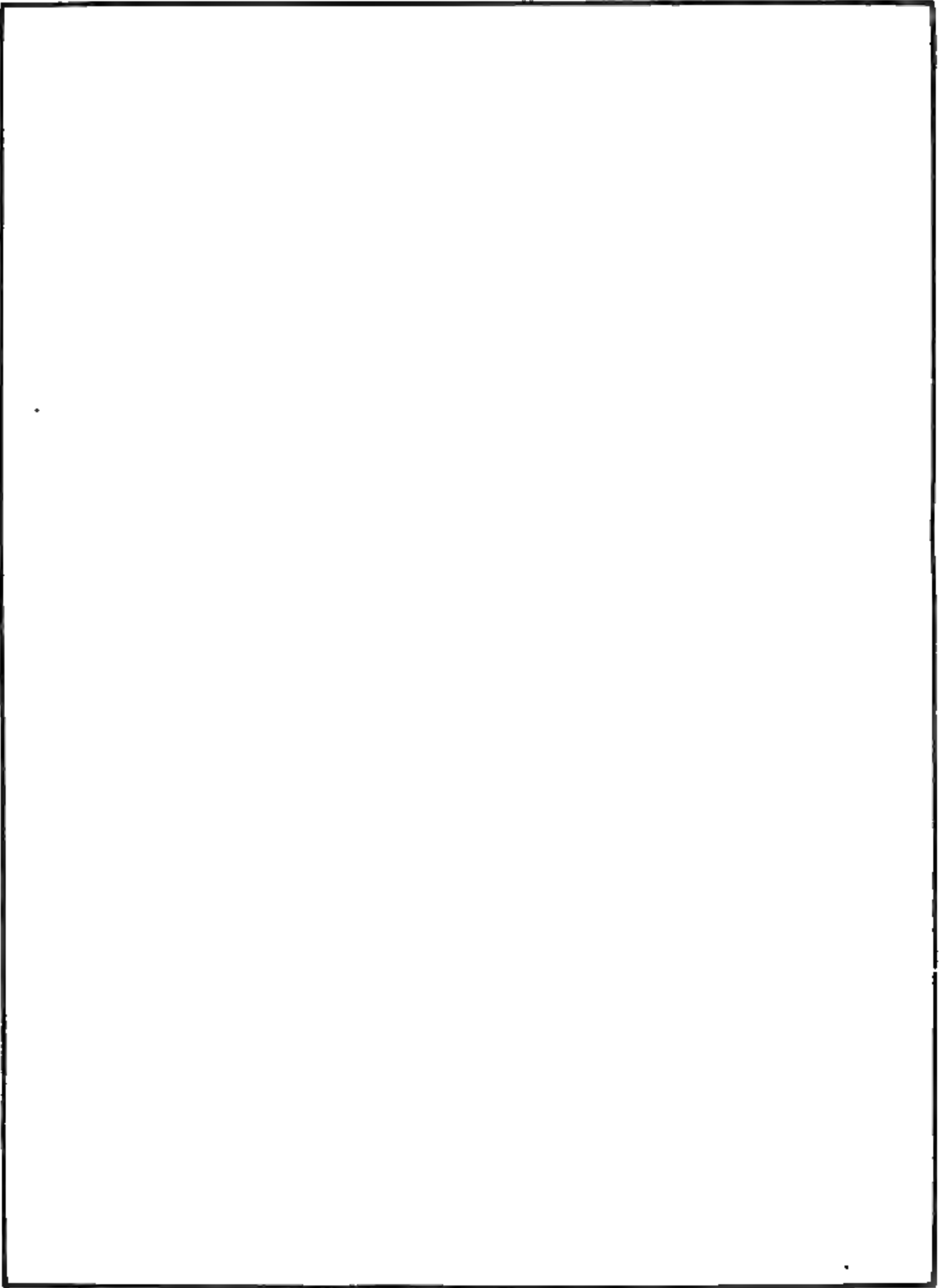
To the captain's inquiries he had responded in the jargon named, but only a few words were intelligible, "*Helga*. Sweden. Olaf Olafson, Kelsingfors."

The ship's surgeon looked him over, and the captain gave him dry clothing, and Olaf, the son of Olaf, bent his yellow head twice, once in acknowledgment of the new raiment, and once in order to pass beneath the lintel of the door; in the latter instance, he turned half-round, but this was on account of his shoulders. "No wonder they took Britain," said the captain, who had read the "Commentaries."

In the morning the *Savernia* came in with the tide, and two hours later, Olaf Olafson passed down the plank and emerged upon Commercial Street, looking down in amaze upon the cobblestones, and then up at the Elevated, simultaneously dodging the car which tore along above his head.

Kate Smith's lodging-house ("Beds 10 Cents a Night") next caught his eyes; he could not read the words, but his glimpse of the rows of cots made their meaning clear, and he made a mental note of it as he crossed the street, and walked on through New Italy.

He spent the morning in examining the city of Boston, and marvelled much at what he saw. In the afternoon, when he cooled



THERE, IN HIS SOLITUDE . . . HE PONDERED THE SITUATION

his head in the pond in the Common, he marveled again at the policeman, who told him to "move on." Olaf did not understand English, but he knew that the water was cool and that his head was hot, and, lastly, that submersion was good; he did not "move on," but he hurled into the pond the officer who had clutched his wrist. Three other policemen came to the rescue, and Olaf spent the night in the station-house on Hancock Street.

An interpreter explained the situation to him in the morning, and Olaf paid his fine. Of many of the conventionalities he was still ignorant, but he had learned not to cool his head in that way again, and the officer, whom he had "cooled," had learned to ignore men of Olaf's build.

After leaving the Municipal Court, Olaf walked down to the wharves, and looked longingly seaward. "Ban sailor man," he said to the men around him; but no one understood this or his other "signals" for work, and at night he climbed the narrow stairs at Kate Smith's, weary and alone.

A brisk little man was saying to the proprietress, "I'm looking for men to work on Water Street. Who's this chap?" as Olaf towered before him.

"Newcomer. Swede, I guess. Better try him."

The little man addressed Olaf in a Swedish patois, presenting a paper which Olaf covered with his "mark," and Olaf Olafson had contracted to work for the city of Boston at \$1.50 a day.

Olaf had made but one observation, "Ban sailor man," and the little man had done the rest.

At seven o'clock the next morning, Olaf followed his guide down the already sweltering street, turning unconsciously toward the water-front, his eyes already seeking the ship; but his companion laughed, "Not there, tow-head; it's a wheelbarrow and not a rope that you'll work with now," and he laughed again at Olaf's surprised disappointment when he was presented with a wheelbarrow, and pushed into a line of men who were wheeling cracked stone up a narrow plank.

He watched the men whose example he was to follow. It seemed not very difficult: the man ahead of him advanced until he came to a trough, into which he dumped his load; simultaneously, a man, on the other side of the trough, threw in wet

cement; then the first man wheeled his barrow away, past the wheezing engine, which, with its iron hands, mixed the stone with the cement. That was the process, and to Olaf it seemed child's play; he had seen the first man give a heave of his back as he shot his load into the trough, and Olaf carefully imitated him. His intentions were most praiseworthy, but he had not taken into consideration the strength of his back. The contents of his barrow enveloped the man opposite him, and the barrow leaped like a mountain goat into the trough itself—a series of snaps, the rending of wood and iron, a wild shout of unintelligible commands and the machinery stopped with an angry snort. Olaf sprang over the trough, picked up the fallen man, and smoothed him tenderly with an enormous hand. The Irish "boss" then kicked Olaf, swearing violently the while, and Olaf touched the "boss" once only with his other hand, and they picked up the "boss" and carried him into an apothecary shop, the "boss" offering neither assistance nor resistance of any sort whatsoever.

Had the city of Boston been less in need of men to lay the asphalt on Water Street, Olaf, the son of Olaf, would have spent another night in the station on Hancock Street. As it was, he slept serenely at Kate Smith's and appeared punctually at his place in the morning.

And now nothing came to break the monotony of the life which Olaf led. By day, he worked with his barrow; each evening, he smoked his short pipe upon the wharves.

There, in his solitude, his ears welcoming the ripple and lift of the tide, he pondered the situation. It was ten days since the *Helga* had settled into the deep water beyond the Light, and of the crew and the captain he had heard nothing; he, the mate, alone had survived the tragedy.

Gregarious, domestic, fond of quiet companionship and of rumbling softly to those around him in his big, simple, friendly way, this forced silence and continued isolation wore upon him. His present occupation, too, he hated bitterly. His thirty years he had spent upon the sea, where the big ships passed smoothly along their buoyant course; his mind and heart were sick with the memory of sunny, cool-breezed days upon the Baltic, where the wind tore the surf at the foot of roaring cliffs, of idle weeks to the

northward, where the porpoise played in the cool, deep fjords, of drowsy watches as the ship swam lazily on the Gulf Stream, or leaned comfortably before the steady push of the Trades.

And, in the reality of his dream, he would start to his feet, striving to feel the planking of the deck, and, far above, to see the towering spars of the *Helga*. No! She was gone, and with her the old life that he loved so well.

A month had passed, and he had reduced to a few cents the little money left him from the wreck; it was imperative that he should have more; he "signaled" to the "boss" when the whistles blew at noon the next day, but the man, though well comprehending the pathetic gestures of the mute giant, disregarded them. There was, however, among the men, a German who volunteered some knowledge of Olaf's tongue, and, through his interpretation, Olaf could ask directly for the money that was due him.

Thus confronted, the "boss" listened calmly, and then said that Olaf had been paid at the end of each week, and he supported his statement by showing receipts which bore Olaf's "mark." Olaf then recalled that, from time to time, a slip of paper had been given him to "sign," but he said again that he had not received his pay. At this the "boss" smiled slightly, and then the other knew; he had struck this man, and, in revenge, he was being cheated of his pay.

For a moment he looked quietly at the scoundrel before him, quietly but with so ominous a glint in his blue eyes that the man stepped well beyond his reach.

Yes, he knew, but his brain suggested no remedy, and he resumed his work. His head was reeling, his great form cried for food, which, for a long day, had not passed his lips, but he toiled blindly on, tottering as he moved but moving still, the great muscles faithfully, but sadly, obeying his will.

That night, supperless, weak and desperate, Olaf passed again down the hot street to the deserted dock. Half unconsciously, he saw the "stern lights" break out, and his ready eye caught their swing as the rising breeze brought the bows into the wind; a "five-master," obedient to her tug, slipped smoothly down to her moorings just inside the breakwater, and he knew that, by noon of the next day, she would be "hull down" to the eastward. And then

he dreamed again of the old life, the memory of which brought new longing to his lonely heart.

Suddenly, he sprang to his feet. A small boat had come in, was already making fast to the dock, and the words of her men fell clearly and (oh, the music of it!) *intelligibly* upon his ear. "Yes, in one hour, we go out with the tide,"—a tall form sprang from the boat, and Olaf looked joyously into eyes as blue as his own. "I am Olaf Olafson," he said simply, "and I need food."

For a second the stranger gazed at him, and then strong hands met, the two yellow heads held close.

Ten minutes later, the two men sat at a well-filled table; they ate much, and as Olaf told his story, his friend's hand clinched, and his fist set the plates rattling; and then they rose and passed quietly from the room. Together they strode along, a grim smile on each bronzed face, and then left the sidewalk to step into the street, where an engine, picks and wheelbarrows were standing under their canvas covering. A glance around them showed that they were unobserved, and then two picks were raised, and fell, and fell again—

Five minutes later, a policeman, in the distance, heard the sound of crashing blows and hurried to what he looked to find a scene of strife; but, when he reached the spot, the street was void of passers-by. It is true that he saw two blond giants, dressed as seamen are, but they seemed orderly, and, smiling in their quiet, northern way, passed onward toward the water-front.

When the whistles blew, at seven the next morning, the engine which mixed broken stone with wet cement on Water Street, in the city of Boston, did not resume its work, and this was, after all, not wondered at by those who saw the thing—it had been attacked with fearful power, for not a wheel or chain or bar was left intact, and into each side a pick was driven deep. Such ruin seemed the fury of no human hands, and that was all they knew.

The newspapers called it "The Work of Vandals," but, well out to sea, after the bold outline of the Monument had faded in the blue, the staunch schooner *Lief*, bound for Christiansand, carried two towering sailors, who bellowed softly in their loved jargon that it was the work of Justice.

ARETHUSA, A PRINCESS IN SLAVERY

A LOVE STORY OF OLD CONSTANTINOPLE

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "VIA CRUCIS," "A ROMAN SINGER," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

PART VI

CHAPTER XI



ZENO found the two occupants of the room terror-struck, and standing on one side of the window, from which they had not dared to look after the cry of alarm had been given from below. Indeed they were in a dangerous pass, unless all three of the men who had attempted to stop Zeno were dead, or if the first cry had roused the sleeping captain and guards of the tower from their drugged sleep.

But Zeno's own situation was quite as bad. It was out of the question to shout to Gorlias, on the mere chance of his being still alive and on the pier. No communication was possible, and the rope was cut below.

There was no time to be lost either. He did not know the number of his assailants, and though he gave his signal when he reached the window, on the mere chance of being heard, he would not have trusted the answer to it if it had come. Any one could imitate such a sound after hearing it once. If he let down the remaining length of the rope by the fishing-line, and if his enemies were on the pier instead of Gorlias, they would have wit enough to knot the rope when it had been cut, and to send it up again, for him to come down by, and he would drop into their very midst.

He understood all this in an instant, and without hesitation he cast off everything above, and dropped the rope and the fishing-line out of the window. He knew Gorlias well enough to be sure that he would come back before daylight and land if there were

no one on the pier, and remove all traces of the attempt.

"We are all lost!" moaned the big woman.

"My hour has come," said the Emperor Johannes in solemn terror.

Thereupon he began to say his prayers, and paid no more attention to the others. Zeno took the woman by the wrist.

"We are not lost unless your husband is awake," he said. "Take me to him."

The captain's wife stared at him.

"There is no other way. If he is awake you will tell him that I got into the tower, and that you have betrayed me into his hands. You will be safe at least, and I will take my chance. If he is asleep I have nothing to fear."

He drew her to the door and began to unbar it himself. She had understood that he was right, so far as her own safety was concerned, and she helped him. A horn lantern stood on the stone floor in the entry at the head of the stair, where she had left it when she had last come up. Before going down she barred the door outside as usual, and then led the way.

At the first landing she opened a door as softly as she could and went in, leaving Zeno on the threshold. It was the sleeping room, and Zeno heard the captain's stertorous breathing with relief. He went in and looked at the sleeping man's face, which was congested to a dark red by the powerful drug, and Zeno thought it doubtful whether he would ever wake again. The woman, ignorant of the effects of much opium, was afraid her husband might open his eyes, and she plucked at Zeno's sleeve, anxious to get him away; but the Venetian smiled.

"He is good for twelve hours' sleep," he said. "Give me his cloak and helmet. If I find no one awake I will leave them at the outer gate. Otherwise I will send them to the tower in a clothes-basket to-morrow morning."

The captain's wife obeyed, less frightened than she had been at first; Zeno muffled half his face in the big cloak, and threw the end over his shoulder whence it hung down, displaying the three broad stripes of gold lace that formed the border distinctive of a captain's rank in the guards.

"Now show me the way," Zeno said.

Under the folds of the cloak he had the short broad sheath-knife ready in his grasp, and it was no bad weapon in the hand of such a fighter as Carlo Zeno. The captain's wife led the way with the lantern.

At the foot of the next flight of stairs she almost stumbled over the sentinel, half seated on the lowest step in a drunken sleep.

The story they had now reached contained the living room of the captain and his wife, and no sentinel was needed higher up in the tower. An iron door, fastened on the inside, cut off the descent, and had to be opened for Zeno to pass. But being constantly in use the lock was well oiled, and the bolts slipped back almost without noise. Nevertheless, as he followed his companion down the next flight, Zeno drew up the folds of the cloak on his right arm till the edge barely covered the drawn knife in his hand.

They reached the next story below, where the upper guard-room was. The door was half open, and a lamp was burning within, but as the window was over the great court of Blachernae no light had been visible from the water. Zeno heard voices, and caught sight of two guards carousing at the end of an oak table. At the sound of footsteps one of the men rose quickly, but staggered when he tried to walk to the door.

"Who goes there?" he called out, steadying himself by the door-post, and looking out.

The captain's wife had the presence of mind to hold up the lantern, so that the light fell full upon the helmet Zeno wore. Instantly the soldier tried to straighten himself to an attitude of attention, with his hands by his sides. But this was too much for his unstable balance, and he reeled backwards half across the room within, till he struck the table behind him, and tumbled down with a clatter of accoutrements and a

rattling of the horn drinking-cups that were thrown to the ground. His companion, who was altogether too drunk even to leave his seat, broke into a loud idiotic laugh at his accident.

"You have done your share well, Kyria," said Zeno as he followed her again. "The Emperor's friends could have brought him down by the stairs in triumph without being stopped."

"You are not out of the palace precincts yet," answered the captain's wife in a warning tone.

She went on, treading more softly as she descended, and carrying the lantern low lest she or her companion should stumble over another sleeping sentinel; but the staircase and the door that led into the court were deserted, for the captain was a very exact man, and had his supper at the same hour every evening, and went to bed soon afterwards like an honest citizen, after setting the watch and locking the iron door of his own lower landing. In two years he had never once come down the tower after sunset. The consequence was that the guards did as they pleased, or as their lieutenant pleased; for he found it pleasant to spend his nights in another part of the palace, and was extremely popular with his men, because they were thus enabled to go to bed like good Christians and sleep all night.

All this the captain's wife knew well enough. Her apprehension was for what might happen to Zeno between leaving the tower and passing the great gate, which was the only way to get out of the fortified precincts. The wide courtyard was very dark, but there were lights here and there in the windows of the buildings that surrounded it on three sides, the great mass of the palace on the right, the barracks of the guards along the wall to the left, and the main post at the great gate in front with the buildings on each side of it, some occupied by slaves and some used as stables.

Zeno wished that he had stripped one of the sleeping soldiers and had put on his dress, for he had been informed of the captain's habits, and knew that the disguise was no longer a safe one after leaving the tower. Indeed it was a chief part of the captain's duty never to go out after dark, on any excuse, and he apparently made sure of obeying this permanent order by going to bed early and getting up late. For

the rest, he had always left the personal care of his prisoner to his wife, judging that her stout middle-age and fiery cheeks sufficiently protected his domestic honor. She had been young and very pretty once, it was true, but the captain did not know that Johannes had even seen her then, much less did he guess that many years ago, when the Emperor was a handsome young prince and she was a lovely girl in the old Empress's train, she had worshipped him and he had condescended to accept her admiration for a few weeks. But this was the truth, as Zeno's grandson the bishop very clearly explains.

She left her lantern just inside the door and came out with Carlo into the open air. After walking a few steps she laid her hand on his arm, stopped, looked round and listened. As yet they had not exchanged two words about the situation, and were far from sure that the watch which had detected Carlo from the water and had failed to catch him, had not come round by land to the palace gate to give the alarm.

Zeno slipped the cloak from his shoulders and wrapped it round the helmet, so that the captain's wife could carry both conveniently.

"It is hopeless," she whispered, as she took them. "This morning he promised that he would leave the prison if you could bring him out. He has often spoken to me as he spoke to you this evening—he loves the boy dearly; but I was sure that he had made up his mind to risk everything, else I would not have shown the red light."

"After all," Zeno observed, "it is just as well that he would not come, since we were seen, though I really believe Gorlias was too much for the men who almost caught us. He and I together could certainly have settled them all—there were only three. I saw them distinctly when they first jumped ashore, and one was killed by the fall when I cut the rope. Gorlias silenced the other two, for if they were alive there would have been an alarm here by this time."

"Yes," the woman answered. "But some one must have betrayed us. We cannot try that way again."

"I shall not try that, or any other way again!" Zeno said with emphasis. "In the name of the Evangelist, why should I risk my neck to free a man who prefers to be a prisoner?"

"The wonder is that you are alive this time!"

"It will not even be safe to communicate by the thread again. Will you take him a message?"

"As well as I can remember it."

"Tell him that the next time he asks my help he must send me, by the same messenger, a deed giving Tenedos to Venice, signed and sealed. Otherwise I will not stir!"

"Shall I tell him that?"

"Yes. Tell him so from me. And now, go back, Kyria, and thank you for your guidance and your lantern in those dark stairs."

"How shall you pass the gate?" asked the captain's wife.

She spoke anxiously, for Zeno was a handsome man, and she had seen how brave he was.

"I do not know," he answered, "but one of two things must happen."

"What things?"

"Either I shall get out or I shall never see daylight again! I shall not let myself be taken alive to be impaled in the Hippodrome, I assure you. Thank you again, and good-night."

Zeno did not walk straight towards the gate, though it was easily distinguished from the adjacent buildings by the greater number of its lights. He crossed the wide court diagonally to the right, in the direction of the stables, till he was near enough to see distinctly any one who chanced to come under the rays of one of the scattered lamps that burned here and there in doorways and open windows. Before long he saw a trooper of the guards emerging rather unsteadily out of the darkness into one of these small circles of light.

He overtook the man in half a dozen strides, and spoke to him in a low voice.

"Hi! comrade! You who are still perfectly sober, help a friend who is very drunk!"

The man stopped, steadied himself, and answered with ponderous gravity—

"Perfectly—hic—hic—sober!"

"I wish I were!" replied Zeno. "The truth is, I am exceedingly drunk, though I do not show it. Wine only affects my brains, never my legs or my tongue. It is a very strange—"

"Excuse me—hic," interrupted the soldier. "Are you one man—hic—or two men?"

"One man," Zeno answered. "Only one, and so drunk that I have quite forgotten the password."

"Sec—hic—ret," hiccoughed the man. "Password secret," he repeated, with a tremendous effort.

"Here is a gold piece, my dear friend. You will help a comrade in trouble."

The man took the money eagerly, and tried to put it into his wallet. To do so he had to bend his head down so as to see the thongs that fastened it. It took a long time to find them.

"Just give me the password before you do that," Zeno said in a coaxing tone.

"Password?" The man looked up stupidly.

The effort of undoing the thongs had been too much for him, and had sent the blood to his head. He staggered against the Venetian, and tried to speak. After many efforts he got the words out suddenly.

"Drunk, by Moses!" he cried, quite distinctly, as he fell in a heap at Zeno's feet.

In his vexation Zeno could have kicked the stupid mass of humanity across the great yard, but he was far too wise to waste his time so unprofitably. Instead of kicking him he stepped across him, thrust his hands under the unconscious man's armpits, hove him up like a sack of flour, got him over his shoulder and carried him to the open door of the nearest stable, whence the light came. Five horses stood or lay in their stalls, but the sixth stall was vacant, and there was fresh straw in it. Zeno threw the man down there, and looked round, to see that no one else was in the place.

The trooper was now sound asleep, and it was the work of a few moments to pull off his boots of soft leather and slip them on, for Zeno had left his own in the boat, and had walked in his cloth hose; he took off the soldier's sword-belt and tunic next, the latter of rich scarlet cloth trimmed with heavy silver lace, the belt being entirely covered with silver scales. The drunken sleeper grunted with satisfaction when he felt himself relieved of his useless clothes, and settled himself comfortably in the straw while Zeno put on the tunic over his own buff jerkin and drew the belt tight round his waist, settled the man's tall Greek cap on his own head at the proper angle, as the troopers wore it, and threw the military cloak over his arm.

He could now easily pass himself for a

trooper at the gate, and a man who has been a soldier is rarely at a loss amongst soldiers, especially if he wears a uniform. In consideration of what he had taken, Zeno left the man his wallet with the piece of gold and anything else it might contain, and after carefully removing a few wisps of straw that clung to his clothes, he went towards the door of the stable.

His plan was to saunter to the gate and loiter there till a chance offered of opening the small night-postern in the great door, which he had noticed in passing the palace when the gates were open. The fact of his being sober when almost every one else was more or less intoxicated, would give him a great advantage.

But as he turned from the sleeper and walked along the line from the empty stall, which was the last, his eye fell on the saddles and bridles, neatly arranged on stout pegs that projected from the walls, each set opposite the stall of the horse to which it belonged. He peered out into the wide court, and listened for the sound of voices.

All was very quiet outside. Zeno changed his plan, turned back into the stable, and began to saddle the horse farthest from the door. He did not mean to ride far, else he would have picked out his mount with all the judgment he possessed. There was but a dash to make, and it was far more important that no passing trooper should see him in the act of putting on saddle and bridle than that he should have the best horse under him afterwards.

When he had finished, he led the charger past the other stalls, stopping just before he reached the door to put out the oil lamp that hung by the entrance. This done, he slipped his arm through the bridle and left the stable. He struck across the deserted court towards the Palace, until he was almost in the middle of the yard, and opposite the great gate, towards which he looked steadily for some seconds, trying to make out, by the uncertain light that dimly illuminated it from within, whether the doors under the arch were open or shut. There was just a possibility that they might be open. It was worth trying for; and after all, if they were barred, he was sure that he could impose upon the sentinels to open them. A man accustomed to command does not doubt that he must be obeyed when he asserts himself.

Zeno mounted the big horse, put him

from a walk to a canter, and from a canter to a thundering gallop that roused echoes all round the court.

As he came near he saw that the doors were shut, but he did not slacken speed till he was almost upon the startled sentinels. Then he drew rein suddenly, as was the practice of horsemanship in those days, and the great Tunisian threw himself back on his haunches with outstretched fore feet, while Zeno called out to the watch.

"On the Emperor's service!" he shouted. "The gates, and quickly!"

The sentinels were tolerably sober, for they were not to get their full share of the flood of wine that was flowing till their guard was relieved. But they could hardly be blamed for obeying Zeno's imperative command. It was not likely that a guardsman of their troop who wished to slip out of barracks for a night's amusement would dress himself in full uniform and come galloping and shouting to the gate, nor that any trooper would dare to pretend that he rode on the Emperor's business if it were not true.

The two sentinels therefore did not hesitate, but set their long cavalry lances upright against the walls on either side, took down the bar and laid hold of the ponderous gates, each man taking one and throwing himself backwards with all his weight to move it. When once started, the doors swung slowly but easily backwards. Zeno sat motionless in the saddle, ready to dash forward as soon as there was room for him to pass. He had halted just far enough away to allow the doors to swing clear of his horse's head as they were pulled inward. It was an anxious moment.

A second more and there would be space between the yawning gates. But that second had not yet passed when a tall officer in scarlet rushed shouting from the open door of the guard-house, and seized Zeno's bridle.

"Stop him!" yelled the lieutenant. "Shut the gates!"

The two soldiers did their best to obey instantly, but leaves of the gate were of cypress wood four inches thick, and covered with bronze, and were swinging back faster now under the impulse they had received. It was impossible to check them suddenly, and the order was hardly spoken when Zeno saw that there was room to ride through.

He would have given his fortune for a pair of Arab spurs at that moment, but he struck the corners of his heels at the horse's sides with all his might, and almost lifted him by the bridle at the same time. The big Tunisian answered the call upon his strength better than the rider had dared to hope; he gathered himself and lifted his forequarters, shaking his head savagely to get rid of the hands that grasped the off rein close to the bit, and then he dashed forwards, straight between the doors, throwing the officer to the ground and dragging him violently away in the powerful stride of his heavy gallop.

Seeing what had happened the sentinels started in pursuit at full speed, following the sound of the charger's shoes on the cobble-stones rather than anything they could see, for it was as dark as pitch outside.

The officer, who was very active and seemed indifferent to the frightful risk he ran, still clung to the bridle, regained his feet, ran nimbly by the side of the galloping horse and seemed about to spring up and close with Zeno to drag him from the saddle. Zeno had no weapon within reach now, for his knife was in his own belt, under the belted tunic he wore over his clothes, and he could not possibly get at it. But the officer was unarmed, too, as he had sprung from his couch, and was at a great disadvantage on foot.

They dashed on into the darkness of the broad street. Zeno bent down, and tried to get at his adversary's collar with his right hand, but the officer dodged him and jerked the bridle with desperate energy, bringing the Tunisian to a stand after one more furious plunge. At the same instant Zeno heard the footsteps of the two guardsmen running up behind, and he realized that the odds were three to one against him, and that he had no weapon in his hand. The troopers, of course, had their Greek sabers. If he could not escape, he must either be taken alive, or cut to pieces on the spot, with no defence but his bare hands.

He did not hesitate. The officer, dragging down the charger's head by his weight to stop him, was almost on his knees for a moment, on the off side, of course, and the soldiers had not yet come up. Zeno dropped the reins, sprang from the saddle, and ran for his life.



The big Tunisian answered the call . . . better than the rider had dared to hope

CHAPTER XII

Zoë sat in the dark just within the open doorway of Zeno's house, before the marble steps. She was shivering with cold, now that the danger to herself was over, and she was bent with pain, though she scarcely knew she was hurt; for she was conscious only of her anxiety for Zeno.

Zeno had unconsciously stepped upon her body with his whole weight in getting out, when she lay hidden in the bottom of the boat, but she would rather have died than have made a sound or winced under the pressure. And now her side hurt her, and the pain ran down to her knee and her foot, so that she had hardly been able to walk after Gorlias had helped her ashore.

It had been impossible to hinder her from getting in, when she had run down to the landing while Zeno was changing his clothes; there had not been time, and she had not waited to argue the question, but had simply whispered to Gorlias that she was going, and that he must hide her as well as he could, and say nothing. He was not a man to be easily surprised, and he reflected that as she was in the secret, and as it was her influence that had decided Zeno to act at last, she might possibly be useful; as indeed she afterwards proved herself to be. Besides, Gorlias thought it likely that Zeno had told her all his plans, although he did not wish to take her with him; for the astrologer was not at all clear as to the relations existing between the master and the slave.

She sat alone and shivering in the dark. Gorlias had left her and had hastened back to the foot of the tower to remove all traces of the unsuccessful attempt before day-break, by throwing the dead body into the water with a weight, and carrying off the gear that had been left lying on the sloping pier. Zoë thought he must be of iron. He had been some time in the water in his clothes, and had probably been more or less bruised in the struggle, and in rolling down the stones, if not by the fall at the end. But he seemed as calm and collected as ever, and apparently had no idea of drying himself before morning.

Zoë thought of him only very vaguely as of a person connected with Zeno, round whom alone the whole world had moved since she had known that he loved her; and in her imagination she followed him on after

he had reached the tower window the second time and had whistled the call that told her he was safe so far.

She waited, but not a sound disturbed the silence of the chilly night. Within the house every one was sleeping; the two little slave-girls, curled up on their carpet in the corner, where Zoë had left them, would not wake till dawn; Omobono slept the sleep of the just in his small bedroom behind the counting-house, dreaming of the mysteries of four toes and five toes, and quenching his insatiable curiosity at last in the overflowing fountain of fancy. As for the servants and slaves, all slumbered profoundly, after the way of their kind.

But Zeno did not come. Zoë crouched in the doorway, and drew the skirts of her long Greek coat round her little white feet more than half instinctively, for she did not care if she died of the cold, since he did not come.

As she thought of it a sharp pain bit at her heart, and in the gloom she could no longer make out the white marble steps, the chequered black-and-white pavement, nor the last unextinguished lights of Pera reflected in the water; she saw nothing, and she sank back against the step behind her, fainting and unconscious.

She lay there alone, quite still; but he did not come. When she opened her eyes again she thought she had fallen asleep, and was angry with herself at the thought of having rested while he was in danger of his life. She would go out to find him, come what might. Then she tried to get upon her feet, and was startled to find that she could not. Chilled to the bone and bruised as she was, she could not move her limbs, and she wondered in terror whether she were paralyzed. But she was brave still, and after a time she managed to turn on one side, and with her hands on the cold step she laboriously got upon her knees. Sensation came back and pain with it, and presently she was able to raise herself by holding the edge of the door, first on one knee, then on her feet. But that was all, and she knew that she could do no more. Perhaps she might crawl upstairs by and by, after resting a little.

She stood still a long time, holding the door and hesitating, for in her intense anxiety it seemed impossible to think of giving up and going to bed. He must come. It would be late, it might be day-

light, but he must come; for if he came not, that could only mean that he was taken, and if he was taken he must die.

Again the pain bit savagely at her heart, but she set her lips and grasped the door with both hands, and refused to let herself faint.

She could at least rouse Omobono and the household to go out and search for the master. She had almost let go of the door to make the first step forward, when the counter-thought checked her. The attempt to free the Emperor had been made very secretly; if she called the secretary, the servants, the slaves, she would be revealing that secret, and if, by some miracle, Zeno were still free and safe, some one might betray him. Some one must have betrayed him already, else the watch would not have come upon him exactly at the most critical moment. The three men had been lurking near, waiting till he was on the rope the second time, and expecting to catch him in the very act of bringing out the prisoner. Who was the traitor? Most probably some one in the house. It would not be wise to call the servants, after all.

The hopelessness of it all came over the lonely girl now, and she almost let herself sink down again upon the steps to wait till daylight, if need be, for the awful news that was sure to reach her only too soon. Gorlias would bring it, and no one else.

But she was too proud to give way altogether, unless she fainted outright. It was torture, but she would bear it, as he would if he were taken. Perhaps at that very moment they were questioning him before Andronicus, twisting his handsome limbs till the joints cracked, or holding red-hot irons close to his blistering feet. He would set his teeth and turn white, but he would not speak; he would be torn piecemeal and die, but his tormentors would not get a word from him, not a syllable. Again and again, she felt the pain in imagination; but she wished that she could indeed feel it for him, and be in his place at that moment, if he were suffering. The pain would be less, even the pain of the rack and the glowing irons, than the agony of being powerless to help him.

Now the time seemed endless; now, again, an hour passed quickly in a waking dream, wherein Zeno was vividly before her, and she lived again the moments that had taught her the truth in the touch of his lips.

Then the world was dark once more and she was alone and shivering, and mad with anxiety for the one living thing she loved.

He did not come. The northern stars sank to the west and he did not come; they touched the horizon, yet he did not come; an icy breath foreran the coming dawn, and still he came not, but still Zoë waited.

Then the stars faded, and the sky was less black, and she thought day was coming; but it was the faint light of the waning moon rising above the Bosphorus. It was not light now, but the thick darkness had become transparent; it was possible to see through it, and Zoë saw a skiff come silently alongside the landing. It was Gorlias; he moored the craft quickly and came up the steps. Zoë had recognized his outline, because she expected him, and she made a step to meet him, though it hurt her very much to move. He came quickly and securely as men do who can see at night like cats and wild animals; when he was near, Zoë even fancied that his eyes emitted a faint light of their own in the dark, but her imagination was no doubt disturbed by her bodily pain and terrible mental anxiety.

"Has he not come yet?" Gorlias asked in a low tone.

The question could only mean that Zeno was taken, and Zoë grasped the astrologer's arm in sudden fear.

"He is lost!" she exclaimed. "They will kill him to-morrow!"

"It is not easy to kill Carlo Zeno," answered Gorlias, rubbing his stiffened hands, and then slowly pulling each finger in succession till the joints cracked. "He is not dead yet," he added.

"Not yet!" echoed Zoë despairingly.

"No," said Gorlias, "for he got out of the Palace."

"Got out? You are sure?" Zoë could have screamed for joy; the revulsion was almost too sudden.

"Yes, I am sure of that. There is a search for him in all the quarters about the Palace. When I had cleared everything away below the tower, I dropped down stream to a quiet place I know, and went ashore to learn what I could. The great gate of Blachernae was open, the court was full of lights, and the guards had been called out. Half of them were reeling about, still very drunk, but I met many that were more sober, searching the streets and lanes with lanterns. I lingered till the same party

found me twice and looked at me suspiciously, and then I slipped away again and came here. I do not believe any of them know whom they are looking for; they have only been told that some one has broken out of the Palace, I suppose. That made me think that Zeno had come quietly home, quite sure that he had not been recognized."

Gorlias told his story in the low, monotonous tone peculiar to him, which seemed to

express the most perfect indifference to anything that might happen. But Zoë cared nothing for his way of telling what was just then the best possible news. Zeno was not safe yet, but she knew him well enough to feel sure that if he had not been taken within the Palace, he had little to fear. Sooner or later he would come home, as if nothing had happened. Gorlias understood her sigh of relief.

"You must go in and rest, Kokóna," he

*He came quickly and securely as men do who can see
at night like cats*

said, and he quietly pushed her toward the door. "I will watch till daylight in the boat, in case he should come and need anything."

She could hardly walk, and he now noticed her lameness for the first time, and asked the cause of it.

"He stepped on me when I was lying under the canvas," she answered. "But it is nothing," she added quietly. "I hardly felt anything at first."

"I will carry you," said Gorlias.

Before she could prevent him, he had lifted her in his arms and was carrying her into the house. He knew the way up to her apartment, having been to see her there, and he stepped easily and surely with his burden, his bare feet hardly making any sound on the marble steps.

He never paused for breath, he never stopped to try and see the steps under his feet; he only went on and up, up, up, till she fancied she was not in Zeno's house, but in some high and mysterious tower to which she had been suddenly transported by an awful being from another world who was taking her to the top and would hurl her from the highest turret into space.

But now Gorlias stood still and set her on her feet at her own door, steadying her by her shoulders, and guiding her in, for he could see the ray of light that crept out between the curtain and the doorpost of the inner entrance.

He lifted the heavy stuff and still supported her with his other hand. After being so long in the dark the light of the little lamps was dazzling, though they were burning low. Three or four of them had already gone out, and the acrid smell of the burnt-out olive oil and the singed wicks hung in the air.

Gorlias watched Zoë while she limped over the thick carpet of the divan, and he saw her sink down there exhausted, and draw a heavy silk shawl across her body.

"Thank you," she sighed, as her weary head pressed the pillow at last.

But he had already dropped the curtain again and was gone, and almost at the same instant she shut her eyes and fell asleep.

Gorlias reached the bottom of the stairs without waking any one, closed the door, which he could not fasten, and got into his boat to wait for Zeno until daybreak and also to watch lest any one should try to enter the house.

But no one came, neither Zeno, nor any messenger from him, nor any stealthy thief; and at last the dawn rose behind Constantinople and dissolved the night, and the poor waning moon had not much light left and almost went out altogether as the day broke. Then Gorlias drew his oars in-board and laid them across the boat before him, leaning his elbows on them and resting his chin upon his folded hands, like a man in deep thought; and he let the craft drift slowly away toward the Bosphorus, into the morning mist.

Also, the dawn crept into the house between the half-closed shutters of Zoë's room and made the lingering flame of the last lamp seem but a smoky little yellow point in the cold clearness; and the girl's pale face, that had taken a golden tinge from the lamplight, now turned as white as silver.

Also, the coming sun waked Omobono, and he sat up in bed and gravely rubbed his eyes, quite unaware that anything had happened during the night; and it roused the slaves and the servants, and presently all the house was astir; and Yulia and Lucilla got up too and came softly and stood beside Zoë, who did not stir, and they wondered at her deep sleep and at the weariness of her face, and at the look of pain all about her mouth.

But where Zeno was the light did not enter; for dawn and sunset, and moon and midnight, were all alike there.

CHAPTER XIII

When Zeno slipped from his borrowed charger and ran for his life toward that part of the square that looked darkest, he had no time to choose the direction he would afterwards take, nor to think of anything but covering the ground at the greatest possible speed without stumbling over an unseen obstacle. On those singular occasions when a perfectly brave man has no choice but to run, there is not much time to spare.

The young Venetian strained his strength and his wind to get as far as he could from his pursuers in the shortest possible time, and he was so successful that he was out of their reach almost before they were aware that he had fled.

At first he had run straight across the wide open space before Blachernae; he had then found the entrance to a street which he

had followed for about fifty yards, and he had turned a corner to his left without meeting any one; he had rushed on without pausing till he judged it time to double again and had then turned to the right. A few steps farther on, he stopped short and listened, believing himself alone and not at all sure where he was.

Suddenly a light flashed in his face, very near him.

"Is it time?" asked a low voice in Greek, and the lantern was closed again, leaving him dazzled.

Accident, or his fate, had taken him into the very midst of the men he had enlisted in the cause of the revolution, to storm the Palace before daybreak. They had waited two hours and were impatient, and even before Zeno answered the question they saw that matters had gone ill with him.

"There is an alarm," he said hurriedly. "I barely got away. Disperse quickly and get to your quarters, all of you! I will let you know when we can do it."

A murmur of discontent came from the invisible crowd of soldiers. Zeno knew them to be a desperate crew, who would hold him responsible for failure, and would not thank him for success.

"We must separate at once," he said calmly. "I thank you for having been ready. If possible, we will meet a week from to-night."

He did not choose to let them know that Johannes himself had refused to quit the tower, and he was about to leave them, meaning to find his way home alone, when the sound of feet moving behind him and of men whispering together told him that he was surrounded on all sides by the soldiers. Then some one spoke in a tone of authority.

"You must stay with us," the voice said. "You have our lives in your hand, and we cannot let you go. It might suit your interests to give us up to the Emperor any day."

Seeing his liberty threatened, Zeno laid his hand to the knife at the back of his belt and was about to try and break his way through. In the dark, a man with a drawn weapon in his hand easily inspires terror in a crowd. But it was clear that the soldiers had determined beforehand what to do, for they closed in upon him instantly, and his arm was caught by a dozen hands when he was in the very act of drawing his knife. He was held by twenty men, as it seemed to

him, who all took hold of him and lifted him from the ground, not very roughly, but irresistibly.

Zeno knew that it would be worse than useless to shout for help; at his first cry he would most likely be strangled by men whose own lives were more or less at stake. They carried him quickly along the street and through unfamiliar and narrow ways which he could hardly have recognized even in broad daylight, much less at night. They turned sharp corners to the right, to the left, to the right again, and he thought he could distinguish the broken outlines of a ruined wall against the faint grayness of the ink-and-water sky.

Then all was dark for an instant, and he felt that his bearers were pausing at some obstacle or difficulty. The lantern flashed again, and he saw a rough vault above him. He felt himself carried down an inclined plane at a swinging rate; the air smelt of dry earth, and presently it grew much warmer, though it was not at all close. It seemed a long time until the men stopped, set him on his feet, and left their hold on him. The man who had acted as the leader now pushed the others aside, and stood before him, a broad-shouldered Tartar with a huge tawny beard, dressed in leather and wearing a breastplate embossed with the Roman eagle. Zeno knew him well; he was a Mohammedan, like many soldiers of fortune in the Greek army at that time; his name was Tocktamish and he had been with Zeno in Patras.

"Messer Zeno," he said, "we are not going to hurt you, but we think it better for your own safety to keep you here for a while, till everything is quiet again. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," Zeno answered, with a laugh. "Nothing could be clearer! You naturally suppose that if I found myself in danger I would turn evidence against you to save myself, and you propose to make that impossible."

Tocktamish pretended to be hurt.

"How can you think that I could take my old leader for a traitor, sir?" he asked.

"The idea would occur naturally to a man of your intelligence," Zeno answered, laughing again. "Listen to me, man. I am a soldier, and I do not take you for a flight of angels or heavenly doves settling round me for my consolation. You are an infernal deal more like a pack of wolves!

So let us be plain, as wolves generally are when they are hungry. You joined me because you hoped to be plundering the Palace by this time. As that has failed, you want something instead. You know very well that I am not the man to betray a comrade, and that if I am free I shall probably get Johannes out of his prison in the end. But you expect something now. How much do you want?"

The Tartar looked down sheepishly and passed his thumb round the lower edge of

"I am afraid not, my friend." He turned to the Tartar leader again. "You are a fool, Tocktamish," he said calmly. "As long as you keep me here I cannot get money at all. Do you suppose that we merchants put away thousands of ducats in strong boxes under our beds? If we did that, you would have broken into our houses long ago, to help yourselves!"

"What promise will you make, sir?" inquired the Tartar, beginning to waver.

But half a dozen voices protested.

"You hear them?" said Tocktamish

his corselet, backward and forward, as if he were slowly polishing the steel.

"Well, sir, you see—there are eight hundred of us—and——"

"And if any one gets less than the rest he will sell all your skins to Andronicus for the balance," laughed Zeno. "Quite right, too! I love justice above all things."

"Then give us ten ducats each," cried the clear voice of a Greek from the background.

"Ten ducats apiece will make eight thousand," said Zeno. "I am sorry, but I have not so much money at my disposal."

"You can borrow," answered the Greek.

"No promises!" they cried. "Let him send you for the money!"

"You hear them?" said Tocktamish.

"Yes," answered Zeno, "I hear them. Their nonsense will not change facts. If you had the souls of mice in your miserable bodies," he continued, turning to the men with a contemptuous little laugh, "you would come with me now and seize the Palace. The gates are open, and the guards are all beastly drunk. There will be more than eight thousand ducats to divide there!"

The men were silent; many shook their heads.

"The moment is passed," answered the Tartar, speaking for them. "The whole city is roused by this time."

"We shall have so many more good men to help us, then," Zeno said. "Not that we need any one. A handful could do the work."

"Send for the money!" cried the voice of the Greek again.

"I have told you that I have not got it," Zeno answered. "If you have nothing more sensible to say, go to your quarters and let me sleep."

"Pleasant dreams!" jeered the Greek; and several men laughed.

"I hope my dreams will be pleasant, for I am extremely sleepy," Zeno answered carelessly. "If you cut my throat before I wake you will get nothing at all, not even my funeral expenses! Now good-night, and be off!"

"We had better leave him," Tocktamish said, pushing the nearest men away. "You will get nothing at present, and it is impossible to frighten him. But he cannot get out, as you know. It is for our own safety, sir," he added, changing his tone as he addressed Zeno. "We cannot let you out till the city is quiet again, but you shall lack nothing. There are two cloaks for you to sleep on and for covering yourself, and I will bring you food and drink, and anything you want, in the morning."

Zeno had found time to look about him during the conversation, as far as the light of the lanterns and the men who crowded upon him allowed him to see. He had understood very soon that he was not in the cellar of a ruined house, as he had at first supposed, but in one of those great disused cisterns, of which there were several in Constantinople, and of which two may still be seen. Centuries had passed since there had been water in this one, and the dust lay thick on the paved floor. Two or three score columns of gray marble supported the high vaulted roof, in which Zeno guessed that there was no longer any visible opening to the outer air. Yet air there was, in abundance, for it entered by the narrow entrance through which Zeno had been carried in, and probably found its way out through the disused aqueduct which had once supplied the water, and which still communicated with some distant exit. Zeno could only guess at this from his experience of fortresses, which always con-

tained some similar cistern; every one he had seen was provided with openings, almost always both at the top; a few had staircases in order that men might more conveniently go down to clean them when they were empty.

His captors left him reluctantly at the bidding of their chief. They set one lantern against a pillar and filed out, carrying away the other. Zeno listened to their departing footsteps for a moment, when the last man had gone out, and then he went quickly to the entrance and listened again. In two or three minutes he heard what he expected; a heavy door creaked and was shut with a loud noise that boomed down the inclined passage. Then came another sound, which was not that of bolt or bar, and was worse to hear. The men were rolling big loose stones against the door to keep it shut—two, three, more, a dozen at least, a weight no one man could push outward. Then there was no more noise, and Zeno was alone.

His situation was serious, and his face was very thoughtful as he went back to the lantern and picked up one of the two cloaks Tocktamish had left him. He put it on and drew it closely round him, for he was beginning to feel cold in spite of the heavy guardsman's tunic he wore over his own clothes.

He thought of Arethusa, as he called Zoë; she had been in his mind constantly, and most of all in each of the moments of danger through which he had passed since he had left her. He thought of her lying awake on her divan in the soft light of the small lamps, waiting to hear his footsteps on the landing below her window, then falling gently asleep out of sheer weariness, to dream of him; starting in her rest, perhaps, as she dreamt that he was in peril, but smiling again, without opening her eyes, when the vision changed, and he held her in his arms once more. He little guessed what that yielding something beneath the canvas had been, on which he had pressed his foot so heavily when he had stepped ashore. She was happily ignorant, he fancied, of the succession of hairbreadth escapes through which he had passed unhurt so far. What weighed most on his mind, after all, was the thought that when he met her he should have to tell her that he had failed.

But he was not thinking of her only as he sat there, for his own situation stared him

in the face, and he could not think of Arethusa without wondering whether he was ever to see her again. He had heard those big stones rolled to the door, and something told him that neither Tocktamish nor his men would bring the promised bread and water in the morning. They did not believe that he was unable to pay the ransom they demanded, and they meant to starve him into yielding. But he had spoken the truth; he had not such a sum of money at his command. The question was, what the end would be. For the present they had not left him so much as a jug of water, and he suddenly realized that he was thirsty after his many exertions. He could not help laughing to himself at the idea that he might die of thirst in a cistern.

But it was not in him to waste time in idly reflecting on the detestable irony of fate, when there was any possibility that his own action might help him. He rose again and took up the lantern to make a systematic examination of his prison.

The walls were covered with smooth cement, to which the dust hardly adhered, and which extended upward to the spring of the vault, at the same level as the capitals

of the columns. There was no opening to be found except the one entrance. Zeno followed the steep inclined passage upward till he reached the closed door, which, as he well understood, must be at a considerable distance from the cistern. It was made of oak, and though it might have been in its place a couple of hundred years it was still perfectly sound. The lock had been wrenched off long ago, probably to be used for some neighboring house, but Zeno had heard the stones rolled up outside the door, and even before he tried it he knew that he could not make it move.

He wondered whether Tocktamish had set a watch, and he called out and listened for an answer, but none came; he shouted with the same result. Then he took up his lantern and went down again, for it was clear that the soldiers thought him so safely confined that it would not be necessary to guard the entrance. Since that was their opinion, there was nothing to be done but to agree with them. Zeno lay down in the dust, rolled himself in the spare cloak, placing a doubled fold of it between his head and the base of a column, and he was soon fast asleep.

(To be continued)

ANTONIO CORSI

THE MOST FAMOUS MODEL IN THE WORLD

BY ELISABETH IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



Of the art student and artist alone is Antonio Corsi in flesh and blood a familiar figure. To the whole range of the cosmopolitan public, however, from the admirers of Sargent's prophets to the consumers of deviled ham, he appears incognito.

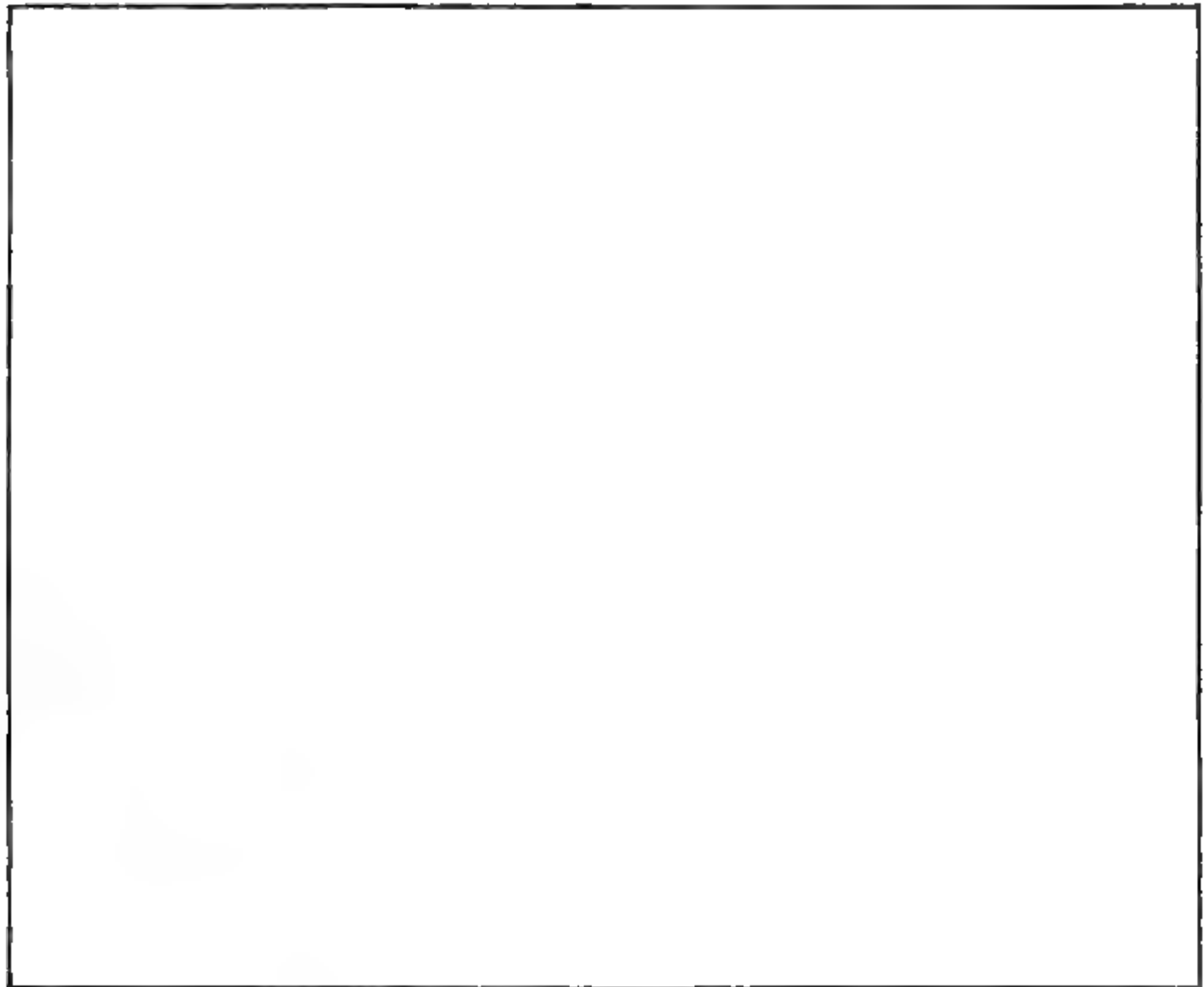
Professionally Corsi has the distinction of being the finest model in the world as well as the most famous. In private life,

however, he lives an unmolested existence in a quiet corner of Washington Square, New York. Here within four walls hung thick with his noted collection of costumes and with pictures of himself in multitudinous guises, he sleeps and eats, and from hence goes forth to pose for the greatest masterpieces of the day.

No public building of this decade is complete without at least a dozen figures of Corsi painted upon its walls. The New Amsterdam Theater, New York, boasts

fifteen such repetitions, the Boston Library presents him seventy times to the public gaze, and it would be monotonous to count the reduplications of his stalwart form that adorn New York's new Hall of Records within and without. Dodge has used him for the interior mural decorations and Martigny for his massive statues outside. The McKinley memorial windows for the

Sir Frederick Leighton, Holman Hunt, Gérôme, Alma - Tadema, Bougereau, Charles Dana Gibson, Howard Pyle, Luis Mora, Louis Loeb, Howard Chandler Christy, Childe Hassam, Edwin Blashfield, Kenyon Cox, Sir Edwin Abbey, have used him time after time. Once familiar with his range of activities, it is possible to pick him out in the most unexpected places.



Antonio Corsi, in his rooms in Washington Square, showing his hundreds of costumes

Canton church show the sun shining through him four times. The Metropolitan Museum revels in his multiplicity, nor is it necessary to look into the halls of the great or the galleries of the famous, for the studios of the art students of three countries give added proof of his ubiquitousness. Here in charcoal sketches and oil studies Corsi figures as large as life. Corsi as an Indian, Corsi as a Florentine troubadour, Corsi as the dying Christ, Corsi as Mephistopheles, Corsi as a Greek god, Corsi as a praying monk, and yet his versatility is not half stated.

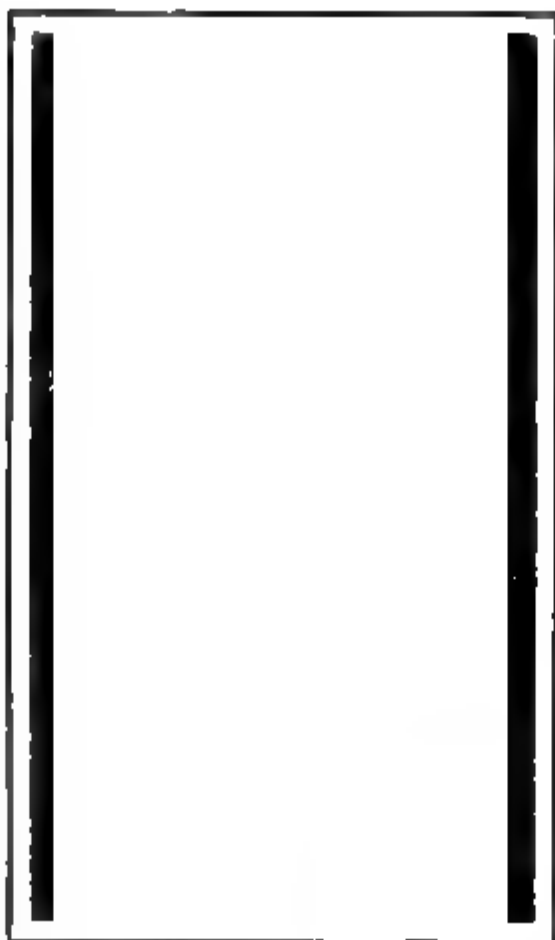
Advertisements and illustrations are not beneath him, nor stained-glass windows beyond his range.

Personally Mr. Corsi is a very agreeable chap. He has a way, as he himself expressed it, of "getting connected with people" that has been the making of him professionally. It renders him not only a good model, but really a genuine inspiration to the artist who is working from him.

Twenty-seven years it is, since he first posed in London for Mr. Moscheles, who discovered him playing with a band of wandering minstrels in the streets of Dover,

England. The other four of the band were his father and three brothers and sisters. His father had been the personal servant of Garibaldi, and after the civil war was left penniless. He was, therefore, willing to let Antonio go with the kind gentleman, who offered to pay him for having his picture painted. He traveled with this patron, who took a great liking to the boy, through France, Germany, Spain and Egypt. After he had been several years in Paris in the capacity of artist's model, he went as one having experience to London, Dublin, Glasgow and Edinburgh, as model for the schools. He obtained permanent engagements in all these art centers for a certain number of weeks every year.

At about this time he secured a letter to the Princess Luise, whose statue of the Christ, now in St. Paul's, was done from him. Once in touch with royalty, he became a fad with the artistic among them. He posed for Empress Fredericka of Germany in Berlin, and Baron Rosenkranz,



Corsi posing in an Indian costume

Prince of Denmark, in Copenhagen.

At this juncture of his career, he was discovered by Sargent, who was at that time in London painting the now famous prophets for the Boston Public Library. Sargent seized upon him with such avidity that he did not let him go until he had painted from him eleven of these. For the wonderful Hosea, which was the first to be done, Corsi boasts that he stood three hours and twenty-five minutes without moving. "Were you not exhausted?" is the natural inquiry to cap this exploit. "Ah, yes, I was tired, but, my friend, you should have seen Sargent,"

is Corsi's characteristic retort. It took twenty-five minutes to arrange the Hosea draperies, and three hours to paint in the entire figure. This remarkable and absolutely unequalled feat of endurance so ingratiated Corsi with Sargent, that upon the heels of Hosea immediately followed Jeremiah, Isaiah and Haggai, Malachi, Ezekiel and the whole train. Before the last few were finished, however, Corsi's appointment with



Painting by Dodge in the Court House at Syracuse, N. Y. Corsi was the model for all of the figures

Photograph copyrighted 1896 by Curtis & Cameron

*The Departure of Sir Galahad by Edwin A. Abbey. In the Boston Public Library.
Corsi was the model for all of the figures*

Abbey, to whom Sargent had recommended him, fell due, and it was necessary for him to leave London for Fairfield in Gloucestershire, where Abbey was planning to use him for his Holy Grail series. This left Mr. Sargent in a bad hole, since the prophets were not quite finished, and he had become accustomed to having Corsi buy his paints and clean his brushes as well as to having him pose exactly to his liking. Corsi found him another man, however, and started for Gloucestershire.

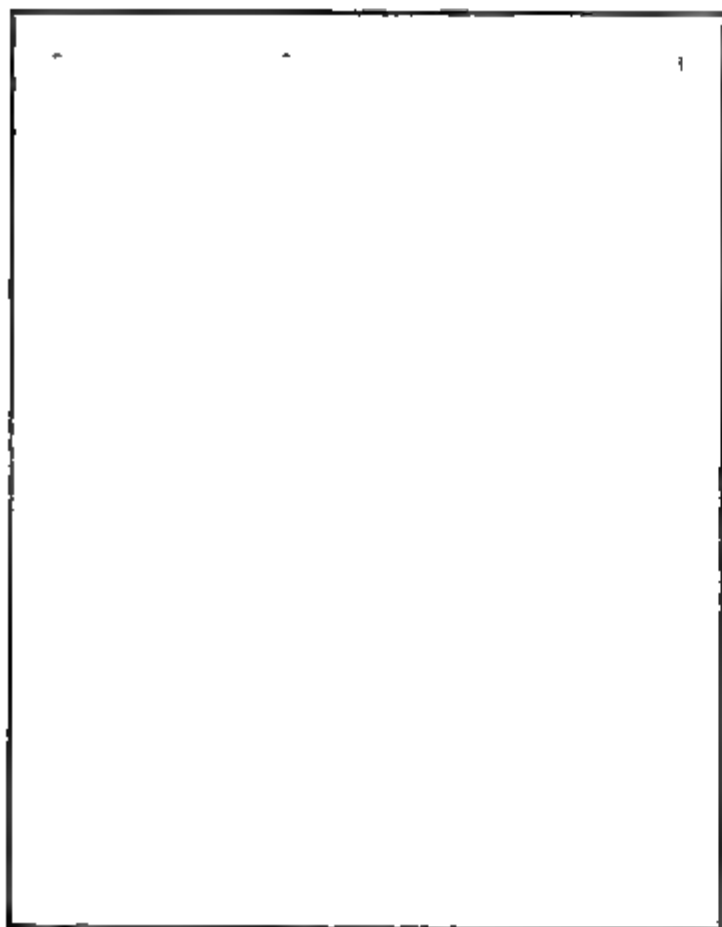
This fellow and himself, according to Corsi, are the only two models Mr. Sargent has ever used since his student days. For fourteen weeks from this time, Corsi posed every day for Abbey, and fifty-eight figures in the Holy Grail Series are the result of this sojourn. These weeks, Corsi says, are the pleasantest he has ever spent. Mrs. Abbey, who was an American girl, he declares is a wonderful woman. He likes to relate her exploits as financier and business manager. She takes entire charge of all of Mr. Abbey's material demands. On the morning of his arrival she had a

long talk with Corsi, in which she told him that he must ask her for whatever he wanted and she would arrange his time off and pay him, that Mr. Abbey was not to do a thing but paint.

Mr. Abbey is known as a very difficult man for models to please, and it was with much trepidation that Corsi entered

upon his first three months' engagement with him. The gossip of the models who had failed to fit into the Abbey régime was far from cheering to a man who must have things always pleasant to do his best work, as is the case with Corsi. According to the tales of his unsuccessful rivals, Mrs. Abbey was the stumbling-block. Corsi, however, was honor-bound to keep his engagement, but upon his arrival he made the stipulation of a week's trial on both sides. At the end of the first week, however, he decided that three months was far too short a sojourn with such a delightful family, and felt that he would gladly sign a contract to remain the rest of his life, and instead of finding Mrs. Abbey as she had been painted by the jealous models, she proved

Corsi in the armor presented to him by Abbey. In this armor Corsi posed for many of the figures in Abbey's famous frieze in the Boston Public Library



Corsi in a costume similar to that in which he posed for Sargent's Hosea

in every way generous-hearted and hospitable.

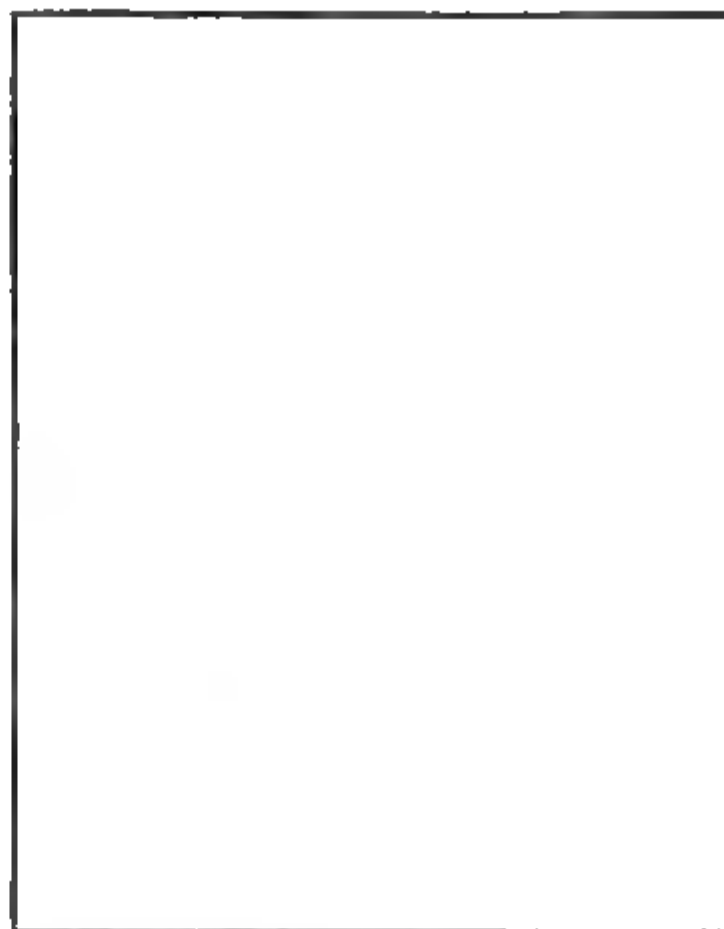
After posing for the Holy Grail, he left to keep an engagement with one of the Art Schools, but returned to pose for the Shakespeare illustrations. He was also model for all the male figures in the Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, the great picture on which Abbey was made a member of the Royal Academy.

A little later, in the year 1901, Corsi came to America. Here he found a warm welcome in artistic circles, and has become as much the stand-by of American art students as he once was of their English and Parisian brothers. Boston, with its usual fund of enthusiasm, fell upon Corsi as he was passing through to spend several weeks near Gloucester with Eric Pape, and thrust upon him the honors of the painted prophets, which they proverbially lacked in their own land. Among other forms of recognition, the makers of the Copley prints presented him with copies of both the Sargent and Abbey pictures for which he had posed. The students and aspiring artists of Boston all dreamed of rivaling Abbey on his own ground, with this his very model as an inspiration. Corsi returned to New York from his Boston-Gloucester trip, many costumes richer and with an established prestige which makes

him always a welcome guest at the Hub.

Since his residence in America he has also spent several months in the West studying the American Indian in his native haunts, and this has become one of his most remarkable impersonations. "The Barter of Manhattan Island" and "The Dutch Traders at the Bridge," by George and Ernest Peixotto, show him many times in this guise.

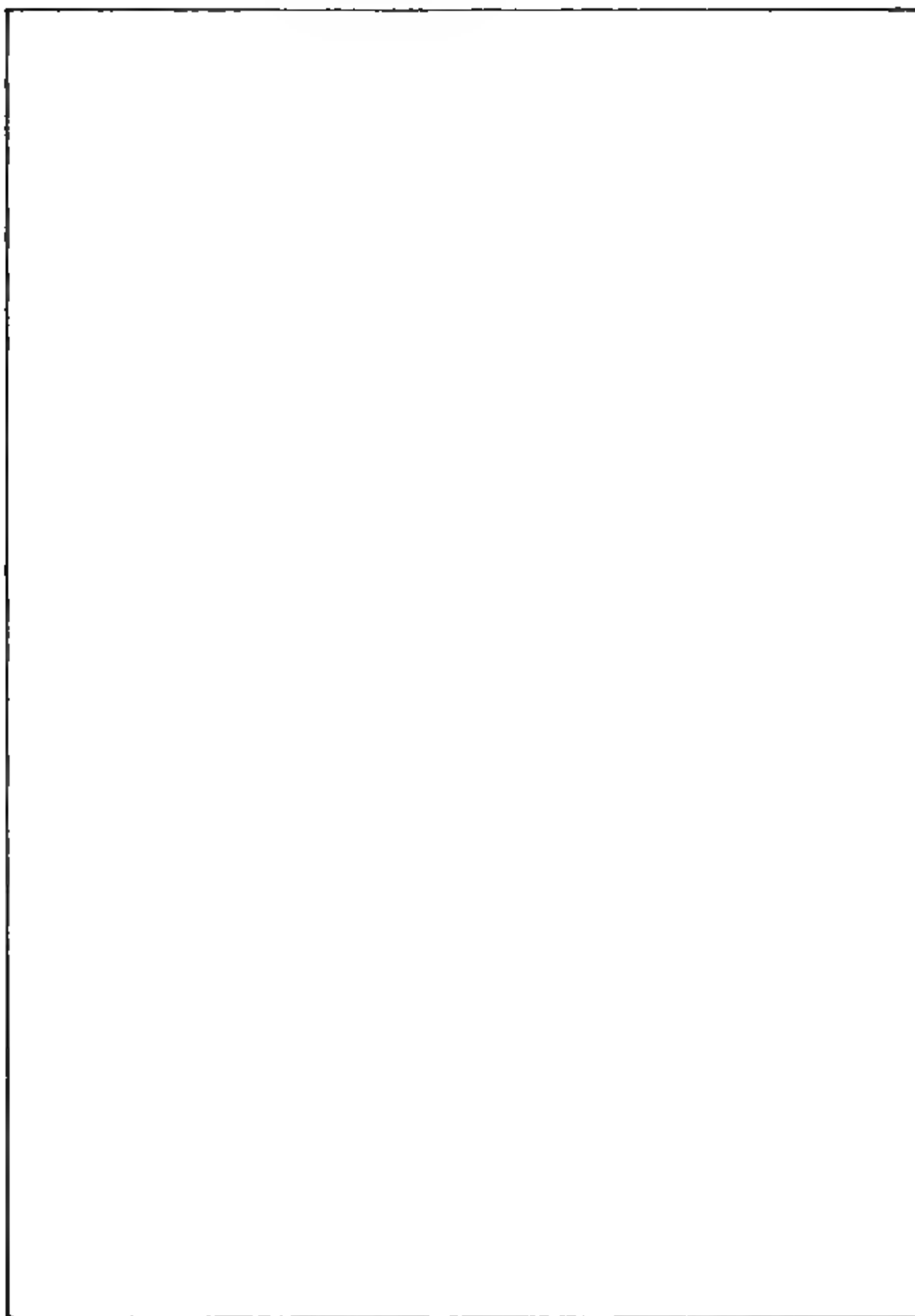
Corsi's devotion to his work is akin to the artist's passion for his vision, and his ambition for perfection is nothing short of genius. The figures he poses for he impersonates, the atmosphere he must lend he creates, and nothing short of his cosmopolitan resourcefulness could compass such a gamut of rôles as he boasts. For the moment, he is *en rapport* with the artist to such an extent that the figure on the canvas grows all unconsciously into a more vital being than the artist had himself conceived. So contagious is his inspiration that the



The famous Hosea of Sargent in the Boston Public Library. For this Corsi posed at one time three hours and twenty-five minutes without rest

great Burne-Jones used to let him take his own poses in many cases.

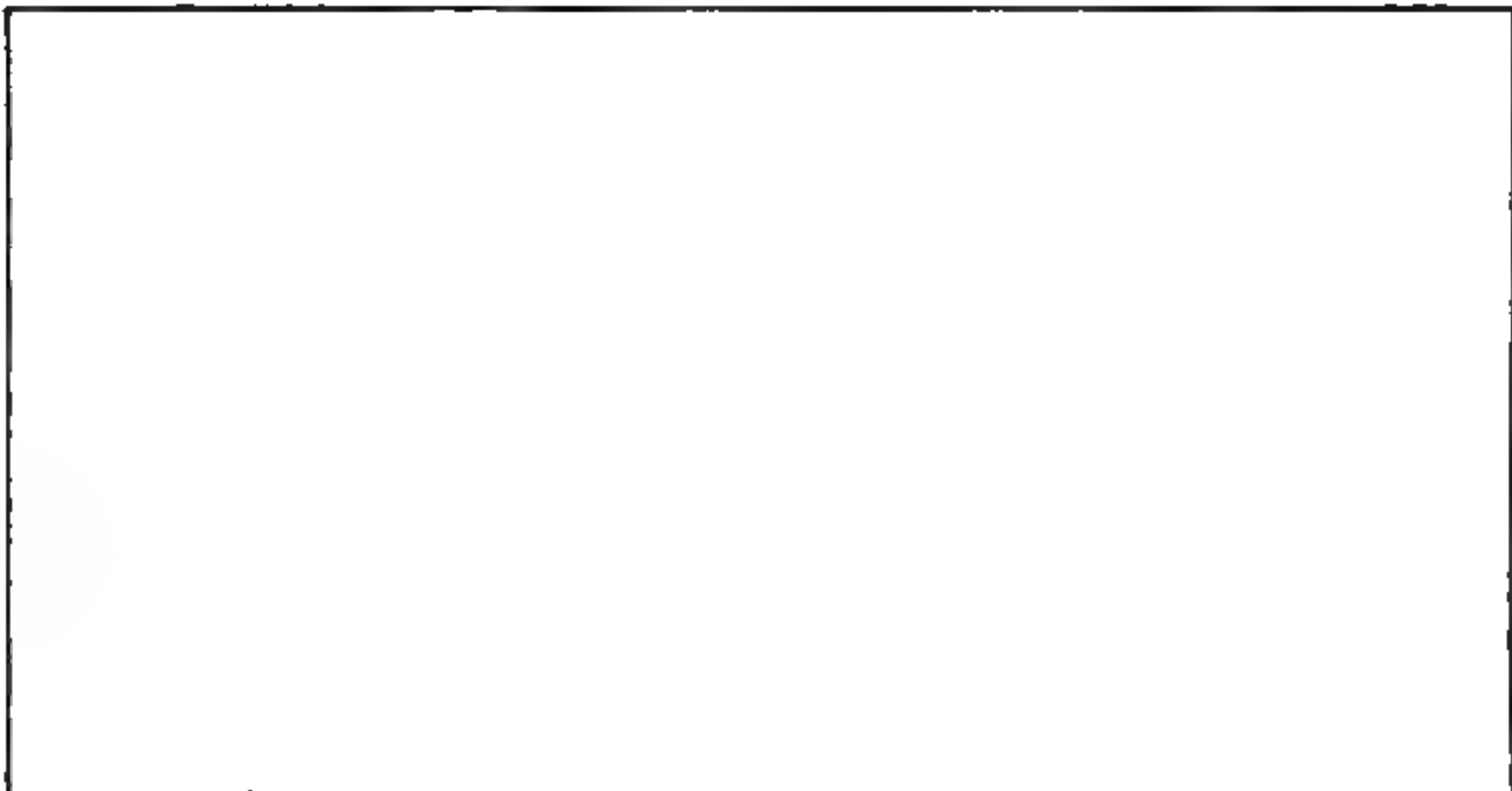
Ambition and enterprise also serve him well. Any possible road to new fields of conquest he immediately enters upon and boldly follows to the end. His dramatic



Antonio Corsi in monk's costume. This portrait gives some idea of the value of his head and face to the artist

Italian temperament, tutored by a short experience on the stage, is an important key to his genius as a poseur. Ordinarily, a model is but transient in the profession. It is too difficult and wearing an occupation to long hold the casual bread-earner. Usually, as is the case with a well-known

Boston model with nineteen years' experience behind him, posing is looked upon as merely an exhibition of physical endurance and perfect health, somewhat of the same order as prize-fighting. This Boston model is a German, who has never traveled farther than New York, and takes



Hercules Struggling with Death for the body of Alcestes. Painted by Sir Frederick Leighton. Corsi was model for all of the male figures

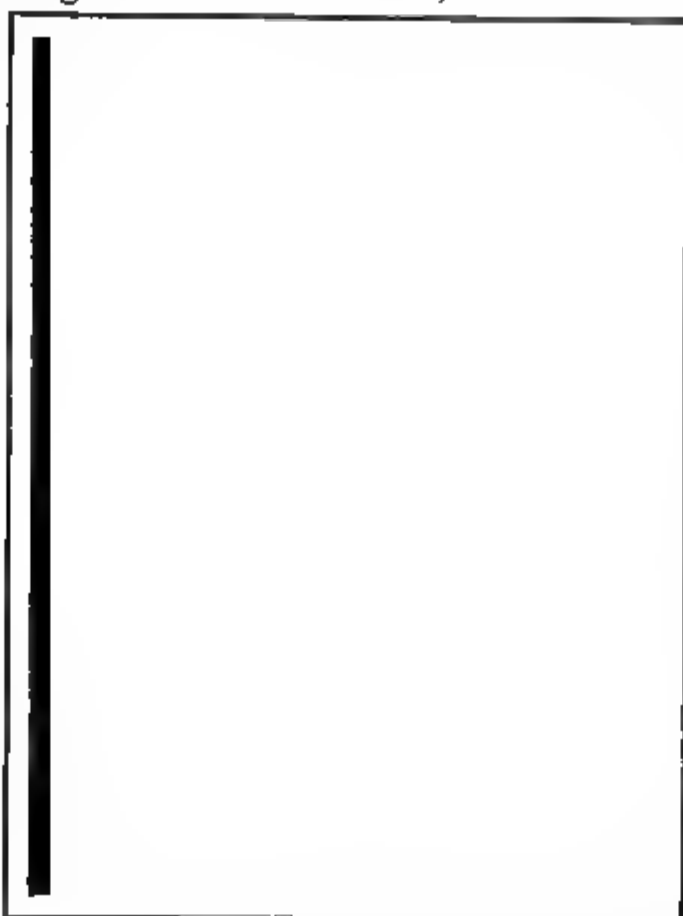
a stolid satisfaction in his exploits as model, such as the length of time he can remain motionless, or the number of minutes he can hold his arm above his head. It is his boast never to ask a recess, and, as is a common experience with models, he suffers tortures at the hands of inconsiderate artists rather than stir a limb.

Not so with Corsi, although he is unique among models for the length of time he can stand perfectly motionless without becoming listless; but this is but a part of his art to him.

He has become very experienced in arranging his own draperies. This, he says, is a simple matter, but that unmastered it is a great obstacle in the progress of the average model. Draperies will not fall of themselves into graceful lines nor follow an artist's will, but must be manipulated by the figure wearing them. His material assets as a model are of themselves no small factor in his success. The collection of costumes with which he chooses

to adorn his walls, when not his own person, is the most valuable in the world. Many artists have presented him with rare garments in recognition of particularly good pieces of posing. The armor of Sir Galahad reflects the light from his fireplace, the rosary of Richelieu hangs above his mantel, while the guitar of a wandering minstrel lies dusty in a corner. Egyptian, Indian and Eastern costumes of great

cost mingle with cardinal's robes and the sackcloth of monks. Accessories beyond enumeration abound in his accumulated hoard. He has in addition to the treasures which he can hang upon the wall, a book of letters and photographs not to be equaled in the world. A note of congratulation from Queen Victoria is side by side with a telegram from John Sargent, a memorandum of his first engagement with Holman Hunt tops a letter of recommendation from Watts stating that he is an inspiration and a perfect model. Photo-



The Student Beggar—Luis Mora's Academy picture. Corsi was the model for the beggar

Readings from Homer, by Alma-Tadema.

graphs of himself, clippings mentioning prizes taken by pictures he has posed for, together with copies of these pictures *ad infinitum*, are but a small part of his unique memorabilia.

Corsi is now doing the most difficult posing he has ever attempted. This is for Frank W. Stokes, who is painting the Esquimaux pictures for the New York Museum of Natural History. Mr. Stokes tried nearly all other models in New York and found them wanting. His demands are exceedingly hard to fill, since he insists that the whole figure shall keep the pose for the entire time. He will not suffer the model to relax the arms while he is working on the legs, but demands even an unaltered facial expression while he paints in the boots. This is extremely wearing, and Corsi is the first one who has been able to endure the taxing ordeal.

Mr. Stokes was with Lieutenant Peary on the expedition when the ship was lost and he returned enriched not only with one of the most thrilling adventures of modern times, but by many valuable sketches which he is now casting

Corsi was model for the three front figures

into shape to present to the public on a sixty-three foot canvas.

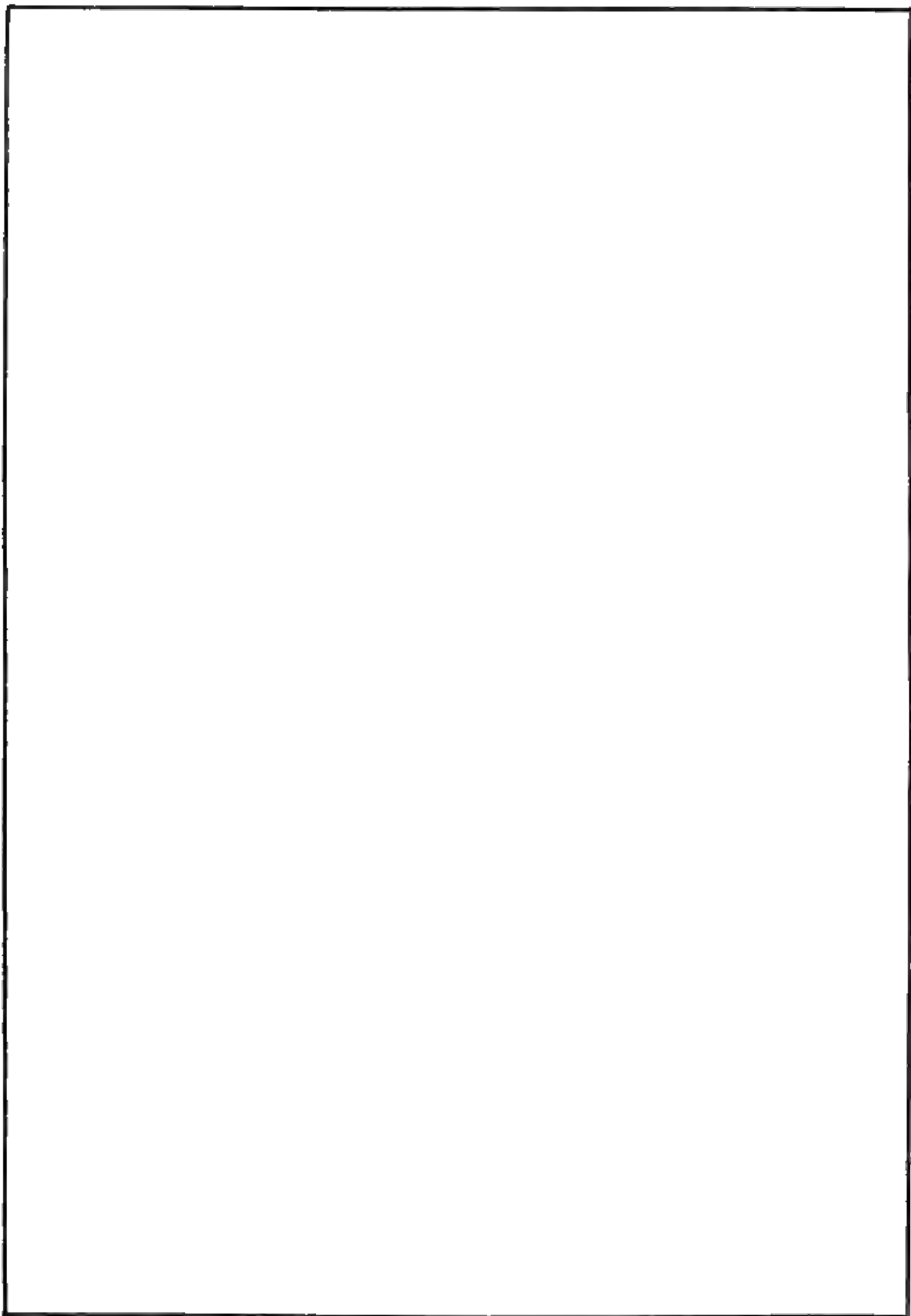
Mr. Corsi has done much toward raising the status of the model's profession. The Art Workers' Club for Women in New York has marked a definite step in this direction for women, but so far it has been left to occasional men distinguished for their fine work in posing to speak for recognition of the work of men as models. Corsi takes the stand that work so difficult, so

trying and withal so indispensable to the progress of art should receive more recognition from the public at large.

"People look at a picture," he says, "they speak of the color, of the wonderful work, the genius of the artist, and they would even praise the man who made the canvas on which it is painted before they mention the poor model who had suffered so much for its creation."

Other models also are beginning to feel the dignity of their work, and doubtless the time is coming when this side of creative art will stand for a much more definite and much finer thing than it does at present.

Watts' famous Sir Galahad for which Corsi posed



Then the men broke out into cheers, unsubdued and hearty

JOHN OR JOSHUA

BY FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY O. TOASPERN



ERGEANT JOHN BROWN stood in the middle of his little room at the Soldiers' Home looking forlornly about him.

"There'll be another grave to decorate this year. To think of Josh's being gone after we'd roomed together all this time. Same initials, same last name, same looks, just like brothers, everybody said so; same room, same disposition, everything the same, till now and everything's different. He's lying out in the graveyard without a stone to his head or a name to his grave, not even a general monument to the place—Josh always set store by sech things; and I'm here alone and wishin' I wasn't." The Sergeant sighed and sat down in the cane-seated chair between the two little iron beds.

"If I could only go a-visitin' now for a spell, seems as if it would kinder take the edge off the lonesomeness. I'm sure Sophrony'd be glad to have me come to see her, even if she is moved 'way out West. But I can't go, of course—it's too expensive." The Sergeant shook his head helplessly.

There came a knock on the doorpost and a man thrust his head around the side of the open door.

"Say, Sergeant, there's a woman here inquiring for Josh Brown. She says she's his sister, and she seemed so pleased to think she was going to see him that somehow I couldn't tell her he is dead. You'll have to. I'm going to bring her up here to see you."

The Sergeant rose from his seat in agitation. "Oh, don't!" he cried. "I don't want to see her. I couldn't—please don't!" But the man had gone and the Sergeant sat weakly down again.

In a moment there was another step and there was ushered into the room a woman,

an old woman, with her gray hair parted neatly beneath her black bonnet and a tired, anxious face. The Sergeant rose and she smiled, looking up at him.

"Oh!" she cried, holding out both her hands. "It's been almost twenty years since I've seen you, Joshua."

The Sergeant fidgeted nervously. "Won't you sit down?"

She sat down on the edge of Josh's little bed. The dim, brown eyes were shining placidly on him and the thin lips were quivering with emotion.

The Sergeant cleared his throat. "I want to tell you—" he began, and then he paused. Did he want to tell her?

She took the long black pin out of her plaid shawl and let it slip back from her narrow shoulders. "I can't stay but a minute," she said. "But it's so warm in here."

"Oh!" apologized the Sergeant, "I'd oughter have asked you to take off your things."

"That's all right. Why haven't you written to me oftener, Joshua? I'm your sister, ain't I? If it wasn't that the children had such queer notions, maybe we'd see and hear about each other oftener. I tell 'em they'd oughter be proud to have an uncle that was a soldier. But I don't know—" She sighed a little. "They don't seem to want me to write nor nothin'."

"It's some your fault, too," she went on. "I guess it's been as much as three months since I've heard from you; but mebbe I didn't get your last letter 'cause we've been movin'. Sometimes it kinder seems as if we're forgettin' each other, but we ain't, are we? You don't feel hurt, do you, Joshua?" She beamed up into the Sergeant's face, and he shook his head violently; he could not trust himself to reply.

"You see they're makin' a little visit to the city and they brought me with 'em; it was real good of 'em. I haven't been any-

where for years. But to-day I just ran away from them and came out here." She chuckled softly. "I expect they'd be pretty provoked if they knew where I'd gone, but I don't think I've got to tell 'em, do you?"

The gentle stream of her talk trickled away and the Sergeant realized that she awaited an answer.

"Got to tell?" he repeated vaguely. "No, ma'am!" he shouted, with unexpected emphasis, "you haven't got to tell a thing."

She laughed at his vehemence. "Well, I mustn't stay any longer or they'll be worryin' about me. But I don't care. I felt as if I couldn't go home until I saw you and how you was situated. Ain't it pleasant here?"

She choked a moment, and there were tears in her eyes. "I'm so glad to see you've got such a pleasant room, and everything so nice. I guess I can go home now and die in peace. I don't feel as if I was long for this world. Sometimes I've worried about you, knowin' you didn't have much; there's plenty where I am"—she was fastening her shawl now—"but I don't know but what it's as pleasant to be in a Home where you can be kinder independent as to be in a house where you can't."

"But there," she added hastily, "I ain't complainin'; we're two old folks and our day is over, and I s'pose we'd oughter make the best of it. There, I mustn't stop another minute. You are happy, ain't you, Joshua?"

"Oh, yes, of course!" cried the Sergeant, arousing himself; he had been thinking how pleased Josh would have been with this visit. "It was so good of you to come and see me."

"Do you know it seems to me you've changed a good deal, Joshua; but maybe it's my old eyes." She rose from the bed now and came over to the chair on which the Sergeant still sat, too bewildered to move.

He looked up at her now as she stood over him and opened his lips as if to speak; then noted the happy light in her eyes and closed them.

She put out her hand and patted his shoulder softly. "Good-by, Joshua, dear," she whispered brokenly. Suddenly she bent over and kissed him on the forehead. "Good-by, be a good boy;" then with a

gurgling, choking laugh and eyes hidden, the small plaid-shawled figure went hastily through the doorway and down the hall.

The Sergeant sat still where she had left him, his face in his hands, and before his inner vision went the panorama of life's pitiable puzzles. He thought of himself, young, strong and brave, going forth with high purpose to fight the battles of his country, and coming home physically weakened and unfitted for the practical business of life.

Nevertheless, he had afterwards gained some things—wife and child and small success; he lifted his face from his hands and almost smiled at pleasing memories. Then one by one his grasp had slipped from these—from wife and child, from success, and he had drifted at last to this quiet haven with no outlook save an unnamed mound in the hillside graveyard. Then there was Josh; he had died before he had seen his sister—how he would have liked to see her, and she— The Sergeant saw the anxious face and heard the patient words: "We'd qughter make the best of it."

He looked over at the creased counterpane on the bed where the tired little figure had been sitting. "Yes, we'd oughter," he said aloud, gently. Then the color came into his face as he remembered—what he had forgotten for the moment—that he had taken Josh's place, had let her kiss him and go off with tears in her eyes and gladness in her heart, because she had seen Josh, and Josh's room was so pleasant. Would that silent, turf-bound chamber where Josh now slept have pleased her as well?

The Sergeant rose and went to the window. "She said she wasn't long for this world. I guess when she meets Josh in heaven, he'll make it all right." The Sergeant looked a long time on the prospect that soon became a blur of green and white.

As the days passed the Sergeant, brooding over the loss of his room-mate, grew more and more dissatisfied with the Home. He forgot the comforts that were making the soul of many an old soldier glad; he fussed over the undoubtedly monotonous bill of fare, and fumed over the somewhat irksome but necessary regulations, until he seemed changing from a popular inmate of the house to one of those terrors of all institutions, a chronic grumbler.

"There's nothing left to look forward

to but the graveyard with no monument, nor headstone nor nothing," he'd mutter in the solitude of his own room, for he had not yet been assigned a room-mate. "If I could only git to Sophrony's now—" Then he remembered what Josh's sister had said about her children. "But Sophrony's real good-hearted if she is poor, and if she couldn't keep me all the time she'd make me have a real pleasant visit. It just seems as if I couldn't stay here any longer. I'm tired of seein' old soldiers and nothin' but old soldiers. To think I should have come to this—" And the Sergeant groaned aloud in bitterness of spirit.

The days went on to warmth and brightness, but the Sergeant's world seemed cold and dull; he pitied not only himself, but every more hopeful inmate of the Home.

At last one day in early May a letter was brought to his room, addressed to Mr. J. Brown. The Sergeant, sitting on the edge of Josh's bed, turned it over and over in pleasurable excitement, and examined the post-mark. The name of the town he could not make out, but the State, the Sergeant was sorry to note, was far distant from Sophronia's, and the handwriting, feeble and cramped, was unknown.

The Sergeant opened the letter and there fell out some neatly folded bills. He picked them up and counted them; there were three one hundred dollar bills.

"My gracious, that's risky!" cried the Sergeant with a mingled thrill of fear and delight.

He held them in his hand for a moment, simply for the pleasure of feeling so large a sum. Then he read the letter, holding it close to his old eyes with a shaking hand. The penmanship was irregular, but the meaning was clear.

DEAR JOSHUA: I send you this money to do anything you want to with. It's some I've saved up all these years by myself and I've had it changed into these bills. It's a good deal to send in a letter, but I guess the Lord will see that you get it. The children don't know anything about it and they don't need to. They've got enough, anyway. You don't know how glad I was to see you so pleasantly situated that day; it has made me happy ever since. I can't write long because it hurts me; I am sick and I shouldn't be surprised if when you get this letter I had passed beyond. I know how proud you are, but don't send this money back, because the children would scold me and I don't want them to have it, anyway. Good-by, Joshua, from your loving sister, MARY.

The Sergeant sat perfectly still on the edge of the bed, the letter in one hand, the bills in the other and the envelope between his feet. After a long silence he stooped down, picked up the envelope, put the letter and money in it, and going to the bureau, carefully locked it in his upper drawer.

"One thing leads to another," he said, smiling grimly at himself in the glass. He stood a long time with the key in his hand in front of the bureau.

There was no address in the letter; all Josh's papers had been destroyed before his death, and the Sergeant could not remember the place where Josh had said his sister lived. "She's moved, anyway," he told himself in the glass.

Clearly he could not send the money back and Mary did not want him to: she wanted him—no, she wanted Josh—to keep it. But since Josh could not have it, surely he would be glad that his old chum should enjoy it. The money could not help the dead, why should it not be used for the living? If Mary had known he was only Josh's room-mate and not Josh's self, she would scarcely have sent the money. But here it was, and addressed to Mr. J. Brown. Why did the money not belong to the Sergeant? Had not Providence sent it to him?

He passed a sleepless night with these bills staring at him through the wonderfully grained wood of the yellow bureau drawer. And they talked to him. "Now you can go to Sophrony's, and perhaps stay there always, anyway for a long time and have a grand, good time."

He could feel in his stuffy little bedroom the air blowing free across the wide fields; he could see the wax flowers that his sister had made and which he knew always stood on the parlor mantel; he could hear the melodeon that Sophronia wrote she had lately purchased. In the morning he rose little refreshed, with a red spot burning on either cheek and an expectant gleam in his eyes. The first thing he did was to hide the money under the edge of the carpet beneath his bureau.

That day's mail brought him another letter. He turned white when he saw it, for there was the same indistinct post-mark; he opened it, sitting in the same place as yesterday. But there was only a tiny printed slip inside, the announcement of the death of Mary Spring at the age of

seventy years, from heart disease, on May 5; there was no place mentioned. The little sister had passed beyond already and met Josh. The Sergeant's literal religious imagination could almost see the two consulting together.

"Of course they'd want me to have it," he murmured. "Providence is in it."

That day he went to his closet and took down his one well-worn suit of citizen's clothes. He examined his boots to see if they were strong enough to last him on his prospective journey; he looked over his collars, his few and cherished neckties. He sat down by the window, brushing his coat and smiling hopefully at the great bouquet of a blossoming apple-tree just without.

Presently he paused with his brush uplifted in his hand. "I must go and see the Superintendent to-day about starting; I don't believe I'll wait till Decoration Day; the other men'll have to decorate Josh's grave. But I'll go out there to-morrow.

"Poor Josh," he went on, brushing softly. "No stone to his head or name to his—" Suddenly he paused; the brush fell from his hand, the coat slipped to the floor and the Sergeant gazed helplessly before him. "It isn't mine," he whispered after a pause. "I'd be a thief; it's his, it's Josh's! It's Josh's! It's all I can do and I'd oughter do it."

The melodeon strains were hushed, the wax flowers grew dim, the Sergeant was suffocating in the warm air. "Why didn't I think of it before? Why didn't I?" The tears came into his eyes, and two of them went slowly down his cheeks. He drew out his bandana with a jerk and rubbed his face fiercely and laughed at himself. "What a fool I am!" he cried, then picking up his coat he fell to work on it vigorously, with no smile on his lips, but with a fixed purpose set about his mouth.

That afternoon he visited the Superintendent, as he had intended; but instead of asking for a leave of absence for some time to visit his sister in the West, he asked for a pass to town where a business matter needed his attention. When the Sergeant came home that night his face was jubilant. He declared the hash was the best ever tasted; that he noticed coming from town to-day what a fine location the Home enjoyed, and he cracked several poor and unexpected jokes that delighted and reassured his old comrades.

In the privacy of his own room, the Sergeant kept up his cheerful play. "To think I should have found that handsome one all ready, and that Josh's grave should be on the top of the hill; and that inscription! 'Twas an inspiration, an inspiration—" Then the Sergeant paused with an awe-struck, upward look. "Mebbe it was," he said gravely, "mebbe it was." And he fell asleep that night like a child with a smile on his lips.

The Sergeant's joviality seemed to increase as time passed and Decoration Day drew near. He doubtless felt as grand and glad as a statesman planning in secret some coup d'état which shall astonish and delight his nation.

On the twenty-ninth of May, when several men were arranging the bouquets which had been sent in for the morrow, one of them remarked discontentedly, "Just as though these old weeds and those cotton flags were any good; why can't they give us a monument for our lot, or headstones or something?" Then the Sergeant retired precipitately and was heard chuckling down the corridor.

On Decoration Day the old soldiers, some riding, some walking, went in a body to that part of the cemetery which had been assigned to the Home, and here they decorated the graves of their fallen comrades with flowers. They marched along the narrow paths in proud file with flowery banners and a strange forgetfulness of that triumphant enemy who had met and overcome many a comrade, and was waiting but too short a day to conquer them all. To-day Sergeant John Brown, near the head of the first column, moved along in an excited irregular way, that aroused the ire of the next soldier.

"Can't you keep in step?" he demanded wrathfully; then he looked up and was silent.

They had just come around a cluster of trees to the central knoll of the cemetery, where, near the top, rested the body of Joshua Brown. But there, where had once been only a smooth green mound, was seen, rising from the swell, a noble shaft of granite, throwing its graceful height up into the soft air. The men in front stopped, stared and moved on, pressed by those behind. Then, suddenly, despite the memories of the day, a cheer arose that died away in murmurs of admiration

and satisfaction. They broke ranks and moved forward to examine this gift more closely, and many an old soldier's weak eyes were wet with tears. The monument cast a glamour over this inevitable resting-place.

But the Sergeant did not move any nearer; he remained in his place and heard the exclamations of delight and admiration on all sides. He stood with clinched hands and set face struggling to forget that vision of Sophronia that came this moment before his eyes. He turned his gaze to the topmost point of the shaft and smiled waveringly at the white against the blue and thought of Mary; he looked at the handsome base and remembered Josh. Then he noted that somebody was speaking; it was the Superintendent, and he stood beside the monument. The men had fallen back and were listening.

"Fellow-comrades"—the Sergeant heard each word—"this monument has upon its base, 'Erected to the memory of the Soldiers of the Blankville Soldiers' Home by their true friend and comrade, Joshua Brown, who lies beneath this stone.' I think I should mention that this monument was selected and arranged for by Sergeant

John Brown, who I wish would please step forward."

They pushed the Sergeant to the front, and he came up the knoll walking slowly and in a dazed way. The Superintendent reached out and shook his hand.

"We owe it to him that this is here to-day to honor all you men. It is what we have long needed and we cannot be grateful enough."

Then the men broke out into cheers, unsubdued and hearty, and somebody from the ranks behind handed the Sergeant a big bouquet. He slipped away from the Superintendent's detaining clasp, and came trembling back to his place. But in those cheers the sound of the melodeon was drowned, the real bouquet in his hand put to shame Sophronia's wax flowers and the breath of near admiration was sweeter than the far-off Western air.

As the Sergeant stood there, listening to his and Josh's praises on all sides, he lifted his eyes once more to that white column, and felt that down the long line of gray days which perhaps stretched before him that shaft would ever shine like a ray of God's own light.

THE YOUNG TO THE OLD

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

You who are old,
And have fought the fight,
And have won or lost or left the field,
Weigh us not down
With fears of the world, as we run!
With the wisdom that is too right,
The warning to which we cannot yield—
The shadow that follows the sun
Follows forever—
And with all that desire must leave undone,
Though as a god it endeavor,
Weigh, weigh us not down!

But gird our hope to believe
That all that is done
Is done by dream and daring—
Bid us dream on!
That Earth was not born
Or Heaven built of bawaring—
Yield us the dawn!
You dreamt your hour—and dared, but we
Would dream till all you despaired of *be*.
Would dare, till the world,
Won to a new wayfaring,
Be thence forever easier upward drawn!

ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT

BY DAVID GRAYSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

THE TRAMP



I HAVE had a new and strange experience—droll in one way, grotesque in another and when everything is said, tragic at least an adventure. Harriet looks at me accusingly, and I have had to preserve the air of one deeply contrite now for two days (no easy accomplishment for me!), even though in secret I have smiled and pondered.

How our life has been warped by books! We are not contented with realities: we crave conclusions. With what ardor our minds respond to real events with literary deductions. Upon a train of incidents, as unconnected as life itself, we are wont to clap a booky ending. An instinctive desire for completeness animates the human mind (a struggle to circumscribe the infinite). We would like to have life "turn out"—but it doesn't—it doesn't. Each event is the beginning of a whole new genealogy of events. In boyhood I remember asking after every story I heard: "What happened next?" for no conclusion ever quite satisfied me—even when the hero died in his own gore. I always knew there was something yet remaining to be told. The only sure conclusion we can reach is this: Life changes. And what is more enthralling to

the human mind than this splendid, boundless, colored mutability!—life in the making? How strange it is, then, that we should be contented to take such small parts of it as we can grasp, and to say, "This is the true explanation." By such devices we seek to bring infinite existence within our finite egoistic grasp. We solidify and define where solidification means loss of interest; and loss of interest, not years, is old age.

So I have mused since my tramp came in for a moment out of the Mystery (as we all do) and went away again into the Mystery (in our way, too).

There are strange things in this world!

As I came around the corner I saw sitting there on my steps the very personification of Ruin, a tumble-down, dilapidated wreck of manhood. He gave one the impression of having been dropped where he sat, all in a heap. My first instinctive feeling was not one of recoil or even of hostility, but rather a sudden desire to pick him up and put him where he belonged, the instinct, I should say, of the normal man who hangs his ax always on the same nail. When he saw me he gathered himself together with reluctance and stood fully revealed. It was a curious attitude of mingled effrontery and apology. "Hit me if you dare," blustered

his outward personality. "For God's sake, don't hit me," cried the innate fear in his eyes. I stopped and looked at him sharply. His eyes dropped, his look slid away, so that I experienced a sense of shame, as though I had trampled upon him. A damp rag of humanity! I confess that my first impulse, and a strong one, was to kick him for the good of the human race. No man has a right to be like that.

And then, quite suddenly, I had a great revulsion of feeling. What was I that I should judge without knowledge? Perhaps, after all, here was one bearing treasure. So I said:

"You are the man I have been expecting."

He did not reply, only flashed his eyes up at me, wherein fear deepened.

"I have been saving up a coat for you," I said, "and a pair of shoes. They are not much worn," I said, "but a little too small for me. I think they will fit you."

He looked at me again, not sharply, but with a sort of weak cunning. So far he had not said a word.

"I think our supper is nearly ready," I said: "let us go in."

"No, mister," he mumbled, "a bite out here—no, mister"—and then, as though the sound of his own voice inspired him, he grew declamatory.

"I'm a respectable man, mister, plumber by trade, but——"

"But," I interrupted, "you can't get any work, you're cold and you haven't had anything to eat for two days, so you are walking out here in the country where we farmers have no plumbing to do. At home you have a starving wife and three small children——"

"Six, mister——"

"Well, six— And now we will go in to supper."

I led him into the entry way and poured for him a big basin of hot water. As I stepped out again with a comb he was slinking toward the doorway.

"Here," I said, "is a comb; we are having supper now in a few minutes."

I wish I could picture Harriet's face when I brought him into her immaculate kitchen. But I gave her a look, one of the commanding sort that I can put on in times of great emergency, and she silently laid another place at the table.

When I came to look at our Ruin by the full lamp light I was surprised to see what a

change a little warm water and a comb had wrought in him. He came to the table uncertain, blinking, apologetic. His forehead, I saw, was really impressive—high, narrow and thin-skinned. His face gave one somehow the impression of a carving once full of significant lines, now blurred and worn, as though Time, having first marked it with the lines of character, had grown discouraged and brushed the hand of forgetfulness over her work. He had peculiar thin, silky hair of no particular color, with a certain almost childish pathetic waveness around the ears and at the back of the neck. There was something, after all, about the man that aroused one's compassion.

I don't know that he looked dissipated, and surely he was not as dirty as I had at first supposed. Something remained that suggested a care for himself in the past. It was not dissipation, I decided; it was rather an indefinable looseness and weakness, that gave one alternately the feeling I had first experienced, that of anger, succeeded by the compassion that one feels for a child. To Harriet, when she had once seen him, he was all child, and she all compassion.

We disturbed him with no questions. Harriet's fundamental quality is homeli-

ness, comfortableness. Her tea-kettle seems always singing; an indefinable tabbiness, as of feather cushions, lurks in her dining-room, a right warmth of table and chairs, indescribably comfortable at the end of a chilly day. A busy good-smelling steam arises from all her dishes at once, and the light in the middle of the table is of a redness that enthralls the human soul. As for Harriet herself, she is the personification of comfort, airy, clean, warm, inexpressibly wholesome. And never in the world is she

so engaging as when she ministers to a man's hunger. Truthfully, sometimes, when she comes to me out of the dimmer light of the kitchen to the radiance of the table with a plate of muffins, it is as though she and the muffins were a part of each other, and that she is really offering some of herself. And down in my heart I know she is doing just that!

Well, it was wonderful to see our Ruin expand in the warmth of Harriet's presence. He had been doubtful of me: of Harriet, I could see, he was absolutely sure. And how he did eat, saying nothing at all, while Harriet plied him with food and talked to me of the most disarming commonplaces. I think it did her heart good to see the way he ate: as though he had had nothing before in days. As he buttered his muffin, not without some refinement, I could see that his hand was long, a curious, lean, ineffectual hand, with a curving little finger. With the drinking of the hot coffee color began to steal up into his face, and when Harriet

brought out a quarter of pie saved over from our dinner and placed it before him—a fine brown pie with small hieroglyphics in the top from whence rose sugary bubbles—he seemed almost to escape himself. And Harriet fairly purred with hospitality.

The more he ate the more of a man he seemed to become. His manners improved, his back straightened up, he acquired a not unimpressive poise of the head. Such is the miraculous power of hot muffins and pie!

"As you came down," I asked finally, "did you happen to see old man Master-son's threshing machine?"

"A big red one, with a yellow blow-off?"

"That's the one," I said.

"Well, it was just turning into a field, about two miles above here," he replied.

"Big gray, banked barn?" I asked.

"Yes, and a little unpainted house," said our friend.

"That's Parsons'," put in Harriet, with a mellow laugh. "I wonder if he ever *will* paint that house. He builds bigger barns every year and doesn't touch the house. Poor Mrs. Parsons——"

And so we talked of barns and threshing machines in the way we farmers love to do, and I lured our friend slowly into talking about himself. At first he was non-committal enough and what he said seemed curiously made to order; he used certain set phrases with which to explain simply what was not easy to explain—a device not uncommon to all of us. I was fearful of not getting within this outward armoring, but gradually as we talked and Harriet poured him a third cup of hot coffee he dropped into a more familiar tone. He told with some sprightliness of having seen threshings in Mexico, how the grain was beaten out with flails in the patios, and afterwards thrown up in the wind to winnow out.

"You must have seen a good deal of life," remarked Harriet sympathetically.

At this remark I saw one of our Ruin's long hands draw up and clinch. He turned his head toward Harriet. His face was partly in the shadow, but there was something striking and strange in the way he looked at her, and a deepness in his voice when he spoke:

"Too much! I've seen too much of life."

He threw out one arm and brought it back with a shudder.

"You see what it has left me," he said.

"I am an example of too much life."

In response to Harriet's melting compassion he had spoken with unfathomable bitterness. Suddenly he leaned forward toward me with a piercing gaze as though he would look into my soul. His face had changed completely: from the loose and vacant mask of the early evening it had taken on the utmost tenseness of emotion.

"You do not know," he said, "what it is to live too much—and to be afraid."

"Live too much?" I asked.

"Yes, live too much, that is what I do—and I am afraid."

He paused a moment and then broke out in a higher key:

"You think I am a tramp. Yes—you do. I know—a worthless fellow, lying, begging, stealing when he can't beg. You have taken me in and fed me. You have said the first kind words I have heard, it seems to me, in years. I don't know who you are. I shall never see you again."

I cannot well describe the intensity of the passion with which he spoke, his face shaking with emotion, his hands trembling.

"Oh, yes," I said easily, "we are comfortable people here—and it is a good place to live."

"No, no," he returned. "I know, I've got my call—" Then leaning forward he said in a lower, even more intense voice—"I live everything beforehand."

I was startled by the look of his eyes: the abject terror of it: and I thought to myself, "The man is not right in his mind." And yet I longed to know of the life within this strange husk of manhood.

"I know," he said, as if reading my thought, "you think"—and he tapped his forehead with one finger—"but I'm not. I'm as sane as you are."

It was a strange story he told. It seems almost unbelievable to me as I set it down here, until I reflect how little any one of us knows of the deep life within his nearest neighbor—what stories there are, what tragedies enacted under a calm exterior! What a drama there may be in this commonplace man buying ten pounds of sugar at the grocery store, or this other one driving his two old horses in the town road! We do not know. And how rarely are the men of inner adventure articulate! Therefore I treasure the curious story the tramp told me. I do not question its truth. It came as all truth does, through a clouded and unclean medium: and any judgment of the story itself must be based upon a knowledge of the personal equation of the Ruin who told it.

"I am no tramp," he said, "in reality, I am no tramp. I began as well as anyone—It doesn't matter now, only I won't have any of the sympathy that people give to the man who has seen better days. I hate sentiment. *I hate it*—"

I cannot attempt to set down the story in his own words. It was broken with exclamations and involved with wandering sophistries and diatribes of self-blame. His

mind had trampled upon itself in throes of introspection until it was often difficult to say which way the paths of the narrative really led. He had thought so much and acted so little that he traveled in a veritable bog of indecision. And yet, withal, some ideas, by constant attrition, had acquired a really striking form. "I am afraid before life," he said. "It makes me dizzy with thought."

At another time he said, "If I am a tramp at all, I am a mental tramp. I have an unanchored mind."

It seems that he came to a realization that there was something peculiar about him at a very early age. He said they would look at him and whisper to one another and that his sayings were much repeated, often in his hearing. He knew he was considered an extraordinary child: they baited him with questions that they might laugh at his quaint replies. He said that as early as he could remember he used to plan situations so that he might say things that were strange and even shocking in a child. His father was a small professor in a small college—a "worm" he called him bitterly—"one of those worms that bores in books and finally dries up and blows off." But his mother—he said she was an angel. I recall his exact expression about her eyes that "when she looked at one it made him better." He spoke of her with a softening of the voice, looking often at Harriet. He talked a good deal about his mother, trying to account for himself through her. She was not strong, he said, and very sensitive to the contact of either friends or enemies—evidently a nervous, high-strung woman.

"You have known such people," he said; "everything hurt her."

He said she "starved to death." She starved for affection and understanding.

One of the first things he recalled of his boyhood was his passionate love for his mother.

"I can remember," he said, "lying awake in my bed and thinking how I would love her and serve her—and I could see myself in all sorts of impossible places saving her from danger. When she came to my room to bid me good night, I imagined how I should look—for I have always been able to see myself doing things—when I threw my arms around her neck to kiss her."

Here he reached a strange part of his story. I had been watching Harriet out of the corner of my eye. At first her face was tearful with compassion, but as the *Ruin* proceeded it became a study in wonder and finally in outright alarm. He said that when his mother came in to bid him good night he saw himself so plainly beforehand ("more vividly than I see you at this moment") and felt his emotion so keenly that when his mother actually stooped to kiss him, somehow he could not respond. He could not throw his arms around her neck. He said he often lay quiet, in waiting, trembling all over until she had gone, not only suffering himself but pitying her, because he understood how she must feel. Then he would follow her, he said, in imagination through the long hall, seeing himself stealing behind her, just touching her hand, wistfully hoping that she might turn to him again—and yet fearing. He said no one knew the agonies he suffered at seeing his mother's disappointment over his apparent coldness and unresponsiveness.

"I think," he said, "it hastened her death."

He would not go to the funeral; he did not dare, he said. He cried and fought when they came to take him away, and when the house was silent he ran up to her room and buried his head in her pillows and ran in swift imagination to her funeral. He said he could see himself in the country road, hurrying in the cold rain—for it seemed raining—he said he could actually feel the stones and ruts, although he could not tell how it was possible that he should have seen himself at a distance and *jell* in his own feet the stones of the road. He said he saw the box taken from the wagon—*saw* it—and that he heard the sound of the clods thrown in, and it made him shriek until they came running and held him.

As he grew older he said he came to live everything beforehand, and that the event as imagined was so far more vivid and affecting that he had no heart for the reality itself.

"It seems strange to you," he said, "but I am telling you exactly what my experience was."

It was curious, he said, when his father told him he must not do a thing, how he went on and imagined in how many different ways he could do it—and how, afterwards, he imagined he was punished by that "worm," his father, whom he seemed to hate bitterly. Of those early days, in which he suffered acutely—in idleness, apparently—and perhaps that was one of the causes of his disorder—he told us at length, but the incidents were so evidently worn by the constant handling of his mind that they gave no clear impression.

Finally, he ran away from home, he said. At first he found that a wholly new place and new people took him out of himself ("surprised me," he said, "so that I could not live everything beforehand"). Thus he fled. The slang he used, "chased himself all over the country," seemed peculiarly expressive. He had been in foreign countries; he had herded sheep in Australia (so he said), and certainly from his knowledge of the country he had wandered with the gamboleros of South America; he had gone for gold to Alaska, and worked in the lumber camps of the Pacific Northwest. But he could not escape, he said. In a short time he was no longer "surprised." His account of his travels, while fragmentary, had a peculiar vividness. He *saw* what he described, and he saw it so plainly that his mind ran off into curious details that made his words strike sometimes like flashes of lightning. A strange and wonderful mind—uncontrolled. How that man needed the discipline of common work!

I have rarely listened to a story with such rapt interest. It was not only what he said, nor how he said it, but how he let me see the strange workings of his mind. It was continuously a story of a story. When his voice finally died down I drew a long breath and was astonished to perceive that it was nearly midnight—and Harriet speechless with her emotions. For a moment he sat quiet and then burst out:

"I cannot get away: I cannot escape," and the veritable look of some trapped crea-

ture came into his eyes, fear so abject that I reached over and laid my hand on his arm:

"Friend," I said, "stop here. We have a good country. You have traveled far enough. I know from experience what a corn field will do for a man."

"I have lived all sorts of life," he continued as if he had not heard a word I said, "and I have lived it all twice, and I am afraid."

"Face it," I said, gripping his arm, longing for some power to blow grit into him.

"Face it!" he exclaimed, "don't you suppose I have tried— If I could do a thing— anything—a few times without thinking— *once* would be enough—I might be all right. I should be all right."

He brought his fist down on the table, and there was a note of resolution in his voice. I moved my chair nearer to him, feeling as though I were saving an immortal soul from destruction. I told him of our life, how the quiet and the work of it would solve his problems. I sketched with enthusiasm my own experience and I planned swiftly how he could live, absorbed in simple work—and in books.

"Try it," I said eagerly.

"I will," he said, rising from the table, and grasping my hand. "I'll stay here."

I had a peculiar thrill of exultation and triumph. I know how the priest must feel, having won a soul from torment!

He was trembling with excitement and pale with emotion and weariness. One must begin the quiet life with rest. So I got him off to bed, first pouring him a bathtub of warm water. I laid out clean clothes by his bedside and took away his old ones, talking to him cheerfully all the time about common things. When I finally left him and came downstairs I found Harriet standing with frightened eyes in the middle of the kitchen.

"I'm afraid to have him sleep in this house," she said.

But I reassured her. "You do not understand," I said.

Owing to the excitement of the evening I spent a restless night. Before daylight, while I was dreaming a strange dream of two men running, the one who pursued being the exact counterpart of the one who fled, I heard my name called aloud:

"David, David!"

I sprang out of bed.

"The tramp has gone," called Harriet.

He had not even slept in his bed. He had raised the window, dropped out on the ground and vanished.

IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

I AM wondering—said the Observer—
if the burning out of Mr. Upton Sinclair's Utopia will not soften a bit the hard feeling that pugnacious Socialist has about the rest of us. If I

A Lesson in am correctly informed the fire at Helicon Hall was
Socialism caused by defective gas pipes; that is, Mr. Sinclair and his fifty-five picked Socialist friends had not given proper attention to a fundamental matter in householding. Not only that, they were crowded into a structure as exposed to fires as the shoddiest summer hotel—and there were no fire escapes! Because of their failure to attend to these necessities one man was killed, several were injured, fifty-five were made homeless, the entire property of some was destroyed, and all lost more than they could well afford. I can't help believing that if Mr. Sinclair in his researches on the beef trust had found that it had ever crowded fifty-five of its employees together in a house at the Chicago stock yards and had been as negligent of their lives and property as Mr. Sinclair was of the lives and property of those whom he had drawn about him, he would have made another thrilling chapter for *The Jungle*.

He would have done well to do so. When 80,000,000 people, working together on a formula as good as that of the American Democracy, allow anything like the beef trust to grow up and prosper, they deserve even *The Jungle*. It's a just punishment for their sins. For there is no doubt the beef trust is our product as truly as embalmed beef was its product. There is no doubt it is an offspring to be ashamed of. I myself think Mr. Sinclair overdraws its horrors.

He went out to look for material to establish a thesis. He found plenty. He stacked it up artistically and then illumined his work with a vigorous young imagination and a righteous indignation born of inexperience. He permitted no shadow of relief. The result was startling. But as I say, we deserved it. We cannot shirk the responsibility of the beef trust.

Now Mr. Sinclair says that since such horrors can occur under our present individualistic system it is therefore a failure and we should try Socialism and he gives us the formula. Well, he and fifty-five picked Socialists went together a few months ago to prove the efficacy of the formula—with the result described above.

As nearly as I can make out the causes of the disaster at Helicon Hall
Helicon Hall were identical with the causes of the beef trust.
and the Beef We 80,000,000 are suffering from a beef trust because we have not attended to our business as a people with sufficient intelligence and unselfishness. Helicon Hall burned, destroying life and property, because Mr. Sinclair and his friends did not attend to *their* business with proper intelligence and unselfishness. It all goes to show that you cannot set a social formula to work and go off and leave it. No matter how good a thing Socialism is, it cannot repair gas pipes or put up fire escapes. The Socialists themselves have to see to that. If they don't do it they burn up people and property—in the same way ordinary people do when they neglect their business.

I wish Mr. Sinclair and his friends would

think about this and try to be a little less contemptuous of those of us who want to blunder along in the present way. Surely it can be no more difficult to provide against destruction of life and property by fire than it is to provide against the greed and lawlessness of unregenerate pork packers. Besides, Mr. Sinclair had a great advantage. He had only fifty-five chosen people to work with. We have to work with 80,000,000 and they are no better than they were when Mr. Carlyle declared them "mostly fools."

Really it does seem to me that on the whole Mr. Sinclair has done no better than the rest of us. As a matter of fact neither of us has done any too well. We should soften our hearts toward each other—Socialists and individualists. Let Mr. Sinclair think kindly of us as we try to regulate the beef trust. Let us think kindly of him if he undertakes Helicon Hall again and hope with all our hearts that he will succeed this time. But really he and his friends should show that they have the efficiency, the knowledge and the unselfishness to take care of life and property before they think they can manage the beef business.

THAT may be so—said the Philosopher—but I believe that I am on my way toward Socialism. I don't "march gladly, joyful in the Faith." I am not attracted by the golden streets and jeweled harps of the Socialistic heaven, and yet

Backing and yet

Toward I'm going that way. I'm backing toward Socialism!

Socialism I see that many of our present conditions are unjust

and inhuman, I see many men having more to eat and drink and wear than is good for them while others have too little. I see a whole class living in luxury without the sweat of production while other men and women and children—the children especially—are being brutalized by too much work. To me the great service of the Socialists has been in making the world see the savage injustice of such conditions, and I'm grateful to them for it. It makes me back away from such conditions: it makes me willing to try almost anything to bring about more common brotherhood in this world of ours. An interested Socialist, who really has ideals and who wants the evil conditions bettered, is, to me, so much more

useful to our society than the citizen who follows without thinking the machine-made platform of the old political parties. It seems to me that most of the men I know who call themselves Socialistic are thus backing toward Socialism. They don't believe that the old ills of humanity are going to be cured overnight by a patent remedy. They believe that the process of men upward is geologic in its slowness, but they are willing to follow the Socialists as the only genuine idealistic revolt from present evils.

To me the Socialists place too much emphasis on environment, too little on the development of character. It is good to change the environment, and I wish every success to the Socialists in their efforts in that direction, but a change of environment, after all, will not reach the deepest evils which beset our society. There must also be that "revolt of the human soul" which Ibsen tells about. Until you and I attain that self-control, that breadth or catholicity of view, that social sympathy which is the foundation-stone of democracy, we shall not deserve nor shall we reach the Socialistic heaven—in whatever form it may ultimately come. So I am on my way toward Socialism—but I'm backing!

WHAT Socialism needs in America—said the Reporter—more than anything else, is an alias. The term "Socialist" is the fighting word of American politics. A man

Afraid of the willing to rest undisturbed under the opprobrium implied by the term "Socialist" proves himself such an

Word

abandoned creature, one so lost to the ordinary sense of political shame, that his judgments are not considered worth much.

Last month a Philadelphia newspaper proclaimed a creed which was merely a practical application of the Golden Rule in neighborly relations, but in subscribing to it the paper called it Socialism. And there were fireworks in the evening. Respectable and orthodox persons wrote angry letters to the editor, denouncing him for teaching Socialism: he was branded as an infidel, a destroyer of the public peace, denounced as an anarchist and a disturber of traffic—and all because he had called his creed Socialism. And it was not Socialism at all, as Socialists recognize their creed; it was in-

dividualism applied simply to the Golden Rule. The term damned it. If a man would state a proposition in geometry and declare it to be Socialism the world would set to work to prove the proposition false before it thought to disprove that it was Socialism.

It is difficult to say just why when a man begins to acquire a bank account and a buggy that cuts under in front, he becomes a violent paranoiac maniac on the subject of Socialism. He is open to Christian Science; he will discuss telepathy, the dynamic origin of the living matter, new thought, clairvoyance, esoteric Buddhism, the over-soul, the rotation of the crops, the cycle of prices, the effect of the moon on warts, and the sun myths—but Socialism, no! Then tolerance grabs the ax and drives reason to the neighbors.

There must be some good reason in human nature for this violent antipathy to the ideas conveyed to ordinary minds by the word Socialism. And he who would approach the subject rationally and fairly must find out the pin-pricks. Let us therefore strip from Socialism all its various issues, all its planks, platform demands and grievances, and get at the soul of it. Perhaps we may not get at the real soul of it, but at the fictitious soul; the thing it is thought to be rather than the thing it would like to be thought to be.

Socialism, Socialism as unbelievers understand it, is a doctrine of enforced equality. It requires of men subservience to the state in some vital matter. Men are willing to swap liberty for comfort with any state, and it is being done all the time. The state bargain-counter of surrendered liberties is growing daily; after every session of every state legislature the counter is heaped with loot, but the surrendered liberties are not essential. Socialism goes deep. Socialism demands the surrender of thrift. And here man balks.

Man since he left the trees has regarded thrift as a virtue. As soon

Thrift vs. as man began to see ghosts
Socialism he began to hoard things
to propitiate them. Thrift
is one of the big primal in-

stincts in men, and it is the instinct of thrift that rages in a man's under-self at the word "Socialism." And because thrift is a part of the scheme of things; because a man will work hard to-day that he may play hard

to-morrow, and live on his yesterday, or discount his to-morrow, the scheme of life as men see it in Socialism never will work out. There will never be an industrial democracy, in which all men will do equal work, until there is a human creature evolved who could fight in an army without a captain and with an elective committee on order of business to proclaim the names of the gentlemen who should be killed after the day, and to arrange for an initiative and referendum on the tactics.

But because thrift is a virtue, it does not justify men in exalting greed. The great trouble with the man who has annihilated Socialism is that he believes he has justified piracy. And because we have proved the divine uses of thrift in the scheme of life furnishes no reason why society may not so regulate the trough of trade that the hog cannot get all four feet in it.

WE shall hear more rather than less of Socialism in the next twenty-five years—said the Poet. Whether the remedy it offers is right or not, whether the world-old disease it pro-

A World-old poses to destroy is not too
Disease fixed to be disturbed by
this or any other anti-
toxin, there will be increasing numbers of people who will listen when the Socialist comes around with his bag of scientific (or Socialistic) remedies. He will be heard because he actually proposes a remedy. The old practitioner has shaken his head and said: "No, it is incurable; poverty, like cancer, defies human remedies; the best we can do is to make the sufferer as comfortable as possible."

No wonder the patient turns with joyful expectancy to the new and irregular physician. He may be a quack, he certainly is practising without a license from the school of political economy, but he says he has a remedy and it is a remedy, not a lecture on the impossibilities, that people are always demanding in politics. Besides, this empiric found out what the cause of poverty is. He first put his finger on it. It is natural to believe that, having correctly diagnosed the disease, he is the man to treat it successfully. It would do no good to point out, in this connection, that the scientist who discovered the tubercle bacillus prepared a lymph which failed to cure tuberculosis and became historical as a medical failure.

At this time the people of America are particularly open to the beguilements of the Socialist. They have seen attributed to wealth so much that is corrupt, tyrannical and generally odious of late, that they are tending to demand a more and more radical revision of our present system. They want a change, and a good many of them are talking as if they wanted a big change. It dawns upon them that political freedom and industrial servitude are not, apparently, incompatible. The education that this country so freely bestows on its sons, is making them wonder, if it is not making them think. At present they are blowing off steam in various directions, an explosion here with Roosevelt and another there with Hearst.

But these outbursts really signify only the impatience that comes
Not Yet Real from the American's dawning appreciation of the fact

Democracy that his precious heritage of liberty does not add one more ounce to his loaf, one more coal to his fire, one more hour to his night's sleep or relieve him of a single vital responsibility or ensure the protection of his wife and his children when after all his labors he is gathered into the Real Democracy above the stars. He is learning that a republic is only another and pleasanter form of describing a state in which one man hews wood and draws water and another man lives on the sweat of his neighbor's brow, and that his vote will not improve his condition unless it diminishes the position of some other man.

Conditions around him seem to grow a little worse all the time. The rich are a little more arrogant, a little more defiant of the rules of the road, a little more stupid. In fact, they are not. They are as God made them. But they seem more so because we, the disinherited, are nearer to them. They have let us creep up close; perhaps we have fought our way up, and as we look them over, as we see Ludovicus without the Rex or with the Rex plainly ill-fitting like a garment borrowed or bought at a sale, we demand to know why there should be such a difference between two American citizens.

The Socialist tip-toes up and familiarly striking us on the back says: "Why are you looking at that feast with hungry eyes? It's your own. Go in and take it." At this particular moment this is an argument or

bit of advice that appeals, as Cardinal Newman would say, to a burly intelligence. And a man who begins to weigh political liberty in the scale of practical selfishness is very apt to suspect that he has been cheated.

We are making an extraordinary experiment in this country. Cynical pretenses to republics are old. They interrupt, emphasize, punctuate the long sentence—the life sentence—of control of the strong, the able, the more efficient, the more unscrupulous. Spasmodic republics set up by yeomanries and depending on them, have lived the short lives of their founders. But we are seriously and in good faith attempting to demonstrate that government must be administered for the greatest good of the greatest number, that this greatest good means material well-being, that the greatest number themselves must announce their conception of what is the greatest good. But when in various articulate and inarticulate ways the greatest number declare for an equal share in the comforts and luxuries of life, the minority shake their heads sadly and say: "Alas, Ruler, that is impossible. Master of the world, you must continue to have no more of the good things of life than we your humble servants choose to spare to you. Go out and work all day. Come home and eat at the second table."

Let this be seen and the Socialist finds an audience at once. He
The Ideal preaches an ideal state that is the next step to the ideal
State state preached by the founders of this republic.

We are now realizing an ideal. It is hard to believe, but we are. The best thing about an ideal is that we leave it for somebody else to realize. The fathers of the country died happy. Probably the Socialists will die happy, too, and for the same reason. They, like the preachers, are talking about a future state. Let them talk; let us listen to them and if we care to, believe them. They counsel political perfection.

I have often come up the street and seen a Salvation Army preacher talking on one corner and a Socialist talker preaching on another. And, perhaps, between them a policeman cuffing a beggar. Side by side in this life walk the practical and the ideal, the swaggering, senseless practical, the ineffective ideal, like a little girl trying to take her father home from the tavern. He doesn't often go; if he goes home he returns

to the tavern. I, for one, will not tell him he is better than the gentle counselor at his side. We will stay his hand when he raises it against her pure unselfishness; we will denounce him with his crimes. It is wonderful that there should be an ideal in this city where I live—the only city in the world, I think, where the hotels are higher than the church steeples.

WELL, Socialism is a great and important subject—said the Cynic. —You have had a long and profitable discussion. You have enjoyed yourselves, too.

The Cynic Yesterday I was reading about four transatlantic

Breaks in steamers now nearly finished. These new boats—wonderful to behold—are 790 feet long, have a displacement of 43,000 tons, are of 75,000 horse power, and have a speed of 25 knots an hour. If stood on end each would rise higher than the St. Paul and Flatiron buildings piled on top of the Waldorf. I shall want to see them!

But listen! I saw in my newspaper

something more wonderful. The reporter, unsatisfied by dull realities, sought out a prophet—a seer gifted like a debater of Socialism—one blessed with the imagination necessary in a superintendent of the future. This man says that the rate of increase in steamship dimensions from 1807 to 1907 will probably be maintained from 1907 to 2007. In that case, one hundred years from now—I am using the prophet's own figures—a vessel will be launched having a speed of 6,527 miles a day, which means crossing from Liverpool to New York in 13 hours. It will be a ship three-quarters of a mile long, and will accommodate 33,000 passengers and a cargo of 11,610,000 tons. With a battery of 625 boilers it will develop 31,375,000 horse power. Although the location of its dock is not specified, it is assumed that it will be somewhere in Ellis Parker Butler's "Wetter New York."

Don't let me detain you, however. Already you are bursting with words. Go ahead! Don't mind me! If I find that I can't stand the pressure I will slip out for a walk and a look at those new 790-foot boats. I *know* that *they* will interest me.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, NORTH

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Red-brick and sunny in a cheerful row,
Unboastful of the beauty they possess,
These ancient houses face the square; the stress
Of commerce from the nervous town below
Swept round and far beyond them long ago;
Upon their view the high warehouses press;
But they abide in their old-worldliness,
And time with them moves gratefully and slow.

Not otherwise when time and age advance
May I look forth on some green spot in life,
And keep the world aloof to see the sun,
And hold the children in a kindly glance,
Thus peacefully to pass out from the strife,
Unsoiled, unwearied, when my day is done.



THOMAS FOGARTY

WOODFORD

His was an especial loneliness that night

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THE BUBBLE OF DREAMS

BY WILL IRWIN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY



FIRE ISLAND telegraph tower was rocking and dancing in a December wind off the Atlantic, which had turned, as night came on, into a gale. In the daytime that twenty-mile sand spit, called by courtesy an island, showed ridged and wrinkled with white lines of snow which had caught in crannies of the sand hills. The seaward shore was swept clean of ice by twelve-foot breakers from the Atlantic; but about that lee shore which looked off on Great South Bay and the "mainland" of Long Island, the flocs were gathering and packing. Except for the chance respite of a January thaw, Fire Island, last outpost of the United States for outgoing vessels, first sight of home for the incoming, would be until March a lost and isolated corner of the world. There would be no newspapers, no letters; only the one telegraph key to keep a score of winter-bound people in touch with New York, that antithesis of their solitude whose lights, on cloudy winter evenings, made a blaze along the northwestern horizon.

In the darkness, the tower appeared only as a splotch of light away up in the air. In the regular, sweeping flashes of the revolving light, it appeared as a closed structure of painted steel, rising ninety feet from the sand hill at its base to the little room, all blazing windows, of its summit. Summer and winter the lights behind those windows burn all night; and all night a man with a

telescope sits within, that New York may know over its breakfast coffee how this liner has been sighted bringing home the girls; how that schooner is off Fire Island with cargoes for the firm.

His feet on the desk beside his telegraph key, a cushion behind him for comfort, Woodford the operator sat studying law. Presently an alarm clock at his elbow, overlaid with curious contrivances of electric wires, gave a sharp ring. He dropped his feet from the desk, closed "Pollock on Torts," kicked shut the door of his fierce little stove, and crossed to one of the wooden chutes which kept the wind from his long telescope. As he opened the lid, a race of wind plunged in, stinging his face with sand and spume blown from the beach high as a swallow flies. Defending his cheeks with a handkerchief, he trained his glass on that corner of the black horizon from which incoming vessels first show their lights, took a long look, closed the chute. Then he peered through an unfrosted corner of the seaward window and watched the Atlantic as it became visible in the flashes of the revolving light.

The breakers boomed in under a fifty-mile wind, climbing higher and higher as the tide rose. It seemed such an unstable little thing, this sand spit upon which his tower was built! What was to prevent a wave greater than the rest from breaking over it and rolling on into the inner bay, carrying along such pitiful devices of man as light-houses, life-saving stations and telegraph

towers? And because it was December and he had another closed season on Fire Island to face, there came over him again that terror of the ocean and of loneliness which he had felt all last winter—his first on Fire Island. His was an especial loneliness that night; for Burke, his assistant, a graduate surfman who handled a telegraph key like a

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craft which is half ice-boat and half water-boat, and master of both ice and water. Until Burke's return, Woodford, sleeping by snatches of an hour and depending on his alarm clock to wake him for observations, must keep watch all night and all day.

He turned back to the desk, opened his "Pollock," and tried to put his mind on torts. The

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A young woman it was; and, so far as he could see, in a dead faint

summer, when the old operator was training him how to catch the topmasts of incoming vessels, to make out their rigs before the unskilled landsman could see even a speck on the horizon. There was a summer hotel down on the beach; picnic parties made their way across from the mainland of Sundays; and although Woodford did not care much for the kind of people they brought, and especially for the kind of girl, they gave the air of company and life to the beach.

September came and went. The hotel closed, leaving furniture, silver, crockery on the place—for who was there to steal from Fire Island in winter? The excursions came no more. Burke sent his family over to Babylon across the bay, and winter locked the island. There came storms, like the one that was rocking the tower to-night; times when it swayed as in an earthquake, when it took all his manhood to keep him up there on his perch. And the sea was full of strange whispering people and the night-air alive with devils.

In the winter colony there were the surfmen at the life-saving station a mile away, the lighthouse people, he, and Burke. Among them all were just three women. One was the wife of the captain at the station; a hard and heroic woman she, capable of swimming through the breakers to rescue an exhausted surfman and of slapping him for a fool when she had pumped the water out of him. Captain Baxter, the head lighthouse keeper, was a widower with two grown, unmarried daughters. Once, when the first longings of solitude came over him, Woodford had plowed through sand and snow to call on the Baxter girls of an evening. They were a little surprised. Their father—it was his watch off—sat in the room all through the visit and did most of the talking. He learned in time that solitude begets the habit of solitude; that by a kind of perverse etiquette these exiles never troubled one another except in time of necessity. Burke told him that one of the Misses Baxter had never been in New York.

"And she's no chicken, either," said Burke. "People kind of get that way."

It was, perhaps, January and the season had settled down over Fire Island, when the hardest pain of solitude came upon Woodford. It began as a longing which made him quiet and moody, drove the law out of his head as fast as he learned it, sent him on long walks in which he bucked the

Atlantic winds until the breath was out of his lungs. Hatred of the solitude became an insanity. Burke used to watch him sometimes of nights.

"You're a-thinking too much," said Burke. One night he added:

"It's the girl idea you've got in your head. I've had it! Just to stand on Broadway or maybe even in Jamaica or Babylon, and see women passing, and think about somebody to take care of you and tidies on the backs of the chairs and the helping hand when you're sick. You ain't twenty-four yet; you're young for this kind of thing."

When he had chewed upon this and convinced himself that Burke was right, Woodford had done a sweetly foolish thing. Although he was a pleasing youth, with a fine clean face, a code of honor square and true, if undeveloped, and gentle manners, there had never been any girl really in his life. He resolved to make a girl, to create her out of thin air—his girl. Step by step, he built her up. She was tall and dark. She had all a man's virtues with all a woman's comeliness and sweetness. She liked all the things he liked—books and sailing and out-of-doors. He decided to call her Helen, because he liked that name. So every night, and especially on the nights when the longing was strong upon him, he wrote to Helen. His fancies, born of the bright winter air: how the aspect of the Atlantic changed day by day; the ways and doings of Burke; his own longings and aspirations and hopes—all these he set down for her. He was hard put to hide these letters from Burke, but with the aid of a secret compartment in the closet he managed it.

So the winter dragged along, the snows vanished, the birds began to flop foolishly against his windows of nights; and presently it was spring. The hotel opened, the excursion parties came of Sundays, there was life on the beach.

Now, winter and solitude were before him again. It would be his last winter on Fire Island—he consoled himself with that. By another, he would have saved enough money and learned enough law to go into an office for a year. After that would come the bar examinations and a career.

Would Helen tide him through, he wondered. He looked up at the compartment

Helen

where he kept the letters. She was growing a little dim. He could not seem to imagine her so plainly as in the early days of their fairy intimacy. He dropped the law book, however, drew a packet of paper toward him, and began:

"Dear Helen:"

Presently he looked up from his writing and sat, pen in mouth, sensible that there was something wrong in the regular, rocking vibration of the tower. The winds roared as before, the room swayed, the sands rattled in volleys, but there seemed to be a new movement.

"A bolt loose," he thought, and fell to chewing his pen and meditating on an opening sentence. Yet he looked up again. Certainly, something was the matter; instinct said it rather than sense.

"It is as though someone were shaking the door downstairs," he said aloud—and his own voice came out of the solitude with a ghostly queerness—"Am I getting the bug again?"

It was a foolish idea, but it stuck; so

that, shaking a shoulder impatiently at his own folly, he took his lantern, slipped through the man-hole, and plodded down the spiral staircase that wound perilously through the closed tower.

As he unbolted its single door, he was vaguely ashamed to think that his night terrors were coming back. So, quite angry with himself, he threw it violently open.

The lantern went out with the rush of a mighty wind. As though blown before the gale, it tumbled a dark body that struck him full in the chest, staggered him, and itself slipped and fell at his feet. With the astonishment, he was still a moment, there in the darkness. He waited for the sound of a movement; there was none. So gathering his nerve he forced the door shut against the wind and lighted a match.

The figure lay where it had fallen, just a bundle of wet rags. Before the match had burned to his fingers, he made it out to be—a woman. He lit the lantern, held it above her.

A young woman it was; and, so far as he could see, in a dead faint. Her black hair was all atumble about her face, her dress clung to her stiffly with the frozen foam, the furs about her shoulders were bundles of icicles. This was neither one of the Baxter girls nor yet the captain's wife. She was a stranger to the island.

Wonder held him only a moment. He tore at the stiff furs. Her heart was beating. His first thought was to get her to light and warmth. The fire in his cabin was out, but he had a fire in the room above. He gathered her, a dead weight, and up the shaking stair he toiled. Twice the failure of his breath made him stop and rest. He had left his lantern, but at the second stop he felt her flutter. She hung closer to him, seemed to lighten in his arms with returning life. Collecting the last strength in his body, he pushed open the trap door of the manhole with his head, reeled into his tower room and dropped her on the sofa.

As he stood off regaining his breath and getting the feeling back in his arms, he saw her eyelids open. She half-turned, put one hand to her face with a pretty, feminine gesture. Wonder flowed in on him again. She was no daughter of the beach, whom he had found here on ice-locked Fire Island. The ankle beneath her skirts, where one foot had fallen from the sofa, was delicate and slender. So were the wrists above her little brown gloves. Her furs and her turban were expensive—even a man-solitary could see that.

She was moving again. He remembered the bottle of whiskey which Burke kept in the cupboard, sacred to emergencies. Woodford poured out a glassful and diluted it, with some idea that a woman could not stand its full strength. Tenderly but awkwardly, he lifted her and put the glass to her lips.

"Drink!" he commanded. Her eyes peeped open at the word. She gulped it like a child, and coughed. He took off her furs, rubbed her wrists. And presently she spoke:

"How good you are!" she said. "Your hands are as gentle as a woman's!"

"Are you hurt anywhere?" he asked.

She moved her limbs tentatively.

"I think not. But how do I come to be so wet and cold?"

"Let me see your fingers—do they tingle or are they dead when I pinch them?"

"Oh no," she answered quickly, "I am not frost-bitten, I am sure. I know frost-bite."

"Then you must get out of those clothes as soon as you can. Mrs. Burke—a woman who lives below—has left some things. I'm going to get them now, and after that, I'll go away."

"Don't get too close to the fire," he called back from the trap door.

When he returned, his arms full of clothes stolen from the Burke wardrobe, she was still on the sofa. She had taken off her turban, however, and made shift to put up her hair, which glistened with drops of water. The returning blood had brought a flush to her brown skin, and her eyes were bright. He stopped only a moment to admire before he rushed ahead with business.

"I did the best I could. You'll have to put up with my golf stockings, and I've brought my raincoat to go over everything. Here's a knife to cut things away which won't come quickly, because you must hurry and not think of saving clothes. You're quite sure that you're strong enough?"

"Oh, I think so."

"One thing more. This is a telegraph office and that's a key. I have a receiver in my house below. When you're ready for me, rattle the key." He was gone through the trap door again.

When he had threaded the stair, fought the wind for the passage to his cabin, found a light, and sat down beside the key, wonder flowed in on him again. Confused as his mind was with a thousand little thrills of romance, yet he wondered. The passage to the mainland was closed; he knew that. Who was she, and most of all how did she get there? Unless she was indeed a fairy, a vision of the night—what with the bewilderment of that ghost land of his he was almost ready to believe that she was—the only possible passage was to Point o' Woods by scooter. Given that some scooter captain had been fool enough to try it, no woman alive could have beaten down the six miles of intervening beach against such a gale. What unimaginable circumstance had sent him through the snows that flower of womanhood so like—he flushed at the thought which was running in and out of his mind against his will—so like Helen?

Now, although young Woodford the operator was not superstitious, nor, in spite of his letters to the play Helen, especially

"Even my magic wand can't conjure up fresh meat and milk on Fire Island in December"

imaginative, his solitude had bred in him strange humors of which his night terrors were only one part. So it happened that, waiting by his key for the signal, he became fascinated by another fancy. If this was a vision, he would not break the spell. He would wait for her to tell him who she was and how she happened to be on Fire Island.

The key beside him rattled with the touch of an unpracticed hand. As he climbed the stairs, he was really afraid lest she should burst out at once and tell him everything.

When he poked his head through the trap door, she was buttoning the throat-latch of his great rain-coat. It fell to her feet, giving only a frontal glimpse of Mrs. Burke's black silk skirt. She had rolled up the sleeves, which were inches too long. These details he saw later, for he was stopped and held by the expression of her eyes. They were looking straight at him with a frank, baby stare; but there was terror in the look, too, and something else—something indefinable, chilling. Not until afterward did he understand that expression. It melted, presently, into the lights and dimples of a smile.

"I must look ridiculous," she said.

"Well, hardly that!" he answered. She became a little confused, he thought; and she covered it by turning toward his book shelves. As a new gust rattled sand and spume against the windows, she looked back over her shoulder and asked:

"Tell me, what makes your building shake so? I was almost frightened when you were away."

"Oh, I forgot. You didn't notice when I—when you came up. We are ninety feet in the air."

"In the air?"

"We're at the top of a tower."

She laughed like a child, and turned to peer through the seaward windows. A broad white streamer from the lighthouse edged its way along the sands and illumined the ocean before them, showing the breakers reaching up toward the sea-fringe of the land.

"Oh, it's the sea—and that's the sea wind that is rattling your windows so! How cruel it looks! It almost makes me cold again." She shuddered and turned back to the book shelves.

"Somehow, I'm not afraid, though," she added.

For half a minute, she stood fingering the

books. Her hair, now that the ice-drops were dried from it, grew in waving masses from the back of her neck and ended in a wonderful coil above her little, round head. It was like the hair that he used to write pretty things about last winter.

She was talking again, now, with delighted exclamations of wonder.

"Oh, Spenser! And I've a course in him this term. And Herrick!" She went from book to book, patting them, cooing over them.

"You're in college, then?" he asked; and was sorry a moment afterward to think that he was taking the risk of shattering the dream.

"Yes," she answered, "in Smith. I am—let me see—" she patted her forehead a moment—"a junior. Yes, I'm a junior. How queer I couldn't remember." The last words died into a musing tone, for she was running over "The Fairy Queen" as though looking for something. "I wonder if you know that line in the second canto?"

"'Lay cover'd with enchanted cloud all day.'"

"I remember how I astonished Miss Prescott with that line. She'd asked for the most poetic line in the canto, and when I came out with that, she had to acknowledge that it was, though she couldn't tell why. That is always the way with real poetry—you never can tell why, can you?"

Her chatter of books and of college filled the room. She was looking over his law books now.

"Are you a lawyer or just studying? And what a queer place for an office! Who are your clients? The birds? What a delightful kind of lawyer to be! I suppose that you take the case of the sparrows against the Park Commission, and prosecute the hawks when they kill the poor, little birds. And do you extend any mercy to the little boys who rob nests?"

"I shall certainly take only bird cases after I become a lawyer," he said, laughing with her. "For I'm just studying as I get time from my work."

"And what is your work?"

So they sat on the sofa, he hugging his knee and she leaning back comfortably on the cushions, while he told her how he swept the sea for incoming ships; how he knew each day by telegraph from New York what vessels were expected; how with this and the first sight of their hulls and rigging he

could almost always tell what they were, long before they raised their code flags or burned their lights.

"I'll show you the code book," he said. "Oh, never mind; I sail, you know."

Then they talked a little of sailing and of old adventures on Sound and Bay; and he, quite at his ease now, quite content with the moment, displayed his electric clock.

"And that reminds me—it's within five minutes of the hour and I must take a look. Get close to the stove, for I'm going to make it cold!" The open chute let in a stab of winter air.

"There's a light away down by the horizon. The *Lucania* is due to-night. And now I'm going to teach you something about my trade. On a night like this and with the wind in that quarter, sailing ships and tramp steamers wouldn't be trying to make it home at all. There's no other transatlantic due except the *Lucania*. So I take the risk and wire, '*Lucania* sighted.' I've made one or two bad mistakes that way. I hope," he added, "that I'll be a better lawyer than I am a marine observer."

For a minute nothing was heard above the winds except the metallic clicking of the key. When he had finished and closed the wire, he found her looking at him again. Every time he caught one of those looks, it brought a new delicious surprise. Her eyes, he saw now, were deep brown. Her face was all velvet shadows and quick lights of emotion. She was pretty—she was more.

Her expression, which had been vague, became definitely puzzled.

"Tell me," she said, "I don't know you, now do I? And yet I don't seem to be afraid of being up in the air—I didn't mean that for slang, either!" At this, both being at the age where anything is a joke between the sexes, they laughed together.

"Why, you're a kind of Lord of the Enchanted Land," she went on. "You're a Merlin with your castle in the air and your magic wires that talk far away. Or—who was that magician who used to live on the sea cliffs and lure ships? No matter, I'll call you Merlin." Her expression changed again. That was the queer thing about her—the quick shifts of expression. Almost as strange as her presence there on Fire Island. This time it was sheer weariness.

"I'm tired," she said, "or something. My mind is traveling on and on, but my body is heavy. I wonder if I'm hungry? I hope your wizardship won't charm me away for mentioning anything so commonplace."

"When have you had anything to eat?" he said, and then reproached himself for pelting again at his bubble of dreams.

"When did I—no matter—yes, I'm sure I'm hungry."

"And so am I!" he said quickly, glad to have turned her away from the mystery. "I usually eat up here at night. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bring up the food and cook it here and we'll have a fairy banquet in the air palace."

"I wish you would"—and then, lower—"How good you are!"

When he returned, the room had a new aspect. Her wet clothes were in a bundle in the corner. The chairs were moved about; the papers on the desk were in neat piles, the room had an aspect of feminine occupancy.

"Your familiar spirit, O magician, has been tidying up," she said.

"You shouldn't have done that—you're tired—but here are ham and eggs and bread—I made it myself—and coffee to keep me awake. I'm sorry I haven't a lamb chop to offer the fairy princess, and only condensed milk for the coffee, but even my magic wand can't conjure up fresh meat and milk on Fire Island in December. We had a cow once, but she inconsiderately died!"

"Ham and eggs and condensed milk! That's like canoe trips. Now you fill the kettle first, that's an obedient magician, and I'm going to lie here and watch you cook, and order you about." She smiled up at him from under her straight dark brows.

And as he measured coffee, cut ham, set the eggs popping in the pan, spread an old towel for a table cloth, she talked, making music in the tower room. Now and then the winds would blow up a heavier rattle of sand, drowning speech. When they died down again, and the tower was momentarily still, she would weave fancies out of the night. The winds were demons and those spurts of sand were goblin arrows. They were safe, though, because Merlin's magic guarded the fairy tower. Presently she came down to earth and asked him about himself. Before they sat down to their

supper they had got quite through the first stratum of acquaintance, which is tastes and adventures and views on people, and were down to the second, which is hopes and aspirations and views on life.

He told her how his father had died while he was still in High School, leaving him with a living to make, and how he had turned to the key because he used to play with telegraphy when he was a little boy; how he gave up a chance to work his way through college because of the sister left him to support; how he had been reading all the time to make up for the university education he could not have. Now his sister was grown and teaching, but it was too late for college and he was reading law all by himself. She listened with the wide-eyed wonder of a child.

"And just think!" she said, "I who am listening to this never had to think of money at all. Why, when I wanted to go to college, Aunt Penelope—she seems to settle everything in our family, does Aunt Penelope—she wouldn't have it for months and months. She said that none of our people ever sent their girls to college, and she didn't like the idea. But how I've loved it, and how hard I've worked with my books—too hard, I suppose."

She was rich, and hers were "our people." He felt a barrier colder than the icy night—for he was at an age when such things count. Yet her next words flicked it away.

"Do you know, I never told them at home—but I'm going to make my own living for at least three years after I graduate. That's one reason why I've worked so hard, I suppose."

"And after that?"

"It's supposed to be Bar Harbor and Europe in the summer and dances and teas in the winter—but it won't. That's looking rather far ahead, though, isn't it?"

When they had finished and Woodford had stacked up the dishes, she looked about for his pipe; asked him to smoke.

"For it makes you think that there is a man about," she said.

He smoked and she talked. In another spurt of the storm, the tower bent and creaked; the breakers still threatened the sandspit and piled against its edge a rim of white and frozen spume; but there was summer in the magician's palace up in the higher airs.

Suddenly Woodford became aware of a

light at the seaward window, a blue ghost-flicker in the blackness.

"The *Lucania*!" he cried. "I had forgotten her. She's off the Island now, burning her signals." The blue died away, leaving on the horizon the faint, illumined honeycomb that was the *Lucania*, and flared up again.

"Two blue lights, two Roman candles," he said. "That's the Cunard signal. Wait a moment and see the candles burn." A dainty ball of blue fire streaked the sky. "You see, I won when I took the risk of wiring that the *Lucania* was sighted. On nights like this, I like to look at the steamers through the telescope and know that there is company out there. Not to-night, though," he added, smiling back at her. "But would you care to look? Sometimes I can make out the passengers behind the cabin windows."

"I'd like it very much."

"Then watch out for the wind when I open the chute."

The room grew cold again. The papers on the desk went scurrying.

"Something in the chute," he said. "I wonder—" and into the room tumbled a confused, flopping, brown bird. He rammed the chute tight shut, and turned to find the girl crouched on the floor, cooing and crooning over the bird, which lay kicking feebly, all of a huddle.

"Oh, bird, bird!" she was saying over and over again. She picked it up and held it to her breast. Tears were dropping on the brown plumage. She was crying!

"It is only stunned a little," he said, reassuringly. "They often come in so."

"Oh, do you think that? And you don't kill them or put them out, do you?"

"Oh no! I keep them here until they are quite over it."

"Do you know, I thought you'd do that!" She looked up smiling, although a tear had perched itself in the corner of her mouth. She seemed to have forgotten all about the bird until it came to life with a desperate fluttering, flew out of her grasp, began to tilt frantically against a window. He caught it deftly from behind, and clasped its wings with his fingers.

"Now watch," he said, "how I treat such cases." From under the table, he brought a wicker cage. "I made it for this. When I've shut them in, they can't get enough wing room really to fly and hurt themselves

as they would if I left them loose in the room, and in the morning I always take them out and let them go. I've wondered sometimes if it was really fair to them after all; because to-morrow our bird will find that he has lost his flock." He closed the cage.

"You're a hermit bird now, my boy," he said.

She spoke suddenly from a sea of musings.

"Was that how I came here?" she asked.

"How did I get here, anyway? Have I lost my flock? You're kind, aren't you, to birds and girls who blow in with the storm—O bird, bird!" She was crying again.

Her whole form relaxed, so that she sank heavily on the sofa. Still weeping softly, she drew up her feet, cuddled down among the pillows.

"I've been crying, and they told me so often that I mustn't. Oh, I seem to have cried so long!" Each word came more softly than the last. She was going to sleep like a child; yet after a time she roused herself.

"There doesn't seem to be any bed-chamber in your palace, Merlin. May I sleep here for a little while? That's the best thing to do when you've been crying. Thank you. Good-night—somehow it doesn't seem right to call you Merlin when I say good-night. What——"

"My name is Jack."

"Good-night, Jack!"

"Good-night—Helen!"

"Betty," she corrected, drowsily, and her eyes closed.

Long he watched her, his shoulders bent, his hands clasped between his knees.

"No, no!" he said under his breath, "it's Helen. Do you hear, dear heart? It's Helen!"

The instrument at his elbow clicked and began "talking."

"FI—FI—FI——" it said—his call. He answered, and it dotted off this message:

"This is Babylon. Elizabeth Coulter, from Clark's sanitarium here, got loose to-night and skipped. Captain Bell's sloop is gone. She can handle a boat, so they think she took it and sailed through his ice-cut into South Bay. Watch bay at dawn. White sloop, green line. Tell surfmen to patrol inner shore. She's 5 feet 7, weight 130, brown eyes, black hair, brown tailor dress, brown coat, mink furs. Wears

Smith College pin. Hustle yourself. Her people are big bugs."

The clicking stopped. Woodford sat staring at the message which his hand had written automatically. He walked over to the sofa. From the folds of his great rain coat there peeped one relaxed little hand. So gently that she did not even stir, he kissed it.

"Good-by, Helen," he said. "Oh, Helen, good-by!" And the key broke in:

"FI—FI—FI—I lost you. How about it?"

The message which traveled back to Babylon was full of stops and hesitations and errors in the Morse code, as though the operator were a beginner or nervous:

"She is here in the tower. Don't know how she got here. Tell Clark people if they start now they may make scooter passage at dawn from Sayville to Point o' Woods."

The answer came from Babylon:

"Good boy. Clark and party start right away. Clark says this will be money in your pocket. How——"

But Fire Island had thrown the wire open, cutting off communication. Babylon called for ten minutes and got no answer.

The morning was bright and almost calm after the storm, when Dr. Clark and two assistants toiled through the sands to the telegraph tower. At its base, they met a haggard young man.

"She's up there," he said, beating their inquiries. "She's asleep and all right. I've switched the wire onto the keyboard in my cabin, so that you will be all alone."

He was turning away when the doctor stopped him.

"You're the operator, aren't you? Well, *how* did she ever get here? Lord, she gave me a scare! Her people are friends of mine, too, and I wouldn't——"

"There!" said the operator, cutting him short and pointing to the inner shore. A wide, green rift showed through the ice pack, a clear passage into the open water of Great South Bay. Where this rift met the shore, a white sloop lay wrecked on the sand, its jib, still set, whipped to ribbons.

"The wind ripped the ice open," he said. "Happens that way sometimes, before the pack sets. She must have been steering straight for the light."

"Well, I'm confounded!" said the doctor. "I knew she was something of a

sailor, but to think of her handling a boat like that! Lord, I'm relieved——"

Woodford looked the doctor in the eye, started to say something, and stopped.

"Well?" said the older man, sharply, "you've got something to tell me."

"No," said the operator, "I've got something to ask you. Is she—is she—sane?"

The physician threw a glance of his keen eyes into the face before him.

"I'll tell you," he said, "because you've helped me out of an awful hole, though it's really none of your business. She's as sane as you or I. Her memory's gone—that's all. Too much study, and something snapped. You wouldn't understand if I told you more."

"I don't want to," said Woodford, as he turned and walked into the cabin.

The night had been a whirl of emotions, so that he had not slept nor felt the necessity for sleep. In the early dawn, he had fought out his disillusionment. There was no more emotion in him. Alone now, he dropped his face into his hands, put his elbows on the kitchen table—and fell fast asleep.

The doctor, entering in a whirl of excitement, woke him half an hour later.

"Here!" he cried, "wake up! How did she talk to you last night? Did she seem to remember anything?"

"Yes—why?" For a man just roused from sleep, the operator was astonishingly alert and eager.

"Because—queerest thing I ever saw—she seems to remember—symptoms all good—shock or something—never saw anything like it——"

"Is she cured, doctor?"

The eagerness of the question brought back Dr. Clark's professional caution.

"We can't be sure about that." He looked the younger man squarely in the face; and a half smile, as though caused by an amusing revelation, curled the corners of his mouth.

The rift in the ice had widened under a ghostly December sun. A sloop had put out from the "mainland" to make the passage before night should close it. As Babylon had already informed Fire Island by wire, Burke was aboard; and it would carry back Dr. Clark and his patient.

The girl stood on the shore watching the

little white vessel dance over the winter waves. Woodford watched too. For the first time in many months, there was no operator in the Fire Island tower.

In a quarter of an hour Burke would be back to relieve his loneliness. The operator smiled grimly at the thought. Neither Burke nor any other man alive could bring comfort or company into his life on Fire Island thereafter. For the girl was going away. His bubble of dreams had burst.

She turned and came to him. There was a puzzled look in her brown eyes, yet she spoke as an old friend.

"It's coming back to me," she said, "the old life. I began last night to remember. But I can't seem to remember you in it, and that's strange."

He drew a long breath.

"I must go back to the tower now. Good-bye—Helen."

"Why do you say good-bye—and why do you call me Helen? It isn't my name—is it?"

"No," he said, "but I shall always think of you that way. Do you mind?"

She repeated the name softly once, twice.

"No, I love to have you think of me so."

"It was only a dream," he said unsteadily, "and it's over."

"I've been in a dream too," she said, "a pretty dream after a long, dead sleep. And I don't want it to be over—must it be over?" She moved closer to him. "Was that what your good-bye meant?"

He nodded. The girl looked up into his face.

"Aren't you coming back with me to help me remember?"

Dr. Clark had come up behind them. His sharp tone broke in:

"Certainly he's coming back," he said, and he pushed Woodford aside.

"It's unethical to drop a patient in the middle of a case," he whispered; and then, more seriously, "Hang it, man, I'll see that the company sends a substitute through."

Woodford turned and looked at the steel tower where "Pollock on Torts" waited for his clients, the birds. He turned again to the beach and saw Burke's sloop rounding into the channel between the ice floes. The girl drew close again.

"Won't you come, too?" she repeated.

"Yes, Helen," said the operator, "I'll come too."

MR. DOOLEY
ON
THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

BY
F. P. DUNNE

WITH CARTOONS BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON



WONDHER who'll be th' next prisidint iv th' United States," said Mr. Dooley. "Not that it makes anny diff'rence to me but I'd like to know f'r th' sake iv curiosity."

"There's candydates enough, annyhow," said Mr. Hennessy.

"There are that," said Mr. Dooley, "an' they've started arly enough. I wonder what they think this is, an endur-

ance thrile? Why, glory be, if they go on as they're goin' an' at this pace, they'll all be dhroppin' before they get to th' three-quarters, an' some fresh fellow'll jump in an' take th' money fr'm all iv thim.

Fairbanks the Genial

"There's me frind Fairbanks. Be th' way he's gone about it ye'd think de was goin' on a search f'r th' North Pole. He begun five years ago an' iver since he's been con-

sultin' charts, buyin' dogs an' pickin' out men hardy enough to stand th' long journey with him. An' he ain't started yet. I'd like to see him prisidint. He'd make a grand wan. I'll niver hear a wurrud spoken against me frind Fairbanks. What has he done, says ye? Hinnissy, have ye niver r-read th' histry iv our beloved counthry-in-law? Let me tell ye that Jasper Fairbanks has been, an' still is, wan iv th' gr-reatest vice prisidints this nation has iver had. I cannot at this minyit think iv forty men in that exalted station that've been his supeeryors. As I grow older I find it harder an' harder to raymimber th' names iv anny vice prisidints, but I am sure that in this gr-reat roll iv honor, written in letters iv chalk on th' walls iv Fame, none will be more aisily read five years fr'm now thin that iv Lemuel Fairbanks. None has combined so many iv th' qualities that us Americans love in our vice prisidints an' our custard pies. Not handsome in th' vulgar sense, but a manly figure, bold an' uncompromising like those ye see in front iv a ready-made clothin' store, there's on'y wan criticism I cud pass on Fairbanks. He's too divvle-may-care. There's a Puritan sthreak in our blood,

hide it though we will. Undher th' polite veneer, as Hogan says, iv dhrunkenness we ar-re still a consarvitive people an' it's a question whether we can thrust a man that can be so carried away be th' tumult iv th' time as to exclaim in a gust iv passion: 'I considher it most fortunate, if ye will f'rgive th' vilence iv th' expression, an' I concede that ivry man has a right to differ with me on this or anny other question, an' I will gladly shake th' hand iv anny man in this vast aujeence who honestly disagrees with me, that in this counthry iv ours, blessed, as some say an' some say not, be univarsal sufferage, it shud happen that th' sacred festival iv our freedom, th' Foorth iv July, though those that believe in St. Pathrick's day are entitled to their opinyon, an' a betther lot iv men niver lived, an' I have a gr-reat many English frinds, an' Germans too, f'r that matther, an' Swedes, that th' Foorth iv July which we cillybrate so joyously, though it is deplorable that so many little boys shud blow off their thumbs thryin' to frighten their sisters with cannon crackers, an' I read in a Chicago pa-aper that this is so, an' an excellent fam'ly journal it is, too, that I have brought to me bedside ivry mornin' with all th' other

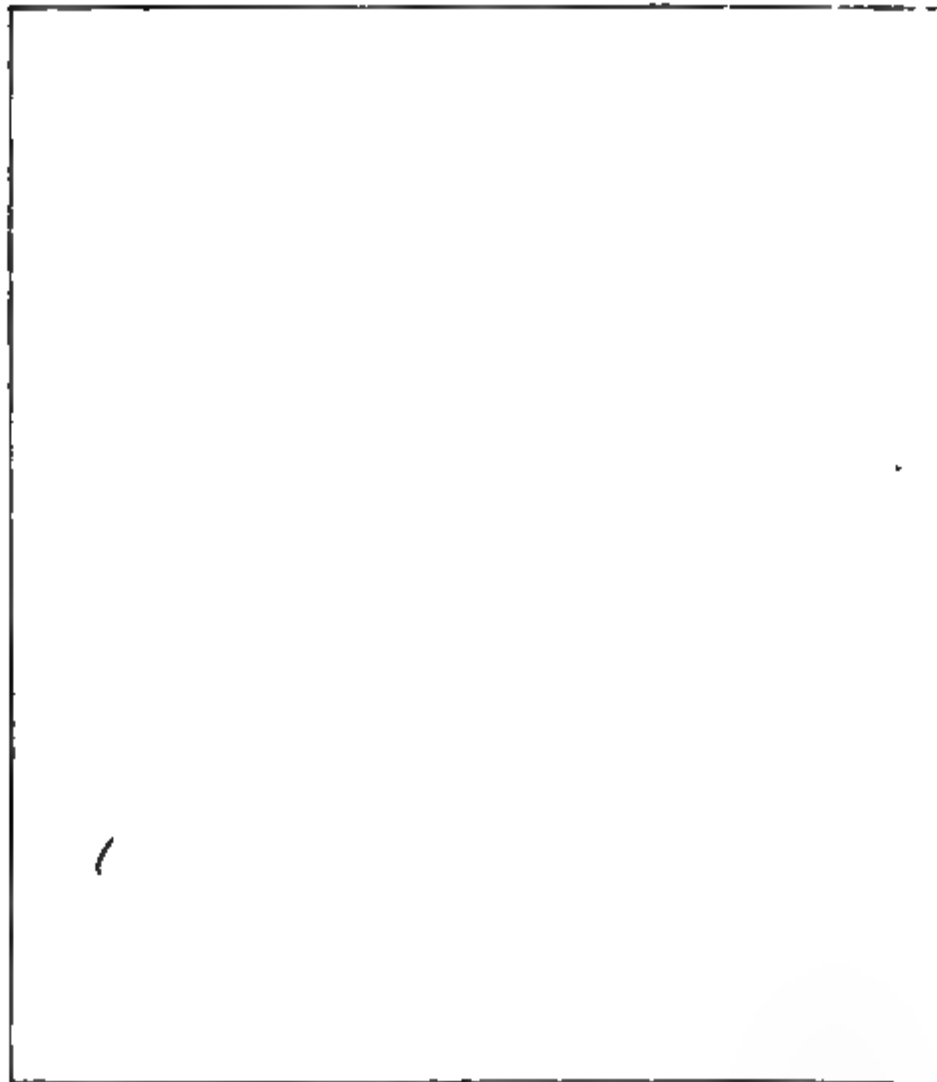
pa-apers, f'r where wud we be without th' freedom iv th' press, though they probably go too far in criticism iv our public men, but what cud be expected? it is most fortunate, I think, that th' Foorth iv July shud invariably, as far as I have had th' opportunity to obsarve, happen ivry year in th' month iv July, if I am right.'

"A wild fellow. But I hope an' believe, Hinnessy, that if ilited prisidint th' responsibilities iv his high office, like th' responsibilities iv his high hat, will rest as heavily on his head as they have on Rosenfelt's. Th' janial hail-fellow, th' free-an-aisy hayro iv th' dairy rathskellar, thumpin' th' table with a stein iv butther-milk an' singin', 'F'r it's always fair weather whin good fellows get together,' will soon be sobered be his mighty job. I'm bound to have me doubts about a man that comes into this saloon just as I'm goin' to close up, hangs his hat on a gas jet an' asks th' stove f'r th' pleasure iv a two-step; but I feel that if Oscar Fairbanks is ilited prisidint he'll settle down an' save his money.

Beveridge the Shy

"I have a gr-reat fondness f'r Indyanney, a splendid state famed f'r its orators, potes, scholars, school-houses, side-gaited horses an' good-lookin' countherfeit money. But it niver done annything that it ought to be prouder iv thin to projooce Albert J. Beveridge. He ain't a candydate. He wud not stoop so low. Anny office that decorates itself with Albert J. Beveridge will have to pursue him to his secluded study where he'll be found readin' with curled lip McGuffey's 'Famous American Orators.' He'll niver be prisidint. He's too shy. Endowed be nature with qualities that few men dare boast, he hides his light undher a high refractin' glass like they have on th' lighthouse. No man who has a mean opinyon iv himsilf will iver rise in th' wurruld, an' Albert almost despises himsilf. He knows best, p'raps, but I think th' time has come whin he must step forward an' permit his pitchers to be printed in th' pa-apers.

"WHIN THERE WAS NO WAN ELSE TO DEFIND TH' POOR NAYGUR FR'M PERSECUTION,
JOE FORAKER COME TO TH' FRONT"



MR. HARRIMAN'S ENDORSEMENT OF ROOT

Foraker the Idealist

"Across th' howlin' Ohio in th' state so-called I have heerd whispered th' name iv Joe Foraker, a man I revere. But he can't win. This is a time whin we need hard, practical men, an' Joe Foraker is an ideelist in pollyticks. He's a crather iv impulse. He's a soul apart, as Hogan says. He oughtn't to be in pollyticks. He ought to be a monk. Whin there was no wan else to defend th' poor naygur fr'm persecution, Joe Foraker come to th' front. He niver thought iv a reward. F'r th' mute, disfranchised black, who has no vote except in Southern Ohio, he hurled himself against dishpotic power. What can ye do with such a man? Ye can't help likin' him; but is it safe to put a dhreamer like him in th' highest office in th' gift iv th' nation? We all know that corruption exists in pollyticks, f'r pollyticks is human. Other men, practical men, face it. Joe Foraker, ideelist, gives it a back. He's th' kind iv a man that, if some iv th' good fellows were upholsterin' a ballot-box to suit th' taste, wud say: 'Gintlemen, I will not stand idly

by an' permit this infamy. Unless ye desist I will lave th' room, an' whin ye have completed this profanation, if I hear th' slightest whistle fr'm wan iv ye, I'll return with a polisman. Have a care!' We want no vague philospher f'r this high office. Lave Joe Foraker to his dhreams, says I.

Root, the Wise

"We want men iv sound practical common sense. Such a man is Elihu Root. No name has aroused more enthusyasm thin Elihu Root's since Levi P. Morton. He has rayceived th' sthrongest endorsements. Mishter Ryan writes: 'He will uphold th' thraditions iv th' raypublic as he has mine.' Mishter Harryman writes: 'Although differin' in specyal policies, our idees iv gin'ral govermint are th' same. I prefer him to Rosenfelt.' Mishter Rockefeller writes: 'I have niver used Elihu, but I have heerd him spoken highly iv be frinds.' I wondher if he wudden't like to tear up his ricommindations an' start fresh. I wisht I knew all he knows. If I did I'd want to know more an' know it arly in life.

"'WHERE AR-RE YE GOIN', FRIND?' SAYS TAFT"

Taft the "Jollier"

"An' thin there's me frind Taft. Sthrongly ricomminded be th' captain iv th' Cincinnati Reds, he is said to be good prisidintyal timber. He don't look like timber at all to me. On th' conthry. If ye want a man to fill th' prisidintyal chair to overflowin', it's Taft. I can't think iv him runnin' fr' th' office. But if th' prisidincy iver dhrops into anny man's lap, 'twill be Taft's. It cudden't miss. I ain't against Taft because he's chubby. On'y very young men an' very old men should be lean. Whin a man's in th' prime iv life he shud be provisioned. It shows he's not makin' overdrafts. Me frind Taft has a large balance. That's why he's always so cheerful an' that's why he holds his prisint job. What's that? Oh, he's called Sicity iv War, but he don't pay anny attintion to that. Not he. If War had a sicity like Taft, it

wudden't dictate annything to him but mash letters. But he hasn't been to his office fr' I don't know how long. His rale position in the cabinet is Official Jollyer. He's th' Happy Hand. Whin there's a ruction annywhere Taft starts out an' cleans it up. A man goes into th' White House with a letter fr'm James J. Hill. There's a sound iv breakin' glass an' furniture, an' th' visitor is fired out iv a window. Where does he fall? Into Taft's waitin' arms. 'Where ar-re ye goin', frind?' says Taft. 'To a hardware store to buy a gun,' says th' man. 'I have another letter in me pocket fr'm Haitch Haitch Rogers,' he says. 'Ah, set here awhile,' says Taft, pullin' him into a chair. 'Have a good see-gar. Put wan into ye'er pocket to smoke afther supper. Isn't it a fine day, ain't it? I've got a conundhrum I want to tell ye some time. Ye're not mad, are ye? Don't mind th' little fellow inside.

It's on'y his fun. Why, yesterday, he threw a lighted lamp at me an' I'm his best frind.' An' th' man goes back to Herkimer county an' shows th' place where Rosenfelt hit him.

"It must be a kind iv a hard job, though. He niver knows whin th' bell'll ring an' he'll have to rush f'r his clothes an' dash off somewheres on an errand iv concilya-

tion. Wan day he's down in th' Flippeens tellin' our little brothers that in th' coorse iv cinchries, if they'll on'y have patience to wait, they'll get a chance to cheer th' movin' pitchers in front iv th' newspaper offices ivry foorth Novimber. Another day I hear iv him in Cubia embracin' thim kindly people an' absthreactin' their dangerous liberties like a good-natured frind takin'

a loaded revolver away fr'm a dhrunken man. Fr'm there he skips to Porthor Ricky, gathers around him all th' bould citizens that Gin'ral Miles set free with wan sthroke iv his mustache, an' says: 'Fellow Americans, what ar-re ye kickin' about? Ye want a vote, but haven't ye got all that a vote wud give ye? Aren't th' taxes collected fr'm ye, doesn't th' polisman arrest ye, on' th' justice fine ye, th' same as if ye lived in Ohio? An' to secure all these blessings ye don't have to turn over in ye'er sleep on th' first Choosdah afther th' sicond Mondah in November. Oh, that I were a Porthor Rickyan an' didn't need votes. But 'tis me evil fate that I do an' as ye have none, an' won't, I must be off to Ohio where they have nawthin' but,' an' away he goes.

"Little Sunshine, I wondher if he's happy in his job. I wondher if he likes bein' Rosenfelt's chuffur. Whin he goes home at night, does he slam th' dure, hang his smile on th' hat rack an' kick th' dog? I wondher. I on'y know that in public he always wears th' unyform iv his office. He wud no sooner appear without it thin without his pantaloons.

Roosevelt the Boss Motorman

"An' these ar-re th' candydates we've got to beat with our own impeeryal leader, whether 'tis Willum Jennings Bryan or somewan who shall be nameless or will be afther he runs. That is they think they're candydates, but it looks to me as though Teddy was thryin' in a bunch iv green motormen to see whether they cud run th' car th' way he wants it run. He skipped Fairbanks who niver dhrove annything befure but a mule team. He cudden't stand f'r Foraker because he on'y wanted to stop to let passengers on at th' alleys. He thried Root but Root hauled up at ivry crossing. An' now he's thryin' out Taft. Look at thim comin' up th' sthreet. Taft knows th' brakes well but he ain't very familyar with th' power. 'Go ahead,' says Rosenfelt. 'Don't stop here. Pass that there banker by. He's on'y wan fare. There's a crowd iv people at th' next corner. Stop f'r thim an' give thim time to get aboard. Now start th' car with a jump so they'll know something is goin' on. Go fast by Wall Sthreet an' ring th' gong, but stop an' let thim get aboard whin they're

out iv breath. Gowan now. Who's that ol' lady standin' in th' middle iv' th' sthreet wavin' an umbrelly? Oh, be hivens, 'tis th' Constitution. Give her a good bump. No, she got out iv th' way. Ye'd have nailed her if ye hadn't twisted th' brake. What ailed ye? Well, niver mind; we may get her comin' back.' An' so it goes an' I can't tell an' Teddy can't tell yet whether Taft will make a good motorman or not. Sometimes it looks as if they didn't have th' same idee. In his heart Taft still sticks to th' old fashioned Yale theery that a throlley car is propelled be a brake, while Teddy's idee iv a brake is that th' best thing about it is th' handle that ye can remove to subjoo riochous passengers.

"An' there ye ar-re. A fine lot iv men f'r anny raypublican to choose fr'm an' an akelly fine list f'r him to reject fr'm. He can take his pick an' be sure that he can make no mistake, f'r no matther who th' candydate iv th' raypublican party that you an' I, Hinmissy, will be bound be our love iv counthry an' throuble to throw bricks at next year, his right name will be Teddy Rosenfelt.

Who is a Democrat?

"An' who ar-re we goin' to nommynate? says ye. Have th' dimmocracy no candydate? I will tell ye a secret. Wan iv th' most prominent dimmycrats in South Chicago was in here to-day, an' he tells me that it's all framed up to place our proud standard wanst more into th' hands iv that man who has borne it in th' past unsuccessfully but gloriously——"

Mr. Hennessy—"Hooray!"

Mr. Dooley—"A man that ivry dimmycrat is as proud to follow in defeat as in vichthy——"

Mr. Hennessy—"Ye bet ye!"

Mr. Dooley—"That grand, bold, fightin', thrue-blue, uncompromisin' dimmycratic statesman Alton B——, hol' on, Hinmissy. Don't be mad. 'Twas on'y a joke. I know who ye were hollerin' f'r an' I guess I can fix it f'r him all right."

"Do ye think a candydate ought to lay quiet or keep in th' public eye?" asked Mr. Hennessy when he had cooled down.

"I don't know," said Mr. Dooley. "I'll on'y say this, if I wanted to be prisident I wud thry not to be a cinder in th' public eye."

MANHATTAN: AN ISLAND OUTGROWN

HOW "OLD" NEW YORK, CONFINED BY WIDE RIVERS, IS
BURSTING INTO NEW JERSEY AND LONG ISLAND THROUGH
TUNNELS COSTING MORE THAN THE PANAMA CANAL

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PICTORIAL MAPS AND PHOTOGRAPHS



NATURE is never economical, and she was never less so than when she allowed the future commercial capital of the New World to be founded on the lower end of Manhattan Island, a long, narrow strip of rock between a mighty river and an arm of the sea. As a result of that first haphazard selection the transit problem in New York City to-day has become the most difficult, complicated and vexatious which faces any American city; and twice as much money is being spent to solve it as is being expended on the construction of the Panama Canal. That trans-oceanic ditch will cost \$200,000,000. The Pennsylvania Railroad alone is spending \$100,000,000 to tunnel the two rivers and build a terminal in Manhattan. The McAdoo tubes under the North (or Hudson) River will cost \$75,000,000 more. The New York Central Railroad is going to erect an enormous new terminal station and bring all its trains into the city by electric power. The Belmont tubes under the East River to Long Island City and the city subway tubes from the Battery to Brooklyn represent the expenditure of millions more. And new subways under the East River and north through the city itself are being planned, while a new bridge is under way across Blackwell's Island. The creative artists of the twentieth century are undoubtedly the engineers (the creative instinct is not dead; it is merely working in another medium); and New York City will soon contain one of their greatest achievements, an achievement even more radical than at first glance it appears, for it is made possible by electricity and represents for the

first time on a thoroughgoing scale the change in motive power on railroads from the steam locomotives of the past seventy years to the electrically driven train. In a short time—probably three years at most—four railroad systems will bring their enormous traffic into the very heart of Manhattan Island under rivers and streets and avenues, without a puff of smoke or a sound of steam. Underground, in silence and clean air, they will come and so depart again, while the Hudson River steamers pass over the Washington Express and the carriages on Park Avenue roll above the Bay State Limited. The achievement is stupendous and unique.

An Island Intolerably Crowded

But in a way it was inevitable, for the battle of New York with its geography was fast becoming intolerable, and something had to be done to conquer Nature. Geography made us engineers. Fifty years ago there was room enough and to spare on Manhattan Island for all who wished to dwell and do business there—there were even farms and woods. But that has long since ceased to be true. The hungry host of sky-scrapers which began to germinate down by Wall Street on the southern nose of the island marched north with rapid strides, gobbling up whole streets of dwellings as they went. The East Side tenement district has for some time been the most thickly populated section of the globe. For several years private houses on Manhattan Island have commanded fabulous rents, and for the past four or five years not enough new private houses have been erected anything like to compensate for those torn down.

*Pictorial map showing the route of the new Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel under two
the city traffic, and*

Instead, vast apartment houses have gone skyward, each with its community of dark pockets known as flats, and in these, like cliff men of old, or like two-legged sardines, New York lives—lives in layers, without room to swing the traditional cat, paying extravagant rents for a steam radiator and a closet to put the piano and the folding bed in. But still the commercial interests of the city grow, and ever more people have to live in it. The poor Brooklyn Bridge has long been nightly taxed beyond its capacity by the crowds that pour over to Brooklyn after the day's work. The new Williamsburg Bridge also is crowded. The subway, built the length of the island to get workers home at night up the long strip of the town to Harlem and the Bronx, is at rush hours filled with human cattle trains. The tenement laws are so rigid now that the former herding of the poor in the slums is no longer possible in the new tenements. Moreover, the commercial interests of the town demand ever more building space, which is inevitably taken away from resident districts.

But all this time across the East River Long Island has spread its flat area of farms and villages; the Palisades have

looked across the Hudson at the crocodile jaw of Manhattan, their woods within gunshot of swarming apartment houses; and farther back into New Jersey were pretty towns where one might live and have a home. Manhattan Island was crowded to the bursting point, but its bounding rivers kept it in, for the ferries were quite insufficient as an outlet, aside from their inconvenience and the time they consumed in transit. But the fourteen new tubes under the rivers will change all this. The too-full town can burst at last—burst into New Jersey and Long Island and up the Hudson. That every expectation of its bursting exists is testified by the enormous boom in real estate values everywhere in the suburbs to be reached by the new traction systems, especially on Long Island. And when it has burst, when it has spilled much of its over-crowded population out into the surrounding country, when the city has spread its area in spite of the Hudson and East Rivers, what the future of Manhattan Island will be is a pretty problem. No doubt other subaqueous tubes will be built, and a bridge is already projected to the Palisades, and another to Brooklyn. Will there be, how-

rivers and the island of Manhattan—over five miles under water, beneath hotels and through solid rock

ever, a limit to the commercial growth of the town? Or will it in time reach a point where residences in Manhattan are practically non-existent, the twenty-mile strip between the two rivers becoming a vast hive of office buildings and warehouses and hotels and theaters, whither the hundreds of thousands of workers are shot daily through tubes from their homes, and nightly shot back again? Certainly it is not beyond the range of possibility; to those of us who live in this Titanic town nothing seems beyond the range of possibility. And the march of the commercial sky-scrapers northward, eating up homes as they go, has made it seem in fact quite probable. Even now lower Fifth Avenue from Washington Square to Fourteenth Street is a residential oasis in a commercial desert that stretches to Forty-second Street and is at this moment eating up the avenue to Central Park; shops are appearing next door to the mansions of "Millionaires' Row." If this result should come about, it would make New York unique among the great cities of the world. And our modern engineers, aided by the motive powers of electricity, would have been the agents in bringing it about.

Pennsylvania Railroad's \$100,000,000 Improvements

How these engineers have worked, and just what in material terms they are accomplishing, cannot be told in detail short of a volume. It must only be sketched here, in its broad outlines.

To begin with the improvements of the most magnitude, those of the Pennsylvania Railroad claim first attention; for they will not only bring the trains from the west and south into New York City under the Hudson, but send them entirely under the city as well and beneath the East River to Long Island, developing that whole territory. In time, too, they will enable trains from Boston to go through to the South without carry by ferry-boat, and they include the erection of a huge new terminal station, capable of handling 100,000,000 passengers a year.

The present terminal of the Pennsylvania system faces the lower end of Manhattan Island, across the mouth of the Hudson, in Jersey City. The new terminal will occupy the blocks between Thirty-first and Thirty-third streets and Seventh and Ninth avenues

in New York. This will bring passengers almost into Herald Square. But it will bring them in sixty feet below the surface, for of course the station is reached by tunnels. The change in the old system begins at a point just east of Newark on the main line. From there two tracks will go northeast on a concrete supported elevated structure across the meadows to the west side of Bergen Hill, a small rock mountain. This they enter by twin tunnels through the rock (at the center of the hill 220 feet below the surface), the tunnels sloping gently toward the Hudson River. They go under the river in the form of circular steel tubes and pass under Thirty-second Street to Tenth Avenue, where they branch out like a fan, enter the terminal by twenty-one tracks, narrow again at the eastern end of the station to four tracks, go under the heart of the city in solid rock to the East River, under that to Long Island City, and finally emerge to the surface half a mile inland, at the new Sunnyside Yard, the eastern end of the \$100,000,000 improvements, and the key, as will be shown, to the operating system. From the Bergen Hill portals to the western end of the terminal yard the tunnels are 12,690 feet long, or two miles and a half. There is about an equal distance on the other side before they emerge on Long Island, and a half-mile of terminal track, making in all over five miles of underground road, either below water or through solid rock beneath hotels and dwellings. Side of an engineering feat like this, it was child's play to cut the Hoosac tunnel.

Trains to Run Under Two Rivers

But the work has already progressed so far that every doubt of its successful completion has vanished. The Hudson tubes, bored from either side, have met and joined. The city is tunneled. And the East River tubes are nearing completion. The engineer of the North River tubes and the terminal was Charles M. Jacobs, an Englishman who has probably built more subaqueous tubes than any other man. He is the engineer, also, of the McAdoo tunnels under the Hudson south of the Pennsylvania system. His assistant has been James Forgie, a Scotchman. Alfred Noble is the engineer of the four tunnels under the city and the East River. He is an American, and was from 1899 to 1903 a member

of the Isthmian Canal Commission. The method of procedure in building these tubes is by now well known, and it differs in individual cases only as novel obstructions have to be met. Work began on the Pennsylvania tubes on April 18, 1904, when a shaft was sunk on the Manhattan side of the river, later on the Jersey bank, and the tunnels began to thrust out toward each other through rock. But as the river edge was reached in each bore a shield had to be constructed, and these shields were gradually thrust under the river till over two years later they met, were taken apart, and the tunnels were completed. A shield is a round steel frame like a giant cookie cutter weighing 194 tons, the diameter of the tube—23 feet—with iron doors through which the excavated material is passed back. The "sand hogs," as the excavators are called, work just in front of these doors under compressed air. The air pressure keeps the water out and the river bottom from caving in upon them. As they excavate the shield is pushed forward, its line of advance mathematically determined, and behind it cast-iron rings, the diameter of the tunnel and two and a half feet wide, are welded, making the shell of the tube. This shell is lined with concrete and forms the tunnel. Of course, the more unstable the river bottom through which the tunnel shields were pushed, the higher had to be the air pressure. Through silt or quicksand a 32-pound pressure was necessary, and often clay had to be dumped on the river bottom from above to form a blanket between the men and the water.

A Workman's Extraordinary Experience

In the summer of 1906, the city subway tube then being driven from Brooklyn toward the Battery got into silt so unstable that the air pressure actually blew one of the sand hogs up through the river bottom and eighteen feet of water. He astounded the loafers on a pier by suddenly shooting up from still water on a geyser of mud and falling back into the river, whence he was fished but little the worse for his strange experience. But his case was unique. The chief danger to workmen under the rivers is from "bends," or caisson disease. This is merely the formation of air bubbles in the blood-vessels, due to unequalized internal

air pressure, but it was a very dangerous disease till the remedy was discovered in recompression. The sufferer is put again under compressed air and then taken from it by slow degrees. No workmen were or are used in the tubes going into New York whose heart and lungs are not sound. They work for short periods under air, and they are compelled to come back into normal pressure by a fifteen-minute gradation. As a result of these precautions the list of fatalities has been almost nil.

Tunneling Below the Waldorf: No Guest Awakened

The building of the tubes under the rivers, of course, meant no interruption of normal traffic, but the connecting tunnels under the city and the erection of the terminal were different matters. Yet so deep down in the rock were the connecting tunnels that they passed under Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, across Fifth Avenue and below the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel without cracking the asphalt or waking a guest. The only visible sign was a dumping machine at a shaft near Fourth Avenue, run silently by compressed air, and the vanishing of a truck one day into a sudden hole

in Thirty-third Street, due to a quicksand cave-in. But even the horse was rescued unharmed. The signs at the terminal, however, are numerous enough, for at present the station is a yawning hole half a mile long and two blocks wide like a gigantic earthquake freak, with three avenues, an elevated structure, sewers, water mains, gas pipes and the like straddling across it on steel stilts, performing their normal functions. Millions of dollars' worth of houses were condemned and torn down to make way for this terminal in the heart of the city, and when it is done it will bring the passenger traffic of the entire Pennsylvania system and the entire Long Island system into Herald Square.

The station building will cover 25 acres (five more than the new Grand Central Station and almost twice as many as the South Station in Boston). It will accommodate a traffic of 400,000 a day, so in one year the entire population of the United States, Canada and Mexico could pass through it without jostling. McKim, Mead & White are the architects of the building, which will be but 60 feet high save for the 150-foot dome of the central waiting room. As the tracks are far below the ground, the usual glass train shed will be absent. It

The new Pennsylvania Station. It will cover 25 acres and accommodate 400,000 people in a day. Designed by McKim, Mead & White

Excavating for the Pennsylvania Station

will not look in the least like the traditional railroad terminal. A Doric colonnade will face Seventh Avenue, modeled on the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla in Rome, and built of Milford granite like the Boston Public Library. Entering through an arcade of shops, the central waiting room is to be reached, one level below the street. It will be 320 feet long, 110 feet wide and 150 feet high—a mammoth room. Below this, to the west, will be the main concourse from

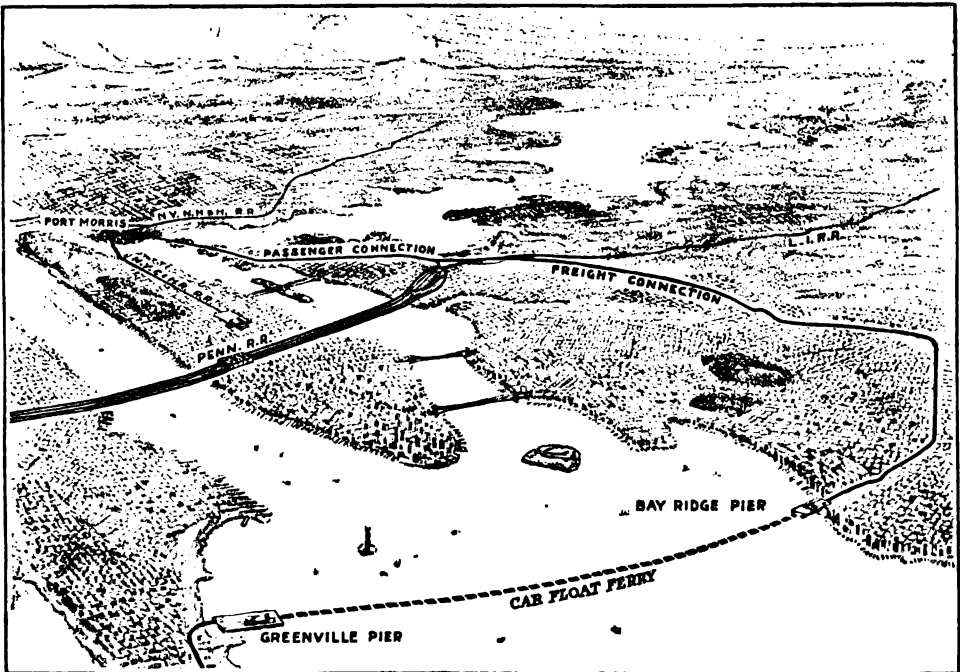
which passengers descend by stairs or elevators to the trains. It will be 210 feet broad and the width of the station. On the third level, 60 feet below the street, are the tracks. They are twenty-one in number, and will handle the traffic by the following system. All the Pennsylvania trains coming under the Hudson will enter on the southern tracks, discharge passengers, and pass on in the southern tube under Thirty-second Street to the Sunnyside yards in Long

Island, where they will be overhauled and brought back by the other Thirty-second Street tube into the station, fill up and go on their ways under the Hudson again. All Long Island Railroad through trains will also come under Thirty-second Street into the southern section of the station. The northern tracks and the Thirty-third Street East River tubes will be used entirely by Long Island local trains, operated on the shuttle system. Suburban and through traffic will thus be separated. All Long Island through trains and the Pennsylvania trains will be brought under the rivers by electric locomotives, which on the Long Island road will be used as far out as Mineola, on the Pennsylvania for the present as far as Newark. All the Long Island suburban lines will be operated by the multiple unit system, now in use on the elevated roads of Boston and New York. By this system one car or ten can be made into a train at a moment's notice, since each car carries its own motor. The Borough of Queens, lying back of Long Island City, outlying parts of Brooklyn, and towns on both shores and in the center of Long Island will

be reached by this suburban service, bringing them within striking distance of Manhattan. Already real estate values have risen there from 100 per cent. to 400 per cent. As the new terminal can handle 145 trains per hour, of which two-thirds will be Long Island trains, it can easily be seen that the development of Long Island for residence purposes is certain.

May Shorten Trip Across the Ocean

Looking a little further ahead, the New York, New Haven and Hartford and Pennsylvania Railroad systems are planning a connecting road to cross on a bridge from Port Morris, on the mainland, to Long Island, sending Boston trains into the tunnels and so on south without the present long ferry round New York harbor, and sending freight (which will be rigidly barred from the tunnels) round through Brooklyn to Bay Ridge and thence by short ferry to the monster new freight yards at Greenville. Moreover, the tubes will enable the Pennsylvania road to push its expresses from Chicago right out to Mon-



Showing how through passenger trains from Boston will pass under New York City on their way to Washington and the South, and how the freight (to be rigidly barred from the tunnels) will be sent by ferry

tauk Point, and build there in the future, if it sees fit, an ocean terminal. This would cut off two hundred miles of water on the way to Europe and save half a day for passengers and mail. It is a possibility of the future that must interest the entire country.

The Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company, presided over by William G. McAdoo, is building four tubes under the North River which must next claim attention. Two of them will be in operation in September. They will serve a double purpose—to act in place of ferries to the Lackawanna and Erie Railroad systems and to feed local traffic into Jersey on their own

account. One of these tubes was begun two decades ago, the pioneer of them all. But two later attempts to push it across failed. It remained for Mr. McAdoo, with Mr. Jacobs as his engineer, to complete it and three more besides. These four tubes, similar in construction to the Pennsylvania tunnels, are arranged in groups of two. The first group crosses the Hudson from Montgomery Street, Jersey City, close to the present Pennsylvania station, to Cortlandt and Fulton Streets, Manhattan. On the Jersey end they emerge from the ground and their trains, run on a multiple unit system, will continue on the old Pennsylvania

THE LARGEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD

This is the new McAdoo Terminal. There will be 4,000 offices and 10,000 tenants. This station will be able to accommodate in one day more than the entire population of Baltimore

Showing the four McAdoo tunnels and how they will connect with various systems of transportation in the city

tracks to Newark. Between Fulton and Cortlandt Streets, on Church Street, in Manhattan, in the heart of the Wall Street district, a giant terminal building (or rather, above ground, two buildings) will be erected, said to be the largest office structure in the world, though only twenty-two stories high. There are to be 4,000 offices, with 10,000 tenants. It will go down seventy feet below the surface, and the station, of course, will be below ground. Incoming trains through the southern tube will pass around a five-track loop and out by the other tube. The station will be able to handle 600,000 people a day, or more than the entire population of Baltimore. There will be a connecting foot passage under Dey Street to the present city subway under Broadway. Thus Jersey City will be but five minutes from Wall Street and but twenty minutes from the shopping and theater district; and Newark will be as close to Wall Street as Harlem is.

But this is only a part of the McAdoo system. From these tubes in Jersey City will run northward a subway one and a half miles long, with stations under the old

Pennsylvania, the Erie and the Lackawanna terminals, and from the subway at Fifteenth Street, Jersey City, two more tubes, to be opened in September, will bore under the Hudson to Morton Street, New York, thence up Christopher Street to Sixth Avenue and up Sixth Avenue, with a connecting branch to the city subway at Astor Place and stations at Ninth, Fourteenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-third and Twenty-eighth Streets, to Thirty-third Street, where another terminal will be erected on Herald Square, close to the Pennsylvania terminal and doubtless connected with it by foot passage. Thus the suburban traffic of the Erie and Lackawanna systems, the commuters from the Oranges, Bloomfield, Montclair, Summit, half a hundred towns in Jersey, can be whisked either to Wall Street or Herald Square or the intermediate points. Trains will run on a one and a half minute headway in rush hours; baggage will be handled; a whole section of Jersey will be made vastly more accessible. In addition, from the northern end of the Jersey City subway an electric road is to be constructed north along the Palisades, opening up that

region. Of course, all the cars operating in the tunnels will be of steel, and they will open both at the ends and in the middle, like the cars on the Boston elevated, to facilitate the handling of traffic. When this McAdoo system and the Pennsylvania tunnels are completed it will be possible to go from the Church Street terminal on lower Manhattan to the Pennsylvania, Erie, Lackawanna, Long Island, or New York Central and New York, New Haven and Hartford stations without emerging above ground, as well as to Brooklyn, Harlem or the Bronx. It will put a damper on the umbrella industry in New York! And when they are done, too, the junction of Thirty-third Street and Sixth Avenue will

Island. An air ship overhead alone is needed to complete the wonder.

Not the least expensive and important of the enlargements of traffic facilities to get in and out of New York are those now being made by the New York Central system; but this road already had its terminal in the heart of town, the Grand Central Station, so its work has been on an old foundation, and consequently less spectacular. In a word, what the Central is doing is completely to change its motive power coming into the city from steam to electricity. This will mean that the famous Park Avenue tunnel, the scene of more than one horror, will not only be free from gas and smoke and heat and danger, but will be converted in part into a double tunnel, one below the other, thus increasing transit facilities. Under the tremendous drawback of having to work while the present heavy normal traffic is handled, the Central is yet making rapid progress in completing the electric zone, which will extend on the main line to South Croton (thirty-four miles), on the Harlem to North White Plains (twenty-four miles) and on the New York, New Haven and Hartford to Stamford, Conn. It will mean, also, the enlargement of the tunnel and yard south of Fifty-seventh Street and the erection of a new Grand Central Station of vaster proportions, with two train levels, on and about the site of the present station. The main, or Hudson River line, will have six tracks without grade crossings to the new South Croton yards, where through trains will for the present change to steam propulsion. Two tracks are for local traffic, two for expresses and two for freight. The other lines will have four tracks to the end of the electric zone. There will be a complicated new station at Mott Haven, where the Central and Harlem lines join, which will eliminate any crossing of tracks to come into the tunnel. Through trains and expresses will be hauled by double-ended, 2,200 horse-power electric locomotives, of very high speed, with gearless bipolar motors taking off power from a protected third rail. All local trains will be operated on the multiple unit system, either by third rail or overhead trolley. Beginning at Fifty-seventh Street, the present tunnel widens out and also splits to a double level, passing into a larger yard, which, however, owing to the total absence of steam locomotives, will be reclaimed, bridged with streets and par-

Corner of Thirty-third Street and Sixth Avenue with five distinct traffic levels and a sixth projected: (1) foot-bridge over the elevated tracks, (2) the elevated road, (3) the surface line, (4) the McAdoo tunnels, (5) a proposed new city subway, (6) far below, the crosstown Pennsylvania tubes to Long Island

be one of the most remarkable spots on the globe, for there will be five distinct traffic levels there, with a sixth projected: first, a foot bridge over the elevated tracks, then the elevated road, then the surface line, then the McAdoo tunnels, then a proposed new city subway, and finally, far below, the crosstown Pennsylvania tubes to Long

The New Grand Central Station

tially covered with buildings; and the two levels of the tunnel enter the new terminal by many tracks, the express trains on the street level, the locals below it. The locals will swing around a giant loop at the southern end of the station and pass rapidly out so that trains can be run at great frequency, and the beautiful section of Westchester County lying up the Hudson and along the Sound will be joined to New York by a quick, clean, adequate service. The gaseous terrors of the Park Avenue tunnel will soon be a thing of the past. The electric service will make the railroad a great suburban feeder.

The new Grand Central terminal, designed by Warren and Wetmore and Reed and Stern, will, like the Pennsylvania terminal, suggest but little the traditional railroad station. It will be bounded by Forty-second Street, Depew Place, Forty-fifth Street and Vanderbilt Avenue. On the express floor there will be a huge concourse, 160 × 470 feet. The suburban loop below will take the form of a great circular plateau, unbroken save for stairs and elevators. The building itself will be but one story in height, with three almost semi-circular arches on the front 60 feet high and a 150-foot dome over the central waiting room.

From the Grand Central Station electric engines will draw all trains as far as Stamford, Conn., North White Plains and South Croton, N. Y. Trains will enter the new Grand Central Station on two levels

*Showing the Steinway tunnel under the East River which connects
Long Island with the Grand Central Station*

This station will be connected not only with the present city subway but with the Steinway (or Belmont) tunnel to Long Island City, which is already completed. The Steinway tunnel runs from the Grand Central Station east under Forty-second Street, beneath the East River by twin tubes, and emerges in Long Island City, where it connects with various surface lines of trolley cars. It will thus feed, though to a less extended degree, the same section of Long Island as the Long Island Railroad suburban system. It has played its part in the rise of real estate values in Queens. Similar to this tunnel is the extension of the city subway from the Battery to Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, forming a continuous underground system from King's Bridge, the length of Manhattan Island, under the East River, to Brooklyn. This tunnel, also, is a twin tube under the river, similar to the others in construction. It will greatly facilitate carriage to Brooklyn, and it is hoped relieve the present disgusting crush on the old bridge. It should be in operation before this article sees the light.

If we count the existing subway tunnel under the Harlem River to the Bronx, Manhattan Island will soon be connected with the main land and Long Island, then, by eight subaqueous tunnels, or sixteen tubes. The through expresses, as well as the locals, of two of the greatest railroads in the coun-

try and all the trains of two other systems will come into the heart of the city drawn by electricity, underground. Almost \$400,000,000 will have been spent not so much to bring these trains in as to enable them and other suburban carriers to get out—to dump the overcrowded population of the Island into the surrounding open spaces, Long Island, Jersey, the plains above the Hudson. And the old city of New York, the island bought of the Indians for a legendary \$20 and sacred to the shade of Father Knickerbocker, is threatened with a return, not to nature, but none the less to a wilderness, a new wilderness of sky-scrapers and warehouses, where a home is an anomaly. (To be sure, it is almost that now, for can a flat ever be called a home?) Some day, perhaps, one of us may see a little cloud of smoke in a cañon slit called a street, and in the midst Peter Stuyvesant himself, stumping along pulling hard on his pipe. Shall we address him or respect the dignity of his wonder and pass on about our business? See, he is rubbing his neck, stiff with the exertion of gazing skyward at the fortieth story, and he shakes his head uncomprehendingly. Has a degenerate generation that wears only one pair of breeches at a time done all this? Even so, good, gruff old Peter—and like you they do not comprehend why! It was their destiny. More they cannot answer!

THE MOL-GOBBIN

BY MARION HILL

AUTHOR OF "THE PETTISON TWINS"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

ask me what Mol-Gobbin means, or how it is spelled, for I don't know; can tell you what, in Studheim's estimation, it was. It was Brenda Swenson. Perhaps the times when he found her most Mol-Gobbinish were at rehearsal, after he had tried for half an hour or more to make her repeat a miserable three words or so in any tone a shade more tender than the bleat of a hungry calf, and had to give it up, despairing of waking the faintest thrill of soul in her beautiful body, despairing of invoking a shred of brain to help out the loveliness of her face, despairing of being able to coerce her, even from managerial heights, into mimicking any experience of which her raw youth was as yet guiltless. After wearing out his trace of Hebrew blood which had made his previous patience possible, Studheim would fly into a good American passion and roar:

"Get out of the way, you Mol-Gobbin! Borrow a codfish and study it in its emotional moments and then come back here and act! Get off the earth! You make me weary!"

"My Godt, and I dry so hardt!" would burst blubberingly from the lovely Swede, down whose perfect face would be pouring a wet torrent of real tears.

"You'll 'dry' harder than ever now," would be Studheim's heartless comment, the fire in his handsome black

eyes quite unquenched by the river of her contrition.

"Yess, I will, I will. Dank you, Mr. Studheim. Shall I begin it over again for you yet?"

"Somebody take the Mol-Gobbin away," he would implore; and one of us would coax the tall young girl into the wings, and there would pat and pet her back into her usual condition of healthy vacuity. During the process, she would sob very loudly, cry heartily, blow her nose childishly, and then emerge from the ordeal as fresh as a rain-

"Borrow a codfish and study it in its emotional moments and then come back here and act"

washed tulip. No amount of grief could ever redden the snow-white purity of her extraordinary skin, or dim the beauty of her sky-blue eyes.

Nina Leavitt usually came to the final rescue. Nina was our "juvenile." She was forty-seven years old, a grandmother, and as dainty and capable a little lady as ever danced and sang through a sixteen-year old part.

"Come to my room this afternoon, Brenda, and I'll put you at it again," she would promise.

"Oh, I dank you, Miss Nina," responded the northern goddess, with a grievous sniff and sob of reminiscent woe, just like a diverted baby. "And then when night comes, I'll do it right; isn't it?" With this piteous question she would look yearningly at us all. When truth is below par, honesty is the worst sort of policy. So we would all exclaim, in heart chorus:

"Sure, Brenda!"

It was worth more fibs than one to see the slow sun break over her face.

When on the stage, though she was magnificently beautiful as a woman, she was more wooden than ever as an actress. Yet not one of us wasted a thought to wonder why Studheim kept her in his company. Brenda, in herself, answered that query. There was nothing one-half as lovely on the whole English-speaking stage. Even had she been deaf, dumb and imbecile, she would have been worth twice her salary for the mere picture she made.

Yet, after all, Morris Studheim slaved with her, suffered through her, raved over her, less for the sake of her present worth than from his fervent belief in her potential greatness. By inheritance, perhaps, he was a dealer in futures, and could not help it. The rest of us were not as sanguine; not to the limit, that is; though we one and all acknowledged that *if* the awakening fire of genius ever touched her, by even so much as a stray spark, she'd make her own fortune and her manager's in less than no time. But we doubted the contingency. Brenda was the willing victim of a dope-like contentment. Bovine does not begin to express it, for the reason that bovines ruminate; and Brenda did not. She was absolutely unruminant; and therefore enjoyed a placidity greater than a cow's. She had never "gone" on the stage—there was no go to her—she had been put there; and there

she doubtless would stay till some one removed her, husband or undertaker. She had no wants, consequently no incentives; she had no ambition, and could not be spurred; no vanity, and could not be coaxed. She had good nature, good health, good appetite and a perfectly flawless beauty of face and figure. Why, indeed, should she crave more? Perhaps, we were the fools, not she. If she lacked intellect, she possessed memory—the best substitute for intellect. Without memory, her accent and idiomatic vulgarisms would have broken through into some of her brief speeches, on the stage, and then even her beauty could not have saved her from ridicule; but, as it was, her unvexed memory enabled her to repeat every word, just as it had been drilled into her, with the undeviating correctness, and monotony, of a phonograph.

In this connection, it is a queer fact, but a fact indeed, that had she been quicker-witted she would have been in more danger. Quick-witted people are always of the nervous temperament, and that temperament sometimes takes toll for its usual bounty, by ushering an actor on the stage robbed, at the instant of his entrance, of every glimmer of remembrance of lines as familiar to him as his own name—the more familiar and the oftener repeated, the more apt to go,—and in that nightmare predicament, there is nothing for him to do except to improvise wildly until some vestige of a cue bobs up like a cork among the wreckage and gives the others on the stage something to pick up and go on from.

Yet once Studheim leaned too heavily upon the prop of Brenda's stolid memory; and his fall was bad. All this time, we were playing summer stock in Schenectady, where Studheim had leased a theater and engaged his own company for the express purpose of being able when he liked to introduce himself to the public in Shakesperean rôles. Morris was a good actor of splendid gifts, but Shakespeare always went him one better than he had. The easy-tempered public kindly put up with his fortnightly tragedies for the sake of the good old melodrama he always gave them the week after. Not but that Morris was losing money, hand over fist. But he never let us lose; our salary never failed to get into the weekly envelope, even though Morris's bank account grew slim to fill it. That is why we liked him immensely and tried to do the best we

could for him. The day after payday, we often told him what a fine *Hamlet* he was. That was the only day we could do it, though.

But about Brenda Swenson's slip. We were doing *Macbeth* that week, "doing him good and plenty," Nina said; and at the last moment Studheim recalled the fact that he was short on "apparitions" for the caldron scene. Previously, on the road, little Jane Duke had done them all, one after the other, shooting up through the trap and letting off her small speeches as nonchalantly as a child. You couldn't scare Jane Duke. That is one reason, though, why Morris let her go. He liked a reasonable bit of awe from his troupe; and the rest of us, we fed it to him, but Jane didn't. As a consequence, we now lacked Jane and had "apparitions." So Brenda, with a splash of gore on her brow, was given the task of appearing in the witch-fire. Studheim hated to trust her with a luckless combination like "the Thane of Fife," but had to—therefore drilled her and gave her intonations, even on the word "beware."

"Like this," he hissed to the stolid Venus, trying to magnetize her with his magnificent eyes, "'Macbeth, beware! beware! beware!'"

"All right," whispered Brenda stoically. The performance was under way, and they dared not be too vocal. She glanced out to the stage in order to fix locations. "I say 'be where?' and where iss it you *will* be, Mr. Studheim?"

"Right in front of you. (You cold-storage swab—) And it's beware. It means look out, look out, look out—(and God help us all if we don't!)"

"Oh, I dank you, Mr. Studheim, for your explaining kindness," murmured Brenda.

He shot her an alert look, to detect possible sarcasm, but of course saw none, because there was none. With a tragic supplication to the helpful powers above, Morris went to his doom.

For the wobbly passage up the trap, the glare of fire, the bloodshot agony in the eyes of the tortured Thane, all proved unsettling to the "second apparition," who gutturally wailed:

"Ach, look oudt, Macbeth; look oudt two dimes, and look oudt some more yet."

Strange to say, not a word jarred on the audience. They really did not get much of it, for Macbeth raved with a most quick and

Forty-seven years old, a grandmother, and as dainty and capable a little lady as ever danced and sang

saving sanity, the witches incanted unduly but with commendable discretion, and we rattled a thing or two in the wings. Then we sunk upon props and laughed in whispers till we ached.

Brenda took her scoring from Studheim with lovely, blonde equability in spite of the fact that two torrents of easy tears poured down her face. But they dried as soon as his back was turned.

"If look oudt iss beware, it makes small matter which," she explained, with one of her soft, wide, radiant smiles. She had the smile of a boy baby—a sudden, cheerful widening of the mouth, with no more coquetry in it than there is in a canned clam.

We none of us ever got far in our love-making with Brenda. We all of us tried it,

one after another, several times over, especially while traveling—one gets very tired on a train—and Brenda would help us along to the best of her ability, even taking pins ostentatiously out of her belts if our arms wandered around that way, but she did it with such a hearty motherliness that we became comfortably discouraged. We were all her big brothers, and she plainly thought the world of us, singly or bunched. So we mostly bunched, and gave it up.

Not even Morris Studheim's facile credulity was strong enough to tempt him into making siege of her heart, even though one of his axioms was that no woman could possibly become an acceptable actress until she had had an emotional past. When he was engaging a leading woman, it was no pasts, no contract. He did not go so far as to insist that these pasts should be regrettable, but they generally were, so there you are. He also contended that no actor could thrill his public unless he were at the moment a martyr to an unrequited episode of the soul.

Just now, he was poetically in thrall to Miss Nance Delancey, who played his leads; this kept him up to his acting standard; but it also kept him away from braving a few sentimental skirmishes with Brenda—which appealed to the rest of us as a loss. The performance would have been great.

Brenda's beauty extended to her voice, which was sweet and penetrating—the strain which comes from a full-throated but simple reed instrument. It was pure melody, yet was without those harmonic undercurrents of human passions and memories and regrets which give some voices terrible power to grip the heart of another who hears. Some day, doubtless, Brenda's voice would take hold—then—! well, the rest of us, like Studheim, put up with the blankly sweet present for the sake of a magnificent possibility—and hoped we might be there to see, and hear.

In furtherance of this ultimate belief of his, Studheim expended not only pains, but money. He engaged special teachers for Brenda and had her taught fencing, singing, elocution and, incidentally, English; and in return she obediently fenced, sang, elocuted, and improved in English, all with the joyless precision of an admirable bit of mechanism. To pay for this, Studheim weekly parted with a roll of bills big enough to choke a horse.

"She'll make good yet," he would per-

sist, "and the education will have to come first; it's always too late afterwards. When they make a hit, they leave off studying."

That poor bank account of his! Our summer season must have thinned it terribly. Business was fair, but did not pay expenses, owing for one thing to Studheim's penchant for good scenery and costumes. Then, too, over in Troy there was a rival theater whose manager kept Studheim awfully hot. This man, Simeon Kelly by name, flattened many a one of Studheim's productions, by bringing it out at his own theater a week or so ahead of us. Just for the jaunt, a lot of our townsfolk who otherwise would have been our patrons used to go over to Troy on the trolley, to Kelly's theater, for a change. Come summer and a fine night, people think nothing of going for an ice cream soda by way of the moon and back.

Then, in a fit of boredom, Kelly closed his theater and dismissed his company. Next, he began to pine for excitements, and wished he had not. Finally, he became enamored of Brenda—at a distance, of course—and made overtures to have us finish the season in Troy, with him. This would have suited Studheim excellently. He invited Kelly to a midnight supper on the stage, to talk things over.

"I'll come," said Sim Kelly; then, casually, "you may seat me next to the girl with the hair."

With some men, it is eyes; with some, voice; and with others, hair. Well, Brenda had a cataract of it. Had she had tact to match—but she had not, and no wonder Studheim tried to press a point or two upon her.

He kept away from it till the curtain had rung down on the last act and the supper was imminent. In evening gown and her hair bagged out until the whole company could have gone on a straw ride in it, Brenda was certainly a dream of a beauty. And she was quite ready for the supper, too, for she was always hungry. She had the ghastly good appetite, not of a glutton, but of a healthy, growing girl of unimpeded heart action.

Morris Studheim took her tenderly and imploringly by her two hands.

"Brenda, my darling," he said—the endearment was his usual style when he was made up for a complimentary supper and meant nothing more specific—"Brenda,

you can help me a great deal to-night, if you will!"

"So?" asked Brenda, solemnly impressed. Let any one who considers her monosyllable a vulgar one, hear Brenda and change his mind. The word slipped from her in really flute-like sweetness.

"Yes, angel; this whole supper revolves around you. Sim is coming for the sole purpose of being seated beside you."

"My Godt, what next?" she said, with phlegmatic resignation.

"Heaps next, star of my life," he said patiently, "and if you were anything but a Scandinavian mooncalf with a frost on, you would not oblige me to go into detail. Briefly, I want you to be nice to him."

"Sure!" was her hearty assent; then, docilely, "but how, what?"

"Oh, he'll drink your health," rather roared Studheim, "and you must like it."

"All right; I like it," stoically agreed Brenda.

"And when he says sweet things to you, say sweet things back; if you can't, why, cut off a smile and hand it out to him."

"I'll cut off a smile," she chose, immovably.

"Perhaps, he'll want to hold your hand, a little," said Studheim, becoming interested in his lines.

Brenda here pondered.

"Then do I sock him one?" she asked thoughtfully.

"Not on your life," begged Studheim. "That's just the point."

Brenda broke into an irresistibly delicious smile as light glimmered on her cloudy horizon.

"I see," she said. "It is business that he holds my hands, just as you do now."

"Yes," said Studheim, dropping them. "Make Sim think he's the ham in the sandwich."

The mention of sandwich brought so famished a look into her face that Studheim considerably led the way to the supper table. A closed scene shut out the draughts and conserved the lights, so that we were both brilliant and comfortable, while a score of willing stage hands sped around on rubber-tired roller skates, metaphorically, to keep us in supply. Morris was at one end, Sim at the other, with Nance Delancey and Brenda at place of honor on either hand. Anybody *but* a Mol-Gobbin would have been flightily conscious of distinction,

but with Brenda, the nearer the loaf, the worthier the seat, and she merely ate with methodical placidity. Heroically obedient to instruction, however, she from time to time let loose a smile upon her admirer, immediately returning to her plate, though, the while he swam in his rapture. The rest of us, lesser beings, with Nina in our midst to keep us from dying of neglect, were spread at the board between the star performers in the comedy and got more out of the meal than food.

The conversation, general at first, was wittily funny, but esoterically so, confining itself mostly to professional experiences, to apt distortions of lines from plays and good-natured raillery of players. Later, Nance and Morris withdrew their voices from the babel, and took a kind of a love route of their own, conversing in a hushed, Sunset Limited style—up upon a mesa-land of clouds and moonshine, coming to deep places and taking their trestles with commendable celerity, swooping down into cañons of Intimate Comprehension, then up again on the rim of things—very entertaining, what we got of it, but strictly private, or should have been. Sim Kelly tried very hard to follow their lead with his own divinity, and was growing pallid with non-success.

Not that he was discouraged. He, as did her audiences, conceived Brenda capable of just as much emotion as he desired of her. To the thoughtful, she was full of thought; to the lover, she was full of love; to the reserved, she epitomized reserve; to the spiritual, she radiated spirit; while, for a fact, she was merely healthily empty.

"And are you trying to be cruel to me?" mourned Kelly, finally.

"No, no!" cried Brenda, thrilled into responsiveness. Cruel? Certainly not—with her salary depending otherwise.

Under the encouragement, he drew closer and gazed with good, honest adoration at the changeless marvel of her face.

"I wonder if you know how beautiful you are," he ventured.

"My Godt, I hope so," said Brenda faintly, not wishing to be lacking at any required point.

This doubled him up. He took it for wit; and Morris flashed to Brenda a beam of approval and incitement. So Brenda felt that she had earned another sandwich, and took it.

"You are the ham"

Sim Kelly began to whisper very beautiful things into her ear, and, because his nearness was distasteful to her, she cast a glance of annoyed inquiry at her manager. Under gesture of gaiety, Morris invited her to stand it a while longer. She remembered his gastronomic simile, and put it into action. Taking her sandwich from her mouth, she said to Sim briefly:

"You are the ham."

This finished him and he kissed her. Understand, there was not one of us who blamed him, or who would have acted a shade differently under the provocation of that soft young cheek of velvet and cream. Nor did we blame her reception of it. Had she done less than she did, she would have been less of a whole-souled, affectionate creature than she was. Unhastily putting down her remains of sandwich, and straightening out her big beautiful palm, she slapped Mr. Kelly with a magnificent resonance.

"And if you do that once more yet, I'll sock you another already," she said evenly, in her voice of music.

In the middle of broken speech, the rest of us sat stiff with apprehension. But Kelly, who was a big man, fat and fair in more ways than one, solved the situation by going off into a howl of comprehending laughter. He made apology to Brenda, and soon glasses were up and we were drinking healths to each other.

"And, now, Morris, talk business," said Kelly. The supper was over, and we left them there to their dates and figures; and

the result of the talk was that we crossed over to Troy in two weeks' time and opened to the best houses of the season.

Now, with one manager in love with her future, and the other in love with her beauty, and both striving valiantly to lift her to success, any other but Brenda Swenson could have had the time of her life. True, she expressed approbation of the new move, but solely because the theater happened to be on the same block with a delicatessen store, the keeper of which, a sallow and sorrowful youth named Otto, who had groveled at her feet in Schenectady and brought tribute of wienerwurst, but only once a week when he could get away, was now able to feed her nightly and yet not neglect his business. He gave her stuff enough for all of us, and we got it.

"Keep him for a steady, Brenda," we encouraged with full mouths. "He's the best ever."

"You think that?" she derided. "Why, the face of him is like——"

"Like the pale sweet moon," threw in

"Like an apple of gold in meshes of silver," threw in another.

"Like a star-lit pool," cooed a third.

"So?" murmured Brenda, weakened by our praise. "I was near to saying it different; I was near to say 'like a squash pie with a poor cook on.'"

"That'll do, too," we acceded thoughtfully.

"Are the chumps worrying you, Miss

Swenson?" asked Kelly, coming up. "Say the word and they'll get the hook." And he drew her away to talk over a great part he was going to give her.

He was a queer chap, and lovable, though inclined to be a dictatorial manager, to men; the women, if they were nice and had hair enough, could twist him around their fingers. He would make love, too, by the double handful, though happily and contentedly married. He used to carry around with him beautiful pictures of his wife and children, and was fond of displaying them, particularly when about to begin a new courtship. He hung them out like red-lights, to show that the track was not clear; then would put on full steam and make all the time he dared. He was a bully, and a bluffer and a four-flusher, but he was so honestly straightforward about it that you found yourself as interested in the game as he was, and quite as pleased when he made good. He had a condensed moral code, too, which he displayed as often as the pictures, and as inoperatively.

With his eyes as clear as day, and his head held proudly, he would say emotionally and sincerely:

"You'll never find Sim putting on frills or getting gay with himself or his friends. That's my text: 'Don't put on frills or get gay with yourself or your friends.'"

It had a noble sound, but it had also a commendable width of boundary. One could fly that motto from a pirate masthead and still conscientiously scuttle everything on the seas. Yet it had a certain force, after all, for whenever Sim frilled and got gay, and, by so doing, interested a township, you remembered his honest-eyed assurance and had forgiving doubts. And his interested belief in Brenda's possibilities was as loyal as Studheim's.

Together they took a tremendous risk in the new play and cast her for an important part. Not that it was long, for it was very short, but the greatest interest of the story centered around it, and it held out an opportunity to make a real hit, which minor rôles seldom do.

The part was *Vesta*, in the good old Western melodrama of "Eldorado Pete," and portrayed the character of an unsophisticated girl unconsciously in love with the gentlemanly villain who has no scruples about playing upon that sentiment to secure his own freedom when in a tight place. *Eldo-*

rado Pete fans the fancy to a flame, escapes by her aid, and leaves her—forever, as the audience knows—at the moment when she awakens to comprehension of the fact that she loves.

During rehearsals, all went well up to the point where *Vesta* makes her psychological discovery. Brenda's icicled unemotion was no bar to the progress of the situation, easily passing for maidenly aloofness, and, indeed, adding a charm to the characterization; but, for the one brief moment when she held the stage alone, and was to show by action rather than speech that she realized her love for the unprincipled *Pete*, it was fatally unfit. Despairingly, Studheim and Kelly worked over her by turns, the one lithe and passionate as a black puma, his eyes flashing, his face intense; the other, patient and bull-like, relying on weight rather than agility; and between them, the unmoved, tractably inclined snow-goddess who rather pitied them for their wasteful persistence.

"Brenda, try to follow me," implored Studheim for the thousandth time. "Here's the scene. You are in your own room alone."

"I am."

"You have had *Pete* concealed there, to save him, and, though you know he is worthless, you have just aided him to escape."

"I have."

"You are a good girl——"

"Am I?" Brenda cheered under the rare tribute of praise.

"In the play! in the play!—you are a good girl——"

"I am."

"And you are greatly worried to know why you should have cheated the law out of its just victim."

"I am greatly worried."

"You can't understand it."

"I can't." That was true, anyhow.

"You turn to the glass—it is night, perhaps you are going to let down your hair, or something like that—and you see your face."

"I see my face."

"In it, you read the terrible secret."

"I read the terrible secret."

"You see that you love him, hopelessly. You can't stand it."

"I can't stand it. Why can't I?"

"Hold your tongue and listen. You say, 'What is this that has come to me?' then

you hide your face in your hands—it is a passionate gesture of betrayal, of protection and of anguish. Then the curtain.”

“Then the curtain.” Her relief at the curtain was patent.

“Now try it.”

After a methodical, unabashed stare at an imaginary mirror, a few impersonal glances toward the fly-heaven, Brenda hissing took in air for her great speech and in the melodious tones of “Bread, please” said:

“What is this that has come to me?” Then she acted as if it were soap that had come, lathered her hands in it once or twice, and plastered them to her face, preparatory to a wash.

“Gum!” mourned Kelly. It was awful.

As for the high-strung Morris, he really was in pain. His olive face went white.

“Dare we risk it?” he asked dazedly of Kelly.

This latter had an inspiration.

“Cut out the hand-act,” he said. “Let her take the things out of her hair and hide her face in that, when it comes down.”

We all saw the picture and approved. If Brenda was short on soul, she was long on hair; and why lead from a short suit? Moreover, an audience is always wakeful over the heroine’s toilette. Morris was too refined an artist to countenance anything in the way of hosiery or lace skirts, but this hair business could not possibly outrage his sensibilities, so he consented.

“Try it,” he briefly ordered her.

Round-eyed but obedient, she began to take out hairpins. There seemed to be seventy million of them and they commenced to bulge out in her hand like a sausage. Then Nina Leavitt interfered and skewered Brenda’s tresses temporarily with four small daggers, showing her how to pull them swiftly from her head all at once. Brenda copied faithfully, except in the swiftness—being slower than the second advent—but at any rate the hair came down. It was great. That much hair in a store window on a hook instead of a head would have drawn a crowd anywhere. As she pulled the skewers, it fell, a slowly writhing live thing, first in a tight bundle to her shoulders, next, in an immense knotted coil to her waist, and finally dropped sheer to the hem of her dress, shivered out into a veil and spread around her in a moon-mist.

“Ah!” we all breathed devotionally.

“That’ll do,” said Morris, with sadness. He hated to take hair for soul.

It saved his scene, however; for he was *Pete*. Sim Kelly had plainly hankered for the part, but his business thrift caused him to relinquish it. Sim acted—a little—belonging to the good-to-his-mother class, that filial trait being always mentioned as a counterbalancing virtue for slack ability in histrionics. His loud voice and large frame fitted him only for Romans, uncles, clergymen and brigands. He considerably left himself out of this play.

Well, we rehearsed it to a finish and put it on. It went with shouts, being made up of splendid scenery, lots of incidents, a few shots, a little blood, heaps of thrills and bushel baskets full of high-class gallery-morality. About the best that can be said of Brenda is that she did not ruin the performance; and when the curtain rang down on her scene, she got a limp hand. That is, her hair got it. The hair certainly was glorious when the spot-light moon lit it up. As for the part, Brenda simply killed it and put it on ice for the winter.

“Oh, if I could have had it!” cried Nina once, in her first and only betrayal of envy. In spite of her good years and her three-months-old grandson, she, and we, knew that she could have made the part stick out till it reached the audience.

The play ran three weeks—quite a feat for summer stock. Then, on the last night of the last week, the miracle happened and Brenda rose to her own.

The first intimation of it came to us, even to those under the stage and in our dressing rooms, through the medium of her voice. It had a new, compelling quality, and *grappled*. It flew out suddenly like a lash and touched everywhere. It mastered the audience, too, as we could well tell from the responsive purr-r that came from them when a line told. The voice had a triumphant message which said: “As long as I choose to speak, so long will you *have* to listen.” It was mercilessly sweet. “Who is it?” we asked startled, even though we knew it to be Brenda. And, “What is it?” was our next question, though we excitedly knew that, too. No girl of eighteen could so grip older hearts, with mere voice, unless Genius had unlocked for her the past as well as the future and given her the impossible wealth which her own years were too few to have furnished.

Soon, bits of applause rippled out where they had never before sounded. That irregularity completely unsettled us and made us nervously ignorant as to the points of the play's progression. As a rule, you can stay down under the stage and tell exactly how near to or far from your cue you may happen to be, from the mere murmur of those in front. Every audience averages pretty much the same, laughing at the same thing, whistling at the same thing, or roaring, or howling, or clapping, or being deathly silent—all at the same thing; and, as I said before, they keep you posted as to your own cue. For you are always down

below, and never at the wings watching the scene. You don't really care a hang about the part of the play that you are not in. Of course you never say that the light leaves the stage when you do, but you know it is so, and you seek your dressing room rather than loll around. Half the time, you hardly know what the play is about except for your own share in its action.

To-night, however, the innovated sounds made us restless and drew us upstairs. The sight of Brenda on the stage rendered us spell-bound. We saw at once that she had come into complete realization of her really terrible beauty and was using every separate

Brenda got a curtain call which brought her out three times

charm as a weapon of attack. Whether she spoke or was silent, moved or stood, she glowed with an alluringly arrogant magnetism. Every fiber of her flung this gage: "I am young, I am a woman, I am beautiful, and because I am these three things the world is mine and I shall take what I want from it." She dominated. She was the play. We were in thrall to her, wholly in love, wholly fearful. What might not she choose to do? And what secret was hers?

Sim Kelly had his theory.

"Gum! She's got us buffalo-d and knows it," he murmured hoarsely, watching her as helplessly as we.

As for Morris, he was plainly mad with excitement. On the stage with her all the time, he rose unerringly to every demand her art made of him and together they transmuted their cheaply melodramatic scene to wonderful tragedy.

When he came off, he positively had to cling to a drop to keep himself on his feet

while he watched his protégée finish the act. And *Vesta* in her moment of self-revelment was divine. The whole exquisite scale of a girl's first love sang in her beautifully plaintive voice, and its raptured and changing phases shone over her wonderful face. Then when her furtive and afraid glimpse into the mirror confirmed the story of her heart, Brenda's plunge into shy shame was pathetically effective. As the glory of her amber veil shivered around her, she hid her face with a clear little cry that made an awful inroad upon the heart and told everything of love's pain.

When the curtain fell, the house rose at her. If the American public enthuses over one combination more than another, it is

the combination of youth and pluck and beauty. Here was genius, too. So Brenda got a curtain call which brought her out three times.

While it all happened, Studheim bowed his head upon the scene and broke into nervous, noisy tears, like an old woman. We knew just how he felt and honored him for it.

As she came finally back, and the orchestra broke blithely into coon songs, Studheim

literally hung himself around her neck and flung his glad arms about her.

"I knew you could do it," he gasped. Everything he said, he repeated eight times or more. "I knew it. You are wonderful. You are the greatest actress in the world, just as you are the most beautiful. I shall take you to New York. You shall have your own theater—your own plays. You shall be the talk of Broadway. You shall storm England. And Australia. We shall coin gold.

It means work, Brenda, but, what is work to the reward? This night is the happiest of my life, Brenda, you dearest of angels."

With gentle simplicity, she detached his embraces and hung him back against the wall. It was quite as if she were detaching a pet octopus whose tentacles were unwelcome merely because wet. While he had been telling of her future glories, particularly at his mention of work, her lovely face had clouded with a hint of fear, but her new found confidence suddenly restored her to equanimity, and she smiled aside all his prophecies. She spoke resolutely, but in mysteries.

"Mr. Studheim, my man is in front."

"Your man? Your men, you mean,"

corrected Studheim. "They are all yours. The town is yours."

"No; my *man*," persisted Brenda, becoming bashful. "He says the stage is a worse place for me. He says, 'Come off.' So I am coming off as soon as maybe yet, which is to-night."

"What man?"

"The man I married me over to."

"No, Brenda!"

"Yass. I've married me over to Otto—of the delicatessen shop. He tells me, 'Come off.'"

She looked down upon us with radiant superiority, concluding:

"And I don't have to act, nefer no more."

"Mol-Gobbin!" hurled Studheim, and the epithet was a sob.

THE PASSING OF THE PAY CAR

BY C. F. CARTER



RAILROADING isn't any fun any more. Sordid commercial folk in Wall Street, with never an idea in their noggins but to invest money and make it pay dividends, have improved all the romance out of life on the rails.

They have reduced grades and straightened kinks and eliminated low joints and high centers and wooden culverts and crazy bridges until a ride over the division is about as thrilling as walking to church.

Air brakes have so thoroughly crowded out the good old Armstrong kind that a brakeman has no use for skill or judgment or muscle or even a vocabulary in stopping a train. The engineer does all that is necessary with a slight twist of the wrist.

As for making a coupling, a brakeman no longer mines in the cinders on the back of the tank until he digs up a rusty old link and a couple of pins and, taking these in one hand and his life in the other, sprints down the center of an unballasted track and over unprotected frogs and guard rails six inches ahead of a string of cars rolling back at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. No; in these days of slavish adherence to M. C. B. standards he just stands around smoking cigarettes with an air of ennui and lets the cars couple themselves.

No more does he fracture the handle of the fireman's coal hammer and his own peace of mind in vain endeavors to pound a stub switch open after a grilling summer sun has expanded the rails until they are

stuck as tight as if they were welded. A fellow in a dog house on a pole away off yonder, by manipulating a few dainty levers, throws the switches for him.

They have replaced the little old eight-wheel engines, with their ear-splitting, staccato bark, with compound steel mountains, with cylinders like hogsheads and nozzles so big that the exhaust is gentle as a lover's whispered nothings, for no better reason than a desire to keep coal consumption down. No more can the engineer and fireman have a nice sociable quarrel in the cab whenever either's hair pulls a little, for now they are so widely separated they only see each other on Sundays.

Trains, instead of being made up of a dozen or so of pill boxes, now consist of a string of warehouses on wheels so long that when the front end is arriving at its destination the hind end is just pulling out at the other end of the division.

No more do engineer and conductor, watches in hand, make nice calculations on the time they can steal to make a meeting point that has a siding long enough to avert the necessity of sawing past. Roads are double-tracked and four-tracked and block-signaled till all a man has to do is to trundle along from block to block until his run is ended and repeat the process until he is retired on a pension.

Ah, no! Railroading isn't what it used to be. But if those Wall Street money grubbers had only left us the Pay Car all else could have been forgiven.

Do you remember how, in the good old days, the decrepit jokes about what was to

be done when the Pay Car came were taken out of the moth balls along about the tenth of the month and dusted off and put through their paces?

How, toward the fifteenth, a feeling of sprightliness gradually stole over every one from the wipers in the round house to the lucky dogs who had passenger runs?

How this exuberance swelled in volume as the forte pedal was put on in anticipation, until toward the eighteenth everybody went about with a broad grin and nerves all a-tingle like you feel when the orchestra is playing the creepy music to accompany the villain's midnight assault with intent to kill?

How, still later, everybody drifted down to the depot about four times a day to ask the station agent if he had heard anything about the Pay Car, until he grew as crabbed as a setting hen?

How, about the twenty-second, the waiter girls at the Depot Hotel would give you a saucy wink and bring you a great, juicy, melting, extra special wedge of pie you didn't order, for dessert, along with the ice cream and nuts and raisins and fruit and pudding and shortcake you did order? Those girls knew how to work a fellow for tips about pay day, didn't they?

At last, one day as you were letting 'em down the hill into the junction, the operator pulled his train order signal on you. Your heart leaped into your throat because you knew——

Well, you just felt it in your bones.

You went down the side of the car without knowing how you did it and sprinted for the switch to head 'em in on the passing track, and then flew to the station on winged feet, leaving the engineer to hold 'em with the driver brakes or let 'em run out at the lower end as he chose. And the grumpy old curmudgeon stopped 'em beautifully, without so much as saying "boo," when on any other occasion he would have unloosed a torrent of vituperation that would have set the ties on fire, and would have followed it up by heaving a monkey-wrench at you if you had been in range.

There behind the counter was the Old Man looking over the shoulder of the operator, who was spelling out the order without breaking oftener than every second word:

"Train No. 7, Conductor Flatwheel, Engineer Poundem, will meet Pay Car spe-

cial, Conductor Linkenpin, Engineer Moriarty, at Emerson."

Such an air of nonchalance as Old Man Flatwheel did assume as he turned away to discuss with the hind man the advisability of making a switch of that through car of corn next the engine to get it behind the way cars so we wouldn't be bothered with it at Lyons in doing our work on those heavy grades, and affected to forget that he was getting orders until the operator called him over to sign them. He was so slow about his signature that before the dispatcher's O.K. was received you looked out of the big bay window and saw the section gang which was working just beyond the Y throw down their shovels and run down the track like a herd of stampeded steers.

There, just coming around the curve, was a glittering vision of brass and varnish half hidden in a nimbus of smoke and dust. Two short blasts on a whistle greeted the gang, the vision hesitated for a minute, while the section men disappeared in the nimbus and reappeared as suddenly as if they had been shot out of a gun, and here came the vision gliding up to the platform with bell ringing and pop valve sputtering *sotto voce*, like a young lady trying to suppress a ticklish cough.

It was the Pay Car.

At this point you lost consciousness.

Some time later, while still as one in a dream, you realized that your numbed senses, beginning at the pilot, had taken in every detail of this romantic visitation of opulence.

Never was there such an engine as the one which pulled the Pay Car. At each joint in her jacket was a band of brass four inches wide. Dome, sand box, steam chests and cylinders were encased in brass, polished until you could have seen to shave in it. Her front end and her dainty straight stack were rubbed with plumbago until they shone like a small boy's heel. All her bright work was smooth and spotless and glittering, while all the rest of her surface was striped and curlicued with all the colors the general shops could mix.

Moriarty, the lucky runner of this paragon, in a clean checked jumper left open at the neck to show a gorgeous red tie in which a diamond glittered, a hard boiled cady cocked jauntily over his left ear, was lolling out of the cab window in such a way that all the world might see that he wore kid gloves

while on his engine. Moriarty was something of a swell and he didn't care who knew it.

His only rival in sartorial effulgence was Pete Swanson, his Swede fireman, who was leaning out of his cab window with a stony glare fixed on vacancy, affecting to watch for signals. Of course he knew that all the signals which concerned him would be given with the bell cord; but his zealous attention to duty relieved him of the necessity of recognizing his humbler fellow mortals.

No plebeian overclothes eclipsed Pete's glory. There was the square-cut black coat that no one but a railroad man ever wore—you know the kind—a vest of fancy red cloth, trousers with stripes that you could hear ten car-lengths away, square-toed shoes with soles half an inch thick, and a stiff-bosomed shirt with red and white stripes. On this foundation reposed a black satin puff tie held together by a locomotive done in gold. On his head at a rakish angle was one of those soft hats of the peculiar block affected exclusively by railroad men a score of years ago. No, you didn't need to read the tag to discover that Pete was a railroad man.

Coupled to the engine was a wheeled palace built on graceful lines in freshly varnished yellow paint which rivaled the brass work on the engine in brilliance. The plate-glass windows were curtained with bright-hued brocade. Not a speck nor a flaw was to be seen. Even the yellow wheels bore only so much dust as had been gathered on the day's run. Through an open window came fragrant odors, while in the background a white jacket surmounted by a black face vibrated at intervals.

All this time Old Man Flatwheel was heading a little procession bound toward the rear platform of the Pay Car at a gait which he assumed but once a month. Flatwheel had conscientious scruples against undue exertion, so he always had the caboose stopped at the station platform so that without dissipating his energies he could saunter in to gas with the agent until the hind man announced that the work was all done and that we were ready to go. Then he would get his orders or a clearance and tell the hind man to give 'em the sign and saunter back to the caboose before they got to rolling. But to have seen the animation with which he swung himself aboard

the Pay Car would have created the impression that he was the only working railroad man on the division.

At his side stalked Panhandle Dan, the engineer, his face actually wreathed in smiles. Panhandle Dan had a chronic grouch from 12:01 a.m. January 1 to 11:59 p.m. December 31, except for three minutes once a month. On the way to the Pay Car he always perked up a bit and was even known to crack a joke with Old Man Flatwheel.

After these two came the hind man talking incessantly with the fireman. Charley always was talking that way. He had an automatic tongue which never ran down. Half the time he didn't know he was talking. His was what the doctors would diagnose as a reflex conversation.

Frank, the fireman, was the only sober one. He, poor fellow, was doing sums in mental arithmetic, trying to figure out how on earth \$58.60 could be made to pay all necessary bills for a helpless father and mother, a wife and four kids, besides board bills for a man who was obliged to be away from home half the time.

Then there was the operator, in shirt sleeves and careworn air, hoping he could get back to his key before the dispatcher lost his temper; the agent, placidly smiling; and the two coal heavers from the coal shed with an expression of almost human intelligence struggling up through numberless strata of grime and whiskers. After thirty days of humping over a scoop shovel in a choking smother of dust they were now about to be recompensed with thirty seconds of bliss in which they could fondle real money with their own hands. After that the storekeeper would do the fondling and feel bad because there wasn't more.

You had presence of mind enough to float into the Pay Car in the wake of the others. There were nine in the little party and you knew by experience that the average time required to pay nine men was sixty seconds; also that Moriarty would have 'em rolling before the last man had scooped his allotted coin into his trembling palm.

But in the presence of death or the paymaster one may live an eternity in sixty seconds. How glad you were that you had not been rude and rushed in ahead of anybody, even the coal heavers! Now your hungry soul could have the uttermost second in which to revel in—

Great Mackerel! Just look at it!

A metal coin rack crammed to the muzzle with three denominations of yellow boys, flanked with silver, and on the desk behind it a very large wooden tray on which were long columns of yellow coins. D'ye ever see anything so pretty in all your life? No wonder your eyes stuck out until you could have used 'em for hat pegs:

And all the time an exquisitely musical "tinkle, tinkle, clink-clink" welled up from coin rack and counter in response to the calls of the assistant paymaster. Talk about Beethoven's symphonies!

If it were not for that strong wire screen you could have touched that fascinating tray. For the infinitesimal fraction of a second a wicked thought flitted through your brain. Then you almost fainted as your roving eye stared down the barrel of a monstrous revolver. It was only in a rack, but it was within easy reach of the paymaster's hand and most eloquent for all that. Half a dozen of its fellows lay in the handiest places, with as many Winchesters lying on tables and settees, came in strong on the chorus.

Hurriedly your vagrant wits busied themselves with all the Sunday-school lessons you had ever learned. As your subconsciousness perceived that the head of the road's secret service department stood on the platform with his eyes intent on every man in the car at once, while Conductor Linkenpin stood on the ground outside very much alert, with his coat tail bulging suggestively, your bosom swelled with pride over the watchful care the company had exercised to bring its honest toilers their hard-earned money.

From the lithograph of Caroline Miskel Hoyt on the wall to the little hollows in the

hard mahogany counter worn out by the attrition of the hundred and twenty-eight million dollars in wages the paymaster had plunked down on that spot since this first Pay Car ever built had been commissioned, you kept on absorbing details until your name was called.

A still greater rush of blood to your head caused you to gulp violently. Mechanically you lifted your hand to touch the pen as the others had done, and turned to go.

"Here! Come back and get your money."

When you came out of your trance you were standing in the middle of the track, your eyes wandering from some yellow objects in your hand to a nimbus of smoke and dust which was just tipping over the hill to the accompaniment of the diminuendo flutter of Moriarty's exhaust.

But now!

Oh, well! After you have washed up on a certain day in each month you trudge drearily down to the station all alone, walk in, and lolling on the counter, affect to look indifferent and say:

"Hello, John!"

And the agent, after going over a column of figures three times, replies, "Hello, Bill," and gets up and goes to the safe and fumbles over some papers and hands you——

A check!

No jokes, no infectious sprightliness, no uncertainty to put a wire edge on anticipation, no fleeting vision of brass and varnish and opulence wreathed in a halo of romance to leave a golden taste in your mouth for a day, nothing but a measly old check handed over a commonplace counter by a man who lives next door to you.

Why couldn't they have left us the Pay Car?

THE BONDS OF FREEDOM

BY EDITH BARNARD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLA S. TIEL



WHEN the child died, Margaret West felt that there was nothing more to hold her. Many a time had she told herself that, as all of life centered in her child, so must she live for his sake; but now that he was gone she was free—free as she had never been before, free as not even in her care-free girlhood she had been free. Always until this hour there had been the future to bind her, that future for which she must dream, plan, work, wait. Now there was no future, she denied any claims of the past, and she was free.

She bound herself by her debt to her child, but to the child's father she acknowledged none. The child was hers, her flesh and blood; its helpless life was a part of her own; she was responsible for it. Was she responsible for Philip? Ah, how immensely Philip was responsible for her! Did his debt to her create one from her to him? She denied it with bitterness of soul.

Arising from beside the narrow crib where the child had died, she drew the sheet over his little twisted limbs and narrow chest, and went to the window. Day was coming; the light in the eastern sky was reflected in the puddles of water left on the sodden fields and muddy road by the rain of the preceding days. There was promise of sunshine, promise of spring; and she was free!

She must awaken Philip and tell him. He was the child's father. And as she told herself that, her thoughts went back, back into the years before their marriage, when he had been her lover. Ah, how she had loved him and believed in him! What pride had been hers, what faith! All had seemed justified, for in the little college town Philip, even as an undergraduate, had been a dominant figure. Brilliant in his work, himself strong and beautiful, a leader and favorite among his fellows, there was no hesitation

in the girl's heart, nor in the minds of her parents, when Philip chose her. She became his as readily as all the other good things of his young life had fallen to him, and they did not delay their marriage because of his father's bankruptcy and death. They felt, in their young faith and love, that they could bear each other's burdens if together, and the assistant instructorship which was offered to Philip on his graduation would keep them alive. The world was full of promise; together they would realize its fulfillment.

For a while, indeed, it seemed as if their youthful hopes were to be justified. Philip gained a step or two in his profession, wrote a few clever articles which were copied in other college papers, and felt that he was becoming known. To Margaret came one of those changes of great development that marriage sometimes brings to women. She possessed that wonderful quality which has been the supreme gift of all the famous women of the world—the power of attraction, of drawing around her people more brilliant than herself, and making the house which held her a home for the intellectual life of the place; and with it all she had the grace and wit to be its inspiration. Philip was the foremost of her admirers, although he recognized the incongruity of the wife of a poor assistant professor holding the place of preëminence in the social life of the college.

Margaret's ambition for Philip and her ambition for herself were inseparable; she urged him to the effort which was the beginning of his failure. He applied for a professorship in a larger college, a not too friendly rival of his own. Its refusal of his application became known, and Philip was soon conscious of the changed attitude of the faculty toward him, and of a lessening of trust and enthusiasm on the part of the boys. He was overtired at the time, and the occurrence jangled on his nerves. Mar-

garet's disappointment was keen, and to Philip's half-sick imagination this seemed resentment. He never brought up the subject, and as it was always morbidly uppermost in his thoughts he became habitually silent. Life had taught Margaret no better way of bearing disappointment than by a silent self-assertiveness which she called a decent pride. She watched the gradual lessening of Philip's power of control over his classes with a scorn whose bitterness he was quick to feel. He tried again to win a higher position, and when he told her of his failure Margaret laughed.

Thereafter, while they lived the old life outwardly, there existed between them a silence of the soul as subtle and deadly as any slow vital disease. Its effect on Margaret was to turn her thoughts upon herself; under the spur of suffering she studied, read, and made a god of her intellect, her first idol having failed her. Upon Philip the effect was more painful. The time came when he found it impossible to hold his own any longer in his old college, and without consulting Margaret he accepted a position in another, at a much smaller salary. The wife heard of it first from the president of the college, a kindly old man she had known all her life. She said nothing of it to Philip, and waited with an anger which was first hot, then cold, for him to tell her. She could not but see his suffering, and when finally it became clear to her that he was afraid to speak, she divined his pain. After several days of his silence, she said to him one evening, across the supper table:

"You have accepted the place in —, Philip?"

The unaccustomed sympathy in her voice stirred him deeply.

"Yes," he said, and bowed his head upon his arms. She went around the table and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"When do we go?" she asked.

Neither knew that it was the supreme moment of their lives. Had Philip claimed her wifely pity, her support, he would have found a wealth of both; had Margaret but called to him for love, or frankly shown her own, she would have found a summit high enough for her ambition. Philip, full of self-reproach for his failures and of shame for carrying her with him out of her sphere, made the first mistake.

"Margaret, Margaret," he cried, "I have

no right to drag you down with me! I can go alone!"

So her patience and her love were nothing! He did not need her! He could go alone! Her reasoning, once gone astray, went farther: he did not love her! She was dragged down, tied to a man who failed and failed, and did not love her!

She left him to his misery, and her own loomed larger. She bade good-by to her lifelong associates with a smiling courage which deceived them but not Philip. He divined her disappointment, felt the fever beneath her coldness, and knew that his helpless humility and acceptance of the changed conditions was the gall in her cup of bitterness.

The rawness and lack of culture in the new place she called vulgarity. She met the first friendly advances of the women with an aloofness and an air of amused superiority which made them undesirous of pursuing the acquaintance; and because of the dislike of the women she had scant opportunity of meeting the men, whom she would not have failed to charm. Philip half-hesitatingly suggested their reading together, and they had some friendly evenings—even a few when, at her best, she charmed Philip into an intensity of adoration which his self-reproach turned into the intensity of pain. Then, after six or eight months of life in the new place, their child was born.

Margaret never knew what Philip felt or said when he first saw the little twisted body of their son, but the change in him was manifest when she was able to move around the house again, the sight of the pitifully crippled baby having long delayed her recovery. Philip's hair was gray at the temples, and his shoulders had a new droop; he seldom allowed his eyes to meet hers, and he was even more silent than before. The misshapen child had been the last blow for him; in his self-abnegation he felt its deformity to be the supreme wrong which, through him, had been brought upon Margaret. He had failed her little by little, taken her from the surroundings where her brilliancy had made its own place, dragged her with him into poverty; and now their child had come, a pitiful, hideous cripple.

By this time Philip had come to be one of the inarticulates; even in the days of his

There was promise of sunshine, promise of spring; and she was free!

wooing he had found it difficult to express his love in words, and now to do so was an absolute impossibility. It was scarcely strange that Margaret misunderstood his silence. His humble, thoughtful tenderness toward herself she read as pity; her fierce new maternity interpreted as an expression of repugnance his avoidance of the child, while in reality it was that of an unendurable self-reproach. She kept the boy out of his father's sight when she could, not dreaming how its pitiful wails wrung his heart. All the strength of her starved nature went to enrich her motherhood; her love for the child became an obsession. In time she came to resent any show of interest on Philip's part; she morbidly accredited to him such feelings as shame, dislike and loathing toward the baby, and a dearth of love toward herself; whereas, could she have read his heart, or could Philip have learned to voice his feelings, she would have discovered in him a depth of love as husband

and father which would have remade the world for her.

The decencies of life were maintained between them, but with more and more of forced politeness on her part and of gentle, unquestioning acceptance on his. Margaret steadfastly refused to give an hour of the day or night to anything but the child, except, indeed, when she and Philip made a few unspoken attempts to reach their old ground of common interests, attempts which in the end always failed, leaving Philip more miserable than before and Margaret more wholly to the child.

The little boy needed more of her care with each month, each year. She found a half-outlet for her capabilities in so managing their little household that money enough for the doctors' bills could be saved. Philip helped her in this, denying himself even necessary books and papers, and wearing clothes so shabby that the most absorbed of his friends could not but notice them and

wonder how he might be helped without offense. Margaret accepted Philip's help for the child, and even sought his advice. When the doctors declared that they could do nothing more for the little cripple, having exhausted all their means which seem so cruel and are so mercifully kind, it was Philip who told his wife. That moment, too, was a heaven-sent opportunity; but Philip felt the weight of her despair so keenly that openly, boldly, even protectingly to show his love was beyond his strength, beyond his imagination. He was dumb before the immense cumulation of the tragedy into which her marriage had brought her.

There was one more failure for Philip to face, and it came before they had learned patience with which to bear the cruelty of the doctors' final decision. The faculty of the little college asked him to resign, and Philip found a new situation before he dared tell Margaret. His gratitude was beyond expression—as, indeed, most things were with him—when Margaret seemed glad, and said that she had wanted a change into the country for the child, but had not thought it possible. Philip's being in the little village high school would mean fresh air and the open sky for the boy; the difference in salary would not matter, since there would be no more doctors' bills.

The last move had been made five years before. Five years! Margaret turned from the window toward the little bed. Had it been only seven years since she first held in her arms the poor little frame that lay there? The first two years of prayer, struggle, fierce resistance, had been easier than the last five, with their great task of patience, filled as they were with the child's spells of wild anger, his animal furies, endless silence, days of pain and weeks of sullen moodiness. The eyes that were now closed so peacefully had held no gleam of intelligence; the lips that even in death were unbeautiful had framed no word. All the more strongly had the child held his mother. She had ministered to his father, stirred to disgust by what she believed to be his dull acceptance of the child's destiny; she had ordered the house, that it might be a tender shelter for the child; she had denied herself to every one in the village, made no friends among the kindly people, lest they take away one moment of her watchful care. She did not know what part Philip had come to play in the life of the place; they found only

one common interest, and of that she was always half resentful. During this time there was an insatiable craving in her mind for the intellectual companionship which had been hers before Philip's failures had dragged her down; as keen as this was her longing for the old love and admiration; but she was always blinded to Philip's real feeling for her by her resentment of his silences, his quietness, his passive acceptance of their lot.

When at length patience with the child was only a waiting, she told herself that when his life went out she would be free. For eleven years she had been Philip's wife; he could claim no more from her—or, if he did, she would deny his claim. She must live, must *live!*

Now, at last, her bondage was over. There, in the pale light of the spring dawn, lay the dead child. She had known for days that he was dying, but she had not told Philip, and had gone about the house as usual. She wanted the last of her poor boy; she would not share him. Again, with unreasoning resentment, she told herself that his father had never loved the boy, had shunned him, was ashamed of him; neither did he love herself. Ah, how he had dragged her down! No, she would not share the child's last hours.

She left the chamber of death and crossed the hall to Philip's room. It was empty; the bed had not been slept in. She called his name, then went down to the study, the room below her own. Her husband sat beside his table. The old-fashioned student-lamp was still burning, throwing a sickly yellow light down upon his head, where it lay on his crossed arms. He turned as she came in, and rose. Before she could speak he opened his arms to her.

"Margaret!" he cried. "My poor Margaret!"

She drew back, looking at him with a dawning amazement.

"How did you know?" she asked.

Even now, however, Philip had no words; what his actions could not tell he could not put into speech.

He put his arms around her stiff form, pressing his face against her cold cheek. "My poor wife!" he said.

She waited for a moment, dazed; then moved away. So! he had shared her night watch, after all; he would not leave her even that; and now he flung pity at her—pity!

The world was full of promise ; together they would realize its fulfillment

She left the room and called the servant, giving the necessary directions for those paid servants of the Great Silencer to whom death is life; then she went into the kitchen to do the work which the servant must leave in order to do the errand. She heard Philip's step on the stairs, first ascending, and, after an interval, coming heavily down. She made coffee and some toast, and carried a tray into his study. He was not there, and she turned toward the hat-rack in the hall. He had gone out! Ah, well, she thought, there were not to be many more days here for her; she would have to see the people who would certainly come, but she could go through with it. She went back to the kitchen, finishing the work there with a scrupulous care and neatness. She moved through the rooms on the lower floor, dusting and arranging the simple, homely furniture, and when the servant returned with a man in black she went upstairs with him. She kept before herself always the thought that before long she would be free.

The child's death was soon known throughout the village, and by noon people began to come. It was the simple, friendly custom of the place that, when death came to a household, the neighbors, far and near, brought flowers to be laid upon the coffin. In winter, even, when flowers were not to be bought, every woman culled a bloom from some cherished window-plant and carried it herself to the silent room; in summer they gave of the wealth of their gardens.

Margaret, standing beside the little body of her child in the darkened room opposite the study, was filled with an impatient longing for the next two days to pass. The poorness and meagerness of the room was repulsive to her; it was the one least used in the house, and had a look of impoverished formality symbolical of her conception of the social life surrounding her. She was not aware of the opening of the front door, nor of a living presence in the room, until she heard her name spoken. It was the minister's wife, a young and pretty woman with a tender mother-face. Her eyes were filled with tears, and Margaret looked at her speechlessly. Her voice and careful enunciation recalled to Margaret the speech and voices of gentle refinement she had been accustomed to before they left her native college town.

"Mrs. West! Oh, Mrs. West, I have lost a boy, too!"

Margaret wonderingly watched her lay a

handful of white hyacinths on the white sheet. Then the minister's wife placed her hand upon the other woman's cold one.

"I know I cannot do anything for you, but I can at least tell you that I feel with you. My boy had meningitis, and they said that if he had lived— But I wanted him, oh, I wanted to keep him! He would have been dear to me just the same! It was just as hard to give him up!"

She would have drawn away her hand, but Margaret grasped it.

"Yes," she whispered, "yes."

The minister's wife came closer to her. "No one understood me at that dreadful time, Mrs. West, but your husband. He knew, you see! I was so bitter; and Tom—my husband—thought I was rebellious against the will of God. I was not; I didn't think about God's will at all. I just wanted my poor baby, and Mr. West made Tom understand. They are such friends! Tom says that he is a great and simple-hearted man."

She paused and looked into Margaret's face, seeing evidences of many emotions which she could not read. With a tenderness which it was impossible to resent, she leaned toward Margaret and kissed her cheek.

"You are blessed," she said, "for your husband will understand all you are suffering."

The minister's wife had scarcely left when a young girl, one of her husband's pupils, brought an armful of delicate wild spring flowers and boughs of white, starry dogwood. She hesitated in the doorway, her girlish face sobered by the presence of death.

"Mrs. West, I—the girls and I have been out on the hills for these." Her lips trembled from their pretty curves. "They—the girls—wanted me to bring them to you. We are all so sorry. And—oh, Mrs. West, Professor West is so—so grand! Please tell him all the girls gathered these for—for the little boy!"

The young girl laid the blossoms on the sheet, piled the boughs of dogwood on the floor around it, and ran out of the room with a little sob.

Margaret touched the flowers lingeringly, and then stood off, with clasped hands, looking at them. She had lived in the village five years, but she had not dreamed that there was so much kindness around her.

Flowers for the child, the poor little crippled body of the child! These people were strangers to her, but Philip they seemed to know well. What was it they had said of Philip?

In the early afternoon her last visitor came—a deep-bosomed Irishwoman, of soft tongue and kindly heart, endowed with that ripe wisdom which the naturally philosophical or deeply religious sometimes achieve. Margaret had never seen her before. She brought a calla-lily.

"Och, Missis West, darlint, I been tryin' to git to ye all the day, I have, but I couldn't git t'roo wit' me washin' a mite sooner." She wiped her eyes, which were overflowing. "Sure, an' I says to Hinry the marnin', whin I heard o' yer trouble, I says, 'Deed, an' I feel loike I mus' stop an' go right to Missis West, an' her so kin' to us whin pore little Patrick was took.' I hope ye won't be thinkin' I'm unmindful o' all ye done, ma'am, an' ef they's annything Hinry or me

can do for ye an' the perfessor, we'd go down on our knees to do ut."

Margaret felt bewildered. "Patrick?" she questioned blindly.

The other nodded vigorously. "Yis, ma'am; I know ut hurts ye to be reminded, an' him all twisted loike your little b'y. Manny's the toime the perfessor has come wid somet'in' for little Patrick, an' sayin', 'Missis West sint ye this, Missis O'Brien. Our little b'y is twisted worse nor Patsie, an' we have the symp'thy fer all sich.' An' thin, whin my man had his knee broke, an' little Patrick was dyin' wid the convulshins, ut was the perfessor 'at hild him all the night t'roo, ut was—God save um!"

Margaret's memory reached back to a night when he had timidly asked to hold their own boy, when she had jealously declared that the child could be comfortable only in her arms.

"I been lookin' fer the lily to bloom this wake past," continued Mrs. O'Brien. "I

*"Please tell him all the girls gathered these
for—for the little boy!"*

was goin' to take ut to little Patrick's grave. But whin it come out this noon I says to Hinry, 'Sure, 'tis a sign from hivin,' I says. 'I'll take ut to Missis West fer the pore little b'y.' "

Margaret held the half-blown calla-lily, looked at it musingly, and always thereafter a sight of one of its kindred brought back a vision of that day. She recalled the

home and its associations, to take up again there her old place of preëminence! Had Philip been making for her, unconsciously to herself, a new place here, a place whose horizons were as spiritually wide as they were materially narrow? Had he not rather, during all their married life, carried her down, step by step, from all her ambitions, hindered her in all her high ideals? Was Philip the man of large heart and

"There is no freedom without service, dear"

things her visitors had said; she dimly saw the new life Philip had been making for himself in the village during the five years she had given up unreservedly to the boy, and how, without her knowledge, he had tried to make people think she shared it with him. She was unwilling to face her reversion of feeling, and told herself that the people with their humble offerings had stirred her emotionally, that a calmer state would be hers on the morrow. How long had she not looked forward to being free—free to leave this life which she believed sordidly narrow, free to return to her old

brain and soul that these village people thought him? Or was he the timid, silent figure of failure which she for years had more or less secretly scorned? Was he the gentle, shielding, loving husband and father that their words bespoke him, or the husband who never told her of his love, never talked to her of admiration or affection, and the father whose consciousness of the child's deformity she had always called repulsion? What was this life that, unknown to herself, Philip had been making? How had he won these kindly people to friendliness toward herself, making them believe she shared his

intercourse with them although bound at home by the child? Why had he shielded her from any possible criticism on their part, and even tried to create in their minds a sense of her personality? Was it an evidence of love for her, an interpretation of his faith in her? Could it be true that faith and love were not lost between them? What, then, of these last anguished months, while she was longing, so fiercely and impatiently, for freedom, and while Philip awaited their impending tragedy in uncomplaining silence? Ah, was it, was it possible that the failures had been hers?

The puzzle of it tormented her. She could no longer remain inactive; she must work. In two days she would leave, and before that time there were many things that she must do. She went upstairs to Philip's room; she would go over his clothes, for she must leave them in order. For months she had not had the time to care for them.

As she drew out the first drawer she heard Philip come into the house. He paused at the door of the darkened room, and she heard him cross to his study with heavy steps.

The top drawer of his bureau was scantily littered with cuffs, collars, handkerchiefs; there was nothing for her hands to do there, beyond arranging them more neatly. In the lower drawer she found pathetic evidences of a man's attempts at mending. She sat on the floor and began taking out the different articles, sorting them. Their holes and rents and general disorder made a strong appeal to her mother instinct; she was conscious of a sort of shame at having neglected this part of her wifely duty.

Then, at the back of the drawer, she found a small parcel wrapped in a silk handkerchief. The handkerchief was white, the pin that fastened it was large and black; it was so evidently a man's contrivance! She had no hesitancy in opening it; she could not, for an instant, imagine Philip's wishing to keep a secret from herself. The parcel held

a few old letters of her own, a lock of the child's light-brown hair, a lace valentine that Philip had sent him a year or two before, which had awakened no intelligence in the boy's eyes; a bit of embroidered edging—she remembered it as having been part of one of the baby's dresses she had sewn on, years ago, while Philip read aloud to her; the last thing was a scrap of lilac lawn—a dress of her own, new last summer, the first she had bought for years.

Her eyes and lips were painfully dry as she put all the things back into the drawer. She stood up, and how long she waited she did not know. She was thinking, thinking. A clearer, broader vision was revealing itself to her.

She went slowly down the stairs, passing the room where the child lay without looking in, and went into Philip's study. He was lying on the couch, with his head in his arms; his shoes and clothes gave evidence of his having walked far, and every line of his figure showed fatigue. He did not move as Margaret came in, and, thinking him asleep, she covered him gently with his faded slumber-rug; but he turned and held his hand to her.

She knelt beside the couch, and when he spoke her eyes filled with tears for the first time that day: but Philip could read beneath them.

"Dear," he said, "you must not wait on me. You have had so long a charge; I want you to be free now, and to rest."

She touched his forehead with her lips. "I want to wait on you, Philip," she said. "There is no freedom without service, dear."

Philip had learned a lesson from the years. He drew her close to him. "Well, I need you, Margie, I need you!"

Ah, that other freedom she had dreamed of! What a shadow, what a mockery, it would have been!

"Close your eyes and try to sleep, dear," she said. "I shall sit beside you."

Walt Whitman

"Whitman was not a small god. He was a big man. He lived like a big man. Had big if not conventional manners. Had a big if not a traditional philosophy. Had big even if unusual ways of singing about love and of living a life of love. He died big as he lived big. I had every sort of opportunity to watch him in this room where he talked and where he spent his final days"

TALKS WITH WALT WHITMAN

BY HORACE TRAUBEL

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PORTRAIT

INTRODUCTION



IN one of my talks with Walt I said: "Sometimes, after we are both dead, we will revisit this room together." He answered fervently: "Yes—this room and many other rooms and many other worlds: visit and revisit them together."

That room in the little house on Mickel Street, Camden, N. J., was holy room to me. The multitude of our meetings there in those multitudinous days made it sacred to our enduring comradeship. All through the period covered by the record from which *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE* has secured these selections Whitman was house-fast. He in fact lived in his bed-chamber. Our interviews mostly occurred in the twilight. Sometimes I found him on the bed. Sometimes he sat up against the north window. He was always equable—always clear. Sick or well—always composed. Here came the literary swells and the literary masters. Here came the so-called uncommon people and the so-called common people. And as between the elect and the crowd if a choice was imposed Whitman preferred the crowd. There was a saying attributed to Lincoln which he liked to swing into his estimate of men: "The Lord must have loved the common people, he made so many of them." We could modify this striking apothegm and apply it to Walt Whitman: "He must have loved the common visitors, he had so many of them."

No matter how badly Whitman's body fared his spirit always fared well. Though the body went down the spirit kept up. He sat in the midst of his papers keeping in touch with the varied life of the world to the last. My story shows how firm was his grasp on the seen as well as how unshakable was his vision of the unseen. He took the very latest earth news

over to the next life. He did not pass beyond wrecked. He went on whole. A few lost atoms of flesh could not matter. The rest of him was intact. Whitman was not a small god. He was a big man. He lived like a big man. Had big if not conventional manners. Had a big if not a traditional philosophy. Had big even if unusual ways of singing about love and of living a life of love. He died big as he lived big. I had every sort of opportunity to watch him in this room where we talked and where he spent his final days. He made everything around him big. He inspired me to feel big about myself. People who went there with me, even people who thought they were his enemies, acknowledged the contagion of his size. One visitor said after our call: "He makes me forget my troubles." From 1888 to 1892 he sustained life against great physical odds. He never lowered his flag. His room was the last rallying center of his pilgrimage. He received and he dispensed cheer. He wrote some—not much—and, with me co-operating, brought out later, the latest editions of his book. He did not meet death half-way. Yet when death came he said: "I am ready."

All this time I was husbanding my notes. He knew nothing of it. He talked with me freely. No subject was tabooed. His corporeal life was from the bed to the chair, then from the chair to the bed again. But his mental life passed unconfined across the earth. I took many people to see him. Many went alone. Many were refused admittance. He conserved his deeds. He made the best of the strength that remained. He saw to it that every item told. He grudged the expenditure of life like a miser. Yet he paid all honest bills. Can you get the picture of the old man in that place? The archaic setting. The papers and books confusingly about him. A few simple pictures on the

wall—some unframed. The tasks set. The struggle to proceed. The bad days alternating with the good days. The work never abandoned. The nurse brought on the stage in spite of the objections of the patient. The physical status of the invalid conjoined with the spiritual status of the athlete. The body immured and the soul free and away. How he sat there with his hat and coat on now and then to get the feel of outdoors though he knew he could not leave his prison. The countless trials of his patience and his eminent victories over all irritations. The lengthening of the shadow. The increase of weakness.

Through 1888. Then 1889. Then 1890, then 1891. Then the last sickness. The pneumonia of December that year, 1891. The three months, from December 17th to March 26th, during which he dragged along often in great physical agony, always in great physical distress, yet uttering no quarrel with his fate. Then the last few days, then the last day, then the last hour: the imperturbability maintained to the finish. I was there through it all. I do not expect any one else to feel it as I felt it. But the fugitive hints of my pen may light up the incident with some dramatic flash. Out of this and more than this came my narrative.

EXTRACTS FROM TALKS WITH WHITMAN

Saturday, *July 21, 1888.*

Talked some about the tariff. "The politicians do not deal fairly with the people. They keep the question of the tariff remote, distant, like a priesthood: they won't let the subject reach the people in the right way. Republican newspapers are now all flings, libels, slanders, smart paragraphs, light assertions: not one of them ever stops its humbug to make a respectable statement." Then referred to newspapers generally: "They are all getting into the hands of millionaires. God help our liberties when money has finally got our institutions in its clutch." . . .

Faith in the Average of Men

August 2, 1888.

"I had some brief experience in the South—an intimate experience while it lasted—was convinced that the 'poor white' there, so-called, had never had justice done him. Everybody everywhere seems to be interested in crushing him down. If I could I would even yet pay some tribute to a class so thoroughly, so universally, misunderstood. In fact, all my experiences South—all my experiences in the hospitals, among the soldiers, in the crowds of the cities, with the masses, in the great centers of population—allowing for all idiosyncrasies, idiocrasies, passions, what-not, the very worst—have only served to confirm my faith in man—in the average of men. Take the hospital drill I went through—take the mixtures of men there, men often supposed to be of contrary types—how impressive was

the fact of their likeness, their uniformity of essential nature—the same basic traits in them all—in the Northern man, in the Southern man, in the Western man—all of one instinct, one color—addicted to the same vices, ennobled by the same virtues: the dignity, courtesy, open-handedness, radical in all, beautiful in all. When I first went to Washington I had a great dislike for the typical Yankee—had always had it, years back, from the start—but in my very first contact with the human Yankee all my prejudices were put to flight."

Charles A. Dana and "The Sun"

W. said: "In talking with you the other day about great editors I forgot to speak of one man who is maybe the greatest of all—and who is besides my dear friend. I mean Dana—Charles Dana. Dana's *Sun* has always stuck to it that Walt Whitman is some punkins no matter what the scorners say. Bryant once said to me that he supposed that Dana, on the whole, was the imperial master of the craft. I don't like to take sides with any greatest man of all—I don't say Dana is greatest of all—but I put in my vote for him as a tremendous force. Dana has a hissing, hating side, that I don't like at all—it goes against my grain—but it is not the chief thing in the man, and when his total is made up cuts only a small figure."

August 3, 1888.

"The great country, the greatest country, the richest country, is not that which has the most capitalists, monopolists, immense

grabbings, vast fortunes, with its sad, sad foil of extreme, degrading, damning poverty, but the land in which there are the most homesteads, freeholds—where wealth does not show such contrasts high and low, where all men have enough—a modest living—and no man is made possessor beyond the sane and beautiful necessities of the simple body and the simple soul.” Harned asked: “What place do you find for corruption in politics?” W. answered: “I do not need to find a place for it: it has found a place for itself. Science tells us about human excretions—the throwings off of the body. That strange, inarticulate force is not less operative in the institutions of society—in politics, literature, music, science, art—than in the physical realm. We must not forget such forces—not one of them. Society throws off some of its ephemera, its corruption, through politics—the process is offensive—we shudder over it—but it may be true, it is still true, that the interior system throwing off its excreta this way is sound, wholly sound, prepared for the proper work of its own purification.”

Phil Sheridan a Genius

Tuesday, August 7, 1888.

Something led him to speak about Phil Sheridan: “He was in essentials a genius: he had almost phenomenal directness, and genius is almost a hundred per cent. directness—nothing more. He was characterized by a rough candor which always meant what it appeared to mean. Of all the major men developed by the War he was closest to the top. The War brought out a lot of ability. There was Hancock: Hancock was not as distinctly individual as Sheridan, but was nevertheless a splendid soldier—a soldier born. Grant, I suppose, take him for all and all, was our most comprehensive man—took in most, was composed and potent. Grant was just spared being too considerate: McClellan was not—was therefore a failure.”

August 9, 1888.

“There are critics and critics. You don’t know the tribe as I do—the mean stuff they are often made of—the very poison (not the salt) of the earth. Some of my opponents are fairly on the other side—belong there, are honest, I respect them: others are malignants—are of the snake

order. If you have not experienced a direct encounter with the monitors, critics, censors, you can have no idea of the venoms, jealousies, meannesses, spites, which chiefly characterize their opposition. It has been a rallying cry with a little group of men in this country: down Walt Whitman—down him in any way, by any method, with any weapon you can—but down him—drive him into obscurity, hurry him into oblivion! But suppose Walt Whitman stays, is stubborn, stays again, stays again, will not be downed?”

August 10, 1888.

“Horace,” said W., “you must never forget this of the Gilders. About that time some woman in New York invited me to a dinner, but just as I was about to start off for the trip, sent me a second letter withdrawing the invitation on the ground that some guests who were indispensable to the success of the dinner refused to sit at the table with me.” The story seemed incredible. While I was wondering what to say, W. added: “It was God’s truth, Horace. I had dozens of such or similar rubs. Now the Gilders were without pride and without shame—they just asked me along in the natural way. It was beautiful, beautiful. You know how at one time the church was an asylum for fugitives—the church, God’s right arm, fending the innocent. I was such an innocent, and the Gilders took me in.”

James G. Blaine

Saturday, August 11, 1888.

W. said: “What about Blaine, Tom? Tell me the news about Blaine.” He didn’t wait for the news, but went on: “Blaine has a wonderful intuition concerning current affairs and people—concerning the average thought, the every-day passions and prejudices of the street—yet the longer I live the more contemptible seems the flagrant insincerity of his ambitions.” Harned asked: “But hasn’t he brains?” “Yes, brains—but of the superficial, sharp, evanescent kind. Take that matter of protection. After awhile it will strike the masses that protection does bring money to somebody but not to them—that the benefit is all one way and not their way. I give protection ten or twenty more robbing years. There is always the wave and the counter-wave—the tide goes up, the tide goes down

—the storm arrives, the storm departs. Protection had to come and has to go. Protection talk comes with bad grace from a man like Blaine, having his clean or dirty twenty thousand a year—from the easy comfortable elite of our money world who clap their hands over their hearts and say: ‘Don’t disturb any of these things: we’re having a good time of it—plenty to eat, drink, wear: palaces to live in, servants to flatter and fawn upon us—luxury, yachts, money in the bank: don’t disturb things as they are—don’t ask questions—don’t riot within the sacred precincts of our success.’” “They don’t see the end,” I said. “What is the end?” “Revolution.” “Or evolution—which means the same thing in its results.”

August 12, 1888.

“Horace,” said W. suddenly, “I think the time has come for the American magazine—for a magazine designed to reflect America, its mechanics, its great labor masses—to give the smack of the heath, the native heath: to get its color from a life particularly American. It’s about time we had outgrown the Lord Adolphus Fitznoodle business—the Dobson, Lang, ballade, villanelle business: the looking abroad for suggestions, for models, for ideals. Oh! I can see that such a venture would even pay for itself in money in time, not to speak of the other pay. We are so commercialized in this country that we will do nothing without the pay is in sight—nothing, nothing: the profits must be near enough to grab: we seem to lack that great faculty of wait, wait, wait, which distinguishes and accounts for the world-power of the English merchant. Yet there are signs of an awakening. Some day we may rise to the standards of moral, spiritual profit, letting all the baser standards fall into disuse. By and by the American magazine will come as the gift of some far-sighted, far-hearted individual, who is willing to throw away all the vulgar prizes of the market for the sake of a cause, a future.”

A Story of Stonewall Jackson

August 14, 1888.

He spelled out a name from a book, Lige Fox: “Yes, I remember Lige—he was from the Northwest—very free-going, very honest-like. There’s the story of Lige: it plays the dickens with Stonewall Jackson—taking

him down (whipping him off) the pedestal he has decorated by general consent. Everybody in Washington wanted to think well of Jackson—I with the rest—and we were inclined to the very last to distrust the many stories which seemed to reflect upon his glory. But Lige’s tale was so modestly told I could not doubt it—was told so entirely without brag, bad temper—without any desire for revenge—in fact, without any consciousness that Jackson had done anything but what was usual and right. Lige had been captured. Jackson subjected him to an inquisition—wanted information—would have it—would, would, would, whether or no. Lige only said and kept on saying: ‘I’m a Union soldier and can’t do it.’ Finding he could get nothing from Lige, Jackson punished him by making him walk the ten miles to Richmond while the others were conveyed. I could never think the same of Jackson after hearing that—after seeing how he resented in Lige what was a credit to him—what Lige could not have given and what Jackson could not have taken and either remain honest. There are a number of reputations I could prick in that same fashion.” W. contrasted the punctiliousness of Lee and the freedom of Grant. “Grant was the typical Western man: the plainest, the most efficient: was the least imposed upon by appearances, was most impressive in the severe simplicity of his flannel shirt and his utter disregard for formal military etiquette. Lee had great qualities, his own, but these were the greatest. I could appreciate such contrasts: I lived in the time, on the spot: I lived in the midst of the life and death vigils of those fearful years—in the camps, in the hospitals, in the fiercest ferment of events.”

August 14, 1888.

“I have been more than lucky in the women I have met: a woman is always heaven or hell to a man—mostly heaven: she don’t spend much of her time on the border-lines.”

Carlyle and William D. O’Connor

August 20, 1888.

W. said I should take an old Burroughs letter that lay on the table before me. “It gives a little look into the Carlyle country—yes, and a big look into John’s soul. John and William (William D. O’Connor) are very different men. John is a placid land-

scape—William is a landscape in a storm. Does that seem to express a difference? The only doubt I ever have about John is that sometimes I feel as if I would like to poke him up with a stick or something to get him mad: his writing sometimes seems to go to sleep. It is always attractive to me, but always leaves me in a slow mood. William is quite different: he whips me with cords—he makes all my flesh tingle—he is like a soldier who stirs me for war.”

August 21, 1888.

W. gave me a William D. O'Connor letter with the remark: “It is as much your letter as mine. Make it all yours—take it home. William mentions you. This is one of William’s least consequential letters, yet has the same inevitable stir of his blood. William will die with a hurrah on his lips.” I said: “He’ll never know he’s dead he’ll be so busy with Resurrection Day.” This made W. laugh. “Horace, you ought to write that down: it’s a trumpet-note.”

“William always has the effect of the open air upon me,” said W. “Next to getting out of my room here is to get a letter from William. I don’t know which contains the most open air—William or outdoors. I like salient men—the men of elements—oxygenated men—the fellers who come and go like storms come and go: who grow up out of honest roots: not the titillated gentleman of boudoir amours and parlor fripperies: no, not that man: but if need be the rough of the streets who may underneath his coarse skin possess the saving graces of sympathy, service—the first of all, the last of all, the heart of all, personal excellence.”

Our Craze for Money

August 23, 1888.

Thurman made a big speech on the tariff yesterday at Port Huron. W. read it. “But I fear Thurman is not the man. There is a great dearth in America of men who will exploit, elucidate, this subject on the highest grounds—of men not intellectual alone, but emotional, sympathetic, bound in by no narrow horizon of a special party, sect, school. We have had cute men—men too cute—Sumner was one of them—free traders—but no one clear of alliances, conventional hesitations, limitations of one kind or another: no one without some sort

of a bond to qualify the purity of his faith.”

He stopped here to ejaculate: “Why, I’m making a speech.” I clapped my hands. He threw his arms out as if in acknowledgment of applause. Then he proceeded: “Anyhow, I am convinced that the best samples of the critter off there in England, Ireland, Scotland, beat us by a good margin—are of more solid substance—are built for a longer stay. The actors, for example (there have been lots of them coming here from time to time to see me): tall, broad, plainly dressed, not grammatical in speech (a suit of tweed perhaps, or even something plainer), not formal like our men—generous, lithe, averse to show in all ways—no gammon (oh! no gammon at all—it’s unknown to them)—yet men to be depended upon for severe trials, stretches of tremendous labor, splendid unostentatious achievements. And these are features of the general life over there—inertia, stability.

“The trouble here with us is our devil of a craze for money—money in everything for every occasion—by hook or by crook, money: and, on top of that, show, show: crowning all that, brilliancy, smartness unsurpassed, repartee, social wish-wash, very misleading, very superficial: the whole situation one to discourage the more efficient factors of character. Of course this is an exaggerated statement—such statements generally are—but it contains the material of a just complaint. We will get out of it—must get out of it: we will escape our defects: I do not croak. There is one thing more to be said—an important thing. Before I was sick, particularly in the year or two previous, I was visited a lot by the better class mechanics—I mean the more serious of the mechanics (the more informed, ambitious, instructed). Frequently they would come in and talk and talk, sometimes like a house afire, of their enthusiasms—socialistic, many of them, perhaps most of them, were—very bright, quick, dead in earnest, able to take care of themselves and more, too, in an argument. They, their like, the crowd of the grave workingmen of our world—they are the hope, the sole hope, the sufficient hope, of our democracy. Before we despair we have to count them in—after we count them in we won’t despair. All will adjust itself. But that image of the typical

extra fine Britisher—his brown face, his broad deep chest, his ample limbs, his clear eye, his strong independent mien, his resonant voice—still clings to me. One thing we must remember: we were born in the political sense free—they were not: that creates an altogether different atmosphere—is a fact never to be forgotten. We seem in many ways to have grown careless of our freedom. Some day we will have to stir our croppers and fight to be free again!”

I said: “We shook off England. We shook off the slave. What will we shake off next?” “Money! the dominion of money.” I protested: “You kick when I say that: you say I am too radical: you tell me to hold in my horses.” He laughed at my dig. “Maybe I do that just after some theorist has been here with an axe to convert me. That always makes me hot—hot: I resent it. But do you suppose you see any better than I do the menace hanging over our democracy? Yet, Horace, we are safe, safe. The mass, the crowd, the vast multitude that works, is competent to, will, preserve our liberties: they are our prop, mainstay, sure, sure!”

Friday, *August 24*, 1888.

I found a poem by Swinburne. W. said: “Oh, yes, I did see that. And if Swinburne had a few grains of thought with all his music, wouldn’t he be the greatest charmer of all? I know of nothing I think of so little account as pretty words, pretty thoughts, pretty china, pretty arrangements.”

Sunday Observance

September 2, 1888.

Evening at 8 W. sat reading. “Where have you been this afternoon?” “To the Zoo.” “You don’t say!” “I do say.” He smiled. “Well, it’s good news—I thought everything in Philadelphia worth while was shut up and barred for Sunday. Sunday—Sunday: we make it the dullest day in the week when it might be made the cheeriest. Will the people ever come to baseball, plays, concerts, yacht races, on Sunday? That would seem like a clear day after a storm. Why do you suppose people are so narrow-minded in their interpretation of the Sunday? If we read about Luther we find that he was not gloomy, not sad—devout, not sickly religious: but a man full of blood who didn’t hesitate to

outrage ascetic customs or play games if he felt like it on Sunday. The Catholic regards Sunday with a more nearly sane eye. It does seem as though the Puritan was responsible for our Sunday: the Puritan had his virtues but I for one owe him a grudge or two which I don’t hesitate to talk about loud enough to be heard.”

September 8, 1888.

I talked to W. of my Japanese friend, Tatui Baba. Baba says his first strong impression received in America is of the fearful gap between its rich and poor. “Ah!” exclaimed W., “did he say that? Then I am convinced that he put his finger on the sore spot at once. I always come back to the same idea myself: there is the itch—the trouble: there is no mistake: the fact of the matter is the situation is growing worse and worse. And yet,” he continued, “we must not forget that the disease is one which may be cured: the cure of it is in our own hands. It is seen at its worst in the big cities—New York, Philadelphia, Chicago: but it is bad no matter where. America has got to clean house some day!” I asked him: “Will she do it with a broom or a gun?” He reflected for a moment. “That depends: I am not prepared to say the gun is impossible. I don’t like to think about the gun—it is not a pleasant prospect to dream about—but history sometimes has a way of jumping difficulties in a somewhat violent style. I say if, if, if, it is not the one thing, then it must be, must be, the other. I like the broom best myself.”

Cleveland and Harrison

September 12, 1888.

W. quoted the letters of acceptance of the Presidential candidates. He had read both—Cleveland’s first, then Harrison’s. “I am not impressed by either letter. Harrison’s is a shrewd bid for votes: I shouldn’t say there was anything at all in Cleveland’s. I would not be at all surprised if Harrison pulled through—things at first doubtful have now shown signs of going his way. And yet, if after all the noise, doubt, expectation, Cleveland should be elected I for my part would be gratified: for, you know, I am for Cleveland; he goes in my direction.” Harned queried: “I thought you were for Harrison?” “No, Tom—I am not: I got over all that if I ever had it.

If I found the masses in this country making a decision for Cleveland, I would be happy—it would compensate for many defeats—it would make my optimism feel proud of itself. Harrison stands for broadcloth, three millions, finger bowls, Presbyterianism, and all that. More than all else I enjoy the sight of rebellion—of men who stand aside from parties (yes,—I may say, from churches, too—sects)—refuse to be labeled, rejecting any name that may be offered them: the vast floating vote, ready to nip things in season, to cast their weight where most needed, at critical moments, with no formal pledge or party alliance. I remember one of my last talks with Emerson. That subject came up: we stuck to it—stuck to it—like paste. I found Emerson as happy as myself in discovering the inherent health of the masses of the people—in reading the signs of a new political dispensation: some new readings of democracy in the common life of the world."

September 16, 1888.

W. said to me: "I like your interest in sports—ball, chiefest of all—baseball particularly: baseball is our game: the American game: I connect it with our national character. Sports take people out of doors, get them filled with oxygen—generate some of the brutal customs (so-called brutal customs) which, after all, tend to habituate people to a necessary physical stoicism. We are some ways a dyspeptic, nervous set: anything which will repair such losses may be regarded as a blessing to the race. We want to go out and howl, run, jump, wrestle, even fight, if only by so doing we may improve the people."

September 28, 1888.

"I doubt if talk is ever quite so clear, direct, as the reporters make it. If there is vitality in talk—not too much study—there must be ease—therefore offences against the rules of speech. Yet Emerson was a clear instance of the careful talker. His characteristic feature was being *toned down*: his invariable manner, *wariness*—consummate, perfect prudence—yet not deceit (no—that word don't even come in sight)—an abiding caution as to what he was saying, as if in warning: Be in no haste to commit yourself—to say things not justified by your deeper consciousness. I know I am different: there is no smell of preparation about

my conversation: I would disdain that. Emerson was not Socratic. Socrates was perhaps the most wonderful individual who ever lived in the great masterful quality which distinguished four or five—I guess there are not more—of the foremost English judges." What was that? "Ah, this!" working his forefinger with a spiral movement downward to the floor: "The clear eye which winds safely about and through all snarls and sophisms to the roots of the case—no distraction whatever being allowed to confuse the vision or obscure the issue."

Roosevelt

Monday, October 1, 1888.

Asked me: "Have you seen Roosevelt's paper—*ranche paper*? It is interesting: I like it: he gets pretty near the truth. He don't write it exactly as I would, of course: that's because he don't enter into it—puts on his glasses before he looks at it—writes it with a little the touch of a dude. Still, there is something alluring in the subject and the way it is handled: Roosevelt seems to have realized its character—its shape and size—to have honestly imbibed some of the spirit of that wild Western life."

October 8, 1888.

He here went into a monologue on German affairs—"the cavorting about of the young Emperor." "There is a vast area of unrest back of settled things we see: a vast, unseen, unsuspected force—a host of strong men and women, determined to see that things do not perpetually go wrong. This is the simple crowd of the people—the latent, finally self-sufficient democracy from whom all rulers by force in all countries are soon to hear the inevitable outcry for justice. The patricians, the rulers, the kings, think they save the state, the nation: no, no—they are but the parasites—the people, the crowd, save all—or all is lost. It was much the same way with Abe Lincoln here: a vast area, soaked with an atmosphere of vigilance, determination, to see the right thing through. I was in Washington at the time—heard all the dark threats, saw the head-shakings,—heard all the half-told stories, whispers, disturbing suspicions. It all meant, If you betray us—if you prove unfaithful—there'll be hell to pay—and in fact we had hell to pay, but that in unexpected places." "Now," he continued,

"over in Germany there is just such a mass of the populace back of all, responsible at last for all—at least, feeling itself so—and not Bismarck himself would dare defy it."

Story of Charles A. Dana

October 11, 1888.

Then went on: "Now I've got it! Oh! you have turned my memory back to an old story. Did I ever tell you? Years ago, one day, I met Dana, Charles A. Dana, the *Sun* man, on the street: it was in New York: it was at a period when Dana's public utterances were particularly irascible: he was finding fault with all things, all people, nobody satisfying him, nobody hitting his mark: Grant, particularly, a great national figure, subjected to constant castigation from Dana—word-lashing: the latest, though not the last, of Dana's hates. You know, I always liked Grant, he was so reticent, modest—so philosophical: so imperceptibly accepted events, people. Well, that day, with Dana, the instant I saw him, I made for him, talked my loudest, saying: 'What in hell is the matter with you, Dana, that nothing satisfies you—that you keep up an everlasting growl about everybody, everything?': something in that strain. Dana waited till I was through and then took me by the lapel of the coat: 'See here, Walt,' he said—I think he said it almost in that way—'see here, Walt: have you spent all these years in the world and not known, not learned (as I have) what a sorry, mean lot mankind is, anyhow?'"

October 16, 1888.

I told Walt that William Lloyd Garrison was to speak in Philadelphia on the 31st. "What is he to talk about?" "The Tariff." "Against the tariff, of course?" "Of course!" "Good, good! just like his father." "I never met the father—never spoke to him—yet saw him often in meetings: heard him. He was, yes, a good speaker: interesting: I might use that word 'effective': an effective speaker: and earnest, too, naturally—dead in earnest: earnestness is the quality necessary first and last if you want to attract and move the people. Garrison always spoke like a man who had a story to tell and was determined to tell it: he never seemed to have any doubts about the splendor and efficacy of his doctrine. He was of the noblest race of revolutionaries—a man

who could accept without desiring martyrdom: he always seemed to me to belong where he was—never seemed gratuitous: the splendid band of his companions never found their confidence in him misplaced. Like all men of the real sort he was modest, simple—never had to look beyond his natural self and employ the artificial weapons of rebellion. I rank Garrison way up: I don't know how high, but very high."

Saturday, October 27, 1888.

"What do you suppose Blaine cares about the big question, anyhow? Blaine wants votes—votes—no matter how they're got. The prime question is: What can I say—what word—which will gain the most votes in Maine, Texas, Pennsylvania? Blaine is a typical politician—sees everything for its end in prestige, power, prosperity."

Free Speech

October 30, 1888.

Harned made some reference to the saying that Von Moltke "is silent in six languages." W. said: "I don't know whether I believe in reticence—the common idea of it—as a principle: that it necessarily indicates extra fine points and all that. A man in public life, living in the public eye, may need to be careful what he says, and how he says what he says: Bismarck, for instance, Von Moltke, Lincoln, Grant. There may be public reasons for reserve, for silence: but after that is said a good deal more may be said and better said. I for my part can see no reason why any man should not have his say: any man, diplomat or other. What is the notion of sense or justice which dares to stand in the way of the freest utterance of faith? I believe in the freest expression of opinion all around, all times, here, in Europe, yes in Asia, wherever men choose to think or choose to talk.

"Dignity may become a bugbear. Arnold complained of Lincoln that he lacked distinction. Is this the co-eval word—this, with dignity? What did Arnold mean? That must be an English quality: what is it? how do you tell it when you see it? I for my part am distrustful of any personal rules or public customs which interpose barriers between the leaders and the people. I like all fraternization between leaders, people, the masses: no travesty of reserve."

ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT

BY DAVID GRAYSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

THE INFIDEL

FIND that we have an infidel in this community. I don't know that I should set down the fact here on good white paper; the walls, they say, have eyes, the stones have ears. But consider these words written in bated breath! The worst of it is—I gather from common report—this infidel is a Cheerful Infidel, whereas a true infidel should bear upon his face the living mark of his infamy. We are all tolerant enough of those who do not agree with us, provided only they are sufficiently miserable! I confess when

I first heard of him—through Mrs. Horace (with shudders)—I was possessed of a consuming secret desire to see him. I even thought of climbing a tree somewhere along the public road—like Zaccheus, wasn't it?—and watching him go by. If by any chance he should look my way I could easily avoid discovery by crouching among the leaves. It shows, doesn't it, how pleasant must be the paths of unrighteousness that we are tempted to climb trees to see those who walk therein. My imagination busied itself with the infidel. I pictured him as a sort of Moloch treading our pleasant countryside, flames and smoke pro-

ceeding from his nostrils, his feet striking fire, his voice like the sound of a great wind. At least that was the picture I formed of him from common report.

And yesterday afternoon I met the infidel and I must here set down a true account of the adventure. It is, surely, a

little new door opened in the house of my understanding. I might travel a whole year in a city, brushing men's elbows, and not once have such an experience. In country

spaces men develop sensitive surfaces, not calloused by too frequent contact, accepting the new impression vividly and keeping it bright to think upon. In the country men grow: in the city they are grown.

I met the infidel as the result of a rather unexpected series of incidents. I don't think I have said before that we have for some time been expecting a great event on this farm. We have raised corn and buckwheat, we have a fertile asparagus bed and onions and pie-plant (enough to supply the entire population of this community) and I can't tell how many other vegetables. We have had plenty of chickens hatched out (I don't like chickens, especially hens, especially a certain gaunt and predatory hen named [so Harriet says] Evangeline, who belongs to a neighbor of ours) and we have had two litters of pigs, but until this bright moment of expectancy we never have had a calf.

Upon the advice of Horace, which I often lean upon as upon a staff, I have been keeping my young heifer shut up in the cow-yard now for a week or two. But yesterday, toward the middle of the afternoon, I found the fence broken down and the cow-yard empty. From what Harriet said, the brown cow must have been gone since early morning. I knew, of course, what that meant, and straightway I took a stout stick and set off over the hill, tracing the brown cow as far as I could by her tracks. She had made way toward a clump of trees near Horace's wood lot, where I confidently expected to find her. But as fate would have it, the pasture gate, which is rarely used, stood open and the

tracks led outward into an old road. I followed rapidly, half pleased that I had not found her within the wood. It was a promise of new adventure which I came to with downright enjoyment (confidentially—I should have been cultivating corn!). I peered into every thicket as I passed: once I climbed an old fence and, standing on the top rail, intently surveyed my neighbor's pasture. No brown cow was to be seen. At the crossing of the brook I shouldered my way from the road down a path among the alders, thinking the brown cow might have gone that way to obscurity.

It is curious how, in spite of domestication and training, Nature in her great moments returns to the primitive and instinctive! My brown cow, never having had anything but the kindest treatment, is as gentle an animal as could be imagined, but she had followed the nameless, age-old law of her breed: she had escaped in her great moment to the most secret place she knew. It did not matter that she would have been safer in my yard—both she and her calf—that she would have been surer of her food; she could only obey the old wild law. So turkeys will hide their nests. So the tame duck, tame for unnumbered generations, hearing from afar the shrill cry of the wild drake, will desert her quiet surroundings, spread her little-used wings and become for a time the wildest of the wild.

So we think—you and I—that we are civilized! But how often, how often, have we felt that old wildness which is our common heritage, scarce shackled, clamoring in our blood!

I stood listening among the alders, in the deep cool shade. Here and there a ray of sunshine came through the thick foliage: I could see it where it silvered the cobweb ladders of those moist spaces. Somewhere in the thicket I heard an unalarmed cat-bird trilling her exquisite song, a startled frog leaped with a splash into the water; faint odors of some blossoming growth, not distinguishable, filled the still air. It was one of those rare moments when one seems to have caught nature unaware. I lingered a full minute, listening, looking: but my brown cow had not gone that way. So I turned and went up rapidly to the road, and there I found myself almost face to face with a ruddy little man whose countenance bore a look of round astonishment.

We were both surprised. I recovered first; one must use his moments of unexpectedness if he would really enjoy them.

"Have you seen a brown cow?" I asked.

He was still so astonished that he began to look around him, as for a lost handkerchief; he thrust his hands nervously into his coat pockets and pulled them out again.

"I think you won't find her in there," I said, seeking to relieve his embarrassment.

But I didn't know, then, how very serious a person I had encountered.

"No—no," he stammered, "I assure you I haven't seen your cow."

So I explained to him with sobriety, and at some length, the problem I had to solve. He was greatly interested and offered at once—such is the helpful country fashion—to assist me in my search. So we set off together. He was rather stocky of build, and decidedly short of breath, so that I regulated my customary stride to suit his deliberation. At first, being filled with the spirit of my adventure, I was not altogether pleased with this arrangement. Our conversation ran something like this:

STRANGER: Has she any spots or marks on her?

MYSELF: No, she is plain brown.

STRANGER: How old a cow is she?

MYSELF: This is her first calf.

STRANGER: Valuable animal?

MYSELF (*fencing*): I have never put a price on her: she is a promising young heifer.

STRANGER: Pure blood?

MYSELF: No, grade.

After a pause:

STRANGER: Live around here?

MYSELF: Yes, half a mile below here. Do you?

STRANGER: Yes, three miles above here. My name's Purdy.

MYSELF: Mine is Grayson.

He turned to me solemnly and held out his hand. "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Grayson," he said. "And I'm glad," I said, "to meet you, Mr. Purdy."

I will not attempt to put down all we said: I couldn't. But by such devices is the truth in the country made manifest.

So we continued to walk and look. Occasionally I would unconsciously increase my pace until I was warned to desist by the puffing of Mr. Purdy. He gave an essential impression of genial timidity: and how he *did* love to talk!

So we came at last to a certain rough bit of land grown up to scrubby oaks and hazel brush.

"This," said Mr. Purdy, "looks hopeful."

We followed the old road, examining every bare spot of earth for some evidence of the cow's tracks, but without finding so much as a sign. I was for pushing onward but Mr. Purdy insisted that this clump of woods was exactly such a place as a cow would like. He developed such a capacity for argumentation and seemed so sure of what he was talking about that I yielded, and we entered the wood.

"We'll part here," he said: "you keep over there about fifty yards and I'll go straight ahead. In that way we'll cover the ground. Keep a-shoutin'."

So we started and I kept a-shoutin'. He would answer from time to time: "Hulloo, hulloo!"

It was a wild and beautiful bit of forest: the ground under the trees was thickly covered with enormous ferns or bracken, with here and there patches of light where the sun came through the foliage. The low spots were filled with the coarse green verdure of skunk cabbage. I was so skeptical about finding the cow in a wood where concealment was so easy that I confess I rather idled and enjoyed the surroundings.

Suddenly, however, I heard Mr. Purdy's voice, with a new note in it:

"Hulloo, hulloo——"

"What luck?"

"Hulloo, hulloo——"

"I'm coming——" and I turned and ran as rapidly as I could through the trees, jumping over logs and dodging low branches, wondering what new thing my friend had discovered. So I came to his side.

"Have you got trace of her?" I questioned eagerly.

"Sh!" he said, "over there. Don't you see her?"

"Where, where?"

He pointed, but for a moment I could see nothing but the trees and the bracken. Then all at once, like the puzzle in a picture, I saw her plainly. She was standing perfectly motionless, her head lowered, and in such a peculiar clump of bushes and ferns that she was all but indistinguishable. It was wonderful, the perfection with

which her instinct had led her to conceal herself.

All excitement, I started toward her at once. But Mr. Purdy put his hand on my arm.

"Wait," he said, "don't frighten her. She has her calf there."

"No!" I exclaimed, for I could see nothing of it.

We went, cautiously, a few steps nearer. She threw up her head and looked at us so wildly for a moment that I should hardly have known her for my cow. She was, indeed, for the time being, a wild creature of the wood. She made a low sound and advanced a step threateningly.

"Steady," said Mr. Purdy, "this is her first calf. Stop a minute and keep quiet. She'll soon get used to us."

Moving to one side cautiously, we sat down on an old log. The brown heifer paused, every muscle tense, her eyes literally blazing. We sat perfectly still. After a minute or two she lowered her head, and with curious guttural sounds she began to lick her calf, which lay quite hidden in the bracken.

"She has chosen a perfect spot," I thought to myself, for it was the wildest bit of forest I've seen anywhere in this neigh-

borhood. At one side, not far off, was a huge gray rock, partly covered on one side with moss, and round about were oaks and a few ash trees of a poor scrubby sort (else they would long ago have been cut out). The earth underneath was soft and springy with leaf mold.

Mr. Purdy was one to whom silence was painful: he fidgeted about, evidently bursting with talk, and yet feeling compelled to follow his own injunction of silence. Presently he reached into his capacious pocket and handed me a little paper-covered booklet. I took it, curious, and read the title:

"Is there a Hell?"

It struck me humorously. In the country we are always—at least some of us are—more or less in a religious ferment. The city may distract itself to the point where faith is unnecessary: but in the country we must, perforce, have something to believe in. And we talk about it, too! I read the title aloud, but in a low voice:

"Is there a Hell?" Then I asked: "Do you really want to know?"

"The argument is all there," he replied.

"Well," I said, "I can tell you off-hand, out of my own experience, that there certainly is a hell——"

He turned toward me with evident astonishment, but I proceeded with tranquillity:

"Yes, sir, there's no doubt about it. I've been near enough myself several times to smell the smoke. It isn't around here," I said.

As he looked at me his china-blue eyes grew larger, if that were possible, and his serious, gentle face took on a look of pained surprise.

"Before you say such things," he said, "I beg you to read my book."

He took the tract from my hands and opened it on his knee.

"The Bible tells us," he said, "that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, He made the firmament and divided the waters. But does the Bible say that he created a hell or a devil? Does it?"

I shook my head.

"Well, then!" he said triumphantly, "and that isn't all, either. The historian Moses gives in detail a full account of what was made in six days. He tells how day and night were created, how the sun and the moon and the stars were made; he tells how God created the flowers of the field,

and the insects, and the birds, and the great whales, and said, 'Be fruitful and multiply.' He accounts for every minute of the time in the entire six days—and of course God rested on the seventh—and there is not one word about hell. Is there?"

I shook my head.

"Well then—" exultantly, "where is it? I'd like to have any man, no matter how wise he is, answer that. Where is it?"

"That," I said, "has troubled me, too. We don't always know just where our hells are. If we did we might avoid them. We are not so sensitive to them as we should be—do you think?"

He looked at me intently: I went on before he could answer:

selves on account of their disobedience, did God say to them: Unless you repent of your sins and get forgiveness I will shut you up in yon dark and dismal hell and torment you (or have the devil do it) for ever and ever? Was there such a word?"

I shook my head.

"No, sir," he said vehemently, "there was not."

"But does it say," I asked, "that Adam and Eve had not themselves been using their best wits in creating a hell? That point has occurred to me. In my experience I've known both Adams and Eves who were most adroit in their capacity for making places of torment—and of getting into them. There's an old Eastern proverb which says: 'The hand that

"Why, I've seen men in my time living from day to day in the very atmosphere of perpetual torment, and actually arguing that there was no hell. It is a strange sight, I assure you, and one that will trouble you afterwards. From what I know of hell, it's a place of very loose boundaries. Sometimes I've thought we couldn't be quite sure when we were in it and when we were not."

I did not tell my friend, but I was thinking of the remark of old Swedenborg: "The trouble with hell is we shall not know it when we arrive."

At this point Mr. Purdy burst out again, having opened his little book at another page.

"When Adam and Eve had sinned," he said, "and the God of heaven walked in the garden in the cool of the evening and called for them and they had hidden them-

smites us is our own.' It's human, isn't it, that we should have come to cherish the superstition that hell is some locality afar off—which we reach after having had our fling. Just watch yourself some day after you've sown a crop of desires and you'll see promising little hells starting up within you like pigweeds and pusley after a warm rain in your garden. And our heavens, too, for that matter—they grow to our own planting: and how sensitive they are too! How soon the hot wind of a passion withers them away! How surely the fires of selfishness blacken their perfection!"

I'd almost forgotten Mr. Purdy—and when I looked around, his face wore a peculiar puzzled expression not unmixed with alarm. He held up his little book eagerly, almost in my face.

"If God had intended to create a hell,"

he said, "I assert without fear of successful contradiction that when God was there in the Garden of Eden it was the time for him to have put Adam and Eve and all their posterity on notice that there was a place of everlasting torment. It would have been only a square deal for Him to do so. But did He?"

I shook my head.

"He did not. If He had mentioned hell on that occasion I should not now dispute its existence. But He did not. This is what He said to Adam—the very words: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground: for out of it thou wast taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' You see He did not say 'Unto hell shalt thou return.' He said, 'Unto dust.' That isn't hell, is it?"

"Well," I said, "there are in my experi-

ence a great many different kinds of hells. There are almost as many kinds of hells as there are men and women upon this earth. Now, your hell wouldn't terrify me in the least. My own makes me no end of trouble. Talk about burning pitch and brimstone: how futile were the imaginations of the old fellows who conjured up such puerile torments. Why, I can tell you of no end of hells that are worse—and not half try. Once, I remember, when I was younger——"

I happened to glance around at my companion. He sat there looking at me with horror—fascinated horror.

"Well, I won't disturb your peace of mind by telling *that* story," I said.

"Do you believe that we shall go to hell?" he asked in a low voice.

"That depends," I said. "Let's leave out the question of 'we'; let's be more comfortably general in our discussion. I think we can safely say that some go and some do not. It's a curious and noteworthy thing," I said, "but I've known of cases—"

"There are some people who aren't really worth good honest tormenting—let alone the rewards of heavenly bliss. They just haven't anything to torment! What is going to become of such folks? I confess I don't know. You remember when Dante began his journey into the infernal regions——"

"I don't believe a word of that Dante," he interrupted excitedly; "it's all a made-up story. There isn't a word of truth in it; it is a blasphemous book. Let me read you what I say about it in here."

"I will agree with you without argument," I said, "that it is not *all* true. I merely wanted to speak of one of Dante's experiences as an illustration of the point I'm making. You remember that almost the first spirits he met on his journey were those who had never done anything in this life to merit either heaven or hell. That always struck me as being about the worst plight imaginable for a human being. Think of a creature not even worth good honest brimstone!"

Since I came home, I've looked up the passage; and it is a wonderful one. Dante heard wailings and groans and terrible things said in many tongues. Yet these were not the souls of the wicked. They were only those "who had lived without praise or blame, thinking of nothing but themselves." "Heaven would not dull its brightness with those, nor would lower hell receive them."

"And what is it," asked Dante, "that makes them so grievously suffer?"

"Hopelessness of death," said Virgil. "Their blind existence here, and immemorable former life, make them so wretched that they envy every other lot. Mercy and Justice alike disdain them. Let us speak of them no more. Look, and pass!"

But Mr. Purdy, in spite of his timidity, was a man of much persistence.

"They tell me," he said, "when they try to prove the reasonableness of hell, that unless you show sinners how they're goin' to be tormented, they'd never repent. Now, I say that if a man has to be scared into religion, his religion ain't much good."

"There," I said, "I agree with you completely."

His face lighted up, and he continued eagerly:

"And I tell 'em: You just go ahead and try for heaven; don't pay any attention to all this talk about everlasting punishment."

"Good advice!" I said.

It had begun to grow dark. The brown cow was quiet at last. We could hear small faint sounds from the calf. I started slowly through the bracken. Mr. Purdy hung at my elbow, stumbling sideways as he walked, but continuing to talk eagerly. So we came to the place where the calf lay. I spoke in a low voice:

"So boss, so boss."

I would have laid my hand on her neck but she started back with a wild toss of her horns. It was a beautiful calf! I looked at it with a peculiar feeling of exultation, pride, ownership. It was red-brown, with a round curly pate and one white leg. As it lay curled there among the ferns, it was really beautiful to look at. When we approached, it did not so much as stir. I lifted it to its legs, upon which the cow uttered a strange half-wild cry and ran a few steps off, her head thrown in the air. The calf fell back as though it had no legs.

"She is telling it not to stand up," said Mr. Purdy.

I had been afraid at first that something was the matter!

"Some are like that," he said. "Some call their calves to run. Others won't let you come near 'em at all; and I've even known of a case where a cow gored its calf to death rather than let any one touch it."

I looked at Mr. Purdy not without a feel-

ing of admiration. This was a thing he knew: a language not taught in the universities. How well it became him to know it; how simply he expressed it! I thought to myself: There are not many men in this world, after all, that it will not pay us to go to school to—for something or other.

I should never have been able, indeed, to get the cow and calf home, last night at least, if it had not been for my chance friend. He knew exactly what to do and how to do it. He wore a stout coat of denim, rather long in the skirts. This he slipped off, while I looked on in some astonishment, and spread it out on the ground. He placed my staff under one side of it and found another stick nearly the same size for the other side. These he wound into the coat until he had made a sort of stretcher. Upon this we placed the unresisting calf. What a fine one it was! Then, he in front and I behind, we carried the stretcher and its burden out of the wood. The cow followed, sometimes threatening, sometimes bellowing, sometimes starting off wildly, head and tail in the air, only to rush back and, venturing up with trembling muscles, touch her tongue to the calf, uttering low maternal sounds.

"Keep steady," said Mr. Purdy, "and everything'll be all right."

When we came to the brook we stopped to rest. I think my companion would have liked to start his argument again, but he was too short of breath.

It was a prime spring evening! The frogs were tuning up. I heard a drowsy cow-bell somewhere over the hills in the pasture. The brown cow, with eager, outstretched neck, was licking her calf as it lay

there on the improvised stretcher. I looked up at the sky, a blue avenue of heaven between the tree tops, and suddenly the discussion we had just been having came back to me in a wholly new aspect; I felt the peculiar sense of mystery which nature so commonly conveys, and I thought:

"I have been too sure! What do we know after all! My friend is talking of his future heavens and hells; why may there not be future heavens and hells—'other heavens for other earths'? We do not know—we do not know——"

So, carrying the calf, in the cool of the evening, we came at last to my yard. We had no sooner put the calf down than it jumped nimbly to its feet and ran, wobbling absurdly, to meet its mother.

"The rascal," I said, "after all our work."

"It's the nature of the animal," said Mr. Purdy, as he put on his coat.

I could not thank him enough. I invited him to stay with us to supper, but he said he must hurry home.

"Then come down soon to see me," I said, "and we will settle this question as to the existence of a hell."

He stepped up close to me and said, with an appealing note in his voice:

"You do not really believe in a hell, do you?"

How human nature loves conclusiveness: nothing short of the categorical will satisfy us! What I said to Mr. Purdy evidently

appeased him, for he seized my hand and shook and shook.

"We haven't understood each other," he said eagerly. "You don't believe in eternal damnation any more than I do." Then he added, as though some new uncertainty puzzled him, "Do you?"

Finally, however, he went down the lane. I suppose he will continue to go his way combating, gently, with his little biblical book, the fire and brimstone of an historic hell!

At supper—what a good supper it was, too! hot biscuits and honey!—I was telling Harriet with gusto of my great experiences. Suddenly she broke out:

"What was his name?"

"Purdy."

"Why, he's the infidel that Mrs. Horace tells about!"

"Is that possible?" I said, and I dropped my knife and fork. The strangest sensation came over me.

"Why," I said, "then I'm an infidel too!"

So I laughed and I've been laughing gloriously ever since—at myself, at the infidel, at the entire neighborhood. I recalled that delightful character in "The Vicar of Wakefield" (my friend the Scotch Preacher loves to tell about him), who seasons error by crying out "Fudge!"

"Fudge!" I said.

We're all poor sinners!

Off for the cotton fields

Photograph by Julian A. Dimock

FOLLOWING THE COLOR LINE

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. B. PHELAN AND OTHERS

IN THE BLACK BELT

THE cotton picking season was drawing to its close when I left for the black belt of Georgia. So many friends in Atlanta had said:

"The city Negro isn't the real Negro. You must go out on the cotton plantations in the country; there you'll see the genuine black African in all his primitive glory."

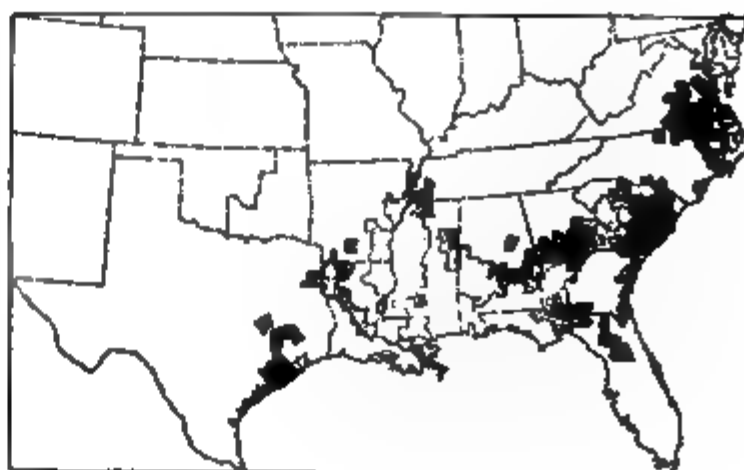
It is quite true that the typical Negro is a farmer. The great mass of the race in the South dwells in the country. According to the last census, out of 8,000,000

Negroes in the Southern states 6,558,173, or 83 per cent., lived on the farms or in rural villages. The crowded city life which I have already described represents not the common condition of the mass of the Negro race but the newer development which accompanies the growth of industrial and urban life. In the city the races are forced more violently together, socially and economically, than in the country, producing acute crises, but it is in the old agricultural regions where the Negro is in such masses, where ideas change slowly, and old institutions persist, that the problem really presents the greatest difficulties.

There is no better time of year to see the South than November: for then it wears the smile of abundance. The country I went through—rolling red hills, or black bottoms, pine-clad in places, with pleasant farm openings dotted with cabins, often dilapidated but picturesque, and the busy little towns—wore somehow an air of brisk comfort. The fields were lively with Negro cotton pickers; I saw bursting loads of the new lint drawn by mules or oxen, trailing along the country roads; all the gins were puffing busily; at each station platform cotton bales by scores or hundreds stood ready for shipment and the towns were cheerful with farmers white and black, who now had money to spend. The heat of the summer had gone, the air bore the tang of a brisk autumn coolness. It was a good time of year—and everybody seemed to feel it. Many Negroes got on or off at every station, and with laughter and shouted good-byes.

What is the Black Belt?

And so, just at evening, after a really interesting journey, I reached Hawkinsville, a thriving town of some 3,000 people just south of the center of Georgia. Pulaski County, of which Hawkinsville is the seat, with an ambitious new court house, is a typical county of the black belt. A census map which is here reproduced well shows the region of largest proportionate Negro



THE BLACK BELT

In the region shaded more than half the inhabitants are Negroes

groes—chiefly farm Negroes. There the race question, though perhaps not so immediately difficult as in cities like Atlanta, is with both white and colored people the imminent problem of daily existence. Several times while in the black belt I was amused at the ardent response of people to whom I mentioned the fact that I had already seen something of conditions in Kentucky, Maryland, and Virginia:

"Why, they haven't any Negro problem. They're *North*."

In Maryland, Kentucky, and Texas the problem is a sharp irritant—as it is, for that matter, in Ohio, in Indianapolis and on the West side of New York City—but it is not the life and death question that it is in the black belt or in the Yazoo delta.

All the country of Central Georgia has been long settled. Pulaski County was laid out in 1808 and yet the population to-day may be considered sparse. The entire county has only 8,000 white people, a large proportion of whom live in the towns of Hawkinsville and Cochran, and 12,000 Negroes, leaving not inconsiderable areas of forest and uncultivated land which will some day become immensely valuable.

A Southern Country Gentleman

At Hawkinsville I met J. Pope Brown, the leading citizen of the county. In many ways he is an example of the best type of the new Southerner. In every way open to him, and with energy, he is devoting himself to the improvement of his community. For five years he was president of the State Agricultural Society; he has been a member of the legis-

Resting

population, extending from South Carolina through central Georgia and Alabama to Mississippi. More than half the inhabitants of all this broad belt, including also the Atlantic coastal counties and the lower Mississippi valley (as shaded on the map), are Ne-

*Drinking fountain, Hawkinsville;
one side for white
other for Negroes*

Reynolds' Hotel at Hawkinsville,

Supply store, Brownsville, Mississippi

J. POPE BROWN

*house and Negro
quarters belonging to Mr. Brown*



lature and chairman of the Georgia Railroad Commission, and he represents all that is best in the new progressive movement in the South.

One of the unpleasant features of the villages in the South—I heard it everywhere from travelers, and I have already had an experience or two of my own—are the poor hotels. In accounting for this condition I heard a story illustrating the attitude of the old South toward public accommodations. A number of years ago, before the death of Robert Toombs, who, as a member of Jefferson Davis's cabinet was called the "backbone of the confederacy," the spirit of progress reached the town where Toombs lived. The thing most needed was a new hotel. The business men got together and subscribed money with enthusiasm, counting upon Toombs, who was their richest man, for the largest subscription. But when they finally went to him, he said:

"What do we want of a hotel? When a gentleman comes to town I will entertain him myself; those who are not gentlemen we don't want!"

That was the old spirit of aristocratic individualism: the town did not get its hotel.

One of the public enterprises of Mr. Brown at Hawkinsville is a good hotel;

and what is rarer still, North or South, he has made his hotel building really worthy architecturally.

Mr. Brown took me out to his plantation—a drive of some eight miles. In common with most of the larger plantation owners, as I found not only in Georgia, but in other Southern states which I have since visited, Mr. Brown makes his home in the city. After a while I came to feel a reasonable confidence in assuming that almost any prominent merchant, banker, lawyer or politician whom I met in the towns owned a plantation in the country. From a great many stories of the fortunes of families that I heard I concluded that the movement of white owners from the land to nearby towns was increasing every year. High prices for cotton and consequent prosperity seem to have accelerated rather than retarded the movement. White planters can now afford to live in town where they can have the comforts and conveniences, where the servant question is not impossibly difficult, and where there are good schools for the children. Another potent reason for the movement is the growing fear of the whites, and especially the women and children, at living alone on great farms where white neighbors are distant. Although Pulaski County has never had a crime of a Negro against a white

--

"The great simmering syrup kettle, with an expert Negro at work stirring and skimming"

woman, or a lynching—indeed, statistics show that less crime is committed in the black belt than in other parts of the South—I found that the fear was not absent even among these people.

Since my article on the Atlanta riot was published I have received a letter from a white man, P. S. George, of Greenwood, Mississippi, which expresses the white point of view with singular earnestness:

"I live in a county of large plantations: if there are 40,000 people in that county, at least 30,000 are Negroes, and we never have any friction between the races. I have been here as a man for twenty years and I never heard of but one case of attempted assault by a Negro on a white woman. That Negro was taken out and hanged. I said that we never had any trouble with Negroes, but it's because we never take our eyes off the gun. You may wager that I never leave my wife and daughter at home without a man in the house after ten o'clock at night—because I am afraid."

As a result of these various influences a traveler in the black belt sees many plantation houses, even those built in recent

years, standing vacant and forlorn or else occupied by white overseers, who are in many parts of the South almost as difficult to keep as the Negro tenants.

Thousands of small white farmers, both owners and renters, of course, remain, but when the leading planters leave the country, these men, too, grow discontented and get away at the first opportunity. Going to town, they find ready employment for the whole family in the cotton mill or in other industries where they make more money and live with a degree of comfort that they never before imagined possible.

Story of the Mill People

Many cotton mills, indeed, employ agents whose business it is to go out through the country urging the white farmers to come to town and painting glowing pictures of the possibilities of life there. I have visited a number of mill neighborhoods and talked with the operatives. I found the older men sometimes homesick for the free life of the farm. One lanky old fellow said rather pathetically:

"The fields were lively with Negro cotton pickers"

"When it comes to cotton picking time and I know that they are grinding cane and hunting possums, I jest naturally get lonesome for the country."

But nothing would persuade the women and children to go back to the old hard life. Hawkinsville has a small cotton mill and just such a community of white workers around it. Owing to scarcity of labor, wages in the mills have been going up rapidly all over the South in the last two or three years, furnishing a still more potent attraction for country people.

All these various tendencies are uniting to produce some very remarkable conditions in the South. They are apparently bringing about a natural segregation of the races. I saw it everywhere I went in the black belt. The white people were gravitating toward the towns or into white neighborhoods and leaving the land, even though still owned by white men, more and more to the exclusive occupation of Negroes. Many black counties are growing blacker while not a few white counties are growing whiter.

Take, for example, Pulaski County, through which I drove that November morning with Mr. Brown. In 1870 the colored and white population were almost exactly equal—about 6,000 for each. In 1880 the Negroes had increased to 8,225 while the whites showed an actual loss. By 1890 the towns had begun to improve

and the white population grew by about 700, but the Negroes increased nearly 2,000. And, finally, here are the figures for 1900: Negroes 11,029. Whites 7,460.

I have not wished to darken our observations with too many statistics, but this tendency is so remarkable that I wish to set down for comparison the figures of a "white county" in northern Georgia—Polk County—which is growing whiter every year.

	Negroes	Whites
1880.....	4,147	7,805
1890.....	4,654	10,289
1900.....	4,916	12,940

Driving out Negroes

One of the most active causes of this remarkable movement is downright fear—or race repulsion expressing itself in fear. White people dislike and fear to live in dense colored neighborhoods, while Negroes are often terrorized in white neighborhoods—and not in the South only but in parts of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, as I shall show when I come to treat of Northern race conditions. I have accumulated many instances showing how Negroes are expelled from white neighborhoods. There is a significant report from Little Rock, Arkansas:

Special to the Georgian.

"Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 1. Practically every Negro in Evening Shade, Sharp

County, in this State, has left town as the result of threats which have been made against the Negroes. For several years a small colony of Negroes has lived just on the outskirts of the town. A short time ago notices were posted warning the Negroes to leave the country at once. About the same time Joe Brooks, a Negro who lived with his family two miles north of town, was called to his door and fired upon by unknown persons. A load of shot struck the house close by his side and some of the

of Waurika, demand the Negroes to leave here at once. We mean Go! Leave in twenty-four hours, or after that time your life is uncertain.' These were the words on placards which the eighty Negroes of the town of Waurika, forty miles south of Lawton, saw posted conspicuously in a number of public places this morning.

"Dispatches from there to-night stated that the whites are in earnest, and that the Negroes will be killed if they do not leave town."

Evidences of abundance

shot entered his arm. Brooks and his family have left the country, and practically every member of the Negro colony has gone. They have abandoned their property or disposed of it for whatever they could get."

From the New Orleans *Times Democrat* of March 20, 1907, I cut the following dispatch showing one method pursued by the whites of Oklahoma:

"BLACKS ORDERED OUT"

"Lawton, Okla., March 20. 'Negroes, beware the cappers. We, the Sixty Sons

Not a few students of Southern conditions like John Temple Graves among the whites and Bishop Turner among the colored people have argued that actual physical separation of the races (either by deportation of the Negroes to Africa or elsewhere or by giving them certain reservation-like parts of the South to live in) is the only solution. And here is, in actuality, a natural segregation going forward in certain parts of the South, though in a very different way from that recommended by Mr. Graves and Bishop Turner; for even in the blackest counties the white people

A "POOR WHITE" FAMILY

"Among them is a spirit of pride and independence which, rightly directed, would uplift and make them prosperous, but which, misguided and blind, as it sometimes is, keeps them in poverty"

own most of the land, occupy the towns, and dominate everywhere politically, socially, and industrially.

Mr. Brown's plantation contains about 5,000 acres, of which some 3,500 acres are in cultivation, a beautiful rolling country, well watered, with here and there clumps of pines, and dotted with the small homes of the tenantry.

As we drove along the country road we met or passed many Negroes who bowed with the greatest deference. Some were walking, but many drove horses or mules and rode not infrequently in top buggies, looking most prosperous, as indeed Mr. Brown informed me that they were. He knew them all, and sometimes stopped to ask them how they were getting along. The outward relationships between the races in the country seem to me to be smoother than in the city.

Cotton, as in all this country, is almost the exclusive crop. In spite of the constant preaching of agricultural reformers, like Mr. Brown himself, hardly enough corn is raised to supply the people with food, and I was surprised here and elsewhere at seeing so few cattle and hogs. Sheep are non-existent. In Hawkinsville, though the country round about raises excellent grass,

I saw in front of a supply store bales of hay which had been shipped in 400 miles—from Tennessee. Enough sugar cane is raised, mostly in small patches, to supply syrup for domestic uses. At the time of my visit the Negroes were in the cane-fields with their long knives, getting in the crop. We saw several little one-horse grinding mills pressing the juice from the cane, while near at hand, sheltered by a shanty-like roof, was the great simmering syrup kettle, with an expert Negro at work stirring and skimming. And always there were Negroes round about, all the boys and girls with jolly smeared faces—and the older ones peeling and sucking the fresh cane.

It is a great time of year!

How does the landlord—and a lord he is in a very true sense—manage his great estate? The same system is in use with slight variations everywhere in the cotton country and a description of Mr. Brown's methods, with references here and there to what I have seen or heard elsewhere, will give an excellent idea of the common procedure.

A Country of Great Plantations

The black belt is a country of great plantations, some having as high as 30,000 acres,

interspersed with smaller farms owned by the poorer white farmers or Negroes. In one way the conditions are remarkably like those prevailing in Ireland: great landlords and a poor tenantry or peasantry, the tenants here being very largely black.

It requires about 100 families, or 600 people, to operate Mr. Brown's plantation. Of these, ninety per cent. are colored and ten per cent. white. I was much interested in what Mr. Brown said about his Negro tenants, which varies somewhat from the impression I had in the city of the younger Negro generation.

"I would much rather have young Negroes for tenants," he said, "because they work better and seem more disposed to take care of their farms. The old Negroes ordinarily will shirk—a habit of slavery."

Besides the residence of the overseer and the homes of the tenants there is on the plantation a supply store owned by Mr. Brown, a blacksmith shop and a Negro church, which is also used as a school house. This is, I found all through the black belt, a common equipment.

Three different methods are pursued by the landlord in getting his land cultivated. First, the better class of tenants rent the land for cash, a "standing rent" of some \$3 an acre, though in many places in Mississippi it ranges as high as \$6 and \$8 an acre. Second, a share-crop rental, in which the landlord and the tenant divide the cotton and corn produced. Third, the ordinary wage system: that is, the landlord hires workers at so much a month and puts in his own crop. All three of these methods are usually employed on the larger plantations. Mr. Brown rents 2,500 acres for cash, 400 on shares, and farms 600 himself with wage workers.

All the methods of land measurement are very different here from what they are in the North. The plantation is irregularly divided up into what are called one-mule or one-plow farms—just that amount of land which a family can cultivate with one mule—usually about thirty acres. Some ambitious tenants will take a two-mule or even a four-mule farm.

The Negro Tenant

Most of the tenants, especially the Negroes, are very poor, and wholly dependent upon the landlord. Many Negro

families possess practically nothing of their own, save their ragged clothing, and a few dollars' worth of household furniture, cooking utensils and a gun. The landlord must therefore supply them not only with enough to live on while they are making their crop, but with the entire farming outfit. Let us say that a Negro comes in November to rent a one-mule farm from the landlord for the coming year.

"What have you got?" asks the landlord. "Nothin', boss," he is quite likely to say.

The "boss" furnishes him with a cabin to live in—which goes with the land rented—a mule, a plow, possibly a one-horse wagon and a few tools. He is often given a few dollars in cash near Christmas time which (ordinarily) he immediately spends—wastes. He is then allowed to draw upon the plantation supply store a regular amount of corn to feed his mule, and meat, bread and tobacco, and some clothing for his family. The cost of the entire outfit and supplies for a year is in the neighborhood of \$300, upon which the tenant pays interest at from 10 to 30 per cent. from the time of signing the contract in November, although most of the supplies are not taken out until the next summer. Besides this interest the planter also makes a large profit on all the groceries and other necessities furnished by his supply store. Having made his contract the Negro goes to work with his whole family and keeps at it until the next fall when the cotton is all picked and ginned. Then he comes in for his "settlement"—a great time of year. The settlements were going forward while I was in the black belt. The Negro is credited with the amount of cotton he brings in and he is charged with all the supplies he has had, and interest, together with the rent of his thirty acres of land. If the season has been good and he has been industrious, he will often have a nice profit in cash, but sometimes he not only does not come out even, but closes his year of work actually in deeper debt to the landlord.

Some Negroes, nowadays usually of the poorer sort, work for wages. They get from \$12 to \$15 a month (against \$5 to \$8 a few years ago) with a cabin to live in. They are allowed a garden patch, where they can, if they are industrious and their families help, raise enough vegetables to feed them comfortably, or part of a bale of cotton, which is their own. But it is sadly to be commented upon that few

Negro tenants, or whites either, as far as I could see, do anything with their gardens save perhaps to raise a few collards, peanuts and peppers—and possibly a few sweet potatoes. This is due in part to indolence and lack of ambition, and in part to the steady work required by the planter. The wife and children of an industrious wage-working Negro nearly always help in the fields, earning an additional income from chopping cotton in spring and picking the lint in the fall.

This is the system as it is in theory: but the interest for us lies not in the plan, but in the actual practice. How does it all work out for good or for evil, for landlord and for tenant?

Tenantry in the South is a very different thing from what it is in the North. In the North, a man who rents a farm is nearly as free to do as he pleases as if he were the owner. But in the South, the present tenant system is much nearer the condition that prevailed in slavery times than it is to the present Northern tenant system. This grows naturally out of slavery: the white man had learned to operate big plantations with ignorant help; and the Negro on his part had no training for any other system. The white man was the natural master and the Negro the natural dependant and a mere Emancipation Proclamation did not at once change the *spirit* of the relationship.

To-day a white overseer resides on every large plantation and he or the owner himself looks after and disciplines the tenants. The tenant is in debt to him (in some cases reaching a veritable condition of debt slavery or peonage) and he *must* see that the crop is made. Hence he watches the work of every Negro (and indeed that of the white tenants as well), sees that the land is properly fertilized, that the dikes (to prevent washing) are kept up, that the cotton is properly chopped (thinned) and regularly cultivated. Some of the greater land owners employ assistant overseers or "riders" who are constantly traveling from farm to farm. On one plantation I saw four such riders start out one day, each with a rifle on his saddle. And on a South Carolina plantation I had a glimpse of one method of discipline. A planter was telling me of his difficulties—how a spirit of unruliness sometimes swept abroad through a plantation, inspired by some "bigoty nigger."

"Do you know what I do with such cases?" he said. "Come with me, I'll show you."

He took me back through his house to the broad porch and reaching up to a shelf over the door he took down a hickory wagon spoke, as long as my arm.

"When there's trouble," he said, "I just go down with that and lay one or two of 'em out. That ends the trouble. We've got to do it; they're like children and once in a while they simply have to be punished. It's far better for them to take it this way, from a white man who is their friend, than to be arrested and taken to court and sent to the chain gang."

Troubles of the Landlord

Planters told me of all sorts of difficulties they had to meet with their tenants. One of them, after he had spent a whole evening telling me of the troubles which confronted any man who tried to work Negroes, summed it all up with the remark:

"You've just got to make up your mind that you are dealing with children, and handle them as firmly and kindly as you know how."

He told me how hard it was to get a Negro tenant even in the busy season to work a full week—and it was often only by withholding the weekly food allowance that it could be done. Saturday afternoon (or "evening" as they say in the South) the Negro goes to town or visits his friends. Often he spends all day Sunday driving about the country and his mule comes back so worn out that it cannot be used on Monday. There are often furious religious revivals which break into the work, to say nothing of "frolics" and fish suppers at which the Negroes often remain all night long. Many of them are careless with their tools, wasteful of supplies, irresponsible in their promises. One planter told me how he had built neat fences around the homes of his Negroes, and fixed up their houses to encourage them in thrift and give them more comfort, only to have the fences and even parts of the houses used for firewood.

Toward fall, if the season has been bad, and the crop of cotton is short, so short that a Negro knows that he will not be able to "pay out" and have anything left for himself, he will sometimes desert the plantation entirely, leaving the cotton unpicked and

a large debt to the landlord. If he attempts that, however, he must get entirely away, else the planter will chase him down and bring him back to his work. Illiterate, without discipline or training, with little ambition and much indolence, a large proportion of Negro tenants are looked after and driven like children or slaves. I say "a large proportion"—but there are thousands of industrious Negro land owners and tenants who are rapidly getting ahead—as I shall show next month.

In this connection it is a noteworthy fact that a considerable number of the white tenants require almost as much attention as the Negroes, though they are, of course, treated in an entirely different way. One planter in Alabama said to me:

"Give me Negroes every time. I wouldn't have a low-down white tenant on my place. You can get work out of any Negro if you know how to handle him: but there are some white men who won't work and can't be driven, because they are white."

Race Troubles in the Country

In short, when slavery was abolished it gave place to a sort of feudal tenantry system which continues widely to-day. And it has worked with comparative satisfaction, at least to the landlords, until within the last few years, when the next step in the usual evolution of human society—industrial and urban development—began seriously to disturb the feudal equilibrium of the cotton country. It was a curious idea—human enough—that men should attempt to legislate slaves immediately into freedom. But Nature takes her own methods of freeing slaves; they are slower than men's ways, but more certain.

The change now going on in the South from the feudal agricultural life to sharpened modern conditions has brought difficulties for the planter compared with which all others pale into insignificance. I mean the scarcity of labor. Industry is competing with agriculture for the limited supply of Negro workers. Negroes, responding to exactly the same natural laws that control the white farmers, have been moving cityward, entering other occupations, migrating west or north—where more money is to be made. Agricultural wages have therefore gone up and rents, relatively, have gone down; and had the South not been blessed for several

years with wonderful returns from its monopoly crop, there might have been a more serious crisis.

Cry of the South: "More Labor"

If the South to-day could articulate its chief need, we should hear a single great shout:

"More labor!"

Out of this struggle for tenants, servants and workers, has grown the chief complications of the Negro problem—and I am not forgetting race prejudice, or the crimes against women. Indeed, it has seemed to me that the chief difficulty in understanding the Negro problem lies in showing how much of the complication in the South is due to economic readjustments and how much to instinctive race repulsion or race prejudice.

A Tenant Stealer

In one town I visited—not Hawkinsville—I was standing talking with some gentlemen in the street when I saw a man drive by in a buggy.

"Do you see that man?" they asked me.

I nodded.

"Well, he is the greatest tenant-stealer in this country."

I heard a good deal about these "tenant stealers." A whole neighborhood will execrate one planter who, to keep his land cultivated, will lure away his neighbor's Negroes. Sometimes he will offer more wages, sometimes he will give the tenants better houses to live in, and sometimes he succeeds by that sheer force of a masterful personality which easily controls an ignorant tenantry.

I found, moreover, that there was not only a struggle between individual planters for Negro tenants, but between states and sections. Many of the old farms in South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama have been used so long that they require a steady and heavy annual treatment of fertilizer, with the result that cotton growing costs more than it does in the rich alluvial lands of Mississippi, or the newer regions of Arkansas and Texas. The result is that the planters of the West, being able to pay more wages and give the tenants better terms, lure away the Negroes of the East. Georgia and other states have met this competitive

disadvantage in the usual way in which such disadvantages, when first felt but not fully understood, are met, by counteracting legislation. Georgia has made the most stringent laws to keep her Negroes on the land. The Georgia code (Section 601) says:

"Any person who shall solicit or procure emigrants, or shall attempt to do so, without first procuring a license as required by law, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

Ex-Congressman William H. Fleming, one of the ablest statesmen of Georgia, said:

"Land and other forms of capital cannot spare the Negro and will not give him up until a substitute is found. His labor is worth millions upon millions. In Georgia we now make it a crime for any one to solicit emigrants without taking out a license and then we make the license as nearly prohibitive as possible. One of the most dangerous occupations for any one to follow in this state would be that of an emigrant agent—as some have found by experience."

In this connection I have an account published in April in an Augusta newspaper of just such a case:

"The heaviest fine given in the city court of Richmond County within the last two years was imposed upon E. F. Arnett yesterday morning. He was sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand dollars or serve six months in the county jail.

"Arnett was convicted of violating the state emigration laws regarding the carrying of labor out of the state. He was alleged to have employed thirteen negroes to work on the Georgia and Atlantic Railroad, which operates in this state and Alabama. The jury on the case returned a verdict of guilty when court convened yesterday, although it had been reported that a mistrial was probable."

"Peg Leg" Williams

A famous railroad emigration agent called "Peg Leg" Williams, who promoted Negro emigration from Georgia to Mississippi and Texas a few years ago, was repeatedly prosecuted and finally driven out of business. In a letter which he wrote some time ago to the *Atlanta Constitution* he said:

"I know of several counties not a hundred miles from Atlanta where it's more than a man's life is worth to go into to get Negroes to move to some other state. There are farmers that would not hesitate to shoot their brother were he to come from Mississippi to get 'his niggers,' as he calls them,

even though he had no contract with them. I know personally numbers of Negro men who have moved West and after accumulating a little, returned to get a brother, sister, or an old father or mother, and they were compelled to return without them, their lives being imperilled; they had to leave and leave quick."

In view of such a feeling it may be imagined how futile is the talk of the deportation of the Negro race. What the Southern planter wants to-day is not fewer Negroes but more Negroes—Negroes who will "keep their place."

Laws to Make the Negro Work

Many other laws have been passed in the Southern states which are designed to keep the Negro on the land, and having him there, to make him work. The contract law, the abuses of which lead to peonage and debt slavery, is an excellent example—which I shall discuss more fully in the next article. The criminal laws, the chain-gang system, and the hiring of Negro convicts to private individuals are all, in one way or another, devices to keep the Negro at work on farms, in brick-yards and in mines. The vagrancy laws, not unlike those of the North and excellent in their purpose, are here sometimes executed with great severity. In Alabama the last legislature passed a law under which a Negro arrested for vagrancy must prove that he is not a vagrant. In short, the old rule of law that a man is innocent until proved guilty is here reversed for the Negro so that the burden of proving that he is not guilty of vagrancy rests upon him, not upon the state. The last Alabama legislature also passed a stringent game law, one argument in its favor being that by preventing the Negro from pot-hunting it would force him to work more steadily in the cotton fields.

Race Hatred Versus Economic Necessity

One of the most significant things I saw in the South—and I saw it everywhere—was the way in which the white people were torn between their feeling of race prejudice and their downright economic needs. Hating and fearing the Negro as a race (though often loving individual Negroes), they yet want him to work for them; they

can't get along without him. In one impulse a community will rise to mob Negroes or to drive them out of the country because of Negro crime or Negro vagrancy, or because the Negro is becoming educated, acquiring property and "getting out of his place"; and in the next impulse laws are passed or other remarkable measures taken to keep him at work—because the South can't get along without him. From the *Atlanta Georgian* I cut recently a letter which well illustrates the way in which racial hatred clashes with economic necessity.

Troubles of Country Folk

"But aren't there two sides to every question? Here we are out here in the country, right in the midst of hundreds of negroes, and do you know, sir, that all this talk about lynching and ku-kluxing is frightening the farm hands to such an extent we begin to fear that soon the farmers will sustain a great loss of labor, by their running away? Already it is beginning to have its effect. After night the negroes are afraid to leave their farm to go anywhere on errands of business. Why, sir, two miles from this town, the negroes are afraid to come here to trade at night. The country merchants are feeling the force of it very sorely, and if this foolishness isn't stopped their losses in fall trade will be very heavy.

"Even some of the ladies of our community are complaining of this rashness. That it is demoralizing the labor in the home department. So in conclusion, in behalf of my community and other country communities, I feel it my duty to raise a warning voice against all such new foolish ku-kluxism.

"Mableton, Ga.

T. J. Lowe."

While I was in Georgia a case came up which threw a flood of light upon the inner complexities of this problem. In the county of Habersham in North Georgia the population is largely of the type known as "poor white"—the famous mountain folk who were never slave-owners and many of whom fought in the Union army during the Civil War. Habersham is one of the "white counties" which is growing whiter. It has about 2,000 Negroes and 12,000 whites—many of the latter having come in from the North to grow peaches and raise sheep. One of the Negroes of Habersham County was Frank Grant, described by a white neighbor as "a Negro of good character, a property owner, setting an example of thrift and honesty that ought to have made his example a benefit to any community."

Grant had saved money from his labor and bought a home. He was such a good

worker that people were willing sometimes to pay him twice the wages of the average laborer, white or black. On the night of December 16, 1906, the Negro's house was fired into by a party of white men who then went to the house of his tenant, Henry Scism, also a Negro, and shot promiscuously around Scism's house, and warned him to leave the county in one week, threatening him with severe penalties if he did not go. As a result Grant had to sell out his little home, won after such hard work, and he and his tenant Scism with their families both fled the country.

"In Grant," said his white neighbor, "the county lost a capable laborer—in its present situation, a most valuable asset—and a good citizen."

Here, then, we have race hatred versus economic necessity. The important citizens and employers of Habersham County came to Atlanta and issued a petition to Governor Terrell, January 18, 1907, as follows:

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY, J. M. TERRELL,
GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA; ATLANTA:

"Whereas, on the night of December 16, 1906, parties unknown came to the quiet home of one Frank Grant, colored, a citizen of this county, and shot into his residence, and then went to the home of Henry Scism, colored, a tenant of said Frank Grant, and shot promiscuously around his (the said Scism's) house, and demanded of him to leave the county under severe penalty.

"This has caused the tenant, Henry Scism, to leave, and Frank Grant to sell his little house at a sacrifice and leave. It comes to us that Frank Grant is a quiet, innocent, hard-working citizen. Therefore, we, the undersigned officers and citizens of Habersham County, Georgia, pray you to offer a liberal reward for the arrest and conviction of these unknown parties—say \$100 for the first and \$50 for each succeeding one.

"(Signed) C. W. GRANT,

County School Commissioner.

"J. A. ERWIN CLERK, S. C.,

"M. FRANKLIN, Ordinary,

"J. D. HILL, T. C. H. C."

But, of course, nothing could be done that would keep the Negroes on the land under such conditions.

Why Negroes are Driven Out

What does it all mean? Listen to the explanation given by a prominent white man of Habersham County—not to me—but to the *Atlanta Georgian*, where it was published:

"It is not a problem of Negro labor,

because there is very little of that kind there. The white labor will not work for the fruit growers at prices they can afford, even when it is a good fruit year. Often they decline to work at any price. They have many admirable qualities; among them is a spirit of pride and independence, which, rightly directed, would uplift and make them prosperous, but which, misguided and blind, as it sometimes is, keeps them in poverty and puts the region in which they live at great disadvantage.

"Land owners and employers, native, and new, are indignant but helpless. They are in the power of the shiftless element of the whites, who say, 'I will work or not, as I please, and when I please, and at my own price; and I will not have Negroes taking my work away from me.' This is not a race question, pure and simple; it is an industrial question, a labor issue, not confined to one part of the country."

Here, it will be observed, the same complaint is made against the "poor white" as against the Negro—that he is shiftless and that he won't work even for high wages.

Generally speaking, the race hatred in the South comes chiefly from the poorer class of whites who either own land which they work themselves or are tenant farmers in competition with Negroes and from politicians who seek to win the votes of this class of white men. The larger land owners and employers of labor, while they do not love the Negro, want him to work and work steadily, and will do almost anything to keep him on the land—so long as he is a faithful, obedient, unambitious worker. When he becomes prosperous, or educated, or owns land, many white people no longer "have any use for him" and turn upon him with hostility, but the best type of the Southern white man is not only glad to see the Negro become a prosperous and independent farmer but will do much to help him, as I shall show in my next article.

Vivid Illustration of Race Feeling

I have had innumerable illustrations of the extremes to which race feeling reaches among a certain class of Southerners. In a letter to the *Atlanta Constitution*, November 5, 1906, a writer who signs himself Mark Johnson, says:

"The only use we have for the Negro is as

a laborer. It is only as such that we need him: it is only as such that we can use him. If the North wants to take him and educate him we will bid him god-speed and contribute to his education if schools are located on the other side of the line."

And here are extracts from a remarkable letter from a Southern white working man signing himself Forrest Pope and published in the *Atlanta Georgian*, October 22, 1906:

"When the skilled negro appears and begins to elbow the white man in the struggle for existence, don't you know the white man rebels and won't have it so? If you don't it won't take you long to find it out; just go out and ask a few of them, those who will tell you the whole truth, and see what you will find out about it.

What is the Negro's Place?

"All genuine Southern people like the negro as a servant, and so long as he remains the hewer of wood and carrier of water, and remains strictly in what we choose to call his place, everything is all right, but when ambition, prompted by real education, causes the negro to grow restless and he bestirs himself to get out of that servile condition, then there is, or at least there will be, trouble, sure enough trouble, that all the great editors, parsons, and philosophers can no more check than they can now state the whole truth and nothing but the truth, about this all-absorbing, far-reaching miserable race question. There are those among Southern editors and other public men who have been shouting into the ears of the North for twenty-five years that education would solve the negro question; there is not an honest, fearless, thinking man in the South but who knows that to be a bare-faced lie. Take a young negro of little more than ordinary intelligence, even, get hold of him in time, train him thoroughly as to books, and finish him up with a good industrial education, send him out into the South with ever so good intentions, both on the part of his benefactor and himself, send him to take my work away from me and I will kill him."

The writer says in another part of this remarkable letter, giving as it does a glimpse of the bare bones of the economic struggle for existence:

"I am, I believe, a typical Southern white

workingman of the skilled variety, and I'll tell the whole world, including Drs. Abbott and Eliot, that I don't want any educated property-owning negro around me. The negro would be desirable to me for what I could get out of him in the way of labor that I don't want to have to perform myself, and I have no other uses for him."

Who Will Do the Dirty Work?

One illustration more and I am through. I met at Montgomery, Alabama, a talented lawyer named Gustave Frederick Mertins. We were discussing "the problem"; and Mr. Mertins finally made a striking remark, not at all expressing the view that I heard from some of the strongest citizens of Montgomery, but excellently voicing the position of many Southerners.

"It's a question," he said, "who will do the dirty work. In this country the white man won't: the Negro must. There's got to be a mudsill somewhere. If you educate the Negroes they won't stay where they belong; and you must consider them as a race, because if you let a few rise it makes the others discontented."

Mr. Mertins presented me with a copy of his novel called "The Storm Signal,"

in which he further develops the idea (p. 342).

"The Negro is the mudsill of the social and industrial South to-day. Upon his labor in the field, in the forest, and in the mine, the whole structure rests. Slip the mudsill out and the system must be reorganized. . . . Educate him and he quits the field. Instruct him in the trades and sciences and he enters into active competition with the white man in what are called the higher planes of life. That competition brings on friction, and that friction in the end means the Negro's undoing."

Is not this mudsill stirring to-day, and is not that the deep reason for many of the troubles in the South—and in the North as well, where the negro has appeared in large numbers? The friction of competition has arrived, and despite the demand for justice by many of the best class of the Southern whites, the struggle is certainly of growing intensity.

And out of this economic struggle of whites and blacks grows an ethical struggle far more significant. It is the struggle of the white man with himself. How shall he, who is supreme in the South as in the North, treat the Negro? That is the *real* struggle!

(In his next article Mr. Baker will continue with Southern country conditions, treating of the "good" and "bad" landlord, of Negro farm ownership, of the workings of the contract law for good and evil, and of other related subjects.)

AN ANTIQUE ELEGY

BY WITTER BYNNER

O Mother, guard my little maid
Whom now I trust to you,
Comfort her if she seem afraid
Of arms and faces new!

A single year on yesterday
Had ended since she came,
Yet listen to the baby way
She knows me by my name!

Teach her to pity!—to divine
Dimly among the shades
How here on earth not one is mine
Of all the little maids!

O Earth, with flowers on her eyes,
Be thou as sweet as she!
Be thou as light where now she lies,
As she was light on thee!

ARETHUSA, A PRINCESS IN SLAVERY

A LOVE STORY OF OLD CONSTANTINOPLE

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "VIA CRUCIS," "A ROMAN SINGER," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

PART VII

CHAPTER XIV



HERE was consternation in little Omobono's face the next morning when he learnt that his master had gone out during the night, and had not come home.

The secretary would not believe it at first, and he went himself to Zeno's bedroom and saw that the couch had not been slept on; he could tell that easily, though it was not a bed but a narrow divan covered with a carpet; for the two leathern pillows were not disturbed, and the old dark-red cloak which Zeno always used as a covering was neatly folded in its place. It had been with him through the long campaign in Greece, and he had the almost affectionate associations with it which men of action often connect with objects that have served them well in dangerous times.

Zeno had not slept at home, and he had changed his clothes before going out. Questioned by Omobono, Vito could not say with any certainty what the master had put on; in fact, he could not tell at all. All the cloth hose and doublets and tunics were in their places in the cedar wardrobes and chests of drawers, except those he had taken off, which lay on a chair. It looked, said the servant, as if the master had gone out without any clothes at all!

Omobono felt that if he had been a

bigger man he would have boxed the fellow's ears for the impertinent suggestion. But it was not quite safe, for the man was a big Venetian gondolier and sailor. Besides, as he went on to explain, the master had often gone down to the marble steps at dawn for a plunge and a swim, with nothing but a sheet round him, coming back to dress in his room. Perhaps he had done so now, and perhaps——

The man stopped short. Perhaps Zeno was drowned. He looked at Omobono, but the secretary shook his head, and pointed to the undisturbed couch. Zeno would certainly not have gone out bathing before going to bed. Neither of them thought of looking into the small military trunk which stood in a dark corner, and from which Zeno had taken the leathern jerkin and stout hose which he had put on for the expedition.

Omobono had, of course, already questioned the slave-girls. They told what they knew, that the master had supped upstairs, and had dismissed them. When they came back to the room he was gone, they said; and this was true, since they had slept all night. The Kokóna was now asleep, they added; but they did not say that she was sleeping dressed as she had been on the previous evening, and looked very tired, for that was none of the secretary's business.

Omobono went up and down the stairs almost as often that morning as on the day of Zoë's first coming, and again and again he instructed Yulia to call him when her mistress awoke. The answer was always the same: the Kokóna was still asleep, and the secretary should be called as soon as she rose. At last he began to think that she,

NOTE.—I find that in using the name "Gullabi Gulbenkjan" I have quite unintentionally given offence to an Armenian gentleman to whom it belongs; I shall therefore substitute another name in its place, and even another nationality, when this story appears as a volume. I take this opportunity of expressing my regret for what can only be regarded as an unfortunate coincidence.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

too, had left the house, and that the girls were in the secret, and he threatened to go in and see for himself. To his surprise Yulia stood aside to let him pass, laying one finger on her lips as a warning to make no noise; for the little slave saw well enough that he suspected her of lying, and she was afraid of him in Zeno's absence. Seeing that she did not oppose him, he was convinced, and did not go in.

He would not send out messengers to ask for his master at the houses of the Venetian merchants, or at their places of business, for he had a true Italian's instinct to conceal from the outer world everything that happens in the house. Yet he found himself in a dilemma; for Zeno had invited Sebastian Polo, his wife, and his daughter, and other friends to dinner, and they would come, and be amazed to find that he was not there to receive them. Yet if word were sent to them not to come, Zeno might return in time and be justly angry; and then he would call the poor secretary something worse than a cackling hen. It was a terrible difficulty, and all the servants and slaves downstairs were chattering about it like magpies, except when the secretary was just passing. The cook sent to ask whether he was to prepare the dinner.

"Certainly," answered Omobono. "The master is no doubt gone out on pressing business, and will be back in plenty of time to receive his friends."

He tried to speak calmly, poor man, but he was in a terrible stew. Anxiety had brought out two round red spots on his gray cheeks; for once his trim beard was almost ruffled, and his small round eyes were haggard and bloodshot.

As the time for the arrival of the guests drew near, he felt his brain reeling, and the rooms whirled round him, till he felt that the universe was going raving mad, and that he was in the very center of it. Still Zoë slept, and still the master did not come.

At last there was but half an hour left. Omobono strained every nerve he possessed, and determined to meet the tremendous difficulty in a way that should elicit Zeno's admiration. He would receive the ladies and gentlemen as major-domo, he would make an excuse for his master, he would install them in their places at table, and would direct the service. Of the cook and the cellar the little man felt quite sure, and that was a great consolation in his extremity.

If he gave Zeno's friends of the best, and made a polite apology, and saw that nothing went wrong, it would be impossible to ask more of him or to suggest that he had failed in his duty. When the guests were gone he would go to bed and have an attack of fever; of that he felt quite sure, but then the terrible ordeal would be over, and it would be a relief to lie on his back and feel very ill.

Now in all this trouble it never occurred to him that his master was in any great danger or trouble, much less that he might have been killed in some mad adventure. Carlo Zeno had lived through such desperate perils again and again, so that Omobono had formed the habit of believing him to be indestructible, if not invulnerable, and sure to fall on his feet whatever happened. The secretary only wished he would not choose to disappear on the very day when he had asked five friends to dine with him.

Omobono stood in his fine clean shirt and his wine-colored hose, combing and smoothing his beard carefully with the help of a little mirror. While he was thus engaged some one tapped at his door, and a small voice informed him that Kokóna Arethusa was now awake, and wished to see him instantly. Though the door was not opened by the speaker, Omobono hastily laid down his glass and his comb, and struggled into his tunic as if his life depended on his getting it on before he answered.

"Tell the Kokóna that I am at her service," he said; "and that I shall be with her immediately."

"Yes, sir," said the small voice, and he heard the girl's retreating footsteps immediately after she had spoken.

A few moments later he was going up the stairs as fast as the tremendous tension of his hose would allow, and as he went he reflected with satisfaction that as major-domo he could not by any possibility be called upon to sit down in the presence of his master's guests.

One of the slave-girls ushered him into Zoë's presence. The latter was seated on the edge of the divan, looking anxiously toward the door when he entered, and for the first time since she had been in the house he saw her face uncovered. It was very pale, and there were deep shadows under her eyes. Her beautiful brown hair was in wild disorder, too, and fell in a loos-

ened tress upon one shoulder. The hand that rested on the edge of the divan strained upon a fold of the delicate silk carpet that covered the couch. She spoke as soon as Omobono appeared.

"Have you heard from him?" she asked anxiously. "Is he coming?"

It did not seem strange to the secretary that she should already know of Zeno's absence, since no one in the house could think or talk of anything else. On his part he was resolved to maintain the calm dignity becoming to the major-domo of a noble house.

"The master will doubtless come home when he has finished the urgent business that called him away," he answered. "In his absence, it will be my duty to make excuses to his guests——"

"Are they coming? Have you not sent them word to stay away?"

Omobono smiled in a sort of superiorly humble way.

"And what if the master should return just at the hour of dinner?" he asked. "What would he say if I had ventured to take upon myself such a responsibility? The Kokóna does not know the master! Happily I have been in his service too long not to understand my duty. If it pleases him to come home, he will find that his friends have been entertained as he desired. If he does not come, he will be glad to learn afterward that the proper excuses were offered to them for his unavoidable absence, and that they were treated with the honor due to their station."

Zoë stared at the secretary, really amazed by his calmness, and almost reassured by his evident belief in Zeno's safety. It was true that he knew nothing of the facts, and had not seen his master hanging by the end of a rope, fifty feet above the ground, within twelve hours. It would have been hard to imagine Omobono's state of mind if he had spent the night as Zoë had. But nevertheless his assurance rested her, and restored a little of her confidence in Zeno's good fortune. Of his courage and his strength she needed not to be reminded; but she knew well enough that unless chance were in his favor, he could never leave Blachernæ except to die.

"Do you really think he is safe?" Zoë asked, glad to hear the reassuring words, even in her own voice.

"Of course, Kokóna——"

But at this moment the sound of oars in the water, and of several voices talking together, came up through the open window from the landing below.

All Omobono's excitement returned at the thought that he might not get down the stairs in time to receive the guests at the marble steps just as the boats came alongside. Without another word he turned and fled precipitately.

Zoë had heard the voices too, and had understood; and, in spite of her anxiety, a gentle smile at the secretary's nervousness flitted across her tired face. The two slave-girls had run to the window to see who was coming, and as they had always been told not to show themselves at windows, they crouched down in the balcony and looked through the open-work of marble which formed the parapet.

Zoë rose to cross the room. In the first rush of memory that came with waking, she had almost forgotten that she had been hurt, and now she bit her lip as the pain shot down her right side. But she smiled almost instantly. She would rather have been hurt unawares by the man she loved, than that he should not have touched her at the very moment of going into danger. The memory of his crushing weight upon her for that instant was something she would not part with. Women know what that is. She thought how tenderly he would have stooped to kiss her, if he had known that she was lying there under the canvas. Instead, he had stepped upon her body; and it was almost better than a kiss, for that would have left nothing of itself; but now each movement that hurt her brought him close to her again.

She had received no real injury, but she limped as she walked to the window. Then she stood still just within it, where she could not see down to the steps below, but could talk with the slave-girls in a whisper. Doubtless, since Zeno had not wished her to be seen, she would not have shown herself; but she was quite conscious that she looked ill and tired, and by no means fit to face a rival who had been described to her as fresher than spring roses; so that the sacrifice was, after all, not so great as it might have been.

"Tell me what you see," she said to the maids.

Lucilla turned up her sallow little face.

"There are three," she answered.

"There is a Venetian lord, and his lady, and a young lady. At least, I suppose she is young."

"I should think you could see that," Zoë said.

"Her face is veiled," Lucilla replied, after peering down; "but I can see her hair. It is red, and she has a great deal of it."

"Red like Gullabi's wife's hair?" asked Zoë.

"Oh no! It is red like a lady's; for it is well dyed with the good khenna that comes from Alexandria. Now they are getting out—the old lady first—she is fat—the secretary and her husband help her on each side. She is all wrapped in a long green silk mantle embroidered with red roses. She is like a dish of spinach in flames. How fat she is!"

Lucilla shook a little, as if she were laughing internally.

"What does her daughter wear?" asked Zoë.

"A dark purple cloak, with a broad silver trimming."

"How hideous!" exclaimed Zoë, for no particular reason.

"The secretary bows to the ground," Lucilla said. "He is saying something."

She stopped speaking, and all three listened. Zoë could hear Omobono's voice quite distinctly.

"By a most unfortunate circumstance," he was saying, "Messer Carlo Zeno was obliged to go out on very urgent business, and has not yet returned. I am his secretary and major-domo, as your lordship may deign to remember. In my master's absence I have the honor to welcome his guests, and to wait upon them."

Sebastian Polo said something in answer to this fine speech; but in a low tone, and Zoë could not hear the words. Then a peculiarly disagreeable woman's voice asked a question. Zoë thought it sounded like something between the croaking of many frogs and the clucking of an old hen.

"We hope you will give us our dinner, whatever happens," said the lady, who seemed to be of a practical turn of mind.

"Is that the girl's voice?" asked Zoë of Lucilla, in a whisper.

The maid shook her head.

"The mother," she answered. "Now they are going in. I cannot hear what Omobono says, for he is leading the way. They are all gone."

Zoë did not care who else came, and now that the moment was over she was much less disturbed by the fact that Giustina was under the same roof with her than she had expected to be. She did not believe that Zeno had ever kissed Giustina, and he had certainly never stepped on her.

She let her maids do what they would with her now, hardly noticing the skill they showed in helping her to move, and in smoothing away the pain she felt, as only the people of the East know how to do it. As she did not speak to them, they dared not ask questions about the master's absence. They had left him with her when they had been sent away; they had slept till morning; when they awoke they had found Zoë lying on the divan asleep in her clothes, and the master had gone out of the house unseen and had not returned. That was as far as their knowledge went; but they were sure that she knew everything, and they hoped that if they pleased her even more than usual she would let fall some words of explanation, as mistresses sometimes do when their servants are particularly satisfactory. Most young women, when they are in a good humor, let their maids know what they have been doing; and as soon as they are cross the maids revenge themselves by telling the other servants everything. In this way the balance of power is maintained between the employer and the employed, like the hydrostatic equilibrium in the human body, which cannot be destroyed without bringing on a syncope.

But though Zoë felt very much less pain after Yulia and Lucilla had bathed her and rubbed her, and had gently pulled at all her joints till she felt supple and light again, she said nothing about Zeno; and though they dressed her so skillfully that she could not help smiling with pleasure when they showed her to herself in the large mirror they held up between them, yet she only thanked them kindly, and gave them each two spoonfuls of roseleaf preserve, which represented to them an almost heavenly delight, as she well knew, and which she herself did not at all despise. That was all, however; and they were a little disappointed, because she did not condescend to talk to them about the master's disappearance, which was the greatest event that had happened since they had all three lived under Zeno's roof.

Meanwhile Omobono was playing his part of major-domo downstairs, and had installed the guests at the table set for them in the large hall looking over the Golden Horn. After Polo and his wife, another Venetian merchant had arrived, the rich old banker Marin Cornèr, long established in Constantinople, and a friend of Sebastian Polo.

The three older guests were moderately sorry that Zeno was not present. But Giustina was inconsolable.

She was a big, sleepy creature with quantities of handsomely dyed hair, as Lucilla had told Zoë. She had large and regular features, a perfectly colorless white skin, and a discontented mouth. She often turned her eyes to see what was going on, without turning her head at all, as if she were too lazy to make even that small effort.

She was terribly disappointed and deeply offended by what seemed to her a deliberate insult; for she did not believe a word of Omobono's polite apology. The truth was that Zeno had only invited the party because her mother had invited herself in the hope of bringing him to the point of offering to marry Giustina. As a matter of fact nothing had ever been farther from his thoughts. Sebastian Polo, urged by his wife, had entered into the closest relations of business with Zeno, and had again and again given him a share in transactions that had been extraordinarily profitable. He had rendered it necessary for Zeno to see him often, and had made it easy by his constant hospitality; in these things lay the whole secret of Zeno's visits to his house. But seeing that matters did not take a matrimonial direction as quickly as she had expected, Polo's wife had adopted a course which she intended to make decisive; she had asked herself and her daughter to dine with Zeno. From this to hinting that he had compromised Giustina, and thence to extracting an offer of marriage, would be easy steps, familiar to every enterprising mother, since the beginning of the matrimonial ages.

Giustina understood her thoughtful parent's policy; she was therefore unhappy.

"My child," croaked her mother, "we fully understand your disappointment. But you should make an effort to be cheerful, if only for the sake of Messer Marin Cornèr, your father's valued friend."

"I beg you to excuse my dulness, madam," answered the daughter dutifully, and with all the ceremony that children were taught to use in addressing their parents. "I shall endeavor to obey you."

"Come, come, Donna Giustina!" cried Cornèr. "We will drink your health and happiness in this good——"

The sentence remained unfinished, and his lips did not close; as he set down the untasted wine, his eyes fixed themselves on a point between Omobono and Polo, and the sunset effects faded from his nose, leaving a gray twilight behind.

The fat dame thought it was an apoplexy, and half rose from her seat; but Giustina's eyes followed the direction of his look and she uttered a cry of real fear. Sebastian Polo, who sat with his back to the sight that terrified his daughter, gazed at the other three in astonishment. But Omobono turned half around and gasped, and seized the back of Zeno's empty chair, swinging it round on one of its legs till it was between him and the vision.

Tocktamish stood there, grinning at the assembled company in a way to terrify the stoutest heart amongst them. He was magnificently arrayed in his full dress uniform of flaming yellow and gold, and his huge round fur papakh was set well back on his shaggy head. His right hand toyed amidst a perfect arsenal of weapons in his belt, and his blood-shot eyes rolled frightfully as he looked from one guest to the other, showing his shark's teeth as he grinned and grinned again.

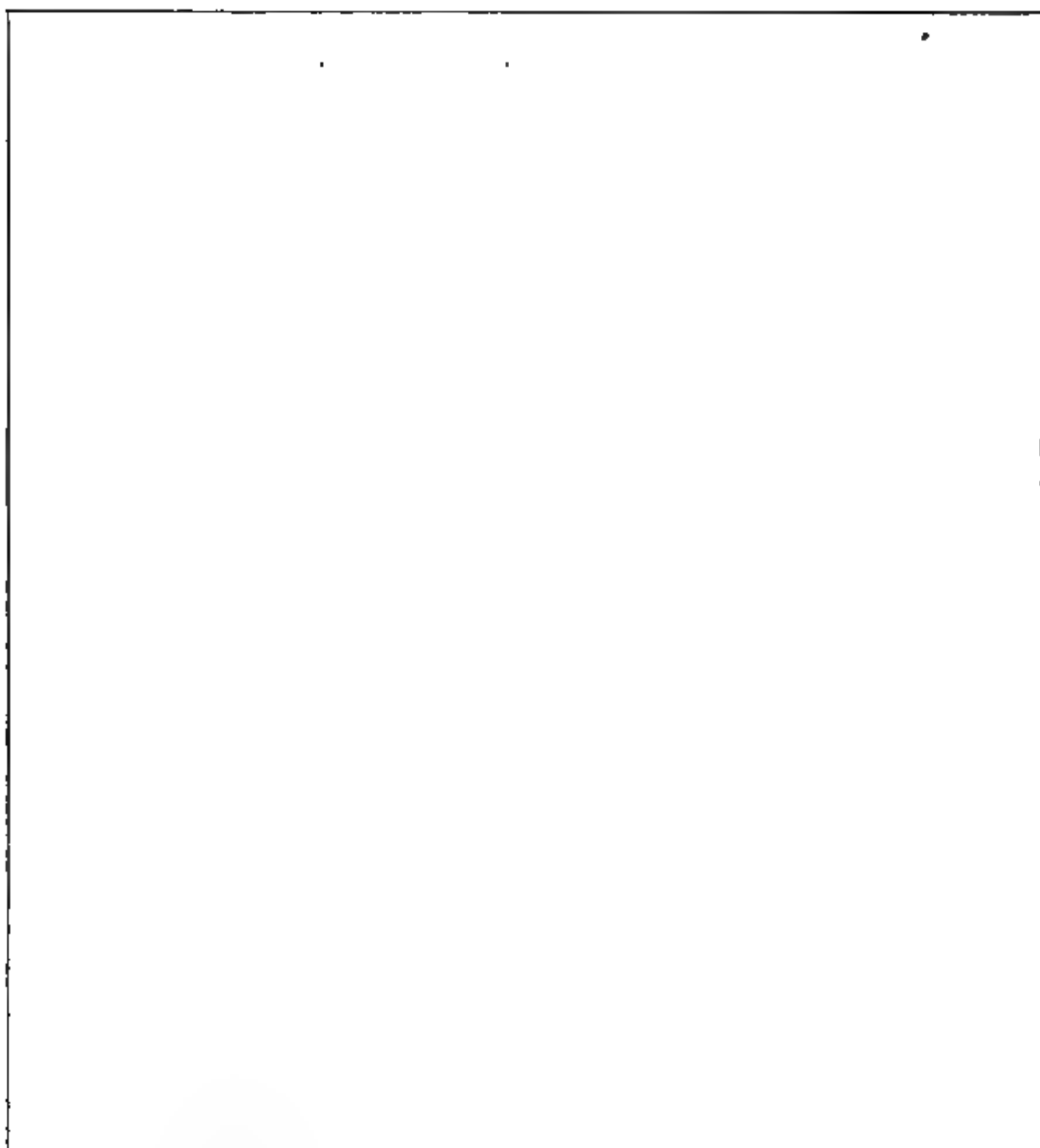
It was certainly Tocktamish, the Tartar; and Tocktamish was not perfectly sober. He was the more pleased by the impression his appearance had produced. He at once came forward to the empty place of the absent guest, which was next to Giustina's.

"I see that you have kept a place for me," he said in barbarous Greek. "That was very kind of you! And I am in time for the peacock, too!"

Thereupon he sat down in the chair, looked around the table, and grinned again.

The fat lady collapsed in a fainting fit, the two elderly merchants edged away from the board as far as they could, and Giustina uttered another piercing shriek when the Tartar leered at her.

"Who is this person?" her father tried to ask with dignity, meaning the question for Omobono.



He seized the empty silver flagon and flung it at Cornèr's face

But Omobono had vanished and the servants had fled after him.

CHAPTER XV

TOCKTAMISH poured half a flagon of Chian wine into a tall Venetian beaker and drank it off by way of whetting his appetite.

"The master of the house is unavoidably absent," he observed, when he had smacked his lips noisily. "He has sent me to beg that you will excuse him and make yourselves at home."

By this time Dame Polo was beginning to revive, and the two men were somewhat reassured as to the Tartar's intentions. When he had entered he had looked as if he meant to murder them all, but it was

now evident from his manner that he wished to produce a pleasant impression. He drew the peacock toward him, and at once took all the best pieces that were left on the dish, using his fingers to save trouble. Giustina watched him without turning her head, and judged that, after all, he had only meant to show his admiration for her beauty when he had leered so horribly. She was in reality the least timid of all the party, though she had shrieked so loudly, and she remembered a fairy story about a frightful monster that had loved a beautiful princess. She was already pondering on the means of making a similar conquest.

"Are we to understand," asked Marin Cornèr, politely, but in a shaky tone, "that you come from Messer Carlo Zeno?"

Tocktamish, grunted assent, for his mouth was full, and he nodded emphatically.

"Messer Carlo Zeno is in need of a large sum of money without delay," he said, when he was able to speak again.

Sebastian Polo looked at Marin Cornèr significantly; and Marin Cornèr looked at Sebastian Polo. The fat lady pricked her ears, figuratively speaking, for indeed they were much too deeply embedded in their exuberant surroundings of cheek and jowl to suggest that they could ever prick at all. The Tartar crammed his mouth full again, and his great beard wagged with his jaws in the inevitable silence that followed. In her heart Giustina compared him to a ravenous lion, but her father thought he resembled a hungry hyena.

Finding that his throat was not cut yet, and learning that there was to be a question of money, Marin Cornèr felt that the color was returning to his nose and the warmth to his heart.

"Why does Messer Carlo not come home himself and get the money he needs?" he asked.

By this time Omobono had recovered from his fright enough to creep into the room behind Tocktamish. He was already making anxious gestures to the two Venetian gentlemen to enjoin caution. The Tartar drank again before he answered the question.

"He happened to be so busy that he preferred to send me to get the money for him," said the soldier. "You see we are old friends. We fought together in Greece."

Then Omobono's voice was heard, quavering with anxiety.

"There is no money in the house!" he cried, winking violently at Polo and Cornèr. "There is not a penny, I swear! There were large payments to make yesterday."

The poor little secretary was so anxious to be heard that he had come within arm's length of the Tartar, though behind him. Tocktamish turned his big head, and put out his hand unexpectedly, and Omobono felt himself caught and whirled round like a child till he was close to the table and face to face with the tipsy giant. He was sure that he felt his liver shriveling up inside him with sheer fright.

"What is this little animal?" the Tartar asked, cocking one eye in a knowing way and examining him with a sort of boozy gravity.

But Omobono really could not find a word. His captor shook him playfully.

"What is your name, you funny little beast?" he inquired, and he roared with laughter by way of answering himself.

Giustina, strange to say, was the only one to join in his mirth, and she laughed quite prettily, to the inexpressible surprise of her parents, who were shocked and grieved, as well as scared almost to death.

"Come, come!" laughed the Tartar, shaking the little man like a bean-bag. "If you cannot speak, you can at least give up your keys, and I will see for myself if there is any money!"

Thereupon he seized the bunch of keys which the secretary wore at his belt, and wrenched it off with a pull that snapped the thong by which it hung. Again Giustina laughed, but a little more nervously now; her mother sat transfixed, open-mouthed, with an almost idiotic expression. Again the two merchants glanced at each other, and then both looked toward the door.

Between his fright and the terrible indignity of having his keys torn from him, Omobono had never been nearer to fainting in his life.

"Robbery!" he gasped. "Rank robbery!"

Tocktamish sent him spinning into the nearest corner by a turn of the wrist, after which the ruffian took another mouthful of meat, and slowly filled his glass while he was disposing of it. Omobono had steadied himself in the corner, but his face was deadly white, and his lips were moving nervously in a delirium of terror.

"Messer Carlo needs ten thousand ducats before sunset," observed the Tartar before he drank.

Polo and Cornèr started to their feet; to their commercial souls the mere mention of such a demand was more terrifying than all the crooked weapons that gleamed in Tocktamish's broad belt.

"Ten thousand ducats!" they repeated together in a breath.

"Yes!" roared the Tartar, in a voice that made the glasses on the table shake together and ring. "Ten thousand ducats! And if I do not find the money in the house, you two must find it in yours! Do you understand?"

They understood, for his voice was like thunder, and he had risen too, and towered above them with his full glass in one hand and Omobono's keys in the other. Then,

being already tolerably drunk, he solemnly raised the keys to his lips, thinking that he held the glass in that hand, and rolling his eyes terribly at the two merchants; and he set the glass down with an emphatic gesture, as if it had been the bunch of keys, and it broke to pieces, and the yellow wine splashed out across the table and ran down and streamed upon the mosaic floor.

A terrific Tartar oath announced that he had realized his mistake, and as he at once made up his mind that the Venetians were responsible for it, his next action was to hurl the foot of the broken glass at Polo's head; and he instantly seized the empty silver flagon and flung it at Cornèr's face. The lighter weapon missed its aim and broke to atoms against the opposite wall, but the jug struck Cornèr full on the bridge of his thin nose with awful effect, and he fell to the floor and lay there, a moaning, bleeding heap.

Polo looked neither at his wife nor at his daughter, but fled through the open door at the top of his not very great speed. His wife fainted outright, and in real earnest now, and with a final croak rolled gently from her chair, without hurting herself at all. Omobono flattened his lean body against the wall, trembling in every joint, and gibbering with fear; and Tocktamish, seeing that he had so satisfactorily cleared the field, proceeded to address his attentions to Giustina, who had not fainted, but was really much too frightened to rise from her seat or try to escape.

The Tartar drew his chair nearer to hers, and suddenly smiled, as if he had done nothing unusual, and was only anxious to make himself agreeable. He had been drinking since early morning, but he would be good for at least another gallon of wine before it made him senseless. He addressed Giustina in the poetic language of his native country.

"Come, pet parrot of my soul!" he began, coaxingly. "Fill me a cup and let me hear your ravishing voice! Tocktamish has cleared the house as the thunderstorm clears the hot air from the valley! Drink, my pretty nightingale, and the golden wine shall warm your speech in your little throat, as the morning sunshine melts the icicles in my beard when I have been hunting all night in winter! Drink, my fawn, my spring lamb, my soft wood-pigeon, my white bunny rabbit! Drink, sweet one!"

The Tartar's similes were in hopeless confusion, possibly because he translated them into Greek, but he was convinced that he was eloquent, and he was undeniably as strong as a bear. He had filled a fresh glass and was evidently anxious to make Giustina drink out of it before him, for he held it to her lips with his left hand while his right tried to take her round the waist and draw her to his knee.

But this was much more than she was prepared to submit to. In the fairy story, Beast was less enterprising in the presence of Beauty, and collapsed into obedience at the mere lifting of her finger. Giustina was a big creature, usually sleepy and not inclined to move quickly; but she was capable of exerting considerable strength in an emergency. The instant she felt Tocktamish's hand at her waist, she rose with a quick, serpentine motion that unwound her, as it were, from his encircling hold and almost before he knew that she was on her feet she had fled from the room and slammed the door behind her.

Tocktamish tried to follow her, but he stumbled successively over the still unconscious dame and the still moaning Cornèr, so that when he reached the door at last his purpose had undergone a change, and, as he thought, an improvement. Women never ran out of the house into the street, he argued; therefore Giustina was now upstairs and would stay there; hence it would be wiser to finish the peacock and anything else he could lay hands on before going to pay her a visit. For Tocktamish found the food and the wine to his liking, and such as were not to be had every day, even by a Tartar officer with plenty of money in his wallet. He was tolerably steady still, as he made his way back toward his seat.

His eye fell on Omobono, flattened against the wall and still in a palsy of fear; for all that has been told since Cornèr had fallen and Polo had run away had occupied barely two minutes.

Tocktamish suddenly felt lonely, and the little secretary amused him. He took him by the collar and whirled him into Giustina's vacant chair at the table.

"You may keep me company, while I finish my dinner," he explained. "I cannot eat alone—it disturbs my digestion."

He roared with laughter, and slapped Omobono on the back playfully. The little

man felt as if he had been struck between the shoulders by a large ham, and the breath was almost knocked out of his body; and he wondered how in the world his tight hose had survived the strain of his sitting down so suddenly.

"You look starved," observed the Tartar, in a tone of concern, after observing his face attentively. "What you want is food and drink, man!"

With a sudden impulse of hospitality he

fear, he was oppressed by the terrible impropriety of sitting at his master's table, where the guests should have been. This seemed to him a dreadful thing.

"Really sir," he began, "if you will allow me I would rather——"

"Do not talk. Eat!"

Tocktamish set the example by tearing the meat off a peacock's leg with his teeth.

"You need it" he added, with his mouth very full.

"Drink, my fawn, my spring lamb, my soft wood-pigeon! Drink, sweet one!"

began to heap up food on Giustina's unused plate, with a fine indifference to gastronomy, or possibly with a tipsy sense of humor. He piled up bits of roast peacock, little salt fish, olives, salad, raisins, dried figs, candied strawberries, and honey cake, till he could put no more on the plate, which he then set before Omobono.

"Eat that," he said. "It will do you good."

Then he addressed himself to the peacock again, with a good will.

Omobono would have got up and slipped away, if he had dared. Next to his bodily

The poor secretary looked at the curiously mixed mess which his tormentor had set before him, and he felt very uncomfortable at the mere idea of tasting the stuff. Then he glanced at the Tartar and saw the latter's bloodshot eye rolling at him hideously, while the shark-like teeth picked a leg bone, and terror chilled his heart again. What would happen if he refused to eat? Tocktamish dropped the bone and filled two glasses.

"To Messer Carlo Zenol" he cried, setting the wine to his lips.

Omobono thought a little wine might

steady his nerves, and, moreover, he could not well refuse to drink his master's health.

"Good!" laughed Tocktamish. "If you cannot eat, you can drink!"

Just then Cornèr groaned piteously, where he lay in a heap on the floor. His nose was much hurt, but he was even more badly frightened. The Tartar was not pleased.

"If that man is dead, take him out and bury him!" he cried, turning on Omobono. "If he is alive, kick him and tell him to hold his tongue! He disturbs us at our dinner."

Omobono thought he saw a chance of escaping, and rose, as if to obey. But the Tartar's long arm reached him instantly and he was forced back into his seat.

"I thought you meant me to take him away," he feebly explained.

"I was speaking to the slaves," said Tocktamish gravely, though there was no servant or slave within hearing.

The unfortunate merchant, who was not at all unconscious, and had probably groaned with a vague idea of exciting compassion, now held his peace, for he did not desire to be kicked, still less to be taken out and buried. The Tartar seemed satisfied by the silence that followed. After another glass he rose to his feet and took Omobono by the arm; considering his potations he was still wonderfully steady on his legs.

"Where is the strong box?" he asked, dragging the secretary toward the door opposite to the one through which Giustina had gone out.

"There is no money in the house," cried Omobono, in renewed terror. "I swear to you that there is no money!"

"Very well," answered the Tartar, who had taken the keys from the table. "Show me the empty box."

"There is no strong box, sir," answered the secretary, resolving to control his fear and die in defending his master's property.

The difficulty was to carry out this noble resolution. Tocktamish grabbed him by both arms and held him in the vise of his grasp.

"Little man," he said gravely. "There is a box, and I will find the box, and I will put you into the box, and I will throw the box into the water. Then you will know that it is not good to lie to Tocktamish. Now show me where it is."

Omobono shrank to something like half

his natural size in his shame and fear, and led the way to the counting-house. Once only he stopped, and made a gallant attempt to be brave, and tried to repeat his queer little prayer, as he did on all the great occasions of his life.

"O Lord, grant wealth and honor to the Most Serene Republic," he began, and though he realized that in his present situation this request was not much to the point, he would have gone on to ask for victory over the Genoese, on general principles.

But at that moment he felt something as sharp as a pin sticking into him just where his hose would naturally have been most tight, and where, in fact, the strain that pulled them up was most severe; in that part of the human body, in short, which, as most of us have known since childhood, is peculiarly sensitive to pain. There was no answer to such an argument *à posteriori*; the little man's head went down, his shoulders went up and he trotted on; and though he could not be put off from finishing his prayer he had reached the door of the counting-house when he was only just beginning to pray that he might have strength to resist curiosity, a request even more out of place, just then, than a petition for the destruction of the Genoese. A moment later he and Tocktamish entered the room, and the Tartar shut the door behind him.

Neither of the two had heard two little bare feet following them softly at a distance; but when the door was shut Lucilla ran nimbly up to it and quickly drew the great old iron bolt which had been left where it had once been useful, at a time when the disposition of the house had been different. Lucilla knew that all the windows within had heavy gratings, and that neither Omobono nor his captor could get out.

Giustina had fled upstairs, as women generally do to save themselves from any immediate danger. They are born with the idea that when a house has more than one story the upper one is set apart for them and their children, as indeed it always was in the Middle Ages, and they feel sure that there must be other women there who will help them, or defend them, or hide them. For it is a curious fact that whereas women distrust each other profoundly where the one man of their affections is concerned, they rely on each other as a whole body,

Giustina fell panting on the divan beside Zoë

banded together to resist and get the better of the male sex, in a way that would do credit to any army in an enemy's country. Therefore Giustina went upstairs, quite certain of finding other women.

Now there was but one door on the upper landing, and that was Zoë's, and it was open; and just outside it Lucilla was hiding in the curtain, listening to the strange sounds that came up from below; but when Giustina ran in without seeing her, the little slave stayed outside and slipped downstairs noiselessly, listened again at the dining-room door, watched the Tartar and the secretary from a place of safety, and then ran nimbly after them on purpose to lock them in, as she did, for she was a clever little slave and remembered the bolt.

Meanwhile Giustina rushed on like a whirlwind till she fell panting on the divan beside Zoë, hardly seeing her at all, and staring at the door, through which she expected every moment to see the burly Tartar enter in pursuit; so that Yulia, who guessed the danger, ran and shut it of her own accord.

Then Giustina drew a long breath and looked round, and she met Zoë's eyes scrutinizing her face with a look she never forgot.

"That monster!" she exclaimed, by way of explanation and apology.

Zoë had heard nothing, for the house was solidly built, and she had not the least idea who had frightened Giustina. It occurred to her that Gorlias might be in the house, and that on being seen by the Venetians it had suited him to terrify them in order to get out again without being questioned.

"You are Giustina Polo," she said. "I am Arethusa, Messer Carlo Zeno's slave. Will you tell me what has happened?"

Giustina had now recovered herself enough to see that this Arethusa was very lovely, and she momentarily forgot the danger she had escaped.

"You are his slave!" she repeated slowly, and still breathing hard. "Ah—I begin to understand."

"So do I," Zoë answered, looking at the handsome, heavy face, the dyed hair, and marble hands.

There was something like relief in her

tone, now that she had examined her rival well.

"When did Carlo buy you?" asked Giustina, growing coldly insolent as she recovered her breath and realized her social superiority.

"I think it was just five weeks ago," Zoë answered simply. "But it seems as if I had always been here."

"I have no doubt," said Giustina. "Five weeks! Yes, I understand now."

Then a fancied sound waked her fear of pursuit again, and her eyes turned quickly toward the door. Yulia was standing beside it, listening with her ear to the crack; she shook her head as she met Giustina's anxious glance. There was nothing; no one was coming.

"You had better tell me what has happened," Zoë said. "You met some one who frightened you," she suggested.

Giustina saw that Zoë was in complete ignorance of the Tartar's visit, and she told what she had seen and heard downstairs. As she went on, explaining that Tocktamish demanded ten thousand ducats in Zeno's name, Zoë's expression grew more anxious, for she gathered the truth from the broken and exaggerated narrative. After failing in his attempt to free Johannes, Zeno had fallen into the hands of the soldiers he had won over to the revolution; they demanded an enormous ransom, and if it was not forthcoming they would give him up to Andronicus.

It was bad enough, yet it was better than it might have been, for it meant that Zeno was still alive and safe, and would not be hurt so long as his captors could be made to wait for the money they asked.

"Ten thousand ducats!" Zoë repeated. "It is more than can ever be got together!"

"My father could pay twice as much if he pleased," answered the rich merchant's daughter, vain of his immense wealth. "But I hardly think he will give anything," she added slowly, while she watched Zoë's face to see what effect the statement might have.

"Messer Carlo has many friends," Zoë answered quietly. "But if he is alive it is very probable that he may come home without paying any ransom at all. And if he does, he will certainly repay the soldiers for the trick they have played him."

"You do not seem anxious about him,"

said Giustina, deceived and surprised by her assumed calmness.

"Are you?" Zoë asked.

At that moment Yulia opened the door, for she had been listening from within and had heard her companion's bare feet on the pavement outside. Lucilla slipped in, almost dancing with delight at her last feat, and looking like a queer little sprite escaped from a fairy tale.

"I have locked them up in the counting-house, Kokóna!" she cried. "The Tartar giant and the secretary! They are quite safe!"

She laughed gleefully and Yulia laughed too. Giustina suddenly recollected her mother, who had fainted in the dining-room. As for her father, her knowledge of his character told her that since there had been danger he was certainly in a place of safety. She did not care what became of Marin Cornèr, whom she detested because he had once dared to ask for her hand, though he was a widower of fifty. But her mother was entitled to some consideration after all, if only for having brought into the world such a wonderful creature as Giustina really believed herself to be. Yet in her heart the young woman felt a secret resentment against her for having grown so enormously fat; since it very often happens that as daughters grow older they grow more and more like their mothers, and Giustina was aware that she herself was already rather heavy for her age. It would be a terrible thing to be a fat woman at thirty, and it would be her mother's fault if she were. Many daughters are familiar with this argument, though they may cry out and rail at the story-teller in the bazaar who has betrayed it to the young men.

Giustina rose with much dignity now that she was fully reassured as to the safety of the house. Zoë was questioning Lucilla, who could hardly answer without breaking into laughter at the idea of having imprisoned Omobono and the terrible Tartar. The little secretary had never been unkind to any one in his life, but once or twice, when the master had been out and he had been on his dignity, he had found the slave-girls loitering on the stairs and had threatened them with the master's displeasure and with a consequent condign punishment if they were ever again caught doing nothing outside their mistress's apartment; and it was therefore delightful to know that he

was shut up with Tocktamish, in terror of his life, and that his tremendous dignity was all gone to pieces in his fright.

"You are a clever girl," said Zoë. "I only hope the door is strong."

"I called the servants and the slaves before I came upstairs," Lucilla answered. "I left them piling up furniture against the door. A giant could not get out now."

"Poor Omobono!" Zoë exclaimed. "How frightened he must be."

Giustina meanwhile prepared to go away, settling and smoothing the folds of her gown, and pressing her hair on one side and the other. Yulia brought her a mirror and held it up, and watched the young lady's complacent smile as she looked at her own reflection. When she had finished she barely nodded to Zoë, as she might have done to a slave who had served her, and she went out in an exceedingly stately and leisurely manner, quite sure that she had impressed Zoë with her immeasurable superiority. She was much surprised and displeased because Zoë did not rise and remain respectfully standing while she went out, and she promised herself to remember this also against the beautiful favorite when she herself should be Carlo Zeno's wife.

But at a sign from Zoë, Lucilla followed her downstairs since there was no one else to escort her; and a few minutes later Yulia saw the little party come out upon the landing below. The fat lady in green silk was in a very limp condition, the em-

broidered roses seemed to droop and wither, and she was helped by three of Zeno's men; Marin Cornèr was holding a large napkin to his injured nose, so that he could not see where he put his feet and had to be helped by the door porter. As for Sebastian Polo, his wife and daughter well knew that he was by this time safe at home, and was probably recovering his lost courage by beating his slaves.

"They are gone," said Yulia, when the boat had shoved off at last.

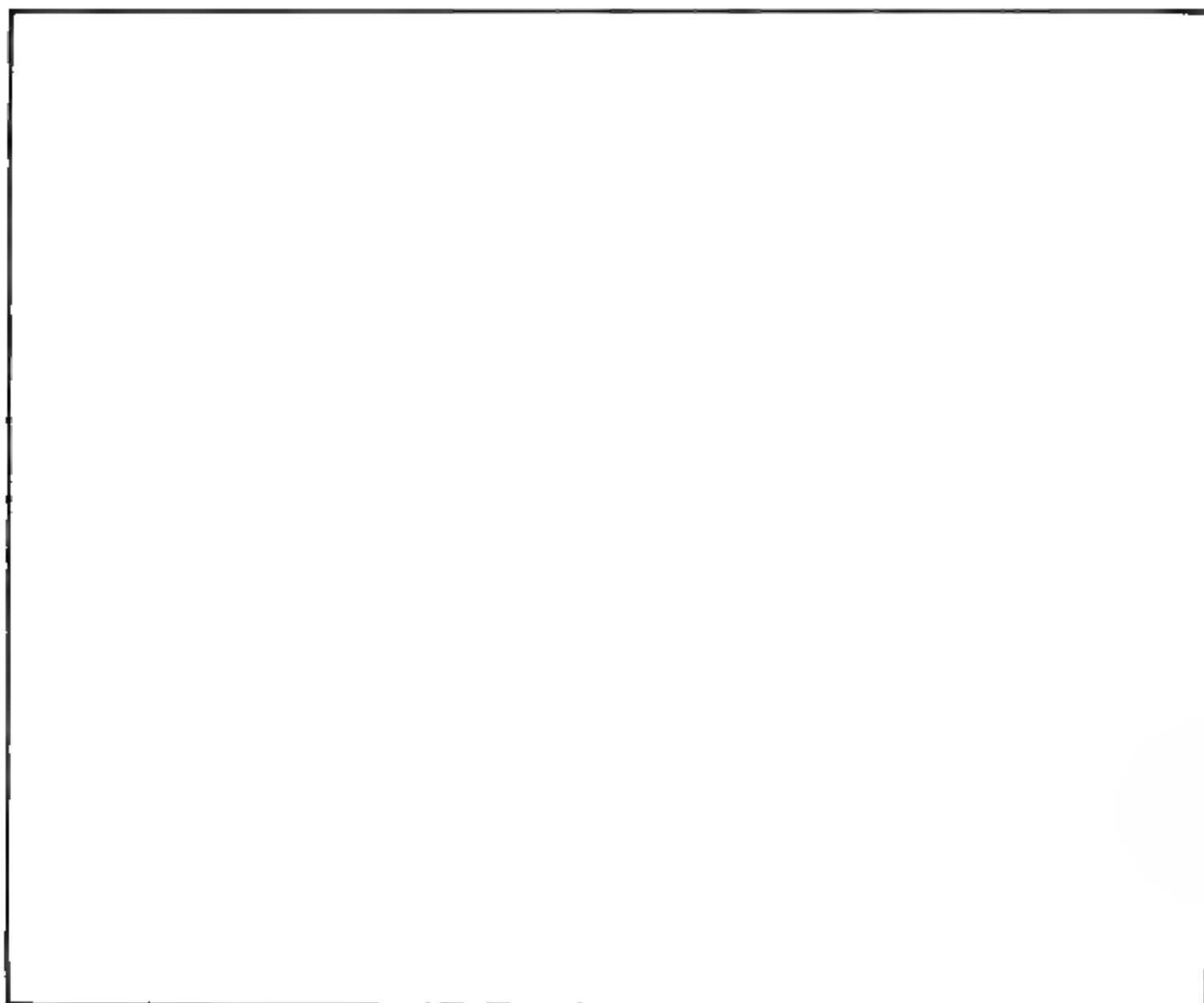
Zoë rose then, and went slowly to the window. She stood there a few moments looking after the skiff, and in spite of her deep anxiety a faint smile played round her tender mouth as she thought of her meeting with Giustina; but it vanished almost at once. Her own situation was critical and perhaps dangerous.

She knew that although she was a slave she was the only person in the house who could exercise any authority now that Omobono was locked up in the counting-house, and that it would be impossible to let him out without liberating Tocktamish at the same time, which was not to be thought of. If the Tartar got out now he would probably murder the first person he met, and every one else whom he found in his way; indeed, Zoë thought it not impossible that he was already murdering Omobono out of sheer rage.

"Come," she said to Lucilla. "We must go downstairs and see what can be done."

(To be continued)

Louis Brennan the inventor, and the mono-rail carriage balanced on a steel cable



A REVOLUTION IN TRAVEL

THE NEW GYROSCOPE RAILWAY

BY GRANDON NEVINS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND DIAGRAMS



A TRAIN of Pullman coaches mounted upon a single row of wheels beneath the center of each car, running upon a single rail, now dashing up or down hill, now taking a "bridge" consisting of a mere thread of steel strung a hundred feet above the glistening surface of a river and all the time dashing onward at a speed of from 60 to 140 miles an hour; this is the sort of a train in which you may ride in the future.

No announcement in the field of mechanics ever produced a greater sensation. Not

even the story of the X-rays penetrating solids or the wireless telegraph canonading etheric waves across the water seemed more improbable. Yet the claim for the gyroscope railway is made seriously by Louis Brennan, C. B., the inventor of the famous dirigible Brennan torpedo purchased by the British Government for \$550,000.00. Further, a six-foot model of Mr. Brennan's new car has been operated and put through rigid tests before the Royal Society of England, and the British Government, though usually slow in accepting extravagant claims for a new invention, has made appropriation for the building of two full-sized cars,

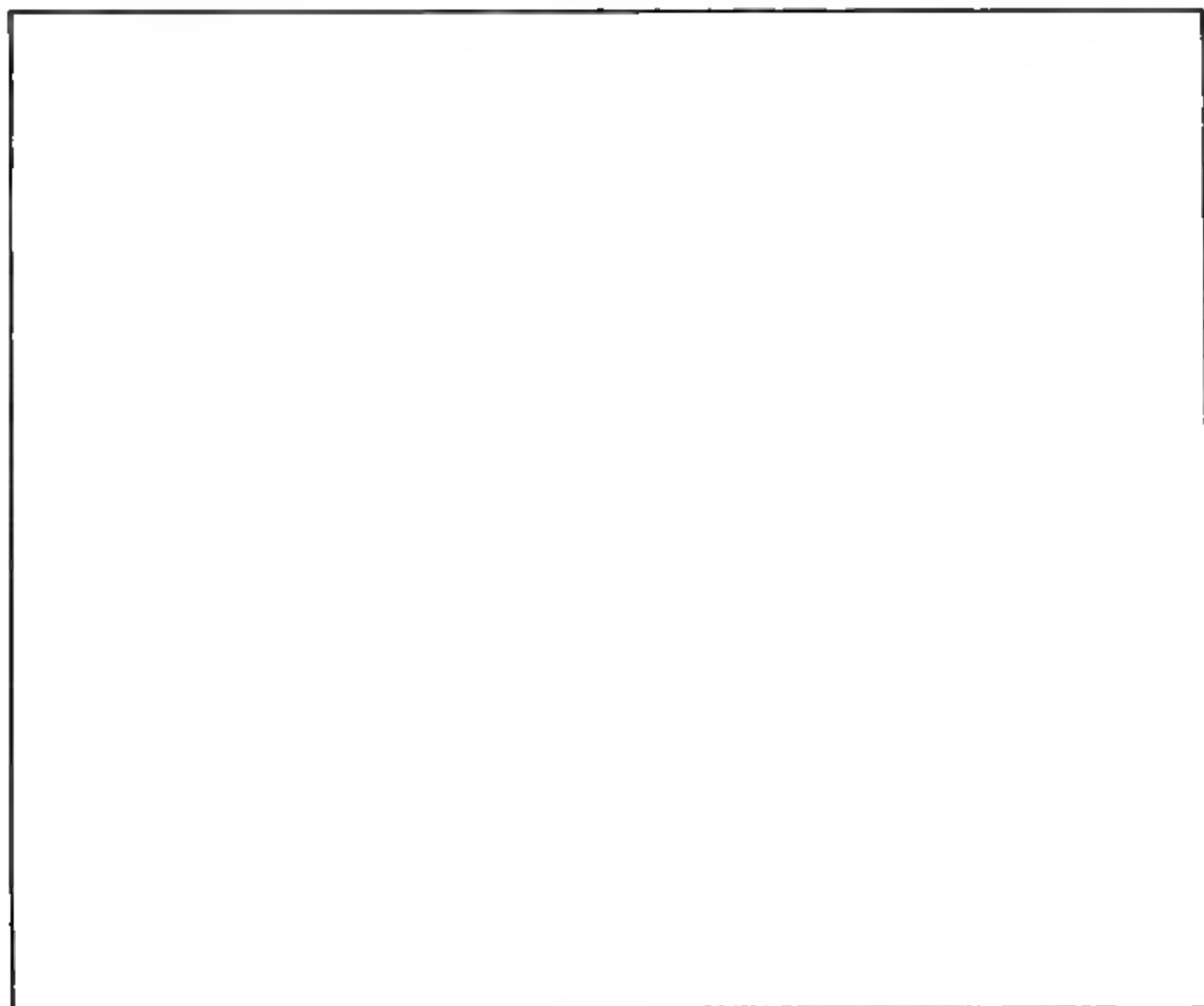
railroad train that would run on a single rail, but, up to the present time, the only successful mono-rail system is one operating in Germany, the cars hanging suspended from a single rail overhead. This, however, is not greatly superior to the old two rail system. Engineers and inventors, long knowing that out of every 100 horse-power of the present day railway locomotive 88 horse-power are lost in friction, rocking of the train, etc., have dreamed of saving some of this waste, just as they have dreamed of saving some of the 85 per cent. loss in coal burned to make steam. A gain of 10 per cent. would have been enormous. Mr. Brennan claims he can save 50 *per cent.*!

The toy top which suggested the tight-rope railway

forty feet long and twelve feet wide, with a view, if further experiments succeed, to adopting this new system of transportation.

For many years the inventors of the world have been trying to devise a practical

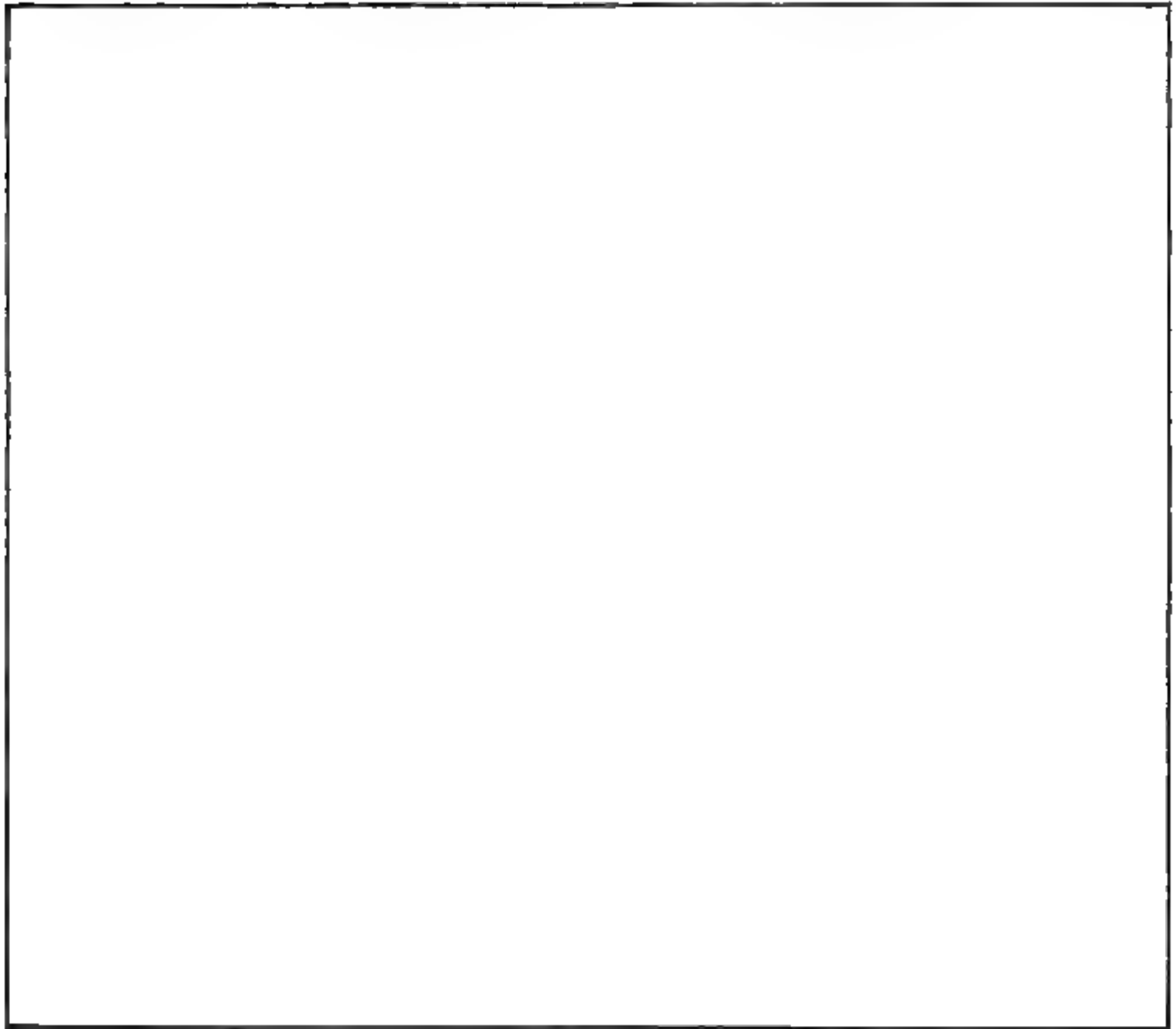
Everybody who has spun a top has wondered at its curious motions and those who have spun a gyroscope, which is merely a top supported at both ends in some sort of a frame, have marvelled at its ability to rotate steadily in any set plane with only one end supported from a string or stick. It is a self balancer and seems to defy the laws of gravitation. Now, if a simple gyroscope



The Brennan experimental mono-rail carriage

have one end fastened to a wheel and be firmly attached to a toy car, the whole apparatus may be pushed along a wire, and so long as the gyroscope spins, the car will keep its balance. This is exactly what Mr. Brennan has done, though on a larger scale, in his experiments. Curiously enough, and this should make us chary of disbelief, the

ure. So perfect has the apparatus been constructed that, when the power is turned off, the wheels will revolve for forty-eight hours before coming to a dead stop. Each car must have its own balancing apparatus, 5 per cent. of the total weight of the car being required for this purpose. Any power may be used to propel the train or to spin



The rail may undulate up and down over rough ground

simplest things in science and invention have led to the greatest discoveries. The swinging sanctuary lamp gave us the pendulum clock; a falling apple impressed Sir Isaac Newton to a discovery of the laws of gravitation; the boiling tea kettle was the father of the modern steam engine; the accident of a breaking wire brought forth the telegraph.

Practically Mr. Brennan's gyroscope is made up of two steel wheels revolved at high speed in opposite directions, the wheels being supported on the best possible bearings and all encased in an air-tight enclos-

the gyroscope wheels, but a high spinning rate must be attained. With these conditions, it has been found possible to run the model trains at great speed and over all sorts of country. So long as a sufficiently high rate of revolution of the gyroscope wheels is maintained it is not possible to upset the car. The inventor claims that the sharpest curves—curves with a radius of the length of the car—may be taken at top speed without jar or jostle or vibration. More, instead of the rails being perfectly level, as are the tracks of our railroads to-day, the rail may undulate up and down

The possible bridge of the future

over rough ground, the car gliding along without danger of derailment or inconvenience to passengers. In fact, he goes on, riding in one of these cars so indescribably smooth is the motion and so conspicuously absent is the nerve-racking vibration that you would never suspect you were riding in a railway train, and travelling in this wise you might sit for ten hours without feeling more exhaustion than if you had spent the time in your pet rooms in your own hotel.

To understand exactly how one of these cars works, glance at the accompanying illustration which shows one of the cars running across a hundred foot cable. Anywhere inside the body of the car, front or rear or middle, are a pair of fly-wheels mounted side by side and spinning in opposite directions. These wheels are run by electricity at a speed of something like 4,000 revolutions a minute. And this is all there is to the mysterious contrivance.

Up to now, although the Indian Government and the Army Council have ordered gyroscope cars measuring 40 x 12 feet, the only car which the inventor has built is a 6-foot affair with which he demonstrated the possibility of his invention on an enormous circular track made of gas pipes and laid in his own garden. The model was driven by electricity and moved at high speed over the crude rail, leaning inward as a bicycle leans when turning corners and without the semblance of danger of leaving the track even when taking the sharpest curves. The car shot up a hill of one foot in 5 carrying a weight equivalent to twenty tons for the full-sized machine. To test the ability of sticking to the rails under all conditions the car was removed from the track and placed upon a net work of wire coiled into all sorts

of fantastic patterns. Finally the loaded car was sent across a thin cable stretched 100 feet in air. A second time it crossed, carrying a boy and a third time it was sent over with a man.

To test the gyrostatic action of the car a weight corresponding to three tons in the full sized car was loaded onto one side, and strange to say the loaded side actually rose in the air. More, as you pressed a hand against the side of the car it pressed back, combating or opposing the force to upset it as if it were a living thing; and even when the current was cut off from the motors the car maintained perfect equilibrium by the stored up energy in the moving fly-wheels for several hours.

Should it be advisable to stop the car and the fly-wheels while the vehicle is on the rails on a level, a lever releases a prop on each side of the car and it stands steady as a table upon its legs. In order to make up a train of the cars it is possible either to attach a motor to each wheel or to every other wheel or else to use a car provided to pull a train like a locomotive, a gyroscope being all that is necessary to maintain in each coach, any car being capable of coasting down a hill with free wheels.

Wherein lies the superiority of the new invention over our present trains? No one doubts that, if Mr. Brennan's claims be demonstrated with full-sized cars, he will revolutionize our railroad system and make for the world as great an advance as that by the introduction of steam power. Cars of any size may be built, millions saved in construction and rails laid rapidly enough to keep up with an army on the march.

The future may bring for us, instead of bridges over the rivers, cables over which will whiz gyroscope trains; instead of unsightly elevated railroad structures that cut off light and cause the maddening rackets of our big cities, wire cables over which cars will move without noise; street cars on one rail instead of two; automobiles run like bicycles on two instead of four wheels and, who knows, perhaps even air ships may use the gyroscope to keep on an even keel.

Is it a dream? Perhaps, but no discovery was ever made by any one who did not have visions of scientific or material progress. That's the way the world moves.

A LETTER FROM MR. UPTON SINCLAIR

CONCERNING COMMENTS IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE FOR JUNE

WEST POINT PLEASANT, N. J., May 23.

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE:

I read with pain and dismay the long editorial in your June issue setting forth the causes and circumstances of the burning of Helicon Hall, with the meditations upon Socialism thereby occasioned. Truly, a lie is a harder thing to kill than a rattlesnake's tail.

Helicon Hall was absurdly termed by the newspapers an experiment in Socialism. Therefore it was hated, and therefore, when it burned down, the newspapers were filled with all sorts of discreditable rumors and insinuations. Every newspaper in New York City published some of these falsehoods. In reply to them, a simple statement of *facts* was drawn up, signed by the president of the Company and the Board of Directors of the Colony, and sent to every morning newspaper in the city—with the result that not one of them printed a word of it. I shall wait with interest to see if THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE will be more fair.

You say, "If I am correctly informed, the fire at Helicon Hall was caused by defective gas pipes." No human being can know what caused the fire at Helicon Hall, excepting the person who set the fire, if such a person there be. The "gas pipe" idea was a wild guess started by a newspaper reporter. The fire seems to have begun in the organ. There were no gas pipes in the organ, and the organ was open at the top, so that any gas leaks must have been at once detected.

Starting with that absurd hypothesis, you next draw the conclusion that "Mr. Sinclair and his fifty-five friends had not given proper attention to a fundamental matter of house-keeping." Now the gas pipes at Helicon Hall had been in charge of one of the members of the Colony, who had made it his particular task to attend to them, for the reason that a gas leak would have been fatal to the beautiful plants in our court. After putting in several hundred feet of new pipe, we sent for a plumber to make sure that everything was tight.

Next, you go on to the statement: "They were crowded into a structure as exposed to fires as the shoddiest summer hotel—and *there were no fire-escapes.*" Now what are the facts as to this? Helicon Hall was a long and very low, three-story building. Do you know of a summer hotel of its height in the United States that has fire-escapes? I do not. It had three stairways from the third floor, and five from the second. It had been used as a boys' school, with exactly as many people in it, for ten or twelve years, and no one had ever thought of fire-escapes. The

first thing we did when we moved in was to purchase six fire-extinguishers, and a hose for the court. Then some one expressed a fear of fire, and we bought ropes and hung them inside of the court, and from one of the rooms in the rear. This was still unsatisfactory to one or two people; and so it happened that the manager of the Colony was away on the night of the fire, having gone to New York, *according to instructions from the Board of Directors*, to purchase rope ladders to be placed in several of the rooms.

Upon all this foundation of pure assumptions you rear the following superstructure: "Because of their failure to attend to these necessities, one man was killed, several were injured, fifty-five were made homeless, the entire property of some was destroyed; and all lost more than they could well afford. I can't help believing that if Mr. Sinclair in his researches on the beef trust had found that it had ever crowded fifty-five of its employees together in a house at the Chicago stock yards, and had been as negligent of their lives and property as Mr. Sinclair was of the lives and property of those whom he had drawn about him, he would have made another thrilling chapter for 'The Jungle.'" In reply to this I must point out that Helicon Hall was a cooperative institution, and that for whatever its members did we were ourselves responsible, and we paid the penalty for whatever mistakes we made. The beef trust, on the other hand, is not a cooperative institution, but a money-making enterprise. Its negligences, to say nothing of its deliberate crimes, are paid for by innocent and entirely helpless persons, such as its own employees, and the meat-consuming public of two hemispheres.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

We publish the above letter gladly. We are free to confess, however, that Mr. Sinclair does not convince us that we were unfair or unsympathetic in our comments. Helicon Hall burned down because of somebody's neglect; that is, there occurred there one of those distressing accidents of life which we can fairly suppose Mr. Sinclair and his friends formed their co-operative colony to escape. Something was left undone or the fire could not have occurred. Nor do we think that Mr. Sinclair is let out from having no fire escapes because three-story summer hotels all over the country are

without fire escapes and because the gentleman who kept a boys' school in Helicon Hall once upon a time did not have them. We are rather inclined to consider the keepers of the summer hotels and of the boys' school more blameworthy than Mr. Sinclair, for they are individually responsible, and he was only collectively so—but he is not let out by them.

And are we so wrong in making the comparison between the fire at Helicon Hall and the beef trust? Mr. Sinclair and his friends tried an experiment, an interesting and noble one, call it cooperative or socialistic as you will, and a bad disaster befell them. Eighty millions of us are trying an experiment, and we have the disaster of

the beef trust. We only claim that it ought to make us mutually tolerant. For our part we should like nothing better than to see Mr. Sinclair and his friends succeed perfectly in their colony, for we should know if they did it was because they were a band of men and women whose hearts were gentle, whose minds were large, and whose hands were efficient. We hear with real regret that the colony is not to be reorganized. After all, the real point is that we are all experimenting, each according to the way he sees it, and we shall never get any system carried to a perfect flowering until we can give criticisms with fairness and take them with tolerance.

HOW CAN WE KEEP THE HOG OUT?

CLEVELAND, O., May 25.

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE:
One of the best discussions of the tenets of Socialism I believe I have ever seen was contained in your June number.

But is not the basic idea of Socialism a plan to provide a more certain and lasting equality for mankind? The ideal Socialist would lighten, somewhat, the burden of existence. The first law of nature is that of self-preservation. The beasts know this. For man, however, there ought to be advantages beyond. Why should the majority of men be forced to spend all their waking hours in struggling for subsistence? Why should such a percentage of the working classes be compelled to live merely that they may eat? In too many cases it is not a question of thrift, but of necessity. That is, most men are toiling continually under the first law of nature. They neither know of, nor have time for, any other law. They pay today for what they devoured yesterday, and thrift remains impossible for them.

Remove the necessity for bread and the anti-Socialist cries that the incentive for endeavor would die. This cannot be true. Multitudes of men have no care for the morrow, in so far as it pertains to food, yet they are not inactive. Since they are freed from this incubus—fear of hunger—they have time and find opportunity to develop their talents.

If, then, this is true of the prosperous man, is it not equally true of the other? Human nature probably cannot be changed. Some will be wicked and corrupt, but the same laws which apply now will apply then, only there will be less need for their exercise. The strong cannot then prey upon the weak in the sense that it is done now. If all men could have enough of the earth's plenitude to be insured of existence without the wretched, disquieting and unnerving prospect of future deprivation, there would be no industrial servitude. It is the hissing lash

of necessity, wielded by his opulent master, which causes the poor wretch to cringe and debase himself in shrinking obedience to the prosperous and powerful. His spirit rebels, but his stomach cries, "Go on."

All innovations are repugnant to those who teach the law. No monarch has ever seen the expediency nor the sense of changing his form of government. "I am the state," said Louis XIV, but his descendant, who doubtless believed it also, could not maintain the fallacy. Caiaphas and his priests saw no reason to adopt the gentle philosophy of an unknown fisherman and His humble followers. Nor can the modern captain of industry understand why any should meddle with industrial conditions.

John D. Rockefeller recently increased the wages of the laborers in his vast Cleveland domain from \$1.50 to \$1.60 a day. He goes among them chatting with this one, affectionately patting that one on the back—and graciously permits them to toil for him for \$1.60 a day.

No sensible man demands that Mr. Rockefeller divide his accumulations with his gardeners. His genius is greater than theirs, and he deserves a greater reward. But in what manner will \$1.60 a day support life in a large city? How many opportunities are presented to the humble, yet conscientious, gardener to develop even the gardening talents he possesses? He can wield a spade, but has neither time nor money to read books on the scientific culture of plants.

Your able editorial says: "And because we have proved the divine uses of thrift in the scheme of life furnishes no reason why society may not so regulate the trough of trade that the hog cannot get all four feet in it."

Yet you offer no solution. How, then, is the hog to be kept out? And through what agency shall the remedy be applied?

Respectfully,

A. M. O.

IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

ON the Fourth of May—said the Observer—when I reached Fifth Avenue on the way to my club I was disturbed to find it wholly blocked with an apparently endless procession. As far as I could see in both directions men were marching, each carrying on the end of a little cane a waving Chinese lantern. These, with the banners, flags, transparencies, all swaying to the step of the marching men, gave to the scene an indescribable color of martial zest and enthusiasm. And to cap the climax, just at the moment I stopped, there was a crash and bang, and a thundering big brass band broke into the strains of the Marseillaise.

I think I must have walked a block before it occurred to me to ask what it was all about. Then I looked up at a big transparency which was nodding like some huge head above the marching column. And this is what I read:

**He Can Show His Teeth.
We Are Not Afraid.**

It had a jaunty sound: it struck me as being in keeping with the red flags and the Marseillaise. The next banner bore the words:

**We Stand By Our Brothers
Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone.**

So this was the Socialist parade to which the papers had referred! I had no idea that it was to be such a tremendous

and impressive affair. As I stood there, the solid column swept past—painters, carpenters, hod-carriers, masons, iron workers—every sort of trade-union, each with its own banners—and an extraordinary number of bands all playing the Marseillaise.

You know I'm a conservative man and by the time some five or ten thousand men—I understand there were forty thousand in the parade—had passed me I began to be downright interested. What was it all about? It gave one a queer turn to see those men with their red flags and their mottoes and their Marseillaise marching down between the marble palaces of Fifth Avenue. I looked up once or twice to see if the palaces weren't quaking; but they stood perfectly firm and dark. Presently the parade stopped. I stepped out into the street and approached two or three of the marchers.

"Do you have a meeting after the parade?" I inquired.

They all turned to me questioningly and I repeated the question. They shook their heads: not one of them understood English. So I walked down the line and tried again, with the same result. Then I sought the head of the procession, where I found a man with a broad red sash across his breast. It was as I expected: he was Irish. You'll always find the Irishman wearing the sash and marching at the head of the column. He answered my question with voluble good humor.

At Lexington Avenue we joined another branch of the big parade and there were Roman candles and Greek fire—and more Marseillaise! When I reached the door

of the Grand Central Palace where the meeting was to be held I found a squad of police in front. The hall was already packed to the door: had been packed, the police said, for an hour—and 40,000 marchers outside.

I found the stage entrance, and finally succeeded in gaining admittance. On the platform a man was speaking, often interrupted by cheers. Several great red banners were spread out behind him: two lettered in foreign languages. At the corner of the platform I saw this motto:

**If They Hang Our Western
Brothers For Being Union Men
They Will Hang Us Next.**

The speeches were of the moving, defiant sort which from the beginning of time have stirred men's souls. They gloried in adopting the title "undesirable citizens," they attacked the President of the United States, they attacked the courts, they declared that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were innocent.

It struck me as being highly significant, this demonstration. Here were 40,000 men marching in New York City—and I have heard that there have since been similar parades in Chicago and elsewhere—because three labor leaders are on trial for murder in a state two thousand miles away. Isn't it extraordinary when one comes to think of it? For one thing it presupposes, doesn't it, a remarkable substratum of common interest and intelligence? No one, even a conservative like myself, could see it without feeling how effective it was as a demonstration. It must have had both brains and money behind it, and brains and money are always to be reckoned with. Moreover, it had real enthusiasm—a sort of contagious fervor which is in one way more to be considered than brains or money.

I KNOW something about this case myself—said the Reporter. Three years ago I spent several months in Colorado studying the miners' strikes which were led by Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. I met Haywood often and came to know him pretty well; Moyer I saw occasionally; I think I met Pettibone once.

Moyer is an orator and organizer, a man of pleasing address and of no little ability;

Pettibone doesn't count one way or another; but Haywood is the man of power. And a man who can rise to supremacy over such an organization must be endowed with not a few

Haywood at **Close Range** high qualities of leadership. Haywood is a pow-

erfully built man, built with the physical strength of an ox. He has a big head and a square jaw. A leader is here judged by the very force of his impact. He is a type of the man, not unfamiliar now in America, equipped with a good brain, who has come up struggling and fighting, giving blows and taking them, who, knowing deeply the wrongs of his own class, gropes hopelessly for remedies and seizes eagerly upon a scheme like Socialism which so smoothly and perfectly solves all difficulties. Take a character like this, hard, tough, immensely resistant, and give him a final touch of zeal that carries the man beyond himself, and you have a leader who, like Haywood, will bend his people to his own beliefs. And we do not expect to find such a leader patient of obstacles, nor far-sighted, nor politic, nor withholding a blow when there is power to inflict the blow, nor careful of means when ends are to be gained.

THESE men murdered Ex-Governor Steunenberg, didn't they? asked the Poet.

HOLD ON—said the Reporter—I see that you want to get me classed either with our Socialist friends who are certain that the men are innocent or with the President of the United States who apparently believes that they are guilty—and both before the men have even been tried.

BUT CERTAINLY—said the Editor—you must have formed some impression.

WAIT a minute—responded the Reporter—and I'll explain why I have formed no advance conclusion. Consider the condition in the mining states of the Rocky

A Fight Mountains—Colorado, Idaho and Montana chiefly. **to the Finish** Here are wealthy men on the one hand owning the mines, and to a large extent owning or controlling the mining towns, business and all.

Here on the other hand are thousands of miners. In many camps they are of American stock, of the hardy and adventurous sort. In the ordinary mining town, then, you have two distinct classes—on one hand the owners and bosses (and the business men who depend more or less upon their favor) and on the other the workers. The great third class, the public, which is not especially interested on either side, is here not much in evidence.

Basically—and this point must be understood before you can understand the situation which has led up to the present Moyer-Haywood cases—basically, gold-mining is different from almost any other sort of occupation. When there is a clash between the coal operators and the coal miners in Pennsylvania, for example, what happens? If the miners win and get an advance in wages, the operators simply add so much to the price of coal and you and I—the public—pay the bill. So it is in the building trades, and in most other callings. But gold-mining is different. When the Miners' Union gets an advance in wages the operators cannot pass it along to the patient public: for gold is a commodity of such wide production and so valuable in proportion to the cost of transportation that its price is set by the world's market. A few Colorado or Idaho mine-owners cannot put up the price of gold to make up for increased cost of production. Therefore when the union forces up wages they must take it out of their own pockets and profits or else close up their mines.

It comes then to be a downright struggle for existence between the mine-owners and their workers. If there were no great outside world demanding gold the workers, provided they maintained their union, could by constant advances in wages drive the owners to the wall and finally confiscate the property: the exact method, indeed, proposed by some Socialists.

But there is the outside world demanding gold. There is the third party, the public, which is also interested in the strike. It comes, then, to be a struggle between the mine-owners and the union to own or control the favor of that public. If the public backs up the operators the union, sooner or later, will be crushed and compelled to go back to work: if it backs up the union to the end it will force the state ownership or confiscation of the mines—which is the dream of the Socialists.

In other words, the whole contest is transferred to politics. It comes to be a question: Who can control the Governor, the Legislature and the courts? That's the trouble in the West: the industrial problem has been precipitated into politics. Now, the miners and the workers are more numerous than the operators and the business men; they have more votes and they can, if they stick together, elect their own officers. On the other hand the operators and business men have most of the money, so that after the workers have elected the governors and legislatures and courts they can step in and buy them up.

This is exactly what has been going on in the West—and this is the underlying cause of the present remarkable trial of the three labor leaders in Idaho.

After the Idaho strike and before the assassination much had occurred. The union was strongly organized and led by Moyer and Haywood: the mine operators were also well organized.

Forgotten In 1901 there was a terrible —that's the only word to

Chapters of use—a terrible strike at Telluride in Colorado. The union ordered arms and ammunition from Den-

Violence ver: the operators fortified their mines. The Governor then in office, who had been elected largely by union votes, refused to interfere. The local officers were all friendly to the union. In other words, the union controlled in politics. There was a pitched battle for the control of the Smuggler-Union mine and the union men being in vast majority captured it, but not until several men had been killed and wounded. The strike breakers, after indignities, were driven out: the miners won the strike—by force. One Italian, a union man, who had been in the attacking party, was killed: the union gave him an imposing funeral and erected a monument over him costing \$600.

This strike was also followed by an assassination. Over a year after the battle Manager Collins of the Smuggler-Union mine, who had led the fight against the union, was shot through a window in his house and instantly killed. The employers of Colorado made a determined fight to elect the Governor and Legislature in order that when the next strike came they could depend upon having troops in the field. At

the same time the unions were making a fight for legislation favorable to themselves. Both sides were thus fighting in the political field. The unions were trying to get a law passed limiting the hours of work in reduction mills, in underground workings and in smelters—all occupations more or less dangerous to health. In 1899 the Legislature passed an eight-hour law, but the Smelter Trust (one of the owners of which is Simon Guggenheim, the new Senator from Colorado), and other interests finally defeated it in the courts as unconstitutional.

The unions then began the work of getting an amendment to the Constitution. In November, 1902, the question was submitted to the people of Colorado, and an amendment carried by the tremendous majority of 46,714 votes. Both Democratic and Republican parties pledged themselves in their platforms to execute the will of the people and make laws to enforce this amendment in the Legislature of 1902-3.

When the Legislature met the Smelter men, mine operators and employers appeared and bought up the Legislature that had been elected by union votes and defeated the law.

Thus beaten by bribery the Western Federation of Miners angrily attempted to do by strikes what they could not do by the orderly means of the ballot. Strikes were called in the smelters, and rapidly extended to the mines at Cripple Creek and elsewhere. The fact that the Legislature had been corrupted by the rich men of Colorado was powerfully used in the speeches of Moyer and Haywood and it tended to enlist the sympathy of the people of the state on their side. I heard Moyer say in a speech at Pueblo:

"What is the use of your ballots anyway? You might as well tear them up and throw them in the gutter."

And in every speech either man uttered, he drove home the argument of Socialism—here was the will of the people defeated by bribery, the only remedy was to do away with the employing class.

But the conservatives had elected their own Governor—Peabody. When the strike began in Cripple Creek, the Governor did not stand aloof. He sent troops into the field, men were arrested wholesale and put in the bull-pens, the right of *habeas corpus* was suspended, the civil courts were cowed,

free speech was suppressed—the Governor, indeed, in a proclamation declared Teller County "to be in a state of insurrection and rebellion." The county officers, elected by the unions, were overawed by the state troops. The Judge Advocate-General declared:

"To hell with the Constitution."

There was blood and violence on both sides. Mines were blown up and miners deported.

But the result was a foregone conclusion. Having the state authorities with them, the operators won and crushed the union, just as in 1894, the union, backed by "Bloody Bridles" Waite, beat the operators.

Since then the State of Colorado has been in the hands of the employing class, and the Western Federation of Miners has been, in many mining camps, without power or influence. The leaders were naturally angry at their defeat and their helplessness; and in speeches and through their journals they preached Socialism harder than ever. Slowly they were beginning to recover, to organize (often secretly) in the mining camps.

Then came, in December, 1905, the assassination of Steunenberg. In February 1906, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were seized at night and transported to Idaho.

The disquieting part of the whole affair—to the people at large—is that no matter how the case is decided, neither side will be convinced or satisfied. If Moyer and Haywood are hanged, the Socialists will make martyrs of

them: if they are set free the operators and employers will say that justice has been defeated by popular clamor. The downright fact is, and it is not a pleasant fact, that the industrial struggle in Colorado has reached such a stage that *neither side cares what the law is so long as it can win*. The employers are perfectly willing to bribe right and left, and the miners perfectly willing to kill men or blow up mines.

I—said the Philosopher—I believed that the moral tone of the world could be elevated by strangling criminals, I would say that no lover of the gallows tree could ask a fairer ornament for it than the men who contrived or carried out the murder of Steunenberg. I happened to be in Idaho

at the time of the Cœur d'Alene trouble. I saw the seed planted that was to be watered by blood. I knew

Steunenberg Frank Steunenberg. He was a big, good-natured, and the well-meaning man who deserved a softer fate than

Cœur d'Alene befell him. Looking back

I can recall only one distinction that marked him off from his fellow men. He refused constantly and with rare fortitude to wear a necktie. On all other points he conformed to the Idaho laws and fashions. But against the sartorial redundancy of a cravat he rebelled and held out to the end. For this punctilio he braved the scorn of his neighbors and bore with magnanimous mien his exclusion from a fashionable Washington hotel. But he was the very last man in the world I should have expected to see a central figure in the grimmest tragedy the high country has ever known. I never heard any one speak ill of him—until the outbreak in the Cœur d'Alene. I have always suspected that this good-natured giant did not anticipate the ferocious manner in which the outbreak was to be put down. Like everybody else in Idaho he was shocked by the senseless cruelty of a group of the striking miners. But it was hardly in accordance with the temper of his mind to practice outrages on innocent and guilty men alike and to reply to oppression with oppression.

He sent into the mountains as his representative a vigorous, plucky little man of the name of Sinclair. It was hard not to admire Sinclair, for he went about a dangerous task with the lightness of foot and certainty of manner of a mongoose tackling a cobra. He seldom carried firearms while he was directing high-handed proceedings that would invite reprisal in a community of Quakers. Negro troops were called in and they acted in a manner that called down a warning from the administration at Washington. Men were forced to work in the mines under threat of court martial. Hundreds of innocent laborers were herded like beasts of the field in a vile stockade where they were denied the ordinary decencies of life. Newspaper publications were suppressed. The details of administration were entrusted to the owners and higher employees of the mines who did their work of suppression with the infinite gusto of men long denied their revenge on

their enemies. In theory the state was putting down a rebellion; in fact, as it appeared to dispassionate eyes looking on, the state was not so much attempting to restore order as to smash the union of the workingmen in order that the working of the mines might be resumed under conditions favorable to the mine-owners. And of course that was the result in Idaho as it was afterward in Colorado.

It is true that the situation in the West was then (as it now is for that matter) not quite understandable to Eastern people. It was hard for the visitor stepping from his train into a community presenting all the pleasing characteristics of cultivated existence in the small cities of the East to understand that something of the

Ancient ancient border spirit still lurked behind a sedate exterior. Veterans of the vigilance committees of earlier days were still alive practicing law or sitting as

Border Spirit judges in the courthouses or representing their states at Washington. The theory of private justice died hard. The law did not always far out-run the marksmanship of the sheriff. At the final pinch it was not considered altogether disreputable to take what you needed and keep what you got at the point of a gun. At almost the very time of the Cœur d'Alene outbreak the "sheep war" was on and desperadoes hired by cattle-owners were ruthlessly killing poor sheep-herders. There is a well-known story in the West that a man now holding a high political office in a far-western state, spent thousands of dollars to keep from the gallows a ruffian whom he had employed to murder sheep-men.

With all this in mind it is not hard to understand the furious way in which the mine-owners took reprisals for murder and the destruction of property. The spirit was the same that moved the Wyoming ranchmen a few years before the Cœur d'Alene trouble to attempt to demonstrate the lawlessness of the "rustlers" by organizing a lawless band, hiring "killers" from Texas and riding out to commit murder. The upshot of this expedition connived at by lawless state officers was that the people of the section, decent farmers and small ranchmen, rose, chased the gallant avengers into a ranch house and for several days kept them in close confinement by the sim-

ple process of shooting at them every time they poked their heads out of doors. In due time the patient law personified by a troop of U. S. cavalry appeared, and when the law came, sufficiently armed, the settlers packed their guns home and the vigilants were coldly marched back to Cheyenne to be tried for their lives.

As I say, it is easy to understand the feelings of these people, but it is not so easy to applaud them in the same breath with a

Lawlessness denunciation of their antagonists. As our young friend the Reporter observes, "Neither side cares what the law is so long as it can win." But worse than the lawlessness of the min-

ers or the mine-owners is the lawlessness of the officers of the law. That gets in deep. The guilt or innocence of the prisoners is a very small matter compared with the abandonment of serious authoritative legal processes by men sworn only to uphold the law. In Idaho the Governor practically abdicated and crimes were committed in order that crime might be abated. The very method by which Moyer and Haywood were carried from Colorado, the "perjured affidavit," the secret night hearing when the accused were denied counsel, the hasty arrest, the armed train to bear the men away from their homes to a hostile community, bore the dark and treacherous aspect that the law has never assumed when it commanded respect. In fact it was not the law, at all, that the miners of Idaho and Colorado saw descend on them, but a spirit of border ruffianism, a violence akin to their own but moved by the fear or rage of officers of the state who had lost all understanding of the patient unfaltering steps by which the law has raised the civilization of the world. Mr. Justice McKenna of the United States Supreme Court has so definitely characterized the kidnapping of Moyer and Haywood that the citizens of Colorado and Idaho may know what conservative men in all parts of the country think of this proceeding.

Some better thing than those who have kept their eyes fixed on the murder trial at Boise expect, may come from this affair

if it brings home to the minds of men charged with a duty to enforce the law that their actions are only bringing it into disrepute. Admit that the miners are lawless. There are only two ways of making them law-abiding. One is to kill them, which industrial necessities, not to speak of anything higher, forbid. The other is to teach them that the law is always venerable, that its ways are inexorable and that it marches with equal vigor, without haste or pause, against all wrong-doers. And how was that lesson, so fatal in its consequences to mankind, impressed upon the wicked workmen of Colorado? Their constitutional amendment was destroyed by bribery. They resorted to violence of a most hideous character. A strong-minded governor with the steady hands of a man who respected the law and knew how to administer it would have proceeded through regular channels to punish the guilty and suppress rebellion. But Peabody put a whole district under the "military" despotism of an erratic soldier of fortune. The first thing done to enforce the law was to upset the law. The supremacy of the constitution of the state was asserted by dispossessing local officers under threat of lynching, deporting citizens without trial, suppressing newspapers, suspending the processes of the courts and finally by arson and pillage. Here again the law appeared to the lawless in the guise of ruffianism. It was no better than they were. It did precisely the same things they had done and did them in the same way. They had no more respect for it than they would have for the bad men from the Texas Panhandle, so often imported to do the work of the owners of property in the far West. They would fear it but they would look forward to a time when they could destroy it.

I think this lesson has gone home to the people of Idaho. Whether it has penetrated Colorado I am not so sure, for with the defeat of the constitutional amendment still breeding anarchy and rebellion in the mountains, Colorado has elected to the United States Senate Mr. Simon Guggenheim of the Smelter's Trust.

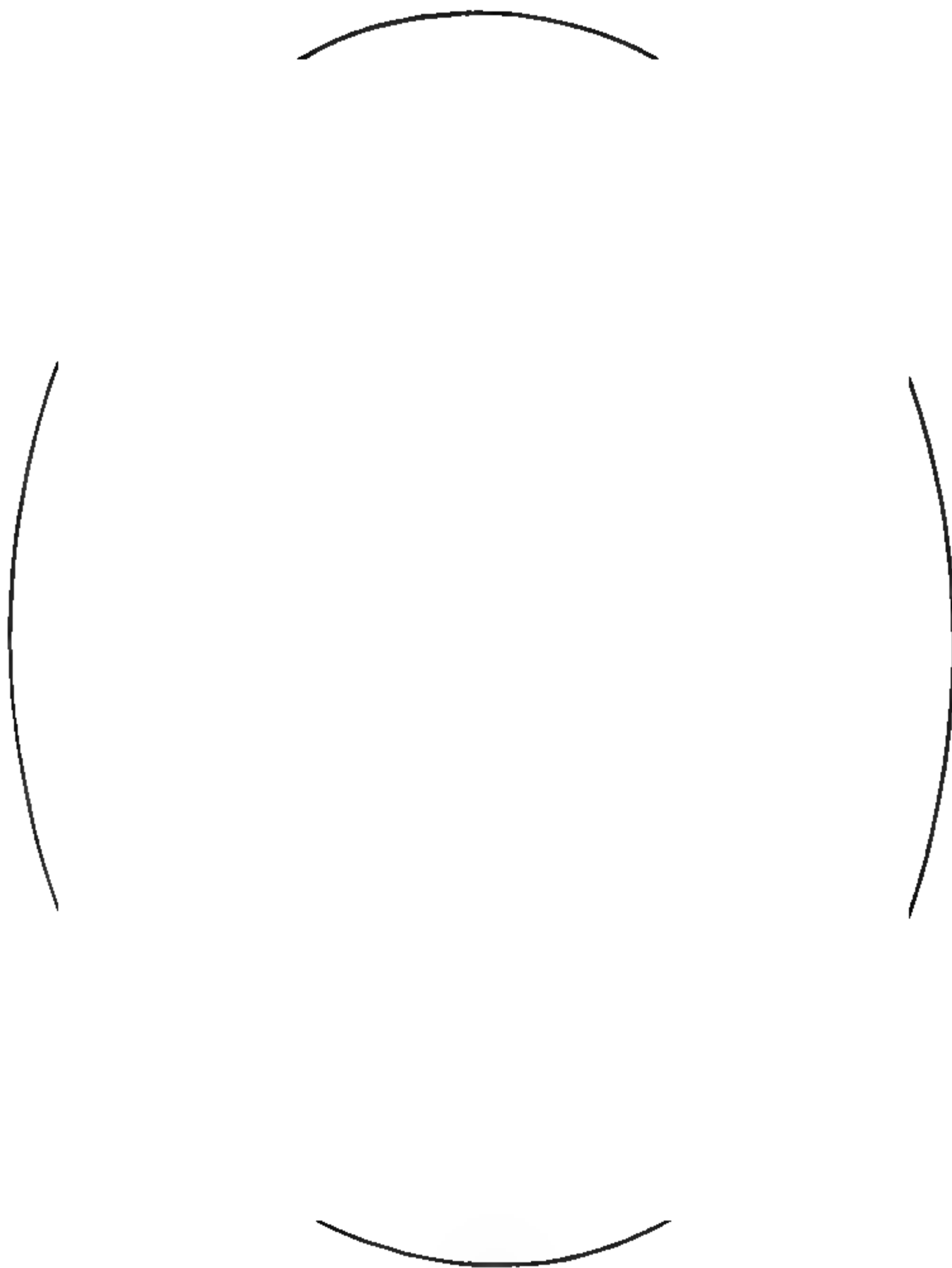
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FRANCIS J HENEY

"A fighter who has fought, not only for his life, but for his principles"

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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No. 4

"When he was a little shaver"

THE MAKING OF A FIGHTER

HOW FRANK HENEY PREPARED IN ARIZONA FOR THE WORK HE
IS NOW DOING IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS, AND DRAWINGS BY MAYNARD DIXON

TAKE anywhere a through Western train, and you are pretty sure to hear a conversation ranging, with fascinating familiarity, all over the continent—from the beaches at Nome down into Old Mexico; up through Arizona to the Denver Club, and out across the cattle ranches of Wyoming to the mines of Montana; it may

hunt a wild cat in the Black Hills, buy a senatorship in Nevada, call on the President at Washington, do business with Hawaii and Hong Kong in "the bay" of San Francisco, and it is pretty sure to alight, in lowered tones, at some well-known hotel in New York. Look at the men; they may be ill-matched externally. Listen longer, and you will learn that one lives, for the present, at Seattle, the other at Tonopah, but they know the same people, the same stories, dovetailing chapters of the same history. I once heard two of them laugh joy-

ously at the discovery that they had met before—on opposite sides of a general gun fight in Texas. These men are Westerners. Some of the mutual acquaintances they mention are San Franciscans, others are Oregonians, others are Nebraskans, Texans, and yet others are now New Yorkers, settled and successful. But the men I mean are of no one town, state or territory. They know the United States, and thus broadly are Americans, but of no distinct breed. They are rangers, and their own, particular range is the whole of the great, far West, which they are making, and which is making them.

Francis Joseph Heney is such a Westerner. His father immigrated from Ireland, his mother from Germany. He was born, March 17, 1859, at Lima, New York, but the family moved to San Francisco in 1863, and Frank, brought up there, calls himself a San Francisco Californian. He is that, and more. You see him now hot upon the trail of the grafting "labor" government of San Francisco. Before that we watched him track through their stolen timber lands the political-business grafters of Oregon. And before that, before anybody was looking, he helped to set up and knock down a governor and a territorial administration of Arizona. And before that he rode after cattle, ran an Indian trading post and practiced law there; and before Arizona and the Southwest—yes, and before he was admitted to the bar—he tried cases, taught school, milled and mined and gambled and drank up in Idaho. Frank Heney has the range, and he has some other traits, of the traditional Westerner: courage, for example.

The Quality of His Courage

Enemies of his admit readily that Frank Heney has courage. In parts of the West and in days when, according to tenderfoot fiction, all men were brave, he achieved a reputation for bravery. And this fame was his before he "killed his man." So there is no doubt about the physical courage of our hero. But there is little doubt about the physical courage of most Americans. It is moral courage that is rare among us, as rare, apparently, as physical cowardice. Heney is distinguished in the West, as he would be in the East, for the quality of his "nerve." He has moral courage.

Heney is a fighter who has fought, not only for his life, but for his principles, and this he has done, not only in one town, but in three or four states and territories. By following his story from the beginning, therefore, we may see what he has seen of the life and political condition of the West. We shall catch glimpses in Arizona of the primitive stealings of a territory; we can study in Oregon the improved corruption of a young state and get leads into the ancient, magnificent grafts of the Federal government; and finally, we shall realize, as Heney has, in San Francisco, California, the whole American system of political, industrial and financial misrepresentation. But of this later. First let us watch the development of a fighting American citizen out of a Westerner of the best fighting type.

A Fighting Boyhood

Frank Heney began fighting when he was a little shaver. His range then was "south of Market Street," which meant to a San Francisco boy about what the Ninth Ward meant in the boyhood of many a New Yorker. It meant fight. There were gangs, and these gangs were all at war; you had to fight your way home from school in a body, or, if you "got kept in" and your gang wouldn't wait, you had to fight alone against heavy odds or sneak around the block.

Frank began early to talk about going to the State University at Berkeley. His father wouldn't hear of that and, when the boy came out of grammar school, put him to work in his furniture store. Frank worked, but, dogged then as now in determination, he attended night school. His aptitude and industry so interested his teachers that they helped him out of hours and, in four months, entered him with the class of '79.

The elder Heney refused even then to let his boy go on; and Frank, in a huff, began a course of carousing which long hindered his career. But he stuck to his great purpose. Taking a teachers' examination, he taught school in Northern California, later in the night school in San Francisco, and thus, by making himself financially inde-

HENEY IN HIS FIRST LAW CASE

"If the court won't protect me, I will protect myself"—Page 343

pendent, fought his way to Berkeley with the class of '82.

And then, in his freshman year, he was "fired"—for fighting. Joining the college fraternity that went in more for "fun," Heney was cited, in a college paper, as a terrible example of the demoralizing influence of secret societies; the article was anonymous. Heney demanded the name of the author and when the editor, a senior, refused it, attacked him. This happened at the railroad station. The senior drew a pistol and held the freshman at bay till the train started. Then he dropped his pistol hand and leaped upon a car. Heney sprang upon him and the two dangled there a moment. As the train gained headway, Heney's grip weakened and he dropped, but he caught the train and—the senior named the author: a fellow who had tried and failed to get into the fraternity.

Heney kept his own counsel absolutely; he deliberated all day and that night bought him a rawhide and a revolver. The whip was for the fellow who was "smaller than him"; the gun was to be used only if the smaller man should draw.

The two met at noon, coming out of class. Heney grasped his man by the collar, threw him on the floor and thrashed him till the fellow drew his gun. Dropping his whip, Heney grasped the weapon and there was a wrestling match till the crowd interfered.

A Challenge to a Duel

It was at this juncture that Heney committed the offense for which he was expelled. His victim, stung and humiliated, called out from the crowd that held him a taunt at the "brave man that would lick a fellow smaller than himself." Heney says that "hurt."

"Let him go," he called back; "give him his gun and I'll give him first shot."

The faculty could not forgive Heney for proposing a gun-play, and so, with a laugh outside but real sorrow within, he turned away to other things. His chance for a college education was gone.

But his chance for an education wasn't gone. Life, the rough life of the West, was to be Heney's teacher. He hadn't given up his instructorship at the night school and he went on there for awhile, reading, reading everything, but also he caroused. To get away from this, he applied for a school at

Silver City, Idaho. It was a mining town in full blast and not every man could teach its school. The last teacher wasn't big enough, and Silver City sized up the new teacher, as most men would, for less than he was.

Heney does not look his part. He is five feet eight and a half inches in height, but slender; strong, but rather with nervous than muscular force. His head is round and his face is rosy, with a good deal of Irish in it, blond, amiable Irish. A firm chin, thin, close-set lips and a steady gaze out of the eyes—these show the man. But when he is in earnest and not in a temper he has a deprecating shake of the head and a wrinkly little smile that distracts attention from the eyes that mean business. And as for the fighting mouth, that is ever ready to laugh, a cackling, good-humored laugh. Moreover, Heney wears glasses and he came to Silver City in city clothes.

Teaching and Mining in Idaho

So when the big boys of the school opened the door of the hotel and looked in at the new teacher, they laughed.

"Get onto the dude," they said, and they told one another quite frankly in Heney's hearing what they would do to him. Heney laughed, his cackling, good-humored laugh; he foresaw what he would do to them.

And Heney made good with the boys, too, and from his success with them he drew a conclusion which has influenced his whole life. In Northern California, where also the school he had taught was called "bad," he had had to lay out some of his class with a piece of stove-wood while he licked the rest. In Silver City he used a little piece of string with a knot tied in the end of it; it hurt; but these boys will tell you that what did the business was the certainty they felt that their cackling, amiable teacher was "game and no bluffer."

"Boys are all right," Heney decided then, "and so are men. All the boys need to make them behave is the guidance of a good parent or a careful teacher, and the

certainty of penalties suited to their crimes. And all men want to make them do right is the inspiration of a good leader ahead and—unfailing justice behind.”

Every chapter of Heney's life begins and ends with a fight, and the “dude” teacher's term in Silver City ended in “trouble.” But not with the boys. It was a man's fight with a man, and it grew out of the dissipations of a mining town; for Heney did not stop drinking and gambling and fighting, as he had hoped, in his new environment. On the contrary, he drank deeper, played higher, and toward the end of his stay there Silver City was keenly aware that two men were going around with their guns loaded for each other. One of them, Heney, had made up his mind, however, that he wouldn't draw unless attacked, and the other man did not attack. The situation did not trouble the men, but it wasn't good for the school, so Heney went to mining.



He mined first at Silver City. Then he caught the Wood River excitement, and when that “busted,” worked in a mill at Bonanza. At the end of the season he went in for the winter to Chalice, and was left in charge of

the law office there of an attorney who had been elected to the legislature. And thus it happened that, before he was admitted to practice, or had even studied law, he tried his first case.

His First Law Case

It was a murder case. Three “tin horn” gamblers had a row with a fourth, who was killed. Since the only lawyer left in town was prosecuting attorney, the defense had to retain “the boy,” Heney. Court met by day in the back room of the leading saloon, where at night the town gambled. The judge sat at the faro table, feeling ran high, but all went well till it came to the argument. Heney's nerve failed him. He was only twenty years old and he declared that he couldn't make a speech.

But his clients—the whole sporting population—insisted on having “everything that belonged to a trial,” so they took the boy up to the bar and “threw drinks into him” till he was in a mood for anything. And so he began his argument. As he proceeded, the prosecuting attorney interjected some abusive remarks. Heney paused, looking to the judge to protect him. But the judge was silent. The room was packed and the crowd moved uneasily, but Heney proceeded till again the prosecuting attorney interrupted, and this time he used “fighting language.” Heney picked up his chair, and swinging it over his head, he exclaimed:

“If the court won't protect me, I will protect myself.”

And yet, with his chair raised above his head, and all afire himself with just wrath, he paused to reflect. He meant to crush and kill the man before him and the crowd, maddened by the scene, called to him to do it. And Heney knew that if he brought down his chair on that drunken lawyer's head, everybody would go to shooting, and many men would be killed, including, for a certainty, the judge. In a flash he saw how he could win his case and avoid bloodshed. He dropped the chair behind him and putting out his hands, said to the prosecuting attorney:

“Your old gray hairs protect you.”

Heney always laughs outright when he recalls this speech. “It made the old fellow wild with rage,” he says, and, of course, it was more maddening than any epithets. The old fellow rose to his feet and bending his head over to Heney, ran his hands through his hair, panting:

“Just you consider every one of these old gray hairs as blacker than the blackest abyss of old black hell.”

It was no use. The judge interfered with a fine of ten dollars each, and when the crowd paid Heney's on the spot, the prosecuting attorney was so enraged that he resigned. Court adjourned and the boy lawyer, lifted on the shoulders of the crowd, was carried forth into the street where a mass-meeting was held, presided over by an ex-clergyman on a beer barrel. The citizens adopted resolutions praising Heney, denouncing the prosecuting attorney, and calling on the judge to resign. The judge did not resign, but that night he discharged the prisoners on the murder count and

held them for street rioting, a misdemeanor!

"This triumph didn't do me any good," says Heney now. "I thought I was the greatest lawyer ever."

Having begun thus to practice, he decided to study law. He returned to San Francisco, took in two years a three years' course and passed his examination before the Supreme Court (1883). But drilling rock on a wet plank underground in the mines of Idaho had given him sciatica. He went to Arizona, meaning to practice there, but his brother Ben, who was in business at Tucson, had heard that a man who was running a cattle ranch for him was selling beeves on his own account. He asked Frank to go out there and see. Frank went and he saw; he said what he would do about it and his brother's partner "skipped." Thus it was that Frank Heney, ex-teacher, miner and counselor-at-law, became a cowboy and a cattle-rancher.

Riding, Shooting, "Dancing"

boy, he
up to
the fol-
ge. His

brother Ben says that every other item on the ranch bills sent to him in those days was for either whisky or cartridges, but when he went up there to "kick," Frank had malaria to show for the liquor and, to justify the ammunition, he threw a tin can out in front of the shack, and, with a six-shooter, moved it shot by shot across the ground out of range. He was teaching himself to shoot, and the other cowboys were teaching him to ride and rope and "dance."

Geronimo had his Apaches out on the warpath and the frequent alarms brought the cattle men frequently together. They liked Heney and his education helped while away many an hour for the idlers. But they hazed the sunny "tenderfoot." They gave him bad bronchos to ride. Again and again he was thrown, but, as with the boys "south of Market," so with these horses, he always came back; up and into the

saddle, "taking his medicine" even though the blood spurted from his nose and mouth. For months he submitted with unfailing good nature to all this cowboy "fun." Then one evening at a round-up he decided that "that would do." He picked out the best man among them.

"Now, Roberson, you fellows quit. Oh, you can smile," he said. "You're a gun man all right, but you've got to use your gun. I've stood enough and if you don't quit, you and Turner and all the rest of you, why, you've got to kill me or I'll kill you."

Cowboys "don't mean nothin'," when they pester the life out of you and risk your bones. They sat silent, studying Frank while he raged, and when he rode off home, Roberson and Turner rounded up his cattle and, after the rodeo, drove them over to his ranch. There they blew him up for "gettin' mad," but from that time on they let him alone. That is to say, they ceased to "josh" him, and when there were Mexican horse thieves to go out and kill, or Indians to follow, Roberson and Turner, the leaders, each tried always to get Heney in "his bunch." "He couldn't shoot," they said, "but he had sand."

An Apache Indian Trader

When the cattle business was in good shape Ben Heney asked Frank to go over to Fort Apache. Ben had an Indian trading store there and "Al" Bernard, who was

running it on shares, was selling goods on his own account. One Sunday morning Frank called Bernard into the store.

"Al," he said, "you are going away."

"What!"

"Yes," said Heney, cackling pleasantly, "you and your family and your wife's

family, and all your other relations that have been living off this business, you are all going to pack up and move back into Tucson to-morrow."

"I guess not," said Al, and he explained, among other things, how at a word from him the commandant at the post would order Heney off the reservation. The license was in Bernard's name.

"I know that," said Heney, cackling unpleasantly. "But you are going to speak well of me to the commandant."

"Oh, I am, am I? Well, I'd like to know why."

"I'll tell you," said Heney, and the cackling ceased. Then he showed him just the kind of evidence he had been gathering. "Now you go and you go quick."

Heney's hand went back to his pistol pocket and he meant to shoot, if necessary. He knew how hard his brother had worked to get together the capital invested in this business, and he knew that if it failed, Ben would be ruined. Frank was nerved up to desperate measures. But his brother's partner decided to move, and he did move the next day.

Thus, Frank Heney became "Nan Tan Frank," the Apache Indian trader, and his training by the Indians was begun. The store stood on an upland about three miles from the army post, and in between lay the uneasy camp of the Apaches. Geronimo had about one hundred braves out on the warpath most of the time, but a couple of hundred were always at home, and bands of the warriors kept coming in to see their squaws and get supplies.

Like cowboys and all other children, Indians have their "fun." When they got drunk, especially on moonlit evenings, they had a way of riding up and down in front of the store firing off their guns and calling out to the "Nan Tan" (Captain) insults which they knew he understood for he had learned Apache. ("Only about six hundred words in the whole lingo," he says.) If he was in the store, he stayed in, but he used often to go visiting the officers at the post and sometimes he met the Indians on his way back. These encounters were good exercise for the nerves. With a whoop, the drunken devils would charge on the dead run straight at him, wheel, jostle and challenge him for whisky. There was no danger unless you showed fear, but then, as all

white men know, Indians were likely to do anything. They'd kill, set fire to the store and go out on the warpath, trusting to the "treaty of peace" to cover up the particulars of crime.

At the end of a lively year and a half, Frank had for his brother a clear balance sheet and for himself some rich experience in dealing with elemental human nature in the rough, man to man. And he was pretty much of a man. But he wasn't much of a lawyer, and that's what he wanted to be. He had done no reading, and, of course, he had had no practice. Once in his ranching days a train had killed a neighbor's steer, and when the cowboys gathered round the carcass to "cuss" the road, he asked why they didn't sue. "Sue!" they shouted. "One man sue a railroad for one cow!" It was absurd. Heney said he'd take the case. They didn't know he was a lawyer, but his offer promised fun, so they all "slicked up" and rode to town to see the cowboy lawyer tackle a corporation. Heney got a judgment for \$50. But how collect? Heney's client presented the bill to the station agent and when he explained that he had no authority to pay it, the cowboys yelled, "Didn't we tell you so!" But Heney wasn't through. A freight train pulled in and Heney's client approached the locomotive with a great piece of chain. Winding it around the driving wheel, he carried it under the rail and linked it up. Then he went off into the shade of the nearby water tank and, with his rifle across his knees, waited to see that nobody touched "that there attachment of his." There was some delay, much telegraphing; but in the end the agent received orders to pay and the attachment was removed. Heney always refuses to say whether this proceeding was "by advice of counsel."

When Frank Heney rode into Tucson from Fort Apache in 1888, he came panting to be at the business of life. He was nearly thirty years old and his association with the educated young officers at the post had made him feel that he was wasting his days. His saddle was hardly cool when he opened his first law office, and that was hardly warm when he appeared as one of the candidates for the Democratic county convention and as one of the jolliest crowd of young roisterers in Tucson. His boyhood wasn't quite over yet; he needed a jolt or two to turn up the serious side of his character.

The A B C of Politics

The first fact that came as a jolt to Heney was the report that he and the other delegates elected to the Democratic convention were expected to vote for Al Bernard for county treasurer. Ben Heney, a Republican, held the office and Frank knew how his brother had worked for the county. It wouldn't have been easy to find a better man for the job, but Al Bernard—the fellow Frank had driven out of Ben's store at Fort Apache! He hurried off to tell the leaders about Bernard.

His story made no impression and Heney tried a threat. He declared that if they offered Bernard to the convention, he, Heney, would denounce him from the floor. That would hurt the party, they said, and when that seemed to make no difference to Heney, they, in their turn, tried a threat. They said Heney would hurt himself. They explained how. Since they, the leaders of the dominant party, represented the solid interests of the county, they could throw business to him or keep it away; since they made and controlled the judges and the courts, they could dispense success or failure to a young lawyer; and since they owned the organization, they held the key to public honors and offices. Here is where most young men give up the fight. Here is where Heney began his. For Bernard was named before the convention, and Heney did stand up and tell all about him; and, what was more, he declared that if Bernard was nominated he would take the stump against him.

Bernard was nominated, and Heney began to campaign against him publicly and privately. But Heney had to drop the Bernard fight. He found that he was making votes for Bernard. Astonished, he asked why. He asked honest men who, he heard, had said that they had meant to vote for Ben Heney till Frank began to "throw mud." These men, his friends, explained that it was against the rules of the game for a Democrat to oppose a Democrat, also they didn't like to see private affairs dragged into politics.

"Even when the private affairs go to show that a candidate for treasurer can't be trusted?" Heney asked.

"Yes, even then," his friends answered.

For Ben's sake Frank was silent, and Ben beat Bernard by 47 votes!

First Glimpse of the System

Frank laughed, but he drew a conclusion: the leaders of his party were largely saloon men, gamblers and lawyers who represented such men, so he saw that Vice ruled his party. And he said so—out loud. He told the gamblers and saloon keepers. Standing at their bars and drinking with them, he would say, with his cackling laugh and steady eye, that while he had nothing against them or their business, he was opposed to their running politics. And he declared that he was going to fight until he had driven them out of power in Tucson.

If he had spoken as a "purist," his declaration of war would have been ridiculous, for the spirit of the territory was against "closed towns." But he didn't propose to shut up the saloons. He drank himself. He didn't gamble; he had stopped that when he left Idaho, but only because it was "folly," and it never occurred to him to use the law to compel others to stop just because he had. So with drinking. He dropped that about this time, but only because it was hurting him. And this discovery was the second jolt that came to him in this propitious period.

He bore a grudge against Calvert Wilson, the son of General Thomas F. Wilson. He wanted to "lick" the son and, quite as a separate proposition, he wanted to defeat the appointment, broached just then, of the father to be a judge in the territory. He thought these two purposes could be satisfied together by getting up some interviews against the old general. For, he reasoned, the son, having been something of a boxer at Harvard, would take notice of an attack on his father. Heney had a reporter sent out to get interviews with the leading lawyers of the town. They were all opposed to General Wilson, but, characteristically enough, refused to be quoted. Their moral cowardice disgusted Heney, so he went to them, drew them out, and, without their permission, wrote what they said, and added a statement of his own, the strongest of all. The publication of this broadside ended the hopes of General Wilson.

And, sure enough, it set the son in motion. A day or two later some friends of Heney told him in the Court House that Calvert Wilson was looking for him. Heney laughed.

"He'll come back," he said. "I'll go to my office, Calvert will come in, and you watch me throw him out."

Heney crossed the street to his office, laid off his coat, and, by and by, Calvert Wilson called. He invited Heney out into the hall, and demanded to know—

The next minute Heney was on the floor with Wilson on top of him. "And," says Heney, "when my friends came rushing in, they didn't see me throwing Wilson out; they saw me hanging on to him to keep him from throwing me out." The spectators made the two fighters stand up and fight. Again Wilson threw Heney, and again and again; six times the Harvard man downed the Westerner and each time Heney struck on the back of his head, "good and hard." Then the crowd stopped the fight. Heney was licked, and well licked too. He was sick, as well as humiliated.

Utterly disgusted with himself, he consulted a physician, who told him that he was in a bad way physically; if he wanted to live to lick Wilson or any other man he must stop drinking and go into training. A day or two after that the butcher and the baker met Heney at daybreak running and walking two or three miles out of town, and Tucson had it that Frank Heney was crazy. But when the story of the fight got out, everybody guessed that Frank was training to "come back" at Calvert Wilson. And this was the truth.

But the effect of the training was to put Heney in good condition for work. The energy that had gone to waste went into his business, and he handled it with such vigor that his practice was soon too important to permit of street fighting. He invited Calvert Wilson to meet him privately, and badgered the man when he refused, but he did not pick a public row. Wilson was handsome about it and, after a year or two, in the great crisis of Heney's life, this quarrel was settled.

For two years after his thrashing, Heney didn't drink at all, and never since has liquor interfered with his work. But he didn't stop fighting. On the contrary, he won quickly a reputation for good, sound, logical, legal ability, and his practice became early one of the largest and most lucrative in the territory. His success came to him as a fighter, as the fighting attorney of Tucson.

The Crisis of a Fighting Life

The best example of Heney's "nerve" and of some other of his traits is the so-called "Handy Case," which ended in the shooting of Dr. Handy—the crisis of Heney's fighting life. Dr. J. C. Handy was a splendid figure of a man, big, handsome, passionate and fearless. A frontier doctor, he was also a politician. Instinctively liberal, he was kind, in a rough, hearty, easy-going way, to the sick and unfortunate. "No charge," he would say to the poor; "I'll take it out of the lucky fellows." But Handy was a bully, too, selfish when he wasn't in the mood for charity, and wilful as a child.

The stories told of his outbreaks of rage sound like insanity. His wife bore the brunt of them. He left her to live with another woman, and, not content with this offense, he used to take the other woman in his buggy and drive up and down in front of his wife's house, taunting and insulting her. Apparently he wanted Mrs. Handy to sue for a divorce, and when she didn't, he did.

Having sued for a divorce, Handy wouldn't even let his wife have counsel. She employed first a lawyer name Wright, but Handy meeting him at a funeral wound up some hot remarks with a threat to "pull his nose." Wright escaped, and shortly after threw up the brief. The next lawyer that Mrs. Handy retained was ex-Judge William H. Barnes. Him also Handy frightened off, and Heney happened to see it done. He was in Barnes's office one day when Handy came in to serve some papers. The Doctor walked up close to Barnes and, glaring at him, threw the paper down on the desk. It was all very insulting, and Barnes muttered a remonstrance at Handy's retreating back.

"What's that?" the Doctor demanded, wheeling about and returning. "What's that?"

With Handy bending over him, Judge Barnes explained that he had only expressed a preference for having such papers served by counsel, not by Handy. "That was all."

"It had *better* be all," said Handy. "Why, you —, I've a mind to cut your throat right now." And then, changing his emphasis, he repeated: "It had better be all—*all*."

And it was all. Within two hours Barnes

had withdrawn from the case, and Tucson knew that Mrs. Handy was unable to get counsel. It was a shameful situation, this terrorism of a whole town, and a Western town at that, by one man.

But there was reason for the fear. Handy was a powerful man physically, and a quick, sure shot. Besides, he had "influence." It was no light thing to defy this man, as Heney's experience showed.

For Heney took Mrs. Handy's case. All sorts of men came to him to beg him not to go on. A committee of leading citizens called and presented a formal protest and warning. Heney listened for a while, then he said:

"All right, get her another lawyer and I will get out of the case."

That was impossible, they said.

"Then," said Heney, "I will try the case or I'll take down my shingle. I would rather be dead than have it said that a woman couldn't be defended in a civil suit in a town where I was practicing law."

Before the trial was begun the U. S. Attorney called on Heney.

"I don't want to alarm you, Frank," he said, "but Bob Paul (the U. S. Marshal), who is a friend of Handy's, told me to warn you that the Doctor has employed McClarty (a gun man) to help him. McClarty is to hang around the court room. If you make a break Handy will shoot you and McClarty will look after Ben."

Arrangements to Kill Heney

The trial was to be held behind closed doors, and when Heney came to court, there stood McClarty on guard.

"Hello, Mac," said Heney, and he ran his hands down the fellow's back; he felt his gun.

Frank sent word downstairs to Ben, who hurried up into court, and Frank put Handy on the stand.

"Doctor," he said, "do you know McClarty?"

"I do."

"Is he in your employ now?"

"He is."

"Is he standing outside those swing doors listening to what I am saying?"

"I guess he is. That's what I told him to do." And reaching back into his pocket, Handy half drew his revolver. "McClarty is there to look after your brother," he added. "I will take care of you."

At the conclusion of every session Handy waited outside for Heney and, with his friends about him, muttered insulting things. One day he threatened the judge himself in the street; but he didn't shoot. His fixed idea was not to shoot Heney first, but to incite him to draw his gun. Then the Doctor said he would take the weapon away and kill him in "self-defense." "I'll kill the —— with his own gun," was the way he put it.

With McClarty to attend him at court, Handy hired one Hank Hewitt, another gun fighter who had killed several men, to drive about with him in his buggy and "hold his horse." Thus supported, he studied the habits of Heney. He knew when and where he went for meals, and on business and evenings, and everywhere Heney went there Handy met him. And always Handy insulted him. He would drive along the street and, to Heney on the sidewalk, call out epithets, "fighting names." "One name that he called me every day I had never in my life permitted any man to call me," Heney says. "I took it then; I took it every day."

Learning What Fear Is

Mrs. Handy needed counsel, and Heney made up his mind not to fight till her case was ended.

The strain was terrific. Ben Heney, who knew all about it, urged his brother to shoot. Frank had his gun ready; he had filed off the trigger to enable him to draw it quickly, and he kept in practice, but Ben feared that Handy might catch his brother off his guard and shoot him like a dog. And Frank says himself that he was afraid of

*Dr. J. C. Handy, whom
Heney killed*

this. "I learned to know what fear was," he says. Often at night he would give up. "If he calls me that to-morrow, I'll shoot," he would decide. But, fresher in the morning, he would go out and when the Doctor, with McClarty or Hank Hewitt up beside him, would meet him and escort him from his home to his office, taunting him as a coward to shoot, Heney would sweat and take it.

For the year and a half that the trial dragged along, this continued and meanwhile Handy refused to give his wife money. She lived on what Heney lent her. And she also was made to suffer.

Well, a divorce was decreed and Handy got the children. But that did not end it. Heney appealed. Handy sent word to him to abandon the appeal or leave the territory, and all Heney's friends told him that the Doctor was more desperate than ever. But Heney felt free to shoot now. "I believe," he says, "that Handy had come to think that I was what he had called me, a coward. He was more afraid of Ben than he was of me." The crisis came when Frank returned alone from San Francisco whither he and Ben had gone together.

Heney Kills His Man

The day Frank got back, Handy followed him up into a real estate office. He came on the run, but after him came a deputy sheriff named Perrin, who seized the Doctor and warned him away.

But the next day, as Heney and his clerk left their office at noon, Handy appeared walking down the opposite side of the street. "Hold up," said Heney to his clerk, "there's Handy. Let's stand here and talk." Handy crossed the street and brushed past Heney's back, jostled him, stopped, and called him a name, that same old fighting name. Heney turned, and as he did so, Handy hit him in the face, seized him by the throat and jammed him against the wall. Heney reached for his gun, but he did not draw it;

he saw Handy look down, watching for it. Remembering what Handy had said so often about killing him with his own gun, Heney showed both his hands, unarmed, and then, feeling Handy's grip relax on his throat, he ducked, ran backward out into the street and drew. Handy, following him, put his hand back for his own gun, but he stuck to his fixed idea; he jumped at Heney and grabbed his revolver with both hands. And just as he clutched it, Heney fired.

The bullet went tearing down diagonally through Handy's intestines. A look of amazement passed over his face, then one of murderous resolve settled there and the real struggle began. Handy weighed 200 pounds, Heney only 126, and the bigger man had counted always on his physical superiority. That his faith in his strength was well founded he showed now. For, after he was shot, he fought in the street for three or four minutes. Many witnesses saw it, and they all testify that, as the two clung to that revolver, the wounded man lifted Heney off his feet, swung him round and round, and time and time

again bore him to his knees. Heney's agility saved him, that and the crowd, which finally dragged the fighters apart. And then Handy walked a block and a half to his office, lay there till he could be taken home, and did not die till next day!

When Heney went after the timber thieves of Oregon and again when he began his investigation into the "Labor" government of San Francisco, the grafters sent agents to Arizona to search his record, and they tried hard to make something out of his killing of Dr. Handy. It was no use. The hearings at the time were thorough; Heney saw to that. There were many witnesses; they all were heard, and Heney was not only discharged, he was vindicated with a triumph by "good men and true" chosen from a community which had very generally declared that it would have "given Handy both barrels long ago." All men felt, and many had said that Heney should not have taken what he did from Handy.

*Francis J. Heney at the time
he killed Dr. Handy*

But his restraint was understood for what it was, moral courage.

Single-handed Political Fights

All through the Handy episode Heney was carrying on his political war with the gang that ran his party and it was guerrilla warfare. Indeed that was the trouble with Heney's politics. He was constant, but irregular; bold, but personal. He opposed bad men, not the system that produced them, and though he often won these individual fights, his victories did very little good.

He saw the saloon men and gamblers in the county ring, and he understood why they were willing to let Al Bernard be county treasurer: they represented their business, Vice, and so long as they were free to prey upon the men and women of the county, they didn't care who had the public funds' graft. This offended Heney. He didn't notice particularly that in that ring were other, more respectable men who were engaged in other, more respectable businesses. He didn't ask why they were for Bernard. And, naturally, it didn't offend his sense of decency that an ex-Judge, William H. Barnes, the leader of the bar, should also be the political leader of the county. He didn't ask what businesses Boss Barnes represented. And he didn't fight Barnes, at first.

But the evil that he saw Heney fought. He gathered about him his friends, the gay young Democrats of Tucson and, gay though they were, they opposed the vice ring. And they made their fights in the primaries, and always Heney or some of his crowd were elected delegates.

The young Democrats used to go to conventions with a respectable delegation and some strong alliances with other districts; and they would put up their candidates and pledge majorities for them. But when it came to the vote, some of their delegates would invariably fall down. Not many. "Just enough to beat us," Heney says now, with a laugh. "I believe Barnes let us have enough of his men to make us think we were safe and keep us from getting more. Then he would snap the whip, and they would come back. He had the patronage, the money and, if it came to a pinch, he had not only political but business pressure to bring to bear. Why, when I was licked and

so mad that I wanted to bolt, I've had prominent business men come to me advising me to be loyal to the party. I don't know why I didn't tumble to the fact that Barnes had the support of all the interests, political and business, of the whole territory. But I didn't."

Heney's Challenge to the Boss

Year after year Heney was defeated, and year after year the prestige of the boss was increased by his victories, till at last Barnes went "too far." He made a reach for the courts. This alarmed some of the good men of Tucson. They thought it was time to "check" the boss. They didn't like to come out against him themselves, they looked around for some one to do the job for them, and, like the boys south of Market Street, they whistled for Frank Heney.

He was willing. It was a chance to get "strong backing." He took a day or two to consider how best to go to work, and his plan was the first sign he had given of a democratic political instinct. He had been trying to win with the help of his friends. But you can't play politics with only your friends behind you—not, at least, in a government by the people. And the people in Pima and the other counties round about Tucson belonged to the parties which belonged to the bosses who traded them off between themselves. Heney proposed now to appeal to the people. He challenged Barnes to come to an open meeting at the Opera House on the night of May 6, 1891, and there listen to and—if he could—make answer to certain charges which he, Heney, would bring against him, with the proofs.

The good citizens were startled. This was going further than they had expected to go. "Don't, Frank," they pleaded. It was right, they said, to fight Barnes, as Heney had been fighting, quietly, within the party; in convention.

"Where I get licked," said Heney grimly.

Ah, but they would back him now; and, besides, they didn't want to beat the boss, only to check him. Why, Barnes was one of Tucson's most prominent citizens, the leader of the bar, etc., and any public exposure of him would hurt the business and the fair fame of the city.

Fortunately Heney's friends appealed to his fears as well as their own, so he paid no

attention to them. He opened his speech with an answer to all those who had argued that "a young man starting out in life as I am, ruins his future, ruins his prospects of advancement in his profession and of preferment in his party by having the courage and manhood to stand forth against corruption in public affairs, after a man has been nominated by his party. If that be the consequence," he said, "I accept it with pleasure."

Heney put loyalty to his country first in this speech. It was higher than his duty to his family and, as for parties, they were means to an end. "Therefore," he said, "when we find that a corrupt man has been nominated by a party, it becomes not only our privilege, but the bounden duty of every man to fall back upon the first principles which caused him to join that party, to wit: the welfare of the country generally. Patriotism and manhood must rise above party fealty and boss rule." Then he proceeded for two hours to charge, in general and in detail, with the evidence, that Boss Barnes stood for corruption in politics. Barnes wasn't there. The Boss had not accepted Heney's challenge.

Heney Becomes County Chairman

Barnes "wasn't going to pay any attention" to the "attack," but he found that he must; it was hurting him and, in a few days, he came out with a reply. That was the beginning of the end of this boss. Thenceforward he was forever on the defensive. Heney followed up his advantage at the next primaries with some practical politics. He and his crowd organized a Democratic Club, which enabled them to put up a "regular" Democratic ticket. Electing a majority of the delegates, he went to the convention to make trades and dickers himself. He wasn't expert and Barnes got the ticket. But Heney had learned that party sovereignty lies in the county committees. Letting everything else go he pledged everybody to his slate for committeemen, and by threatening, if he was beaten, to go out and beat Barnes's ticket, he forced the boss's own candidates to help him hold the delegates in line. His committee was elected and he made himself chairman. Thus Frank Heney put himself in the place of the boss of Pima County.

Many Americans think that all they have

to do to get good government is to elect good men to office. This had been Heney's theory and his power as boss gave him the opportunity to put his theory to the test. He was a good leader: honest, sincere and not afraid; and his followers were like him, gay, enthusiastic and unselfish. Their platform was (1st) good men in office, (2d) economy, and (3d)—as a corollary—no graft.

Heney will tell you now that, besides negative planks in your platform, you must have a positive policy for the solution of the problems of government. For example, he had been fighting all those years to dethrone the vice interests and that was accomplished when he took their place. But he didn't solve the vice problem; he didn't know it was a problem. Having "nothing against the saloon keepers and gamblers," he "let them alone"—to fight him; and they fought him.

And so with the other business interests. He knew the railroad and mining men; he was attorney for some of them. He had nothing against them, so he let them alone—to fight him. And on the quiet, they opposed him. They had nothing against him personally, but they knew from experience that they couldn't control him. He was "unsafe."

Up Against the Territorial Boss

Heney had nothing against the territorial machine of his party, either. He was a part of it. He was "down on" the governor and his administration: they were Republicans and "bad men" of course. But the Republican President of the United States had appointed them and the only hope of a change was at the approaching national election. But this couldn't concern Heney very much. His interest was in Tucson. He hoped, if a Democrat was elected President, to be appointed United States District Attorney, but he wanted the place only to be able to do things down his way. As County Chairman, Heney delivered his delegation to the territorial machine; he supported the territorial boss, Mark Smith, for renomination to Congress, and then stumped the territory for Cleveland and Smith.

In brief, Heney did not fight Boss Smith till, like Boss Barnes, Smith threw him down. When Cleveland was elected for his

second term, Smith was reelected, and the Boss offered voluntarily to help Heney to the appointment he sought.

"I don't want you to help," said Heney. "All I ask is that you keep your hands off."

Smith promised faithfully not to interfere unless it was to help and yet, in Washington, Heney found the boss working quietly for the other man who got the job. The other man was a railroad attorney; he had the backing of the Santa Fe road. Heney didn't understand it, but having had no promise from the Santa Fe, he didn't blame the road; all his wrath fell upon that "liar Smith."

Personal though his feud was with Smith, it was so passionate that it carried Heney and his crowd out of their county into control of the territory of Arizona. To get even with Smith, Heney had to fight the territorial organization and he aimed where he had won at home—at the executive committee. That was made up, as the county committee was, of saloon keepers, gamblers and attorneys for mining and railroad companies. Heney put up a "good business man" against Smith's chairman, who was a gambler, but Smith's gambler won by the two deciding votes of another "good business man." That should have opened Heney's eyes, but it didn't; it only puzzled and enraged him.

Making a Governor

He carried the fight to Washington. Mark Smith and the interests back of him had a candidate for governor of the territory. Heney had to find one. He didn't have to look long; Heney's candidate found Heney.

L. C. Hughes was the man, the editor of a Tucson newspaper who had supported the young Democrats. And they had helped to elect him a delegate to the convention that nominated Cleveland. When Hughes came back and suggested his own candidacy, Heney told him it was "impossible." "And it was," says Heney now. "Hughes was a mistake, and I knew it all the time." But Hughes had a "claim." Arizona votes first among the territories which are called after all the states. Hughes had agreed with Don Dickinson to rise at the signal and, without authority, cast ten votes of his divided delegation solidly for Cleveland. He did it. The balloting was close, the excitement suppressed and intense; the few

delegates he delivered without their consent did not decide, but they were made to seem to settle it. For the storm of protest that rose at Hughes was so overwhelmed by pre-arranged cheering that the impression given was of congratulation and victory. States changed their votes to get on the bandwagon and, well, the trick "worked."

When Heney joined the other young Democrats at Washington he found that Hughes had from Don Dickinson a promise of the governorship, and that if he didn't take it, Mark Smith and his territorial committee would be allowed to fill all the offices.

"It was to beat Smith that we took Hughes," Heney says; "but we bound him in advance to make no appointments without the approval of a majority of four of us: Meade, C. M. Bruce, L. H. Manning and myself."

The history of American politics is full of governors and mayors who, to get the "honor," have surrendered all the powers of their office. No outsider can understand how a man can justify the exchange of his self-respect for an empty title, but many men make the trade. It is easier to understand why the purchasers trade the title for the power; usually they want to graft. But the "Big Four" that tied up "Governor" Hughes's hands and feet, and carried him helpless home, they thought they were going to use their dummy's power to give Arizona good government. They sat Hughes down in his chair in the Capitol, and then proceeded, in good faith, mind you, to make his appointments for him. They appointed, first of all, themselves. They selected "leading citizens" for the unsalaried boards, and for treasurer a leading banker, Fleming.

Heney took for himself the Attorney-Generalship. He seems really not to have wanted it, but, he says, "I was afraid Hughes would go to grafting, and so were the rest of us, and they said it was up to me to mount guard."

Heney, on guard, began an investigation of the grafting of the retiring administration. He assigned his brother Ben, an expert accountant, to examine the books of the treasurer and auditor, and Ben found graft; all petty in items, but the sum total was great enough to prove that the territory could be run on a cash basis, if the stealing could be stopped. And the stealing was stopped for a while. Heney was happy,

the rest of the Big Four were busy and the Young Democrats were enthusiastic in their offices.

Good government didn't last long in Arizona, however. Pretty soon a change occurred. The first sign of it was the gradual disintegration of the unsalaried boards. The "leading citizens" on them tired of the work. Then the leading banker began to play politics. Heney didn't suspect Fleming. He assumed that a national banker, having so much at stake, would be interested in having the territory run right, and he did not learn till later that his banker-treasurer had taken a mortgage on the "Governor" by lending Hughes \$6,000 on his newspaper. He let Fleming fill the places vacated by the leading citizens and by and by the Treasurer was boss, not Heney, not the Big Four.

A Banker as a Boss

Heney's suspicions were first aroused by the efforts of Hughes and Fleming to pay him extra compensation. It was the custom they said, and they were right. Heney had found that Hughes's predecessor, Governor Oakes Murphy, had drawn illegally thousands of dollars for expenses in marketing territorial bonds "out East"; and the former auditor, who was allowed \$10 for affixing his seal to 1,500 of the bonds, had charged \$1,500 and besides \$10 "for one day's labor." This sort of graft had run all through the old administration. But Heney, the Attorney General, was suing for the recovery of these moneys and he couldn't understand why Hughes and Fleming were so anxious to have him break the law he was enforcing.

Once when he was in Washington on his own political business he was notified of a suit brought by certain Eastern bankers against Fleming as treasurer to recover \$10,000 put up to bind an agreement to take \$500,000 of the territorial bonds. The panic of '93 had changed the bankers' minds, and all they had to sue on was a letter from John M. Dillon advising them to have the bonds re-executed by the new officers of the territory. Heney went to New York to see this distinguished Wall Street attorney. Dillon was "out."

"All right," said Heney to Dillon's partner. "These bankers think Dillon's letter means that the bonds are not valid unless

they are re-executed. That isn't the law and you know it. But if Judge Dillon will write a statement that it is, I'll quit and the territory will pay back the \$10,000. If he won't do that, I'm going to denounce him in the newspapers for deception and trickery."

"Wait a moment," said Mr. Dillon's partner. He disappeared and when he came back Dillon was "in." He saw Heney, sized him up and he admitted most courteously that the bonds were valid. His clients, the bankers, dropped their contest.

When Heney reported this, Hughes and Fleming voted him a handsome sum to defray his expenses East. That made him angry. "Whether I had earned the money or not, it was unlawful to pay me," he says, "and they knew that." The next thing was a wire from his brother Ben asking whether he should accept a warrant for \$1,000 issued to him for his expert work. Since Frank had warned Ben that he must look to the Legislature for his pay and that he might never get it, he telegraphed him to refuse the warrant and, cutting short his trip, hurried home to see what the matter was.

Why the Good Men were Bad

"And I found out mighty soon," he says, "that the reason that they were so urgent about paying me extras was that they were issuing warrants to one another. They were grafting. There was the manipulation of public funds and contracts; that's what Fleming was after. And there was the smaller graft; extra salaries, commissions and expenses; and that's what Hughes was after, Hughes and the political camp followers all up and down the line." The Big Four's good government had failed. Heney's "good men" had gone wrong. He was disgusted, but he fought. He brought suits against his own good men just as he had against the bad men in the old administration. The "party" and his friends protested; there was a terrible hullabaloo and Hughes was put up to forbid the suits.

"You can't sue without my authorization," he told Heney.

"No?" said Heney. "Well, the only way you can prevent me is by removing me, and you don't dare do that."

Among these suits was one against his own brother. Ben was innocent of offense,

but he was the only responsible party on the bond of one grafter, so Frank made Ben pay. Another suit was against his law partner whom he had appointed a chancellor of the university. The law allowed the chancellors \$10 a meeting, but the custom was to take \$50 a month besides. "My partner was a good man," Heney says, "churchman and all that, but he loved money." He "followed the custom," and Heney made him pay back the money. They all followed the custom, and Heney, having started suits against them all and carried the first of the cases through all appeals up to the United States Supreme Court, resigned.

When the man Governor Hughes appointed in his place sent a deputy into court to dismiss the pending suits, Heney went off in a rage to Washington to demand the removal of Hughes. His charges were pretty stiff, but he did not succeed.

"Cleveland did remove Hughes," Heney told me with a steady look out of his eyes, "but not then and not for grafting." Hughes was retired a year or so later for giving honest expression to his honest conviction on the silver question. It was a rude awakening. Heney had dreamed of a United States Senator.

Democratic Arizona expected to become a state under this Democratic President and Congress and Heney, by helping to fit her for statehood, hoped to be one of the first two senators.

"But then," he cackled, "Arizona wasn't admitted. She wasn't fit, but that wasn't against her. President Cleveland didn't want any more Silver Democrats in the Senate."

Frank Heney, the fighter, was beaten. He decided to quit not only politics but the territory, and he did leave Arizona. And he thought he had left politics behind him. But he didn't quit fighting; he couldn't;

he can't. He has fought since, and won, in Oregon; and we shall see how. And, as we shall see, he is fighting better still now in San Francisco. Why did Arizona beat him so badly?

"I didn't know," he answers, "and I don't know that I know now, but I know more than I knew when I left the territory. I blamed Hughes then. So long as he was honest, all the fellows were honest. The spirit of our administration was fine till the leader began to graft. Then there was a graft stampede. But how is a weak man like Hughes to be blamed when a banker beside him and a lot of best citizens behind and all around him were tempting him to eat an apple so that they could get whole orchards. I can see it now. Didn't they try me. Herrin (General Counsel for the Southern Pacific) didn't want me for an attorney when I was fighting for right things, but when I became Attorney General of the territory he offered me a railroad retainer. I didn't know why then, but I'd have found out. We were for economy. We should soon have looked into taxes, and when I had seen what the railroads and mines didn't pay, I think I'd have understood—even if I had never gone to Oregon or come back here to California. For—territories, states and cities, they're all alike.

"No, it's not a mere matter of good men and bad men. I suppose I seem always to be trying to put crooks in jail, and I am, but I know that that won't straighten the crookedness. That's what I used to think. Now I realize that my fight isn't against men but a system, and my hope is that the evidence I produce of crime may help good men and women to see that there are certain causes of all this corruption of ours, causes which they must remove if we are ever to achieve good government in Arizona, Oregon, California—the United States."

(The next article by Mr. Steffens will tell the remarkable story of how Burns, the Secret Service detective, discovered the land frauds. The trail leads through one of the departments in Washington out into California and Oregon. The article is illuminating in its facts and its import.)

CHAPERONING THE CHAPERON

BY JANE DALZIEL WOOD



THE rowboat landed at the pier about ten o'clock, and the moon was full. A tired Hunter clambered up the shadowy piling and whistled to his dogs. He was heavy laden with gun and full game bag, and way off, high up on the bluff there was an enchanting old Colonial house with upper windows bright with lamplight and lower windows blazing with the uncertain ghost light of fat pine logs.

There was a long flight of stairs to climb to reach the level of the bluff, and as the Hunter toiled upward, great festoons of Spanish moss from the overhanging oaks were blown by the mild piny breezes against his cheek—and the Hunter liked it.

On the top step he paused long enough to listen to far-away sounds of mirth among the rice hay cocks, and to notice that the front door of the mansion was stretched wide open, and then he strode straight to it and saw a perfectly enormous red room with three long-leaved pine trees blazing in the tremendous fireplace. And out of the enormous red hall room there hurried a slim, girlish person, and she ran lightly across the lawn and began to ring a very large bell.

Was it fire? Was it church? It couldn't be school—perhaps it was just *dinner*. The Hunter hoped it was. He made a funnel of his hands and shouted "Halloo!" He didn't want to scare the girlish person, but he was hungry enough to eat Red Riding Hood.

As soon as he thought he had attracted her attention he called out, "Are you ringing for Kirke, Placide? Because if you are, he will come if he hears the summons."

There was a flap, clap, b-l-a-n-g, of the bell as though the ringer were agitated or frightened or about to go on unconcernedly, and the Hunter sent his long shadow ahead and reached her before she decided to run.

"Why-y-y," faltered Placide in surprise, and then recovering herself added immediately, "did you come in a whale? There really isn't any other means of transportation this time of night."

"Yes," the Hunter returned instantly, "and the whale said as I got out that he was going to tie up at the pier for the night, and so I throw myself upon your hospitality."

"Well, I like that," remonstrated Placide "Who's going to chaperon me?"

"Why, the same person in whose care you are now," answered the Hunter, a bit nettled.

"But, you *see*," gasped Placide, almost strangling with laughter, "*I even I, am the chaperon. I am chaperoning a party of youngsters—*"

"*You a chaperon!*" shouted the Hunter. "Good Gracious! You are about as fit for the job as a bar-room keeper would be to give a temperance lecture."

"It seemed a little incongruous to me," said Placide with delicious demureness. "But it takes an opportunity of this kind to show what strong principles I have. The first thing I did was to make a far-reaching rule that touched the very heart of danger."

"What was it?" asked the Hunter.

"*Positively no kissing allowed*," quoted Placide. "But," she sighed dolefully, "I must confess, although it is nailed up on the front door like Luther's theses, and looks just as virtuous and—and—*thorough*, it's no more popular than his opinions were with Catholics. Will you ring the bell?"

"What's it for?" asked the Hunter, taking it and grasping the clapper.

"It's to call those children home. They are down there among the hay cocks, and—the dew is falling and they might get wet, and—and—I shouldn't be at all surprised," said Placide hesitatingly, "if they were not breaking the House-Party Rule."

"*You wouldn't!*" teased the Hunter. "Well, I've always noticed that it takes people who are acquainted with temptation to suspect others of being led into it. And that brings me to my errand. I'm *not* going to ring this bell—I *certainly* am not. Let those children alone. It won't hurt them if they *do* kiss each other. I've got a question to ask you, and I'm not going to lose this perfect opportunity."

"If it's a proposal," announced Placide

calmly," we will walk down the gangway to the river, but if it's about anything else we will go in the house and sit in the fire-light."

"I'm not going to propose to you—I'll tell you that right away to ease your mind," said the Hunter grimly. I haven't got but *one* heart, and I always leave it at home when I come to see you."

"With your manners, you might add," Placide suggested.

"Maybe," the Hunter returned unabashed; "but, if you've noticed when a sailor goes into the shrouds, he's too busy keeping his footing to take off his cap to the passengers."

"If you think you might fall," Placide returned, leading the way to the beautiful fire-lighted hall, "you had better sit down. But," she demurred, remembering the situation, "*who* is going to chaperon *me*?"

"Why, I will, of course, and it gives me great pleasure to do so," returned the Hunter, bowing with a flourish.

"*You!*" scoffed Placide. "When it's *because* you're here that I have to have a chaperon."

"Well," argued the Hunter, "I'm a perfectly trustworthy individual, and my gun and dogs are at your service. We can use them together against a foe, or you can use them yourself against me if I displease you. I can't see what better guard you could have. Even in times of war people feel fairly safe under similar protection."

"Will you help me enforce the House-Party Rule, and not put the youngsters up to any transgressions?" asked Placide anxiously.

"On my honor as a gentleman," said the Hunter gravely, "I'll do my best to keep the House-Party Rule."

Placide considered him thoughtfully for a moment and then, "I suppose it's a risk," she suggested. "What precautions do people take who enter upon risks?"

"They get insured," explained the Hunter readily, "and the greater the risk the larger the premium one has to pay. If you are very beautiful and winsome the risk is enormous. Now in your case I should say the premium would be about a thousand dollars a payment."

"I haven't got but a quarter," said the little chaperon plaintively.

"Well, I'll tell you," suggested the Hunter with alacrity, "I'll insure you my-

self, and you can give me your handkerchief for the first premium."

"I guess I'll need *my* handkerchief," Placide said, demurely prudent, "but there's a beautiful red bandanna that belonged to the old coachman which you can have if you are hard up."

"Really?" laughed the Hunter. They had been gradually drawing near the hearth as they talked, and the Hunter took off his glasses and blinked painfully before the unwonted heat and light.

"Do tell me about your eyes?" Placide begged impulsively. "Are they better?"

"The vision is so much impaired," returned the Hunter calmly, "that I see before me an angel of mercy, instead of the attractive woman I know to be there."

"To prove to you that you are maligning your sight," she answered, feigning offended dignity, "I will mildly suggest that the door across from you leads into a guest room. You might make yourself more comfortable by means of soap and water, and I trust more agreeable by cultivating an appreciative spirit inspired by my thoughtfulness. Meantime, I will see what I can find to eat."

While the Hunter was busy taking the advice of the chaperon, she herself, lunch being in readiness on the table, played twilight tunes on the guitar, and continued to play just chords and snatches of things while he satisfied a hunter's appetite in the big dining room.

Now the girlish chaperon was really playing to sustain her own spirits far more than to entertain the Hunter. You know how you feel when you've sacrificed a good but aching tooth rather than undergo the pain and trouble of having it filled and saved. Poor little spunky Placide, who had set her tantalizing lover adrift, felt very much like that—even to poking her tongue into the lacerated place and shuddering at the great emptiness.

She had been asking herself a thousand times a day, "Do I want Kirke back?" and the Great Emptiness had responded with only just echoes, so you can imagine how she jumped when the Hunter strode into the hall room when he had finished his lunch and blurted out, "*Do you want Kirke?* Because if you *do*, he wants to come."

"If you will answer that question for me," Placide said quickly, pushing the guitar from her in such a hurry that it fell with a

dull, dead thud on its helpless back, "I will give you anything I've got."

"Honest Injun? Your heart, for instance?"

"So you want to borrow mine as a consequence of your improvidence," Placide said disdainfully, with uplifted brows.

"I want to know if you want Kirke?" the Hunter reiterated with a teasing smile.

"Do I want Kirke?" The chaperon addressed the question to the fire.

She might have been in doubt about wanting *Kirke*, but *anybody* would have wanted *Placide*. Why, you would want her yourself. Just lots and lots of people—people with all the modern conveniences and comforts—felt and *said* home would not be complete without her.

"It certainly is queer," said the little chaperon sadly, "how doubtful one can be about their desires. Now I know perfectly well that I want a million dollars and a permanent cook and a new recipe for making chocolate cake—but *Kirke*—"

"Yes, *Kirke*," answered the Hunter; "let's get down to business. You'd rather have money and a servant and a new cook book. They are all desirable in their way—but—so is *Kirke*."

"Yes," acknowledged Placide, "that's exactly it. He would be an ideal companion for the jog-trot of middle age, but there's a long way to travel before either of us will need 'specs' and ear trumpets."

"And you don't want to skip any," interpolated the Hunter.

"Not a minute," the chaperon hastened to emphasize. "*Kirke*," she began slowly, "is so thoughtful. He is always thinking of overshoes, and fresh paint on the fence and where you bought a leaky fountain pen five years ago. But he's a nice emergency man," she admitted grudgingly.

"What do you mean?" asked the Hunter.

"Why, if you were freezing to death he would think of pinning newspapers inside of your coat to keep out the cold, and if you got mad and killed somebody he would devise a way for you to escape execution and probably prevent the trial altogether. He is the kind of man who would forget that it was your birthday, but remember that you liked stuffed olives. He would never see that you were unhappy, but would bring you quarts of cod-liver oil to take if you looked pale.

"And he's got a nature like a great big park where you can run loose and not get

hurt. Your temperature," sighed the little chaperon, skipping recklessly from metaphor to metaphor, "would never be subnormal or feverish. You could never quarrel with him, because he is too gentlemanly to contradict you. He'd never be jealous nor exacting nor truly touch your life."

"Seems to me you are pretty hard to please. Every one of those qualities is desirable," commented the Hunter.

"Oh, yes," sighed poor little Placide, "and so are common-sense shoes and eider-down wrappers and umbrellas, but you'd feel mighty cheated if you knew life had nothing more rapturous to offer you than its ordinary comforts.

"So there's no chance for Kirke at all," suggested the Hunter, poking the fire. "You haven't said a single encouraging thing. Are you sure, quite, quite sure, that you don't want him?"

"That's just it," Placide said with such a childish, helpless air that the Hunter reproached himself vigorously for tormenting her about a past and gone issue. "When I was engaged to him," she confessed like a very little girl weeping out her woes, "of course I knew I wanted to marry him, then after awhile I thought I didn't; then I decided I *did*, and then *didn't* again, and it was I *do*, I *don't*; I *do*, I *don't*, until I got the horrors wondering what would happen if I was in one of those *don't* moods when the minister began to marry us. So I broke my engagement and really you can't think how nice it was to know with a degree of certainty just where I stood."

"I know," said the Hunter sympathetically.

"Uncertainty," mused Placide, her tender little face growing very pitifully pinched with the recollection of unhappy days whose chief misery lay in their negative hatefulness, "uncertainty is a disease. You dope yourself into believing what you *want* to believe—*that's* like taking morphine for an ache—then the effect wears off, and you are fairly howling in the horror of believing what you *don't* want to believe."

"Of course you know I say it when there's no one to do it for me,—like carrying your suit case in an emergency,—but—but somehow, it never has quite the right emphasis unless a *man* says *it*."

"See here," said the Hunter doggedly, "you have as good as said that you don't really know whether you want Kirke back

or not; since he and I are such particular friends, I am very anxious for you to find out. Suppose we imagine three predicaments you might be in and you tell truly whom you would want under the circumstances, and it will be a test."

"Go ahead," smiled Placide, flushing with interest.

"Suppose, then," the Hunter began earnestly, "you were on a doomed vessel, and that vessel blundered like a great blindfolded creature just over there," and he pointed in the direction of Hatteras, "right into the death-trap of the cape, and people were springing into the sea all around you, and you were *alone*. In that supreme moment—think now—whom would you want?"

Placide's eyes got very big and bright, and she thought very hard indeed, and at last she said deprecatingly, "I can't help it, but it's perfectly true that I would want the government's Expert Diver more than any one in the world."

"That knocks Kirke out," the Hunter returned calmly. "Now we'll suppose another case. If you managed to drift ashore from the wreck of that ship and found yourself at length on one of those wretched sound-bound islands on the coast, with every prospect of being there utterly alone for weeks and months, *whom would you choose—in all the world—for your companion?* Think hard. Whom?"

"It's a big thing to decide," Placide said slowly, trying to be conscientious, or at least so it seemed to the Hunter. "You would want some one who would suit all your moods and respond perfectly to your desires and never bore you——"

"Yes," nodded the Hunter expectantly, "yes!" He had gotten so interested in his "supposes" that he sat with his elbows jerked up on his knees and his chin buried in his hands, and his eyes measuring the girl's vision.

"Well," decided Placide demurely, "I can't think of anything in the world I'd rather have under those circumstances than an upright piano, a pianola, and a thousand different records. *Think* of playing it out there on the seashore to the sea-gulls and wild fowl and runaway Banks ponies!"

"Two chances gone," announced the Hunter coolly. And immediately the clock struck twelve.

"Those children are still out there kissing

each other on the hay cocks," Placide said, jumping up and grabbing the big bell.

"And the moonlight is kissing the water and the sedges, and we are the only ones keeping the House-Party Rule," observed the Hunter, with teasing virtuousness as he followed the chaperon into the veranda and out to the sloping lawn with its watery boundary.

"I feel seriously inconvenienced by the loss of my heart. If I could have known there would be midnight, moonlight and mistletoe, I would have brought it with me."

"Mistletoe!" scoffed the chaperon. "You can't see any mistletoe by the light of the moon."

"You don't *need* to see it," returned the Hunter calmly; "you know perfectly well it's in every oak on the bluff. You can't walk from beneath its overhanging peril."

"Will you ring the bell?" the chaperon said a little unsteadily.

He took the bell as though agreeing to her request and held fast to her hand.

"The third situation," he said softly, "was this, midnight, moonlight and mistletoe—just yourself and myself. Placide, Placide, dear, are you wishing for *Kirke?*"

"No," confessed the chaperon softly.

"And are you happy?" demanded the Hunter.

"Yes," admitted Placide in a whisper.

"Sure?" urged the Hunter.

"Perfectly certain," said the chaperon with emphasis.

"Then you *don't* want Kirke, and you *do* want—*me*," cried the Hunter exultingly. "And it doesn't matter where I left my heart because I have yours, and I'm tired doing the John Alden stunt, and I'm going to speak for myself, since I can't injure Kirke's chances."

And the Hunter proceeded to break the House-Party Rule, and in a far-away meadow a fresh young voice was heard singing, "My Heart's in the Highlands," and the pines stirred in their sleep and whispered—in their sleep, "Home keeping hearts are happiest." And the friendly wind that roused the pines blew the paper with the House-Party Rule on it to the floor, and it fell like a broken decalogue in the same moment that the chaperon kissed the Hunter very, very certainly under an oak full of mistletoe and trailing gray, gray moss.

BIG FRANK

BY BERENICE FEARN YOUNG

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER



THE morning I bought the Garner House I mounted my horse and rode around by the hardware store. There I bought a rake and a hoe, thinking I'd stop by the new place and do a little cleaning up of the yard and garden.

Just as I was about to mount I saw Frank. He stood close to the edge of the sidewalk, a tall, loose-built darkey of perhaps twenty-one, very black, and I noticed in a flash that he had the look of being strange, and that his arms and legs were too long for his clothes, and that his clothes were in a nearly indecent state of raggedness.

He stepped forward, extending his hand to hold the tools while I mounted. "Much obliged," I said, with one foot in the stirrup; then quickly, "Do you want a job, boy?" "Ya-as, sah."

By this time I was in the saddle and looking him in the face. I saw in an instant a certain unmistakable look. You see the same look in the eyes of a faithful dog. I hardly know how to describe it any other

way. I'll never forget it; patient, willing, humble, devoted, dumb.

"All right, bring the tools and come on." I rode off, and Frank, on the sidewalk, followed till we reached the new place. I dismounted and flung him the reins. He tied the mare, followed me in, and I put him to work.

From that day on there was never a word from him on the subject of being hired, or wages, or time, or anything but acquiescence in any demand or command I ever put upon him. He was of few words, and those always of agreement and willingness. He never asked for anything, and took what I gave him without remark except a "thanky, sah." He worked for me around the lot, kept the garden, cared for my two horses, fed and milked the cows, made himself useful to everybody on the place and in the house, including the cook and the baby—and everything on the place loved him—dogs, chickens, cattle, and folks.

On that first day, when it came dinner time, I laid down the rake and called Frank to come and go to dinner. He followed me down to mother's, where I was living. I

went on in the front door, and he walked round the house to the kitchen. I told mother about him, and asked her to see if she couldn't find some old clothes for him. Mother took to him from the first, fitted him out in old clothes all right, all except shoes—well, you wouldn't believe me if I told you how big his feet were!

We went back after dinner and worked round the place till dark. 'When I got through my supper that night I walked out in the side yard, and there, sitting on the kitchen porch, sat Frank, eating his supper. Mother had told me that the cook had said, "Dat strange nigger sho' is got a wide place in him to put vittles. I ain't gwine say how much he is et, an' he don't show no motions er stopping."

"Are you hungry, Frank?" I asked. "Ya-as, sah." He always drawled out the word yes. "When did you eat last? Before to-day I mean?" "De las' time dar was vittles near by me." "How long ago was that?" "Yestddy, I dunno what time, sah, early dough, I knows dat."

He had walked one hundred and eighty miles from eastern Texas, where he was born. His mother, who had been a slave, and who was very peculiar and a woman of much character, had married for the second time and was living in our town. Frank's wife had died a month since, and he had come to look up his mother.

He was the strongest man I ever saw. I don't know just what the limit of his strength was, for I never saw it tested; but he never failed to lift, hoist, heave, carry, bear, any load or strain put upon him without its affecting him, apparently. He did not know himself how strong he was. "I ben always de lifter er whatever load come along," he said. "Seem like it come easy to me, an' I jes' yields to de feelin' an' hefts de load up."

We got into the habit of calling him Big Frank. He towered head and shoulders above every other man in town, black or white, and walked with the tireless strength and long, easy stride of the perfect animal. He had no moral sense about anything, and yet no bad trait in him. Under strong pressure he would steal; that is, he would take what he wanted, like a little child, resorting to a child's subterfuge or reverting to a child's confession, with the most implicit simplicity of faith in your understanding how it was. He had no realizing

sense that it was wrong, or wild horses could never have dragged him to it.

As long as I knew him, and I knew him well throughout thirteen years, I never saw him angry or impatient about anything. I've known him to remonstrate, but never to be irritable or cross, and he didn't know the meaning of back talk or "sass."

His control and management of horses was nothing short of marvelous, and he wouldn't any more have struck one of them than he would have struck me. There never existed a cow that wouldn't let down more milk for him than for anybody else, and that wouldn't move promptly this way and that at his big hand's touch, and at the sound of his "saw! saw! saw, now, honey!" would not stand on three legs or one if he desired it, to the wonder and admiration of us all.

He was a light eater, never got drunk, and slept, like a dog, with his eyes open.

He was born free, yet he was the spirit and incarnation of the slave, the best class of slaves of the old order—the negro that our fathers knew and protected and cherished—a negro that new conditions in the South are wiping out of existence, rarely to be seen now, soon to be extinct as slavery itself.

After three or four months I did not really need Frank any more, and could not afford to keep him, for I was sailing pretty close to the wind then and getting ready to establish my factory. So I said to him one morning, "Frank, I've got to look out for another job for you, and you must look out for yourself, too. Just now I don't need you."

"Ya-as, sah, I knows you don' need me—but I 'lows to stay on dough. You ain' got no time to 'tend to yo' hoss, an' den de milkin's got to go on reg'lar, ef I don' de cows'll be plumb ruint, an' in a week or so de garden's got to be worked. An' ef yo' hoss an' buggy ain' at de front door on time in de mornin's dat'll fret you. An' den Miss Mattie she mought need me ef you don', an' I got a few little odd jobs to do down at yo' mammy's. Ya-as, sah, dere's work ter do—even ef you done los' de direc' need er me. I ain' thought nothin' 'bout goin'."

"You don't understand, Frank; I'm using your time, and you are a valuable worker. You can get good wages, the best. The fact is, I can't afford to pay you at all. I'll have to do things myself. I haven't the



YOU SEE THE SAME LOOK IN THE EYES OF A FAITHFUL DOG

money just now, Frank. Later on it's more than probable I'll want to hire you again, as, for that matter, I'll always want you; and we'll talk about it then. But I don't want to keep you from getting good money—and I can't hire you any longer."

"I don' keer nothin' 'bout de money. You don' have to hire me. I don' need no hirin'. Ef de folks ax me is I hired out I'll say I ain't hired nowhar, I'se livin' at home. Don' you worry 'bout dat. I don' want no money. You don' need me, I knows dat, I needs you. Miss Mattie sont me ter tell you dat breakfast is ready whenever you is."

That was the longest speech I ever heard from Big Frank. You didn't any more expect speech from him than from any of the silent forces of nature.

I had dismissed him from my service, but he didn't understand, and I couldn't make him understand. He meant what he said. He, of course, would want money, would get it any way he could, when in extremity, as the end proved, even by stealing from me or mine. But money wasn't any object to him, and he didn't know any better than to be faithful.

I knew that if I got him a job and told him to take it that he would not disobey me.

As I climbed into my buggy that morning, Doctor Joe, who lived across the street from me, hailed me from his front gate to drive him to the post office.

"Where did you get that nigger?" he asked as we drove along. "If ever you part with him I want him." This opened the way. I told Doctor Joe all about Big Frank that I knew, and of our conversation that morning, and finished up by saying, "Now, you can have him, doctor. I'll send him over to-night when I come home."

I told Big Frank that night that I had hired him to Doctor Joe and that he must go right over and report to him. "Tell him," I said, "that you are worth twenty-five dollars a month and board." That was big wages in those days for a darkey.

"Ya-as, sah," was his only reply when I got through talking, and immediately after he got his supper he took his hat and went across the street.

The next morning when it was time for me to get up in came Frank with the light-wood and the coal-bucket to make the fire. He built the fire, "blackened" my shoes,

brought me a pitcher of hot water and withdrew.

At breakfast I asked Minervy, the cook, who had done the milking. "Big Frank done it." My horse and buggy were at the gate, and, upon inquiry as to how they got there, Nervy responded, "Big Frank done it." That night when I came home Frank was sitting on the sidewalk in front of our gate. When I got out of the buggy, he got in and drove the horse to the stable. No question or reply on either part.

The next morning at the usual time Frank appeared. As he put my shoes, clean and shining, down by a chair and stooped to brush invisible ashes from the fender, I said, "Frank!"

"Ya-as, sah."

"Are you hired to Doctor Joe?"

"Ya-as, sah."

"Where is he this morning?"

"He in de bed waitin' fer de fire to bu'n good."

"Did you tell him that you were coming over here to wait on me this morning?"

"He had de kivers pulled up over his haid when I seed him."

"Have you asked him at all if you could come over here?"

"I ain' had no words wid him sence you hired him ter me."

"All right, Frank; that's all. You can go."

"Ya-as, sah."

I told Doctor Joe that day, to his great enjoyment, the view Frank took of the matter. He stayed with the doctor for a year. Every day of that year he attended to my personal wants, night and morning. Whenever I had money I gave him some, but whether I did or whether I didn't, made no difference to Big Frank.

During this year he asked me for money once—the only time in thirteen years he ever made a direct request for it.

Doctor Joe had a cook, old Sue. She was sixty years old if she was a day, and my mother said she looked no older at sixty than she did at twenty-five, yellow as a ginger cake, could make the best waffles of any cook in Texas, and had the worst temper. In some way she "cunjered" Frank, and that big, strong, silent, gentle negro was completely dominated by her.

One morning before I was out of bed Frank came in and stood at the door, just inside, dropping his hat on the floor. At the

instant of my turning to look at him I saw in his usually downcast eyes that look of utter trust, confidence, and affection, the eyes of a faithful dog.

"Well, Frank?"

"Sunday?"

"'Fo' dat."

"To-morrow?"

"'Fo' dat."

"Well, when?"

That big, strong, silent, gentle negro was completely dominated by her

"Ef you please, sah, ef you got de time, kin you loan me two dollars?"

"Do you need it bad, Frank?"

"Ya-as, sah."

"Don't Doctor Joe pay you enough?"

"Ya-as, sah."

"I know he does; wasn't Saturday pay-day?"

"Ya-as, sah."

"Didn't you get your money?"

"Ya-as, sah, but Aunt Sue got it."

"What do you want with two dollars to-day?"

"I needs it."

"What for?"

"To git a marriage license."

"When are you going to get married?"

"'Fo' long."

"How long?"

"'Fo' long."

"Well, when? Next week?"

"'Fo' dat."

"Dis mornin'."

"Who are you going to marry?"

"You knows her."

"Who is it?"

"Aunt Sue."

"You don't mean you are going to marry that old harridan? Why, she's old enough to be your grandmother!"

"Ya-as, sah."

"Why, what on earth! Why, Frank! I'm amazed at you! What are you marrying Old Sue for? She'll make life miserable to you."

"Ya-as, sah; I knows dat; but she's terminated to have me, an' I done resigned my consent—an' ter-day's de day er de sackyface."

No argument, nothing I could say would arrest the catastrophe. He agreed to all I said about her, took the two dollars, and they were married.

About the close of that year Frank came

to me and said, "I wisht you'd tell de doctor dat I wants ter discharge wid him. I wants to come back whar you is. 'Tain't money I wants—I wants peace." I knew that Old Sue was nagging the life out of him. I went to the doctor and told him that Frank wanted to come back to me, and I was willing if he was.

"I'll tell you the truth," said Doctor Joe.

for weeks and I've seen it coming. If you don't take him he'll run away."

So back Frank came, to the comfort and delight of everybody on the place and in the family connection.

He stayed with me for about twelve years, worked at the house or at the factory, and wouldn't hear to Old Sue's coming over and sharing his room on my lot. "I'll

One of Big Frank's matrimonial ventures

"I'm glad to let you have him. That nigger's worried to death about something. He's never been a talkative darkey, but now he has periods of apathy as near sullen as it's in his nature to be. Everything on the place loves him. The children would rather be with him any day than with me. My wife says it just does her good to look out in the back yard or garden and see him there. By Jingo! I wish it was before the war, and he was my property, money couldn't buy him from me; but I'd give old Sue strychnine. I've a great notion to do it anyhow! Yes, take him back, my boy, he's not happy with me—and, by Jove! he's got the sweetest nature I ever saw, black, white, or parti-colored! I've been watching this

s'port her ef I has ter; let her stay on in Doctor Joe's yard an' do de cookin' like she always done. It's more res'ful."

One day Frank was at the factory, in the room back of my office, making mattresses. I was sitting by a table in the room giving instructions for the day to a group of the men. In came Old Sue in a towering rage. She wanted money, and Frank had refused her that morning, so she followed him to the factory with blood in her eye.

She had worked herself up into such a blind passion that she was oblivious of everything and didn't even see me.

"Whar is dat nigger Frank? Lemme git to him! Starvin' me to death an' a-spendin' his money on strays! Lemme git to him!

I'se his sanctified wife an' steeped in matrimony wid him. I'se dedicated to his money, an' I'm gwineter have it! Gimme some money, nigger. Gimme some money, I tell you, er I'll holler tel de roof er dis fact'ry rises up in de elements!"

"Sue," said I, "shut up, and go out of this room, and away from this factory, and don't you ever show your face here again, or put your foot on my lot."

She turned on me like a yellow wildcat. "Who you talkin' ter?" She came a step nearer to me. "What business is you got comin' in between man an' wife what de Lord done sundered togedder? Git outer my way! Who is you anyway? I knows mighty well who you is. I've toted you 'cross de street when you warn't no higher dan a hen's ness when you fust come here fum Alabama, des missin' bein' redheaded an' always up to some devilment! I knows who you is, an' yo' ol' grandaddy befo' you! He was de high steppiness white man what de Lord ever let live, wid mo' proudness to er nigger dan ef he was King Satan hisse'f, an' you jes' like him, you takes atter him like you was cut outer atter de same pattern er interferin' where you ain' got no right an' a-dealin' out jedgment to dis nigger an' dat des like you was de Lord on his th'one a-settin' in milk an' honey wid thunderbolts in both hands an' a-reachin' fer de lightning! But I ain't scared er you. Git outer my way, boy. I'se spanked you many's de time when you was little."

With much deliberation I picked up a short plank that was lying on the table by me and, calmly approaching Old Sue from the proper direction, I batted her down that long shed room and out through my office and out of the door with a gentle easy motion—not enough to make her lose her balance, just enough to keep her moving.

During the whole performance Frank had not been seen to move a muscle on his face, nor to stop an instant from working that mattress machine. The only word he uttered was on my return when I laid the end of plank on the table and the men's laughter had quieted down a little, Frank lifted his eyes to me and said, "Ya-as, sah," at which Charlie went out, slapping his leg and yelling like a Comanche.

Of course Big Frank could neither read nor write, but his eye for form was so good that he could take a bill of lading, look at it, the numbers and the lettering of the railroad

on it, and go down to the freight station and pick out my car load of lumber, recognizing the same numbers and lettering by their form alone. He's done it scores of times and never made a mistake.

He could and did lift loads at the factory that stagger me to think of. If I had told him to lift the boiler on top of the smoke-stack he would have come pretty near doing it.

He had a habit from which it was impossible to part him of sleeping outside my wife's door on the floor when I was out of town. I explained to him that it was not necessary, that there was no need of it. To all my remonstrances he would reply, "Ef Miss Mattie needs me, I'm dar—an' I sleeps light." In those days and times we slept without locking doors or windows, and when I'd forbid him doing it again because there was no use in it he would answer, "Ya-as, sah," and invariably do it the next time just the same.

I've come home late many and many a night and found him lying on the kitchen door step, his huge frame up against the screen door, sleeping peacefully, his arm under his head, his black face upturned to the quiet sky. The lightest of touches would waken him. He'd rise with a start and, seeing me, say, "I tuck a notion Miss Mattie mought sleep easier ef she knowed I was right at de door, an' I kin sleep anywhar. I sleeps light."

Many a time I've looked up from my book, or my writing at the table at night, conscious of something, and seen Frank's hand shading his eyes peering in, or heard him crack the shutters open to look and make sure I was in there. I asked him once if he wasn't afraid I'd shoot him by mistake; he laughed, he had a pleasant laugh, "Nor, sah, you'd know de diffunce; you'd know it was me."

I sent him with six hundred dollars one night to my mother's, counted it out with him standing by the door, and never speaking a word but the accustomed "Ya-as, sah" when I told him how much it was and where to take it.

He told me the next day, on being questioned—he seldom volunteered information—"Yo' mammy laid it on de mantel piece, an' I was oneasy kase I was feerd it would fall in de fire. An' den turreckly she drapped it in a vase settin' on de cornder er de mantel piece, an' dat didn' make me feel

no easier, for I was feerd sombody'd come along and git it, an' I didn' know ef she knew'd it was money."

"Why didn't you tell her?" "You never

the end that I know must come makes me give pause. And, strange as it may seem, I find myself saying softly, "Take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again,"

He was there . . . his shoes tied together and slung across his shoulders

tole me to say nothin' 'bout what's in de packet, so I didn' say nothin', but I stayed dar tell she tuck it outer de vase an' put it in de bosom er her dress."

As deeply seated in Frank's nature as submissive obedience, as much a part of him as fidelity, as deeply ingrained in him as devotion, was the ineradicable attachment or craving for sight of the place where he was born and lived as a boy.

There never was a horse born and bred in Texas that in the spring of the year when the sap begins to swell and the prairies to grow green but wants to go back to his range, and turned foot loose will make for it as unerringly as the swallow for the shores of the blue Gulf waters; as much with each recurring year comes the instinct as that which takes the wild goose to the Southern skies before the flying of the snow.

So it was with Frank, each spring of the year would come the restless longing; sometimes it mastered him.

One morning Frank was missing. His mother, nor the wife of the passing moment (for in wives lay Frank's Waterloo), could tell me anything about him. I got on my horse and rode to his few haunts, but nobody could give me a clue. I felt the conviction that we all have, that if he was in trouble or dead he would let me know.

It goes hard with me to realize that at the fatal crisis of his life that same conviction played me false—but I will hew to the line; altho' when I get to this point in the story

and then that other "Bear with me, friends, my heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar—and I must pause till it come back to me."

You won't think it's strange either if you understand; and if you don't understand, it doesn't matter.

Well, I thought there wasn't anything far wrong with him, and that he would turn up in the course of time. Three or four months passed and he didn't turn up. I missed him. I reckon there wasn't a night went over my head that when I entered my front gate there did not enter with me a thought of Frank. I missed him.

I had to go to Dallas on business, and the first somebody my eyes rested on when I got off the train was a half brother of Frank, who had been often at Waco. I hailed him. "Where's Frank, Si?" "Frank's back home." "How long's he been there?" "He been dar a good long spell—ever sence spring corn plantin'." "What's he doing?" "I dunno, sah, but you kin live a long time back home widout doing much er anything."

I took the train that night for eastern Texas. Arrived at the small town that was my destination, I immediately proceeded to investigate Frank's whereabouts. At the livery stable I got news of him. He was at work on a farm about six miles from town. I hired a buggy at once and inquired the way. One of the young fellows loafing in the doorway told me the road, and further told me he'd go with me and help me to get

Frank, as he was the deputy sheriff. He thought I had come to arrest Frank and was offering me the strong arm of the law. "This isn't any case of arrest," I said. "I want Frank, and I'm going after him—and I'll get him, but I'm not arresting him."

"Oh, you ain't got no warrant?" "No."

"Oh, you jest nachually want the nigger for something, do you? Well, now I'll tell you, it's a nice morning, an' I ain't got a thing on earth to do; I'll go with you and show you the way. I know Frank like I know my gun. He's the strongest nigger in this county, an' you jest can't make him mad. He's got the disposition of a angel, an' the strength of the devil; never seen anything like it in my life! Yes, I'll go 'long with you, jest as lief as not."

We found the farm. We found the little cabin on the edge of a ragged field. We found Frank. As the buggy drove up to the door, Frank, strange to say, was making a mattress, having learned how at the factory. At the door in the other end of the room a slovenly, shiftless negro woman was churning. My Samson had his usual Delilah. He was glad to see me, didn't seem at all surprised, just glad. And the first look of his eyes at me was the same familiar look that I had felt turned on me many a time. Life has brought me things both good and indifferent bad, but that look and the memory of that look are good to think of.

I asked him who the woman was. He told me.

"You want to go back with me, Frank?"

"Ya-as, sah." "When can you go?" "Whenever you says so. I'd 'a' ben back 'fo' now, but I didn't have no money to pay her way. I 'lowed to walk myse'f, but she couldn't hol' out to walk so fur."

"I'll pay your way back, Frank, but I won't pay hers. I don't want her, and you don't want her—and I won't have her, and that's all there is to it. Do you understand?" "Ya-as, sah." "Well, I'm going up to the farm to take dinner. Meet me at the bend of the road down there at four o'clock." "Ya-as, sah."

He was there, his possessions tied up in a red head handkerchief, his shoes tied together and slung across his shoulders. We took the train that night.

I found out some weeks later that Frank had sent for his dusky Delilah, that she came, tarried with him for a space and departed.

The next I knew of his matrimonial ventures, I noticed a very nice looking, small, light-brown negro woman frequently leaning over my lot gate when Frank was milking, or standing by him in the cowpen. She had a kindly, pleasant, simple face, so after a few discreet questions of Minervy, or rather I should say a few discreet answers to my questions on Nervy's part, I made up my mind.

It was like this. I said, "Nervy, do you know who that girl is I see hanging round the lot gate at milking time?"

"I can't say I knows her, but I knows whar she stay."

"What do you know about her and Frank?"

"I think her and Frank's done had some little correspondence, I'se bound to beliebe dat. I don' wan' to do de gal no harm, nor I don' wan' be cas'in' no pearls befo' swine; but whar dey so much smoke, dar bound to be a fire. An' Frank, he given to sech ez dat, you knows dat yo'self. But den, it's human—I ain't got nothin' to say. I ain' gwine back on my color."

I sought an opportunity to get Frank to me speedily and said, "Frank, now see here, there's got to be a limit to this. You've had five wives in four years, and that's too much of a good thing."

"Ya-as, sah; I thinks so, too, sah."

"What is that girl's name?"

"She name Myra."

"Where did she come from?"

"She jes' happened in, ez you mought say."

"Do you consider yourself married to her?"

"We ben thoo a p'onounced ceremony, but twarn't binding."

"Yes, it was binding. I'll bind it. Now, you know this sort of thing is a penitentiary offense. The law don't allow a man to have but one wife living. Now, you and this Myra can live in that little two-room cabin on the end of the pasture lot as long as you're decent and behave yourself, but you've got to stick to her. At this rate I can't keep you out of jail. And it's got to stop. You've got to stick to Myra, understand that. Do you want to, and do you want to stick to my proposition?"

"Ya-as, sah."

Well, he did, and they seemed to be entirely suited in every way. Myra never put her foot on my lot that I know of, never

made herself objectionable in any way, and made an excellent wife for Frank.

The years slipped by, and about the twelfth year of Frank's service to me I found that for business reasons I was going to be compelled to live in a city in a distant state. I took my family to my mother's, and for about a month or six weeks before I left town I was very busy and my mind extremely absorbed.

But just before I broke up housekeeping Frank was seized with one of his old, unaccountable, uncontrollable spells of homesickness, the animal in him calling him back to his range, and he disappeared.

When he came straggling back several months afterward, poor as a snake and without a cent of money, he found me gone. He couldn't seem to understand. He went to my mother's to find out about it, hung around the kitchen there a day or two, looking, as the cook said, "like de worl' done stop smack smooth in its socket an' give him a jolt dat dazed him," and, as my mother told me afterward, like a lamp with the light extinguished.

At the time Mattie and the children were on a visit to her people on the plantation, and Frank had lost his bearings.

When I had been gone some time Mattie wrote me a troubled note, saying that Frank's mother had been to see her and told her that Frank was in jail, and she was much distressed about it.

I wrote immediately both to my brother and to a friend of mine who had charge of my business affairs in the town to look into it at once for me and do what he could. I didn't actually have in my possession the money to pay for a telegram, was the only reason I didn't telegraph. It was my bad quarter of an hour just then; they've come to me every now and then, they will come even though once or twice I've struck thirteen.

Frank had gone to George Bartlett, so they wrote me, and told Bartlett that I had sent him to borrow a gun, that there was company at the house that wanted to go hunting and not guns enough to go round. Frank got the gun and went right to Ambold's and sold it for two dollars. Bartlett saw the gun, got an explanation, bided his time, and had Frank arrested.

I reasoned it out afterward that out of heart and hungry he went and borrowed the gun maybe to go hunting himself, more than

probably with no thought of keeping it or selling it. Then it must have occurred to him that he could get money by taking it to Ambold's to sell, for he took a gun of mine that he kept in his house about half the time; he sold both of them together. He wasn't stealing my gun, never! He didn't look at it that way. He took my gun in the same way that a child takes his father's things, feeling in some blind, groping way as if being mine it was his.

If I had been there they should never have put him in jail; but then if I had been there Frank would not have drifted against a rock like a rudderless boat.

It was too late when my letters reached town, though Mr. Boughton did what he could, too late to do anything but have the indictment changed from a charge of felony to a misdemeanor, which was done. This committed Frank to the county jail to work out his sentence instead of the penitentiary.

He was sick, sick with a broken heart when he was taken there, and became sicker, and then ill—and when his death was a thing assured, they let his mother come and carry him home to die.

My people went to see him and cared for him, and I knew that he was ill. Circumstances occurring to bring me back to Texas, I got there, as it happened, on the day of his death. I came in on the midnight train. Mattie told me about Frank almost before I got my hat off, and how he had been told on the day before that I was coming, and how he had tried hard to live until I got there, but it was not to be.

In the morning I got on my horse at an early hour and rode to the house of his mother. There I found him—lying his full length, it had never seemed so great. He lay upon the bed clothed in a suit of my father's clothes. My mother had seen to that.

Very still he lay, his strength departed, and the peace that passeth understanding on his face.

His mother followed me out to the door, and there she spoke:

"Frank tuck de seeds er pneumony, dey say, in de jail-house; an' when dey took him to de farm, de fust night he was so onres'less he couldn' sleep on de bed, an' lay down on de col' floor. In de mornin' he was in a hot fever, an' fum den on he got wusser—but todes de las' de fever lef' him, an' he talked some. He never was much hand to talk, so we didn' expect' it of him.

"He said dat it didn' make no diffunce 'bout dyin'—dat dere was someh'n onloosed in his breas' sence dey put him in de jail-house dat made him hone for res'. He tuck it mighty hard 'bout deir puttin' him in jail. He said ef you'd ben here dat 'twouldn' er ben so dat he'd hatter go in a jail wid de do' shet an' de key turned in de lock so's he couldn' rise an' come out when his breas' got to swellin'. He said he know'd you could 'a' fixed dat; dat you would er come an' got him an' carried him back in yo' buggy. He said de day he tuck de gun, he walked wid it in his hand down by yo' house whar him an' you useter live, an' dat he said to hisse'f dat maybeso you'd be settin' out on do po'ch, an' he'd carry de gun in an' you'd take it an' eve'ything would come right. But of co'se he know'd you warn't there an' wouldn' be settin' thar becace you was gone, but he des walked by dar in a dream, like, case he wanted to see you so bad anyhow.

"He said dat even atter he sol' de gun, an' atter de policeman clapped dem iron rings on his wrisses, dat he couldn' hardly beliebe but what you'd come walking up the street an' make de way plain.

"Dey didn' keep dem iron rings on but a little while, case he des yielded to de load er grief dey put on him an' seem like he was lost, an' didn' offer no force; an' you know he had strenk in dem arms er hisn.

"I ben proud many's de time when he was a little fellow to see him use his strongness, but he was er peaceable chile fum a baby on, an' I don' rermember as he ever sassed back, dough I cain't say dat for sho', but I don' call it to mind ef he did.

"He talked about you when he was outer his haid constant, dey tells me, an' called

you to come an' open de door for him. He was mighty weak when I brung him back here, but he was glad to come, an' yet he didn' seem to take no purchase on gittin' well. It seem like to me dat twarn't so much de seeds er pneumony what tuck root an' choked out de life as it was grief er being thet up behin' er door wid locks on it, an' a feelin' er lonesomeness dat lef' him in darkness. He looked mo' sorrowin' to me dan he did sufferin'.

"Close to de end er all, he says of a sudden, des like he was talkin' to somebody, 'So ef you needs me I'll be dar; I kin sleep anywhar, an' I sleeps light.' "

I turned my horse's head and rode away. There are a good many things that a man forgets or that the years blur over; but fidelity, devotion, constancy, the years do not blur their memory nor the memory of Frank.

He would have liked it if he had known that my mother, Mattie, my children and I, my father, Doctor Joe and many more stood beside his last resting place and watched him lowered slowly out of sight.

I had always had the thought of keeping Frank with me all through my life. It had even been a comforting thought to me that when I should come to lie down in that "low green tent whose curtain never outward swings," Frank would be there to stretch his length beside it, and with his head upon his arm, his black face turned up to the quiet stars, would "sleep light" beside me so in case I needed him he would be there. But—since it is as it is, I hope my God and his, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, will keep watch and ward over both of us; him who sleeps, and me as I lie awake.

TF

CUPID GOES SLUMMING

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

AUTHOR OF "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN TINT BY THOMAS FOGARTY

It is a mooted question whether love is a cause or an effect, whether Adam discovered a heart in the recesses of his anatomy before or after the appearance of Eve. In the case of Joe Ridder it was distinctly the former.

At nineteen his knowledge of the tender passion consisted of dynamic impressions received across the footlights at an angle of forty-five degrees. Love was something that hovered with the calcium light about beauty in distress, something that brought the hero from the uttermost parts of the earth to hurl defiance at the villain and clasp the swooning maiden in his arms; it was something that sent a fellow down from his perch in the peanut gallery with his head hot and his hands cold, and a sort of blissful misery rioting in his soul.

Joe lived in what was known by courtesy as Rear Ninth Street. "Rear Ninth Street" has quite a sound of exclusive aristocracy, and the name was a matter of some pride to the dwellers in the narrow unpaved alley that writhed its watery way between two rows of tumble-down cottages.

Joe's family consisted of his father, whose vocation was plumbing and whose avocation was driving either in the ambulance or the patrol wagon; his mother, who had discharged her entire debt to society when she bestowed nine healthy young citizens upon it; eight younger Ridders, and Joe himself, who had stopped school at twelve to assume the financial responsibilities of a rapidly increasing family.

Lack of time and the limited possibilities of Rear Ninth Street, together with an uncontrollable shyness, had brought Joe to his nineteenth year of broad-shouldered muscular manhood, with no acquaintance whatever among the girls. But where a shrine is built for Cupid and the tapers are kept burning, he seldom disappoints the devotee.

One morning in October as Joe was guiding his rickety wheel around the mud puddles on his way to the cooper shops, he saw a new sign on the first cottage after he left the alley—"Mrs. R. Beaver, Modeste & Dress Maker," he read. In the yard and on the steps were a confusion of household effects, and in their midst a girl with a pink shawl over her head.

So absorbed was Joe in open-mouthed

wonder over the "Modeste" that he failed to see the girl, until a laughing exclamation made him look up.

"Watch out!"

"What's the matter?" asked Joe, coming to a halt.

"I thought maybe you didn't know your wheels was going 'round!" said the girl in a burst of audacity, then fled into the house and slammed the door.

All day at the shops Joe worked as in a trance. Every iron rivet that he drove into a wooden hoop was duly informed of the romantic occurrence of the morning, and as some four thousand rivets are fastened into four thousand hoops in the course of one day, it will be seen that the matter was duly considered. The stray spark from a

them dishes to wash, and the baby she's got a misery in her year."

"Has paw turned up?" asked Joe.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Ridder indifferently. "He looked in 'bout three o'clock. He was tolerable full then and I 'spec he's been took up by now. He said he was goin' to buy me a bird cage with a bird in it, but I shorely hope he won't. Them white mice he brought me on his last spree chewed a hole in Berney's stocking, besides, I never did care much for birds. Good lands! what are you goin' to wash yer head for?"

Joe was substituting a basin of water for a small girl in the nearest kitchen chair, and a howl ensued.

"Shut up, Lottie!" admonished Mrs. Ridder, "you ain't any too good to set on the floor. It's a good thing this is pay-day, Joe, for the rent's due and four of the children's got their feet on the ground. You paid up the grocery last week, didn't you?"

Joe nodded a dripping head.

"Well, I'll jes' git yer money outen yer coat while I think about it," she went on as she rummaged in his pocket and brought out nine dollars.

"Leave me a quarter," demanded Joe, gasping beneath his soap-suds.

"All right," said Mrs. Ridder accommodatingly; "now that Bob and Ike are gitting fifty cents a day it ain't so hard to make out. I'll be gittin' a new dress first thing you know."

"I seen one up at the corner!" said Joe.

"A new dress?"

feminine eye had kindled such a fierce fire in his heart, that by the time the six o'clock whistle blew the conflagration threw a rosy glow over the entire landscape.

As he rode home the girl was sitting on the steps, but she would not look at him. Joe had formulated a definite course of action, and though the utter boldness of it nearly cost him his balance, he adhered to it strictly. When just opposite her gate, without turning his head or his eyes, he lifted his hat, then rode at a furious pace around the corner.

"What you slicken' up so fer, Joe?" asked his mother that night; "you goin' out?"

"Nope," said Joe evasively, as he endeavored in vain to coax back the shine to an old pair of shoes.

"Well, I'm right glad you ain't. Berney and Dick ain't got up the coal, and there's all

"Leave me a quarter," demanded Joe, gasping beneath his soap-suds

"Naw, a dressmaker. She's done got out her sign."

"What's her name?" asked Mrs. Ridder, keen with interest.

"Mrs. R. Beaver Modeste," repeated Joe from the sign that floated in letters of gold in his memory.

"I knowed a Mrs. Beaver onct, up on Eleventh St.; a big fat woman that got in a fuss with the preacher and smacked his jaws."

"Did she have any children?" asked Joe.

"Seems like there was one, a pretty little tow-headed girl."

"That's her," announced Joe conclusively. "What was her name?"

"Lawsee, I don't know. I never would 'a' ricollected Mrs. Beaver 'cepten she was such a tarnashious woman, always a-tearin' up stumps, and never happy lessen she was rippitin' 'bout somethin'. *What* you want? A needle and thread to mend yer coat? Why, what struck you? You been wearin' it that a-way for a month. You better leave it be 'til I git time to fix it."

But Joe had determined to work out the salvation of his own wardrobe. Late in the evening after the family had retired, he sat before the stove with back humped and knees drawn up trying to coax a coarse thread through a small needle. Surely no rich man need have any fear about entering the kingdom of heaven since Joe Ridder managed to get that particular thread through the eye of that particular needle!

But when a boy is put at a work bench at twelve years of age and does the same thing day in and day out for seven long years, he may have lost all of the things that youth holds dear but one thing he is apt to have learned, a dogged, plodding, unquestioning patience that shoves silently along at the appointed task until the work is done.

By midnight all the rents were mended and a large new patch adorned each elbow. The patches, to be sure, were blue and the coat was black, but the stitches were set with mechanical regularity. Joe straightened his aching shoulders and held the garment at arm's length with a smile. It was his first votive offering at the shrine of love.

The effect of Joe's efforts was prompt and satisfactory. The next day being Sunday he spent the major part of it in passing and repassing the house on the corner, only going home between times to remove the

mud from his shoes and give an extra brush to his hair. The girl meanwhile was devoting her day to sweeping off the front pavement, a scant three feet of pathway from her steps to the wooden gate. Every time Joe passed she looked up and smiled, and every time she smiled Joe suffered all the symptoms of locomotor ataxia!

By afternoon his emotional nature had reached the saturation point. Without any conscious volition on his part his feet carried him to the gate and refused to carry him farther. His voice then decided to speak for itself, and in strange, hollow tones he heard himself saying:

"Say, do you wanten go to the show with me?"

"Sure," said the pink fascinator. "When?"

"I don't keer," said Joe, too much embarrassed to remember the days of the week.

"To-morrer night?" prompted the girl.

"I don't keer," said Joe, and the conversation seeming to languish he moved on.

After countless eons of time the next night arrived. It found Joe and his girl cozily squeezed in between two fat women in the gallery of the People's Theater. Joe had to sit sidewise and double his feet up, but he would willingly have endured a rack of torture for the privilege of looking down on that fluffy blond pompadour under its large bow and of receiving the sparkling glances that were flashed up at him from time to time.

"I ain't ever gone with a feller that I didn't know his name before!" she confided before the curtain rose.

"It's Joe," he said, "Joe Ridder. What's your front name?"

"Miss Beaver," she said mischievously. "What do you think it is?"

Joe could not guess.

"Say," she went on, "I knew who you was all right even if I didn't know yer name. I seen you over to the hall when they had the boxin' match."

"The last one?"

"Yes, when you and Ben Schenk was fightin'. Say, you didn't do a thing to him!"

The surest of all antidotes to masculine shyness was not without its immediate effect. Joe straightened his shoulders and smiled complacently.

"Didn't I massacre him?" he said.

"That there was a half-Nelson bolt I give him. It put him out of business all right, all right. Say, I never knowed you was there!"

"You bet I was," said his companion in honest admiration; "that was when I got stuck on you!"

Before Joe could fully comprehend the significance of this confession the curtain rose, and love itself had to give way to the tempestuous and absorbing career of "Old Gaunt-Eye the Ghost-Detective." Through a labyrinth of crime the heroine fought her way, jumping from a runaway engine, fleeing from a burning tenement where she had been gagged and chained, heroically going over Niagara Falls in a barrel to escape her pursuers, only at the end of the third act to find herself beside the death-bed of her only child, "Little Rosebud," who knelt in her crib and sang four verses of "Home, Sweet Home" before she died.

At this point Joe arose abruptly and muttering something about "gittin' some gum," fled to the rear. When he returned and squeezed his way back to his seat he found "Miss Beaver," with red eyes and an apparent cold in the head.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Joe.

"My shoe hurts me," said Miss Beaver, still unable to look up.

"What you givin' me?" asked Joe, smiling. "These here kinds of play always hurts my feelings too. 'Tain't nothin' to be 'shamed of."

But Miss Beaver was too much moved to recover herself at once. She sat in limp dejection and surreptitiously dabbed her eyes with her moist ball of a handkerchief.

Joe twisted about uneasily. Suddenly an electric shock passed through him. Entirely by chance his hand had brushed hers as it lay under her wrap on the arm of the seat between them. His heart almost stopped beating as he sat there staring straight ahead, with every nerve tingling. Then as the loadstone follows the magnet, his hand began to travel slowly back toward hers.

When the curtain rose on the last act, her small hand was a willing captive in his large sympathetic one, and Miss Beaver was enabled to pass through the tragic finale with a remarkable degree of composure.

When the time came to say good-night at

"Say! . . . I forgot to tell you—
It's Mittie"

the Beavers' door, all Joe's reticence and awkwardness returned. He watched her let herself in, and waited until she lit a candle. Then he found himself out on the pavement in the dark feeling as if the curtain had gone down on the best show he had ever seen. Suddenly a side window was raised cautiously and he heard his name called softly. He had turned the corner but he went back to the fence.

"Say!" whispered the voice at the window, "I forgot to tell you— It's Mittie."

The course of true love thus auspiciously started might have flowed on to blissful fulfillment had it not encountered the inevitable barrier in the formidable person of Mrs. Beaver. Not that she disapproved of Mittie receiving attention, on the contrary, it was her oft-repeated boast that "Mittie had been keepin' company with the boys

Ben . . . wore collars on a week day without any apparent discomfort

ever since she was six, and she 'spected she'd keep right on 'til she was sixty." It was not attention in the abstract that she objected to, it was rather the threatening of "a steady" and that steady, the big, awkward, shy Joe Ridder. With serpentine wisdom she instituted a counter-attraction.

Under her skillful manipulation, Ben Schenk, the son of the saloon-keeper, soon developed into a rival suitor. Ben was engaged at a down town pool room, and wore collars on a week day without any apparent discomfort. The style of his garments together with his easy air of sophistication entirely captivated Mrs. Beaver, while Ben on his part found it increasingly pleasant to lounge in the Beavers' best parlor chair and recount to a credulous audience the prominent part which he was taking in all the affairs of the day.

Matters reached a climax one night when, after some close financing, Joe Ridder took Mittie to the Skating Rink. An unexpected run on the tin savings bank at the Ridders' had caused a temporary embarrassment, and by the closest calculation Joe could do no

better than to pay for two entrance tickets and rent one pair of skates. He therefore found it necessary to develop a sprained ankle which grew rapidly worse as they neared the rink.

"I don't think you orter skate on it, Joe!" said Mittie sympathetically.

"Oh, I reckon I kin manage it all O.K.," said Joe.

"But I ain't agoin' to let you!" she declared with divine authority. "We can just set down and rubber at the rest of them."

"Naw, you don't," said Joe; "you kin go on an' skate, an' I'll watch you."

The arrangement proved entirely satisfactory so long as Mittie paused on every other round to rest or to get him to adjust a strap, or to hold her hat, but when Ben Schenk arrived on the scene, the situation was materially changed.

It was sufficiently irritating to see Ben go through an exhaustive exhibition of his accomplishments under the admiring glances of Mittie, but when he condescended to ask her to skate and even offered to teach her some new figures, Joe's irritation rose to ire. In vain he tried to catch her eye; she was laughing and clinging to Ben, and giving all her attention to his instructions.

Joe sat sullen and indignant, savagely biting his nails. He would have parted with everything he had in the world at that moment for three paltry nickles!

On and on went the skaters and on and on went the music, and Joe turned his face to the wall and doggedly waited. When at last Mittie came to him flushed and radiant, he had no word of greeting for her.

"Did you see all the new steps Mr. Ben learnt me?" she asked.

"Naw," said Joe.

"Does yer foot hurt you, Joe?"

"Naw," said Joe.

Mittie was too versed in masculine

Ben instructing Mittie

moods to press the subject. She waited until they were out under the starlight in the clear stretch of common near home. Then she slipped her hand through his arm, and said coaxingly:

"Say now, Joe, what you kickin' 'bout?"

"Him," said Joe comprehensively.

"Mr. Ben? Why, he's one of our best friends. Maw likes him better'n anybody I ever kept company with. What have all you fellers got against him?"

"He was block marveled at the hall all right," said Joe grimly.

"What for?"

"It ain't none of my business to tell what fer," said Joe, though his lips ached to tell what he knew.

"Maw says all you fellows are jealous 'cause he talks so pretty and wears such stylish clothes."

"We might, too, if we got 'em like he done," Joe began, then checked himself. "Say, Mittie, why don't yer maw like me?"

"She says you haven't got any school education, and don't talk good grammar."

"Don't I talk good grammar?" asked Joe anxiously.

"I don't know," said Mittie; "that's what she says. How long did you go to school?"

"Me? Oh, off and on 'bout two year. The old man was always boozin', and Maw, she had to work out, 'til me an' the boys done got big enough to work. 'Fore that I had to stay home and mind the kids. Don't I talk like other fellers, Mittie?"

"You talk better than some," said Mittie loyally.

After he left her, Joe reviewed the matter carefully. He thought of the few educated people he knew: the boss at the shops, the preacher up on Twelfth Street, the doctor who sewed up his head after he stopped a runaway team, even Ben Schenk who had gone through the eighth grade. Yes, there

was a difference. Being clean and wearing good clothes were not the only things.

When he got home, he tiptoed into the front room and picking his way around the various beds and pallets, took Berney's school satchel from the top of the wardrobe. Retracing his steps, he returned to the kitchen, and with his hat still on and his coat collar turned up he began to take an inventory of his mental stock:

One after another of the dog-eared, grimy books he pondered over, and one after another he laid aside, with a puzzled, distressed look deepening in his face.

"Berney she ain't but fourteen an' he gits on to 'em," he said to himself; "looks like I orter."

Once more he seized the nearest book and with the courage of despair repeated the sentences again and again to himself.

"That you, Joe?" asked Mrs. Ridder from the next room an hour later. "I didn't know you'd come. Yer

paw sent word by old man Jackson that he was at Hank's Exchange way down on Market Street and fer you to come git him."

"It's twelve o'clock," remonstrated Joe.

"I know it," said Mrs. Ridder, yawning, "but I reckon you better go. The old man always gits the rhematiz when he lays out all night, and that there rhematiz medicine cost sixty-five cents a bottle!"

"All right," said Joe with a resignation born of experience, "but don't you go and put no more of the kids in my bed. Jack and Gus kick the stuffin' out of me now."

And with this parting injunction he went wearily out into the night, giving up his struggle with Minerva, only to begin the next round with Bacchus.

The seeds of ambition, though sown late, grew steadily, and Joe became so desirous of proving worthy of the considera-

With the courage of despair repeated the sentences again and again to himself

tion of Mrs. Beaver that he took the boss at the shops partially into his confidence.

"It's a first-rate idea, Joe," said the boss, a big capable fellow who had worked his way up from the bottom. "I could move you right along the line if you had a better education. I have a good offer up in Chicago next year; if you can get more book sense in your head I will take you along."

"Where kin I git it at?" asked Joe, somewhat dubious of his own power of achievement.

"Night school," said the boss. "I know a man that teaches in the Settlement over on Burk Street. I'll put you in there if you like."

Now the prospect of going to school to a man who had been head of a family for seven years, who had been the champion scrapper of the South end, who was in the midst of a critical love affair, was trebly humiliating. But Joe was game, and while he determined to keep the matter as secret as possible, he agreed to the boss's proposition.

"You're mighty stingy with yourself these days!" said Mittie Beaver one night a month later when he stopped by on his way to school.

Joe grinned somewhat foolishly. "I come every evenin'," he said.

"For 'bout ten minutes," said Mittie with a toss of her voluminous pompadour; "there's some wants more'n ten minutes."

"Ben Schenk?" asked Joe, alert with jealousy.

"I ain't sayin'," went on Mittie. "What do you do of nights, hang around the hall?"

"Naw," said Joe indignantly. "There ain't nobody can say they've sawn me around the hall sence I've went with you!"

"Well, where do you go?"

"I'm trainin'," said Joe evasively.

"I don't believe you like me as much as you used to," said Mittie plaintively.

Joe looked at her dumbly. His one thought from the time he cooked his own early breakfast, down to the moment when he undressed in the cold and dropped into his place in bed between Gussie and Dick, was of her. The love of her made his back stop aching as he bent hour after hour over the machine; it made all the problems and hard words and new ideas at night school come straight at last; it made the whole sordid, ugly day swing round the glorious ten minutes that they spent together in the twilight.

"Yes, I like you all right," he said, twist-

ing his big, grease-stained hands in embarrassment. "You're the onliest girl I ever could keer about. Besides, I couldn't go with no other girl if I wanted to, 'cause I don't know none."

It is small wonder that Ben Schenk's glib protestations reinforced by Mrs. Beaver's own zealous approval should have in time outclassed the humble Joe. The blow fell just when the second term of night school was over, and Joe was looking forward to long summer evenings of unlimited joy.

He had gotten two tickets for a river excursion and was hurrying into the Beavers' when he encountered a stolid bulwark in the form of Mrs. Beaver, whose portly person seemed permanently wedged into the narrow aperture of the front door. She sat in silent majesty, her hands just succeeding in clasping each other around her ample waist. Had she closed her eyes, she might have passed for a placid, amiable person whose angles of disposition had also become curves. But Mrs. Beaver did not close her eyes. She opened them as widely as the geography of her face would permit and coldly surveyed Joe Ridder.

Mrs. Beaver was a born manager; she had managed her husband into an untimely grave, she had managed her daughter from the hour she was born, she had dismissed three preachers, induced two women to leave their husbands, and now dogmatically announced herself arbiter of fashions and conduct in Rear Ninth Street.

"No, she can't see you," she said firmly in reply to Joe's question. "She's going out to a dance party with Mr. Schenk."

"Where at?" demanded Joe, who still trembled in her presence.

"Somewhere's down town," said Mrs. Beaver, "to a real swell party."

"He oughtn't to take her to no down town dance," said Joe, his indignation getting the better of his shyness. "I don't want her to go and I'm going to tell her so."

"In-deed!" said Mrs. Beaver in scorn. "And what have you got to say about it? I guess Mr. Schenk's got the right to take her anywhere he wants to!"

"What right?" demanded Joe, getting suddenly a bit dizzy and blind.

"'Cause he's got engaged to her. He's going to give her a real handsome turquoise ring, 14 carat gold."

"Didn't Mittie send me no word?" faltered Joe.

"No," said Mrs. Beaver unhesitatingly, though she had in her pocket a note for him from the unhappy Mittie.

Joe fumbled for his hat. "I guess I better be goin'," he said, a lump rising ominously in his throat. He got the gate open and made his way half dazed around the corner. As he did so he saw a procession of small Ridders bearing joyously down upon him.

"Joe!" shrieked Lottie, arriving first, "Maw says hurry on home, we got another new baby to our house."

During the weeks that followed Rear Ninth Street was greatly thrilled over the unusual event of a home wedding. The reticence of the groom was more than made up for by the bulletins of news issued daily by Mrs.

Beaver. To use that worthy lady's own words "she was in her elements!" She organized various committees—on decoration, on refreshment, and even on the bride's trousseau, tactfully permitting each assistant to contribute in some way to the general grandeur of the occasion.

"I am going to have this a real showy wedding," she said from her point of vantage by the parlor window, where she sat like a field marshal and issued her orders. "Those paper fringes want to go clean across every one of the shelves, and you all must make enough paper roses to pin 'round the edges of all the curtains. Ever'-thing's got to look gay and festive."

"Mittie don't look very gay," ventured

one of the assistants. "I seen her in the kitchen cryin' a minute ago."

"Mittie's a fool," announced Mrs. Beaver calmly. "She don't know a good thing when she sees it! Get them draperies up a little higher in the middle, I'm goin' to hang a silver horseshoe onto the loop."

The wedding night arrived and the Beaver cottage was filled to suffocation with the elite of Rear Ninth Street. The guests found it difficult to circulate freely in the room on account of the elaborate and aggressive decorations, so they stood in silent rows, awaiting the approaching ceremony. As the appointed hour drew near, and none of the groom's family arrived, a few whispered comments were exchanged.

"It's 'most time to begin,"

whispered the preacher to Mrs. Beaver, whose keen black eyes had been watching the door with growing impatience.

"Well, we won't wait on nobody," she said positively, as she rose and left the room to give the signal.

In the kitchen she found great consternation: the bride, pale and dejected in all her finery, sat on the table, all the chairs being in the parlor.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mrs. Beaver.

"He ain't come!" announced one of the women in tragic tones.

"Ben Schenk ain't here?" asked Mrs. Beaver in accents so awful that her listeners quaked. "Well, I'll see the reason why!"

"He ain't come!"

and snatching a shawl from a hook she deliberately crushed a coiffure that had been erected with infinite pains.

Out into the night she sallied, picking her way around the puddles until she reached the saloon at the corner.

"Where's Ben Schenk?" she demanded sternly of the half dozen men around the bar.

There was an ominous silence, broken only by the embarrassed shuffling of feet and an occasional deprecatory laugh.

Drawing herself up, Mrs. Beaver thumped the counter until the glasses danced.

"Where's he at?" she repeated, glaring at the smallest and most embarrassed of the lot.

"He don't know where he's at," said the man, looking around sheepishly. "I rickon he cilebrated a little too much fer the weddin'."

"Can he stand up?" demanded Mrs. Beaver.

"Not without starchin'," said the man, and amid the titter that followed Mrs. Beaver made her exit.

On the corner she paused to reconnoiter. Across the street was her gayly lighted cottage, where all the guests were waiting. She thought of the ignominy that would follow their abrupt dismissal, she thought of the refreshments that must be used to-night or never, and lastly she thought of the little bride sitting forlorn on the kitchen table.

With a sudden determination she decided to lead a forlorn hope. Facing about she marched weightily around to the rear of the

saloon and began laboriously to climb the steps that lead to the hall. At the door she paused, and made a rapid survey of the room until she found what she was looking for.

"Joe!" she called peremptorily.

Joe Ridder, haggard and listless, put down his billiard cue and came to the door.

Five minutes later Joe breathlessly presented himself at the Beaver kitchen. He had on a clean shirt and his Sunday clothes, and while he wore no collar, a clean handkerchief was neatly pinned about his neck.

"Everybody but the bride and groom come into the parlor," commanded Mrs. Beaver, "I'm agoing to make a speech, and tell 'em that the bride has done changed her mind."

Joe and Mittie left alone looked at each other in dazed rapture. She was the first to recover.

"Joe!" she cried, moving timidly toward him, "ain't you mad? Do you still want me?"

Joe, with both hands entangled in her veil and his feet lost in her train, looked down at her through swimming eyes.

"Want yer?" he repeated and his lips trembled, "gee whiz! I feel like I done ribbeted a hoop round the hull world!"

The signal was given for them to enter the parlor, and without further interruption the ceremony proceeded, if not in exact accordance with the plans of Mrs. Beaver, at least in obedience to the mandate of a certain little autocrat who sometimes takes a hand in the affairs of man even in Rear Ninth Street.

Joe to the rescue

FOLLOWING THE COLOR LINE

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. B. PHELAN AND OTHERS

WHITE MAN AND NEGRO IN THE BLACK BELT

I



GENERALLY speaking, the sharpest race prejudice in the South is exhibited by the poorer class of white people, whether farmers, artisans or unskilled workers, who come into active competition with the Negroes, or from politicians who are seeking the votes of this class of people. It is this element which has driven the Negroes out of more than one community in the South and it commonly forms the lynching mobs. A similar antagonism of the working classes exists in the North wherever the Negro has appeared in large numbers—as I shall show when I come to write of the treatment of the Northern Negro.

On the other hand, the larger land owners and employers of the South, and all professional and business men who hire servants, while they dislike and fear the Negro as a race (though often loving and protecting individual Negroes), want the black man to work for them. More than that, they *must have him*: for he has a practical monopoly on labor in the South. White men of the employing class will do almost anything to keep the Negro on the land and his wife in the kitchen—so long as they are obedient and unambitious workers.

"Good" and "Bad" Landlords

But I had not been very long in the black belt before I began to see that the large planters—the big employers of labor—often pursued very different methods in dealing with the Negro. In the feudal middle ages there were good and bad barons; so in the South to-day there are

"good" and "bad" landlords (for lack of a better designation) and every gradation between them.

The good landlord, generally speaking, is the one who knows by inheritance how a feudal system should be operated. In other words, he is the old slave-owner or his descendant, who not only feels the ancient responsibility of slavery times, but believes that the good treatment of tenants, as a policy, will produce better results than harshness and force.

The bad landlord represents the degeneration of the feudal system: he is in farming to make all he can out of it this year and next, without reference to human life.

I have already told something of J. Pope Brown's plantation near Hawkinsville. On the November day, when we drove out through it, I was impressed with the fact that nearly all the houses used by the Negro tenants were new, and much superior to the old log cabins built either before or after the war, some of which I saw still standing, vacant and dilapidated, in various parts of the plantation. I asked the reason why he had built new houses:

"Well," he answered, "I find I can keep a better class of tenants, if the accommodations are good."

Liquor and "the Resulting Trouble"

Mr. Brown has other methods for keeping the tenantry on his plantation satisfied. Every year he gives a barbecue and "frolic" for his Negroes, with music and speaking and plenty to eat. A big watermelon patch is also a feature of the plantation, and during all the year the tenants are looked after, not only to see that the work is properly done, but in more intimate and sympathetic ways. On one

trip through the plantation we stopped in front of a Negro cabin. Inside lay a Negro boy close to death from a bullet wound in the head. He had been at a Negro party a few nights before where there was liquor. Some one had overturned the lamp: shooting began, and the young fellow was taken out for dead. Such accidents or crimes are all too familiar in the plantation country. Although Pulaski County, Georgia, prohibits the sale or purchase of liquor (most of the South, indeed, is prohibition in its sentiment), the Negroes are able from time to time to get jugs of liquor—and, as one Southerner put it to me, “enjoy the resulting trouble.”

The boy's father came out of the field and told us with real eloquence of sorrow of the patient's condition.

“Las' night,” he said, “we done thought he was a-crossin' de ribbah.”

Mr. Brown had already sent the doctor out from the city; he now made arrangements to transport the boy to a hospital in Macon where he could be properly treated.

Use of Cocaine Among Negroes

As I have said before, the white landlord who really tries to treat his Negroes well, often has a hard time of it. Many of those (not all) he deals with are densely ignorant, irresponsible, indolent—and often rendered more careless from knowing that the white man *must have labor*. Many of them will not keep up the fences, or take care of their tools, or pick the cotton even after it is ready, without steady attention. A prominent Mississippi planter gave me an illustration of one of the troubles he just then had to meet. An eighteen-year-old Negro left his plantation to work in a railroad camp. There he learned to use cocaine, and when he came back to the plantation he taught the habit to a dozen of the best Negroes there, to their complete ruin. The planter had the entire crowd arrested, searched for cocaine and kept in jail until the habit was broken. Then he prosecuted the white druggist who sold the cocaine.

Some Southern planters, to prevent the Negroes from leaving, have built churches for them, and in one instance I heard of a schoolhouse as well.

Another point of the utmost importance

—for it strikes at the selfish interest of the landlord—lies in the treatment of the Negro, who, by industry or ability, can “get ahead.” A good landlord not only places no obstacles in the way of such tenants, but takes a real pride in their successes. Mr. Brown said:

“If a tenant sees that other Negroes on the same plantation have been able to save money and get land of their own, it tends to make them more industrious. It pays the planter to treat his tenants well.”

Negro With \$1,000 in the Bank

The result is that a number of Mr. Brown's tenants have bought and own good farms near the greater plantation. The plantation, indeed, becomes a sort of central sun around which revolves like planets the lesser life of the Negro landowner. Mr. Brown told me with no little pride of the successes of several Negroes. We met one farmer driving to town in a top buggy with a Negro school-teacher. His name was Robert Polhill—a good type of the self-respecting, vigorous, industrious Negro. Afterwards we visited his farm. He had an excellent house with four rooms. In front there were vines and decorative “chicken-corn”; a fence surrounded the place and it was really in good repair. Inside the house everything was scrupulously neat, from the clean rag rugs to the huge post beds with their gay coverlets. The wife evidently had some Indian blood in her veins; she could read and write, but Polhill himself was a full black Negro, intelligent, but illiterate. The children, and there were a lot of them, are growing up practically without opportunity for education because the school held in the Negro church is not only very poor, but it is in session only a short time every year. Near the house was a one-horse syrup-mill then in operation, grinding cane brought in by neighboring farmers—white as well as black—the whites thus patronizing the enterprise of their energetic Negro neighbor.

“I first noticed Polhill when he began work on the plantation,” said Mr. Brown, “because he was the only Negro on the place whom I could depend upon to stop hog-cracks in the fences.”

His history is the common history of the Negro farmer who “gets ahead.” Starting as a wages hand, he worked hard and steadily, saving enough finally to buy a

mule — the Negro's first purchase; then he rented land, and by hard work and close calculating made money steadily. With his first \$75 he started out to see the world, traveling by railroad to Florida, and finally back home again. The "moving about" instinct is strong in all Negroes—sometimes to their destruction. Then he bought 100 acres of land on credit and having good crops, paid for it in six or seven years. Now he has a comfortable home, he is out of debt, and has money in the bank, a painted house, a top buggy and a cabinet organ! These are the values of his property:

His farm is worth.....	\$2,000
Two mules.....	300
Horse.....	150
Other equipment.....	550
Money in the bank.....	1,000
	\$4,000

Negro Who Owns 1,000 Acres of Land

All of this shows what a Negro who is industrious, and who comes up on a plantation where the landlord is not oppressive, can do. And despite the fact that much is heard on the one hand of the lazy and worthless Negro, and on the other of the landlord who holds his Negroes in practical slavery—it is significant that many Negroes are able to get ahead. In Pulaski County there are Negroes who own as high as 1,000 acres of land. Ben Gordon is one of them, his brother Charles has 500 acres, John Nelson has 400 acres worth \$20 an acre, the Miller family has 1,000 acres, January Lawson, another of Mr. Brown's former tenants, has 500 acres; Jack Daniel 200 acres, Tom Whelan 600 acres. A mulatto merchant in Hawkinsville, whose creditable store I visited, also owns his plantation in the country and rents it to Negro tenants on the same system employed by the white land-owners. Indeed, a few Negroes in the South are coming to be not inconsiderable landlords, and have many tenants.

Hawkinsville also has a Negro blacksmith, Negro barbers and Negro builders—and like the white man, the Negro also develops his own financial sharks. One educated colored man in Hawkinsville is a "note shaver"; he "stands for" other Negroes and signs their notes—at a frightful commission.

Statistics will give some idea of how the

industrious Negro in a black belt county like Pulaski has been succeeding.

	Acres of land owned.	Total assessed value of property.
1875	4,490	\$43,230
1880	5,988	60,760
1885	6,901	59,022
1890	12,294	122,926
1895	14,145	144,158
1900	13,205	138,800

It is surprising to an unfamiliar visitor to find out that the Negroes in the South have acquired so much land. In Georgia alone in 1906 colored people owned 1,400,000 acres and were assessed for over \$28,000,000 worth of property, practically all of which, of course, has been acquired in the forty years since slavery.

Negro farmers in some instances have made a genuine reputation for ability. John Roberts, a Richmond County Negro, won first prize over many white exhibitors last fall (1906) at the Georgia-Carolina fair at Augusta for the best bale of cotton raised.

Little Colored Boy's Famous Speech

I was at Macon while the first State fair ever held by Negroes in Georgia was in progress. In spite of the fact that racial relationships, owing to the recent riot at Atlanta, were acute, the fair was largely attended, and not only by Negroes, but by many white visitors. The brunt of the work of organization fell upon R. R. Wright, president of the Georgia State Industrial College (colored) of Savannah. President Wright is of full-blooded African descent, his grandmother, who reared him, being an African Negro of the Mandingo tribe. Just at the close of the war he was a boy in a freedman's school at Atlanta. One Sunday General O. O. Howard came to address the pupils. When he had finished, he expressed a desire to take a message back to the people of the North.

"What shall I tell them for you?" he asked.

A little black boy in front stood up quickly, and said:

"Tell 'em, Massa, we is rising."

Upon this incident John Greenleaf Whittier wrote a famous poem: and at the Negro fair, crowning the charts which had been prepared to show the progress of the Negroes of Georgia, I saw this motto:

"WE ARE RISING."

The little black boy grew up, was graduated at Atlanta University, studied at Harvard, traveled in Europe, served in the Spanish-American War, and is now seeking to help his race to get an industrial training in the college which he organized in 1891. The attendance at the fair in Macon was between 25,000 and 30,000, the Negroes raised \$11,000 and spent \$7,000, and propose to have a greater fair this year. In this enterprise they had the sympathy and approval of the best white people. A vivid glimpse of what the fair meant is given by the *Daily News* of Macon—a white newspaper:

"The fair shows what progress can be accomplished by the industrious and thrifty Negro, who casts aside the belief that he is a dependent, and sails right in to make a living and a home for himself. Some of the agricultural exhibits of black farmers have never been surpassed in Macon. On the whole, the exposition just simply astounded folks who did not know what the Negro is doing for himself.

"Another significant feature about the fair was the excellent behavior of the great throngs of colored people who poured into the city during its progress. There was not an arrest on the fair grounds and very few in the city."

The better class of Negro farmers, indeed, have shown not only a capacity for getting ahead individually, but for organizing for self-advancement, and even for working with corresponding associations of white farmers. The great cotton and tobacco associations of the South, which aim to direct the marketing of the product of the farms, have found it not only wise, but necessary to enlist the co-operation of Negro farmers. At the annual rally of the dark-tobacco growers at Guthrie, Ky., last September, many Negro planters were in the line of parade with the whites. The farmers' conferences held at Hampton, Tuskegee, Calhoun, and at similar schools, illustrate in other ways the possibilities of advancement which grow out of land-ownership by the Negroes.

The Penalties of Being Free

So much for the sunny side of the picture: the broad-gauge landlord and the prosperous tenantry. Conditions in the black belt are in one respect much as they

were in slavery times, or as they would be under any feudal system: if the master or lord is "good," the Negro prospers; if he is harsh, grasping, unkind, the Negro suffers bitterly. *It gets back finally to the white man.* In assuming supreme rights in the South—political, social and industrial, the white man also assumes tremendous duties and responsibilities; he cannot have the one without the other; and he takes to himself the pain and suffering which goes with power and responsibility.

Of course, scarcity of labor and high wages have given the really ambitious and industrious Negro his opportunity, and many thousands of them are becoming more and more independent of the favor or the ill-will of the whites. And therein lies a profound danger, not only to the Negro, but to the South. Gradually losing the support and advice of the best type of white man, the independent Negro finds himself in competition with the poorer type of white man, whose jealousy he must meet. *He takes the penalties of being really free.* Escaping the exactions of a feudal life, he finds he must meet the sharper difficulties of a free industrial system. And being without the political rights of his poor white competitor and wholly without social recognition, discredited by the bestial crimes of the lower class of his own race, he has, indeed, a hard struggle before him. In many neighborhoods he is peculiarly at the mercy of this lower class white electorate, and the self-seeking politicians whose stock in trade consists in playing upon the passions of race-hatred.

II

I come now to the reverse of the picture. When the Negro tenant takes up land or hires out to the landlord, he ordinarily signs a contract, or if he cannot sign (about half the Negro tenants of the black belt are wholly illiterate) he makes his mark. He often has no way of knowing certainly what is in the contract, though the arrangement is usually clearly understood, and he must depend on the landlord to keep both the rent and the supply-store accounts. In other words, he is wholly at the planter's mercy—a temptation as dangerous for the landlord as the possibilities which it presents are for the tenant. It is so easy to make large profits by charging immense interest

percentages or outrageous prices for supplies to tenants who are too ignorant or too weak to protect themselves, that the stories of the

without seeing enough to convince him of the terrible consequences growing out of these relationships.

Robert Polhill

ROBERT POLHILL AND HIS HOME

week; and this

dealing of the strong with the weak is not Southern, it is human. Such a system has encouraged dishonesty, and wastefulness; it has made many landlords cruel and greedy, it has increased the helplessness, hopelessness and shiftlessness of the Negro. In many cases it has meant downright degeneration, not only to the Negro, but to the white man. These are strong words, but no one can travel in the black belt

A case which came to my attention at Montgomery, Alabama, throws a vivid light on one method of dealing with the Negro tenant. Some nine miles from Montgomery lives a planter named T. L. McCullough. In December, 1903, he made a contract with a Negro named Jim Thomas to work for him. According to this contract, a copy of which I have, the landlord agreed to furnish Jim the Negro with a ration of 14 lbs of meat and one bushel of meal a month, and to pay him besides \$96 for an entire year's labor.

On his part Jim agreed to "do good and faithful labor for the said T. L. McCullough." "Good and faithful labor" means from sunrise to sunset every day but Sunday, and excepting Saturday afternoon.

A payment of five dollars was made to bind the bargain—just before Christmas. Jim probably spent it the next day. It is customary to furnish a cabin for the worker to live in; no such place was furnished, and Jim had to walk three or four miles morning and evening to a house on

The boy's father came out of the field and told us with real eloquence of sorrow of the patient's condition—Page 382

Negro plowing with an ox

another plantation. He worked faithfully until May 15. Then he ran away, but when he heard that the landlord was after him, threatening punishment, he came back and agreed to work twenty days for the ten he had been away. Jim stayed some time, but he was not only given no cabin and paid no money, but his food ration was cut off! So he ran away again, claiming that he could not work unless he had a place to live. The landlord went after him and had him arrested, and although the Negro had worked nearly half a year, McCullough prosecuted him for fraud because he had got \$5 in cash at the signing of the contract. In such a case the

Alabama law gives the landlord every advantage; it says that when a person receives money under a contract and stops work, the presumption is that he intended to defraud the landowner and that therefore he is criminally punishable. The practical effect of the law is to permit imprisonment for debt, for it places a burden of proof on the Negro that he can hardly overturn. The law is defended on the ground that Negroes will get money any way they can, sign any sort of paper for it, and then run off—if there is not a stringent law to punish them. But it may be imagined how this law *could* be used, and is used, in the hands of unscrupulous

men, to keep the Negro in a sort of debt-slavery. When the case came up before Judge William H. Thomas of Montgomery, the constitutionality of the law was brought into question, and the Negro was finally discharged.

Often an unscrupulous land-

desire of the white man to get another Negro worker. In one case in particular, I saw a Negro brought into court charged with stealing cotton.

the plantation for fear of arrest and criminal prosecution. If he attempts to leave he is arrested and taken before a friendly Justice of the peace, and fined or threatened with imprisonment. If he is not in debt, it sometimes happens that the landlord will have him arrested on the charge of stealing a bridle or a few potatoes (for it is easy to find something against almost any Negro), and he is brought into court. In several cases I know of the escaping Negro has even been chased down with bloodhounds. On appearing in court the Negro is naturally badly frightened. The white man is there and offers as a special favor to take him back and let him work out the fine—which sometimes requires six months, often a whole year. In this way Negroes are kept in debt—so-called debt-slavery or peonage—year after year, they and their whole families. One of the things that I couldn't at first understand in some of the courts I visited was the presence of so many white men to stand sponsor for Negroes who had committed various offenses. Often this grows out of the feudal protective instinct which the landlord feels for the tenant or servant of whom he is fond; but often it is merely the

The judge fined the Negro \$20 and costs, and there was a real contest between the two white men as to who should pay it—and get the Negro. They argued for some minutes, but finally the judge said to the prisoner:

"Who do you want to work for, George?"

The Negro chose his employer, and agreed to work four months to pay off his \$20 fine and costs.

Sometimes a man who has a debt against

a Negro will sell the claim—which is practically selling the Negro—to some farmer who wants more labor.

A case of this sort came up last winter in Rankin County, Mississippi—the facts of which are all in testimony. A Negro named Dan January was in debt to a white farmer named Levi Carter. Carter agreed to sell the Negro and his entire family to another white farmer named Patrick. January refused to be sold. According to the testimony Carter and some of his companions seized January, bound him hand and foot and beat him most brutally, taking turns in doing the whipping until they were exhausted and the victim unconscious.

January's children removed him to his home, but the white men returned the next day, produced a rope and threatened to hang him unless he consented to go to the purchaser of the debt. The case came into court and is still pending, but the general impression is that the white men will never be punished. January was in Jackson, Miss., when I was there; I was told that he still showed the awful effects of his beating.

Keeping Negroes Poor

This system has many bad results. It encourages the Negro in crime. He knows that unless he does something pretty bad, he will not be prosecuted because the landlord doesn't want to lose the work of a single hand; he knows that if he is prosecuted, the white man will, if possible, "pay him out." It disorganizes justice and confuses the ignorant Negro mind as to what is a crime and what is not. A Negro will often do things that he would not do if he thought he were really to be punished. He comes to the belief that if the white man wants him arrested, he will be arrested, and if he protects him, he won't suffer, no matter what he does. Thousands of Negroes, ignorant, weak, indolent, to-day work under this system. There are even landlords and employers who will trade upon the Negro's worst instincts—his love for liquor, for example—in order to keep him at work. An instance of this sort came to my attention at Hawkinsville while I was there. The white people of the town were making a strong fight for prohibition; the women

Negroes chained for sleeping at night

held meetings, and on the day of the election marched in the streets singing and speaking. But the largest employer of Negro labor in the county had registered several hundred of his Negroes and declared his intention of voting them against prohibition. He said bluntly: "If my niggers can't get whisky they won't stay with me; you've got to keep a nigger poor or he won't work."

This employer actually voted 60 of his Negroes against prohibition, but the excitement was so great that he dared vote no more—and prohibition carried.

A step further brings the Negro to the chain-gang. If there is no white man to pay him out, or if his crime is too serious to be paid out, he goes to the chain-gang—and in several States he is then hired out to private contractors. The private em-

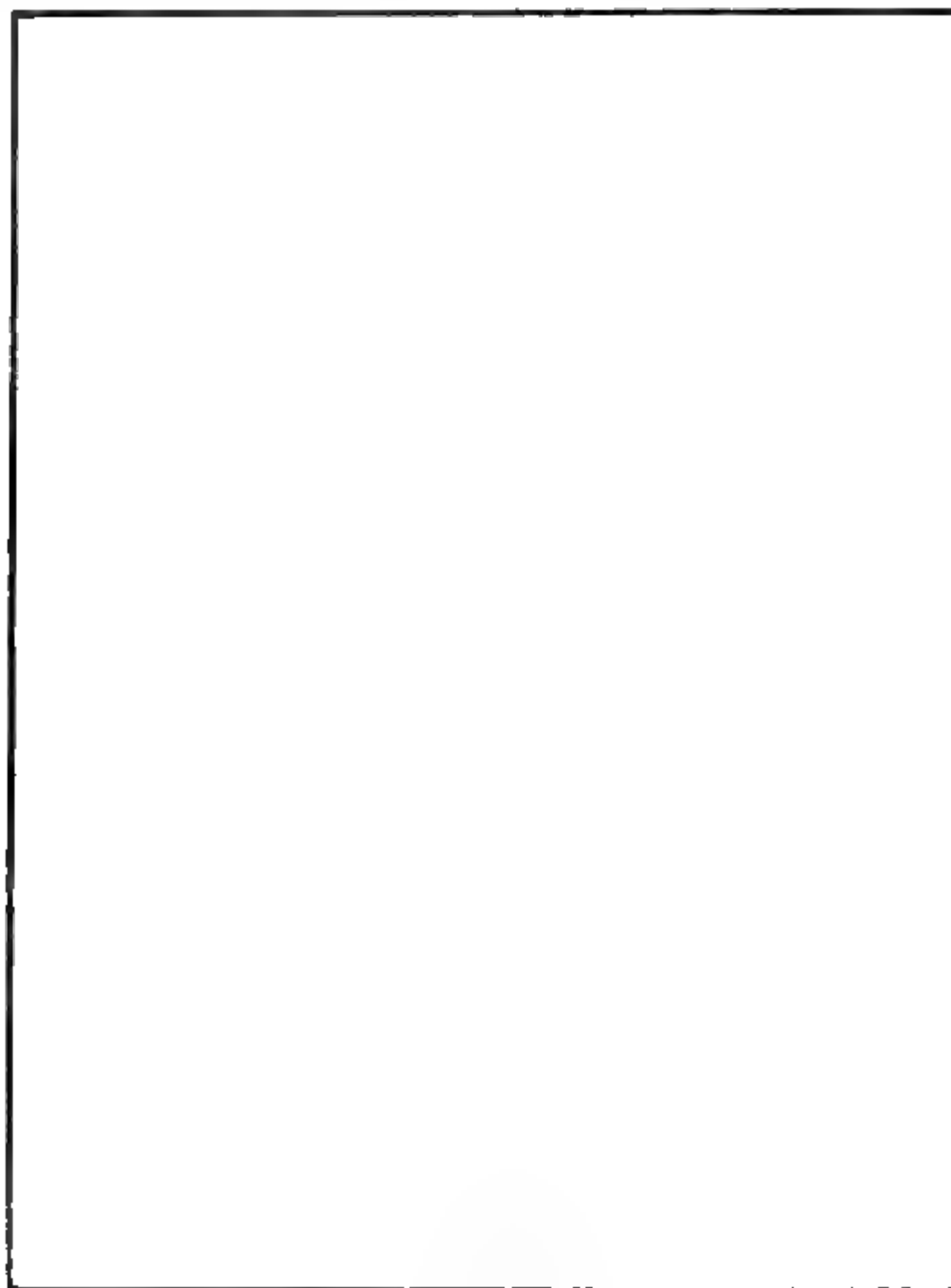
ployer thus gets him sooner or later. Some of the largest farms in the South are operated by chain-gang labor. The demand for more convicts by white employers is exceedingly strong. In the *Montgomery Advertiser* for April 10, 1907, I find an account of the sentencing of 54 prisoners in the city court, 52 of whom were Negroes. The *Advertiser* says:

"The demand for their labor is probably greater now than it has ever been before. Numerous labor agents of companies employing convict labor reached Montgomery yesterday, and were busily engaged in maneuvering to secure part or even all of the convicts for their respective companies. The competition for labor of all kinds, it seems, is keener than ever before known."

The natural tendency of this demand,

and from the further fact that the convict system makes yearly a huge profit for the State, is to convict as many Negroes as possible, and to punish the offences charged as severely as possible. From the Atlanta

report of the trial of six Negroes charged with assault with intent to kill. All were found guilty, but upon a recommendation of mercy they were sentenced as having committed misdemeanors rather than



Walter Clark, of Clarksdale, Miss., President of the Mississippi Cotton Association

Constitution of October 13, 1906, I have this clipping:

"SIX MONTHS FOR POTATO THEFT

"COLUMBUS, GA., October 12 (Special).

"In the city court yesterday Charley Carter, a Negro, was sentenced to six months on the chain-gang or to pay a fine of \$25 for stealing a potato valued at 5 cents."

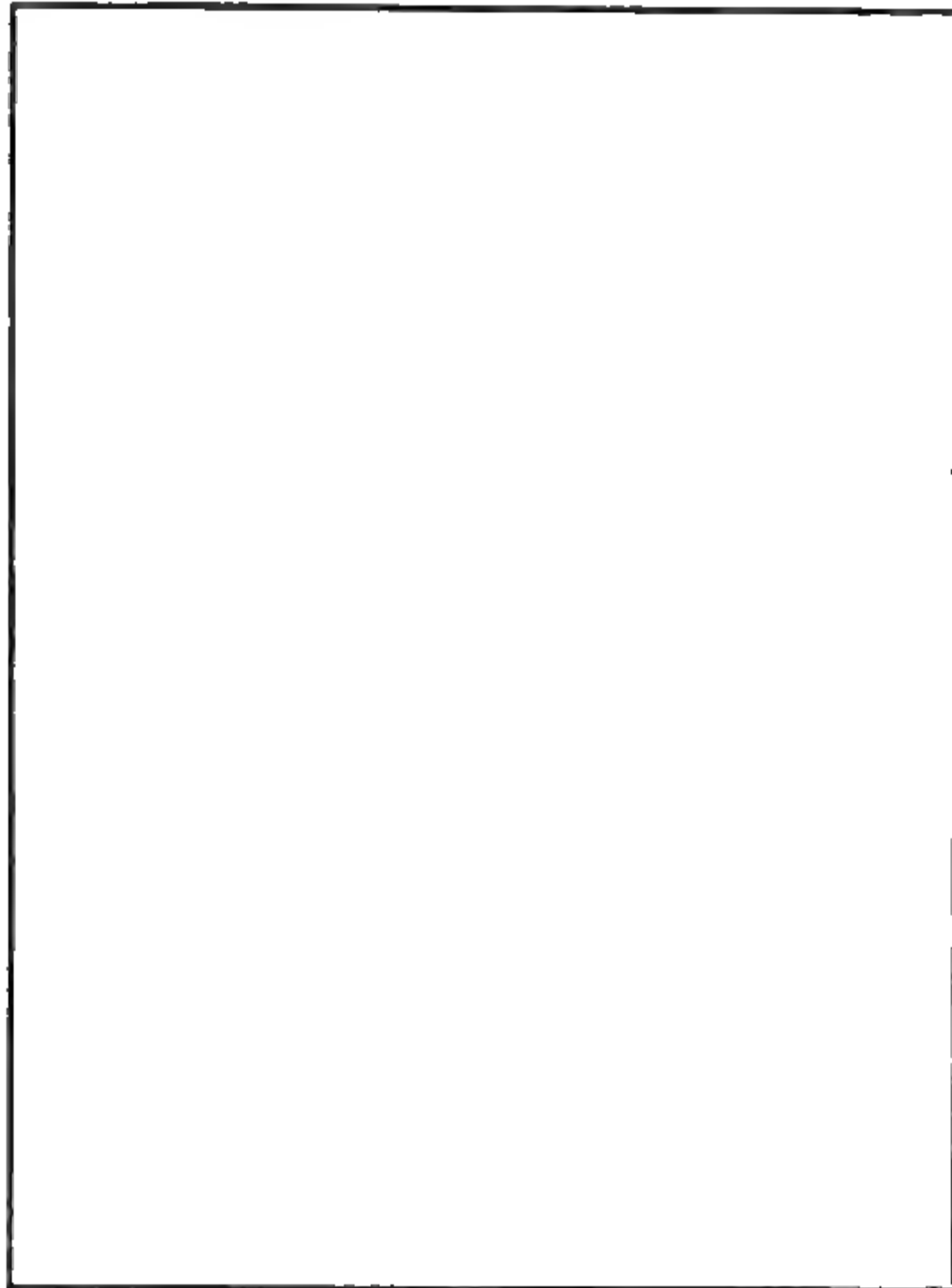
Serious crimes are sometimes compromised. From a newspaper dispatch, Oct. 6, 1906, from Eaton, Ga., I find a

felonies. They could therefore have their fines paid, and five were immediately released by farmers who wanted their labor. The report says that of 31 misdemeanors during the month it is expected that "none will reach the chain-gang," since there are "three farmers to every convict ready to pay the fine."

Still other methods are pursued by certain landlords to keep their tenants on the land. In one extreme case a Negro tenant, after years of work, decided to leave the planter. He had a place offered

him where he could make more money. There was nothing against him; he simply wanted to move. But the landlord informed him that no wagon would be permitted to cross his (the planter's) land to

reaps his most exorbitant profits. Negroes on some plantations, whether they work hard or not, come out at the end of the year with nothing. Part of this is due, of course, to their own improvidence; but part, in too



Mayor R. W. Millsaps, of Jackson, Miss.

get his household belongings. The Negro, being ignorant, supposed he could thus be prevented from moving, and although the friend who was trying to help him assured him that the landlord could not prevent his moving, he dared not go. In another instance—also extreme—a planter refused to let his tenants raise hogs, because he wanted them to buy salt pork at his store. It is, indeed, through the plantation store (which corresponds exactly to the company or “truck” store of Northern mining regions) that the unscrupulous planter

many cases, is due to exploitation by the landlord.

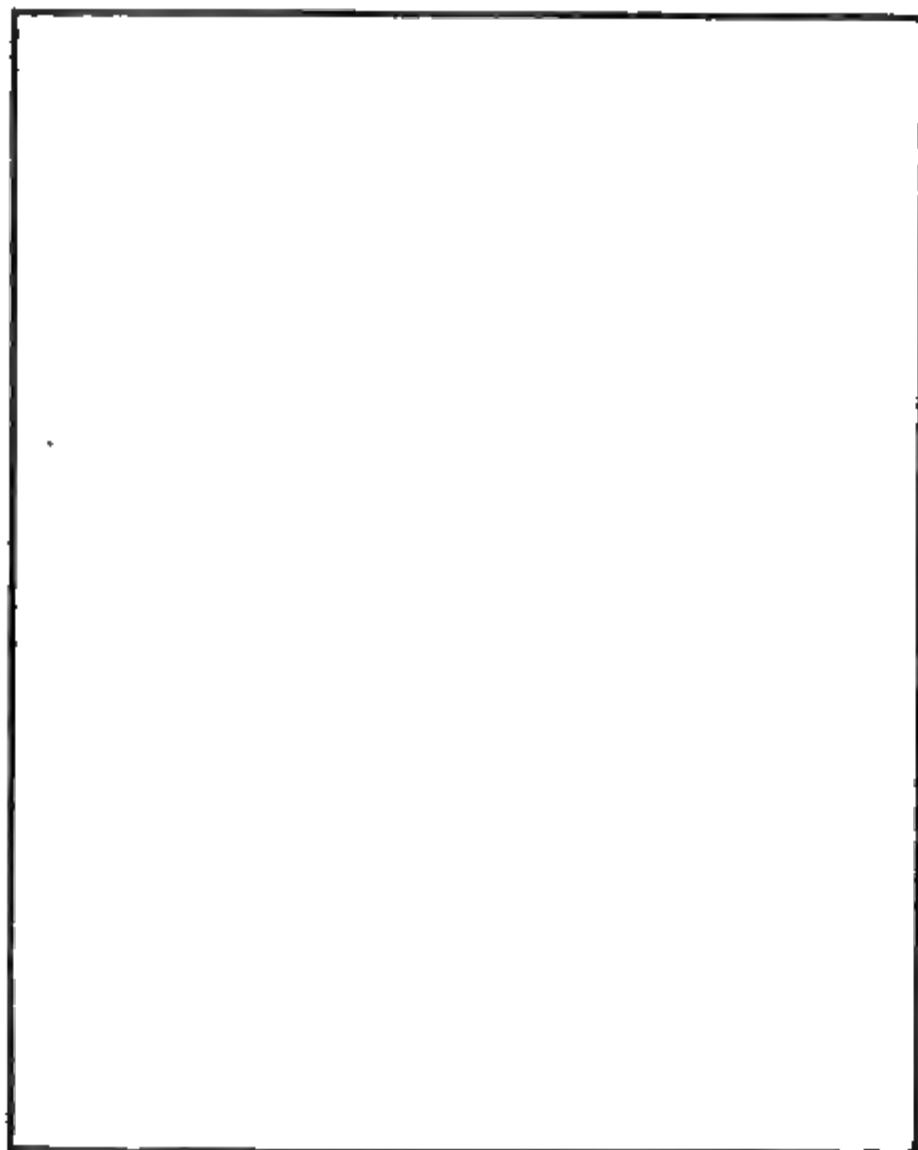
One Biscuit to Eat and No Place to Sleep

Booker T. Washington, in a letter to the *Montgomery Advertiser* on the Negro labor problem, tells this story:

“I recall that some years ago a certain white farmer asked me to secure for him a young colored man to work about the house and to work in the field. The young man

was secured, a bargain was entered into to the effect that he was to be paid a certain sum monthly and his board and lodging furnished as well. At the end of the colored boy's first day on the farm he returned. I asked the reason, and he said that after working all the afternoon he was handed a

Such methods mean, of course, the lowest possible efficiency of labor—ignorant, hopeless, shiftless. The harsh planter naturally opposes Negro education in the bitterest terms and prevents it wherever possible; for education means the doom of the system by which he thrives.



R. R. WRIGHT, ORGANIZER OF THE NEGRO STATE FAIR IN GEORGIA

Of full-blooded African descent, his grandmother who reared him being an African Negro of the Mandingo tribe

battered biscuit for his supper, and no place was provided for him to sleep.

"At night he was told he could find a place to sleep in the fodder loft. This white farmer, whom I know well, is not a cruel man and seeks generally to do the right thing; but in this case he simply overlooked the fact that it would have paid him in dollars and cents to give some thought and attention to the comfort of his helper.

"This case is more or less typical. Had this boy been well cared for, he would have so advertised the place that others would have sought work there."

Negro With Nineteen Children

Life for the tenants is often not a pleasant thing to contemplate. I spent much time driving about on several great plantations and went into many of the cabins. Usually they were very poor, of logs or shacks, sometimes only one room, sometimes a room and a sort of lean-to. At one side there was a fireplace, often two beds opposite, with a few broken chairs or boxes, and a table. Sometimes the cabin was set up on posts and had a floor, sometimes it was on the ground and had no floor

at all. The people are usually densely ignorant and superstitious; the preachers they follow are often the worst sort of characters, dishonest and immoral; the schools, if there are any, are practically worthless. The whole family works from sunrise to sunset in the fields. Even children of six and seven years old will drop seed or carry water. Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, himself a Negro, who has made many valuable and scholarly studies of Negro life, gives this vivid glimpse into a home where the Negro and his wife had nineteen children. He says:

"This family of twenty-one is a poverty-stricken, reckless, dirty set. The children are stupid and repulsive, and fight for their food at the table. They are poorly dressed, sickly and cross. The table dishes stand from one meal to another unwashed, and the house is in perpetual disorder. Now and then the father and mother engage in a hand-to-hand fight."

Never Heard the Name of Roosevelt!

It would be impossible to over-emphasize the ignorance of many Negro farmers. It seems almost unbelievable, but after some good-humored talk with a group of old Negroes I tried to find out how much they knew of the outside world. I finally asked them if they knew Theodore Roosevelt. They looked puzzled, and finally one old fellow scratched his head and said:

"Wha you say dis yere man libes?"

"In Washington," I said; "you've heard of the President of the United States!"

"I reckon I dunno," he said.

And yet this old man gave me a first-class religious exhortation; and one in the group had heard of Booker Washington whom he described as a "pow'ful big nigger."

Why Negroes Go to Cities

I made inquiries as to why the Negroes wanted to leave the farms and go to cities. The answer I got from all sorts of sources was first, the lack of schooling in the country, and second, the lack of protection.

And I heard also many stories of ill-treatment of various sorts, the distrust of the tenant of the landlord in keeping his accounts—all of which, dimly recognized, tends to make many Negroes escape the country, if they can. Indeed, it is growing

harder and harder on the great plantations, especially where the management is by overseers, to keep a sufficient labor supply. In some places the white landlords have begun to break up their plantations, selling small farms to ambitious Negroes—a significant sign, indeed, of the passing of the feudal system. An instance of this is found near Thomaston, Ga., where Dr. C. B. Thomas has long been selling land to Negroes, and encouraging them to buy by offering easy terms. Near Dayton, Messrs. Price and Allen have broken up their "Lockhart Plantation" and are selling it out to Negroes. I found similar instances in many places I visited. Commenting on this tendency, the *Thomaston Post* says:

"This is, in part, a solution of the so-called negro problem, for those of the race who have property interests at stake cannot afford to antagonize their white neighbors or transgress the laws. The ownership of land tends to make them better citizens in every way, more thoughtful of the right of others, and more ambitious for their own advancement.

"At this place a number of neat and comfortable homes, a commodious High School, and a large Lodge building, besides a number of churches, testify to the enterprise and thrift of the best class of our colored population. . . . The tendency towards cutting up the large plantations is beginning to show itself, and when all of them are so divided, there will be no agricultural labor problem, except, perhaps, in the gathering of an especially large crop."

III

I have endeavored thus to give a picture of both sides of conditions in the black belt exactly as I saw them. I can now do no better in further illumination of the conditions I have described than by looking at them through the eyes and experiences of two exceptionally able white men of the South, both leaders in their respective walks of life, neither of them politicians and both, incidentally, planters.

At Jackson, Miss., I met Major R. W. Millsaps, a leading citizen of the State. He comes of a family with the best Southern traditions behind it; he was born in Mississippi, graduated before the war at Harvard College, and although his father, a slave-owner, had opposed secession, the son

fought four years in the Confederate army, rising to the rank of Major. He came out of the war, as he says, "with no earthly possession but a jacket and a pair of pants, with a hole in them." But he was young and energetic; he began hauling cotton from Jackson to Natchez when cotton was worth almost its weight in gold. He received \$10 a bale for doing it and made \$4,000 in three months. He is now the president of one of the leading banks in Mississippi, interested in many important Southern enterprises, and the founder of Millsaps College at Jackson: a modest, useful, Christian gentleman.

An Experiment in Trusting Negroes

Near Greenville, Miss., Major Millsaps owns a plantation of 500 acres, occupied by 20 tenants, some 75 people in all. It is in one of the richest agricultural sections—the Mississippi bottoms—in the United States. Up to 1890 he had a white overseer and he was constantly in trouble of one kind or another with his tenants. When the price of cotton dropped, he decided to dispense with the overseer entirely and try a rather daring experiment. In short, he planned to trust the Negroes. He got them together and said:

"I am going to try you. I'm going to give you every possible opportunity; if you don't make out, I will go back to the overseer system."

In the sixteen years since then no white man has been on that plantation except as a visitor. The land was rented direct to the Negroes on terms that would give both landlord and tenant a reasonable profit.

"Did it work?" I asked.

"I have never lost one cent," said Major Millsaps, "no Negro has ever failed to pay up and you couldn't drive them off the place. When other farmers complain of shortage of labor and tenants, I never have had any trouble."

Every Negro on the place owns his own mules and wagons and is out of debt. Nearly every family has bought or is buying a home in the little town of Leland near by, some of which are comfortably furnished. They are all prosperous and contented.

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"The secret," he said, "is to treat the Negro well and give him a chance. I have found that a Negro, like a white man, is

most responsive to good treatment. Even a dog responds to kindness! The trouble is that most planters want to make too much money out of the Negro; they charge him too much rent; they make too large profits on the supplies they furnish. I know merchants who expect a return of 50 per cent. on supplies alone. The best Negroes I have known are those who are educated; Negroes need more education of the right kind—not less—and it will repay us well if we give it to them. It makes better, not worse workers."

I asked him about the servant problem.

"We never have any trouble," he said. "I apply the same rule to servants as to the farmers. Treat them well, don't talk insultingly of their people before them, don't expect them to do too much work. I believe in treating a Negro with respect. That doesn't mean to make equals of them. You people in the North don't make equals of your white servants."

Jefferson Davis's Way With Negroes

Then he told a striking story of Jefferson Davis.

"I got a lesson in the treatment of Negroes when I was a young man returning South from Harvard. I stopped in Washington and called on Jefferson Davis, then United States Senator from Mississippi. We walked down Pennsylvania Avenue. Many Negroes bowed to Mr. Davis and he returned the bow. He was a very polite man. I finally said to him that I thought he must have a good many friends among the Negroes. He replied:

"I can't allow any Negro to outdo me in courtesy."

Plain Words from a White Man

A few days later on my way North I met at Clarksdale, Miss., Walter Clark, one of the well-known citizens of the State and President of the Mississippi Cotton Association. In the interests of his organization he has been speaking in different parts of the State on court-days and at fairs. And the burden of his talks has been, not only organization by the farmers, but a more intelligent and progressive treatment of Negro labor. Recognizing the instability of the ordinary Negro, the crime he commits, the great difficulties which the best-

intentioned Southern planters have to meet, Mr. Clark yet tells his Southern audiences some vigorous truths. He said in a recent speech:

"Every dollar I own those Negroes made for me. Our ancestors chased them down and brought them here. They are just what we made them. By our own greed and extravagance we have spoiled a good many of them. It has been popular here—now happily growing less so—to exploit the Negro by high store-prices and by encouraging him to get into debt. It has often made him hopeless. We have a low element of white people who are largely responsible for the Negro's condition. They sell him whisky and cocaine: they corrupt Negro women. A white man who shoots craps with Negroes or who consorts with Negro women is worse than the meanest Negro that ever lived."

At Coffeeville, where Mr. Clark talked somewhat to this effect, an old man who sat in front suddenly jumped up and said: "That's the truth! Bully for you; bully for you!"

In his talk with me, Mr. Clark said other significant things:

"Our people have treated the Negroes as helpless children all their days. The Negro has not been encouraged to develop even the capacities he has. He must be made to use his own brains, not ours; put him on his responsibility and he will become more efficient. A Negro came to me not long ago complaining that the farmer for whom he worked would not give him an itemized account of his charges at the

store. I met the planter and asked him about it. He said to me—

"'The black nigger! What does he know about it? He can't read it.'

"'But he is entitled to it, isn't he?' I asked him—and the Negro got it."

"The credit system has been the ruin of many Negroes. It keeps them in hopeless debt and it encourages the planter to exploit them. That's the truth. My plan is to put the Negro on a strict cash basis; give him an idea of what money is by letting him use it. Three years ago I started it on my plantation. A Negro would come to me and say: 'Boss, I want a pair of shoes.' 'All right,' I'd say. 'I'll pay you spot cash every night and you can buy your own shoes.' In the same way I made up my mind that we must stop paying Negroes' fines when they got into trouble. I know planters who expect regularly every Monday to come into court and pay out about so many Negroes. It encourages the Negroes to do things they would not think of doing if they knew they would be regularly punished. I've quit paying fines; my Negroes, if they get into trouble, have got to recognize their own responsibility for it and take what follows. That's the only way to make men of them.

"What we need in the South is intelligent labor, more efficient labor. I believe in the education of the Negro. Industrial training is needed, not only for the Negro, but for the whites as well. The white people down here have simply got to take the Negro and make a man of him; in the long run it will make him more valuable to us."

[Having now outlined briefly the condition of the Negro in the South as it exists both in the city and in the country, Mr. Baker in his next articles, which will begin publication later in the fall, will treat of the Northern Negro and his place in the life of Northern communities. A more careful and detailed examination than was possible in the articles already published—the object of which was to give a swift general view—will be made later of the position and influence of the Mulatto, and there will also be articles on Negro Education, on the Negro in politics both South and North, on the Negro in city industries where the organization of labor prevails, and on several other phases of race relationship. In further illumination of the subject we shall hope to publish some of the numerous and significant letters which we have received from thoughtful Southern people.]

THE CONVERSION OF CONSTANTIA

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

AUTHOR OF "THE MADNESS OF PHILIP," "MEMOIRS OF A BABY," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN TINT BY CHARLOTTE HARDING



THE real reason why Constantia went over to Rome very few people know, but I do. It was because she got laughed at so, and nothing else. And it was always Protestants—that is, Congregationalists, Unitarians, etc. (although many people don't think that Unitarians are really religious at all, because they don't believe in the Holy Ghost, I think it is)—that laughed at her, and never Roman Catholics. Still there was some reason for that, because just about everybody in the school is a Protestant anyway, except only the maids and Gray Fairfox's Aunt Isabel, and she wasn't in the school, of course. But it was through her that Constantia began the whole thing.

Aunt Isabel was visiting Gray in the town, and Gray used to go down there to stay all night, and she took her out to drive and everything. And Constantia used to go with Gray a good deal because her Aunt Isabel took a liking to her, and that made Constantia rather proud of course, and nobody blamed her, because Aunt Isabel was perfectly lovely. She was quite large—larger than aunts usually are—with a very little waist and big shoulders. And she always wore high-heeled shoes—even in the morning. She used to call Constantia and Gray "sister."

"Well, sisters, how does the world treat you all to-day?" she used to say. And she let Connie wear a ring of hers all the while she stayed.

Not that Connie would have been converted just for that, probably, but she began to think of it when Aunt Isabel was the only one that didn't laugh at what she

said in Sunday-school. She is in Miss Welles's class—that's Dr. Welles's daughter—and it was the Sunday after that lesson about the Holy Ghost descending upon the apostles, and a mighty rushing wind, and all that; and she always asks them the next time about the last lesson. She jumped on Connie when Connie was looking at her ring and said, "When the spirit descended upon the apostles, Constantia, what were they full of?"

And Connie jumped and just called out: "Wind!"

And then Miss Welles got perfectly red in the face and pretended to be coughing, but she wasn't at all. She was laughing, and pretty hard, too, for she couldn't seem to stop. Of course Connie knew perfectly well what she was doing, and it isn't very pleasant to have anyone laugh at you like that, especially when you haven't the least idea what about. She says that Miss Welles explained what they were full of, and she couldn't see why it was any different from what she said, and none of the rest of us either. Even Ben, who usually knows what relatives and teachers mean, and explains why they laugh, even Ben hadn't the least idea. She thought Con must have misunderstood and said something else; for very often the least little thing will make a difference in anything being funny, she says, but Con was sure that was all she said and just what she said. And it turned out to be right, too, for Miss Welles told it to her father, and when he came up to the school to see if Ben had poison ivy, or trouble with her teeth, she heard him telling it outside the door to Miss Demarest, and they both laughed.

Then Miss Demarest told it to the other

She let Connie wear a ring of hers all the while she stayed

teachers, for we could tell by the way they acted when Miss Naldreth read that part for morning chapel. They all got red and coughed, so that Miss Naldreth noticed it herself—we saw her lift up her eyebrows, the way she does sometimes, and I tell you they stopped in a hurry!

Well, by that time Connie thought that everybody was laughing at her and she got pretty sulky. That's the way Connie has always been since the day she came into Elmbank: she doesn't get over things very quick. She thinks everybody is teasing her all the time, and mostly they're not at all. Then she goes off and sulks a day or two, and finally she comes around and forgives them, because she feels she ought to, she says, and that makes them mad, because they don't want her old forgiveness and they tell her so. Then she says they can't prevent her forgiving them if she wants to, and then they usually have a row. I don't mind it a bit myself—I'd just as soon she'd forgive me, it doesn't hurt me any. But it drives some of the girls simply crazy. Sometimes, after Connie has forgiven a girl, she won't speak with her for weeks, she gets so mad.

You see, she has always been very religious, more so than any of the rest of us. Ben says she doesn't believe in God at all, because, if he was so powerful as all that, there wouldn't be any wickedness in the world at all, and no prisons. Miss Naldreth had a long talk with her and said that he was powerful enough, but he preferred to have the evil there for reasons

known to him only; but Ben told her that in that case he certainly wasn't very sensible, and did Miss Naldreth think it was reasonable to let poor Mary Murphy's little brother be knocked down by his big brother, and his leg broken, when the brother was drunk? And Miss Naldreth said that our reason was lower than God's and we mustn't judge him by it, and Ben said it was all she had to judge by, anyway. So Miss Naldreth told her never to mind, but when she got older she would come to feel different about it. But that was way back in last term and Ben hasn't changed yet, so I'm afraid she never will.

I believe in God, of course, because, if you don't, who would you say your prayers to?

Gray believes in him because when there is a thunderstorm she always gets awfully white and whispers out loud, "Please don't let it hit me, God! Please don't let it hit me!"

And she confesses every wicked thing she ever did if the lightning is very bad. She doesn't mean to, but she just can't help it. Her mother is the same way. It's about the only thing she is afraid of.

When Eleanor Northrop was going with our crowd of girls she told Ben that if she could be perfectly sure there wasn't any hell she didn't think she'd believe in God; but as it was, she thought she'd better keep on the safe side.

So you see, except for Ben, we are all quite religious, but none of us so much so as Constantia. When she first came to

the school she used to go around asking us, "Do you think God would like that?" for everything we did. Of course nobody enjoys that and pretty soon she had to stop it, especially after she cheated in her examples and everybody knew it. All the girls went up to her and looked at her the way she looked at them, and said in that sort of baby way, "Do you think God would like that?" and she cried and acted dreadfully, but she stopped, though afterwards she forgave them all and got even with them.

All during Lent, Constantia never ate her dessert once and she started to read the Bible through; but when she divided the number of pages by forty, to read so much every day, it made such a terrible lot that she got discouraged. I told her to go on and get as much done as she could, if she didn't get through it all, but she said that wouldn't do—it must be all or none. She could have saved out a lot by skipping those places where it says "and somebody begat somebody," but she didn't think she ought to do that either. So she never even began it.

I could tell you hundreds of things like that to show you how religious Connie was. There was that time we teased the Pie to take us to the revival meeting, and finally she did, in the afternoon, though Ben says Miss Naldreth wouldn't have liked it a bit. There was such a funny little man there on the platform, walking

back and forth and waving his hands; I never saw anybody get so covered with perspiration. It was fun to see the people get up and walk down to the front, they looked so ashamed, but after a while we got tired of it, Ben and I. Connie thought it was beautiful, though. He kept saying, "Let me see the children! Let the young people come on!" and Connie wanted to go dreadfully, only in the first place she knew Miss Appleby would never let her, and, besides, her father had promised her that she might be confirmed next year, and she thought perhaps it wouldn't count if she did anything like this first.

He told a story just before we went out that I must say I didn't believe exactly, if he *was* a minister. He said that in one place where he was he preached such a sermon that everybody began to cry, mostly, and when he walked down the aisle there was a little girl four years old with her face buried in her hands, crying so hard that it shook her all over. And he said, "What is it, my little maid? Is your sin too great for you?" (his very words), and she said, "Yes, sir," and he tried to comfort her, and finally he pulled the handkerchief away—and it was his own little daughter!

Connie began to cry and whispered to us, "Oh, girls, I wish *I* was that little girl!" and then the Pie made us hurry out, and she never let go of Connie's hand all the way home. But just the same it seemed very queer that he shouldn't know his own daughter. And Ben thought so, too. Perhaps he wasn't at home very much and so he wasn't used to seeing her. I didn't suppose you could be such a great sinner when you were only four years old anyway.

Constantia wrote a poem about it and read it to us Sunday afternoon. I only remember one verse:

"He did not guess who
she could be,
You little think that I be-
long to thee.

"Do you think God would like that?"

But although your
sins are black
and great,
Repent before it
is too late.
For there the flow-
ers shall ever
bloom,
And we shall all
meet beyond
the tomb."

No matter
what they are
about, the last
line is always
like that in all
Connie's poems.

I have heard
dozens of them
and they all end
just that way.
You'd always
know whose
they were by that. She sort of sings them,
and they sound very well when she reads
them, though rather bumpy when you
read them yourself. They are always
sad and somebody dies in every one of
them. I asked her once why she didn't
do a funny one for a change, but she
said that wasn't what you wrote poetry
for. She said there were funny enough
things really happening every day without
the trouble of making them up in poetry,
and of course that is so.

It was the Sunday after she said the
apostles were full of wind that she wrote
the poem, and then she told me that Aunt
Isabel was the only one that hadn't laughed
at her.

"Perhaps she doesn't know you said it,"
I said.

"Oh, yes, she does, because I told her,"
said Connie. She told her to see what she
would do. And Aunt Isabel said it wasn't
so terribly funny, after all, and for her not
to mind.

"And that's because she's a Catholic,"
Connie told us, "and I think I shall be one
myself."

"Why, Constantia Van Cott, you'd never
dare to!" I said, "your father wouldn't
let you."

"It wouldn't make any difference," she
answered, as calm as you please; "I should,
just the same, and the Pope would protect
me."

Did you ever hear of anything like that?

All during Lent, Constantia never ate her dessert once

"You'll be just like the maids and
Michael, then," Mary Matterson said,
"and I shouldn't think you'd like that.
You'll have to drive into town with them
early Sunday mornings."

Of course Connie didn't like that very
much, but she couldn't think of anything
to say.

"And I tell you one thing," said Ben,
"you'll have to get used to the way the
Catholic church smells—it's dreadful."

Ben sneaked into a funeral there once,
so she knows.

"I'm surprised at you," Connie said,
trying to pretend that she didn't mind,
"people don't join a religion because of
the way it smells. Do you think that's
why people are Protestants—because they
think they smell better?"

"It's one of the reasons, probably,"
Ben answered, obstinate as usual, "and
you'll think so when you get into that
church."

Connie just walked away and went off
with Gray Fairchild to see Aunt Isabel.
And Aunt Isabel petted her and promised
to take her to church early in the morning
with her. Which she did, and after that
Connie was just wild to be a Catholic
and confess to a priest. She waited while
Aunt Isabel confessed, and she went into a
little sort of place like where you go to
telephone, she says, and she pretended
there was a priest there and she confessed,
too, just as if somebody was really listening.

She says she confessed some things about the other girls, too, and Ben especially. Ben was quite mad and told her she could mind her own business and she'd do her own confessing when she got ready. Then Connie just smiled in that silly, baby way she does, and wouldn't promise that she wouldn't confess about the rest of us.

Ben got madder and madder, and we all thought it was awfully mean of Connie to do that, when we weren't Catholics, any of us.

We were entirely at her mercy, as they say in books. But Ben can manage anything in the world, I do believe. She just looked Connie in the eye and said as follows:

"Very well, Miss, go on and confess about me and my friends, and I will tell Mary Murphy to confess to *her* priest how you cheated in arithmetic and kept your lemon layer-cake till three o'clock, so as to say

it wasn't desert in Lent; for I don't believe you'll ever confess about that yourself—you'd be too ashamed!"

And then she agreed not to mention any of us pretty quick, I can tell you, for of course she couldn't tell any stranger about that lemon cake—nobody could.

Then Aunt Isabel went into the priest's house to see

about having some candles on the little side altar, because somebody had died, and she took Connie with her and the priest shook hands with her, and said didn't he see her at mass, and what do you think she said? She said, "Yes, Father."

Of course that settled it and we knew she was a Catholic from then on. She said that she turned as red as a beet and her voice came out all wobbly and queer, but she said it, and neither of them laughed at her a bit—they didn't seem to notice how scared she was. Of course it was very

brave in Con—I will say that for her, because she told us that she didn't know what might happen, or whether it wasn't dangerous to change to a Catholic so suddenly. But nothing happened at all, and when Aunt Isabel bowed in front of the altar when they went through the church, will you believe it, Connie did, too? She said it made you feel awfully nice—she wanted to do it again. And Aunt Isabel patted her head. Aunt Isabel put her finger into a kind of bowl that a statue of an angel held up by the door, and made a cross on herself, but Connie didn't quite dare do that.

She told Mary Murphy next



Connie was just wild to be a Catholic

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"I will tell Mary Murphy to confess to her priest how you cheated in arithmetic"

morning, when Mary was making the bed, that she was a Catholic now, and Mary said, "Is that so, now, Miss Connie? That's good news to hear. It's the only way, I'm thinking."

Mary must have told the others, for when Katey passed the bread she hurried by me so

I couldn't get it, and whispered, "There's the end piece, Miss Connie, dear!"

And Connie took it and said, "Thank you, Katey," just like Aunt Isabel.

Gray isn't a Catholic herself, but some of her relatives are, besides Aunt Isabel, and she told Mary Matterson that she was very much mistaken if she thought that only Irish people and coachmen were Catholics, because some very aristocratic and rich people were and always had been, to say nothing of the apostles.

Mary said that wasn't so, that the apostles were Protestants, and she asked Ben. Ben thought St. Peter was a Catholic anyway, but she wasn't sure about the rest—she thought not. Gray asked Aunt Isabel, and she told her a lot that Gray forgot about directly, except that it was Henry the Eighth's fault. If it hadn't been for him we should all have been Catholics now, Gray said.

"Well," said Ben, "if you think I'd go to a smelly church like that every Sunday on account of Henry the Eighth, or a hundred like him, you're mistaken. He must have been crazy when he did it."

"Of course he was crazy—he was a Protestant!" said Connie.

Now the idea—when she had been a Protestant herself a few days ago! Wasn't that just like Constantia Van Cott, though?

Aunt Isabel gave her a lovely picture of the Virgin Mary, with holders for little candles in the side of the frame, and Connie used to put a little bunch of flowers in front

of it on a stand, and she told me she kneeled down and said part of her prayers there. She said the most important ones by the bed, the regular way, of course.

And Gray told me that Mary told her not to bother about her room—she'd pick it up when she made the bed. So Connie used

to leave her hair ribbons all in knots and—would you believe it?—Mary would pick them out! And she put buttons on her shoes twice.

But the third day she had the picture, Miss Demarest came in for inspection and quick as a wink she noticed it.

"Where did you get this, Constantia, and what is it?" said she.

"It is the Virgin Mary, Miss Demarest, and it was given to me by—by a person," Connie said.

"A strange thing to have in your room, is it not?" said Demmy.

"I don't know about that," Connie answered, "I'm a Catholic myself, Miss Demarest."

She told Mary Murphy next morning, when Mary was making the bed, that she was a Catholic now

She told me she kneeled down and said part of her prayers there

"What do you mean, Constantia? How perfectly ridiculous!" says Demmy.

"Very well, then, ask Father Tenney if you don't believe me," Connie told her.

Miss Demarest just gave her one look and went right out of the room, and Connie knew she was going to see Miss Naldreth. And then Connie kneeled down and prayed for a sign to tell her she was doing right, and the window-shade rolled up with a bang, and nearly frightened her to death, so she knew.

She sat and waited for Miss Naldreth and wondered if she would have to go to a convent, or else be tortured to death like Joan of Arc. And she wrote a poem—a short one, because she didn't know when Miss Naldreth would come. This is the poem:

"If I must die I place my hope
In the greatest man in the world, the Pope.
I do not care what Protestants may do,
To my own religion I will be true.
There where heaven's flowers are sweet,
Beyond the tomb we all shall meet."

I never was very fond of Connie, but I must say I think that is a pretty fine poem.

Well, she waited and she waited and she waited, and Miss Naldreth never came. And by-and-by she went out to the croquet ground and made her will, but as she left everything to Aunt Isabel it didn't matter much. But still Miss Naldreth never called her up nor came near her.

Ben heard Miss Demarest and Miss Norton talking in the old school-room the next morning, when she came into the class early, and she knew it was about Connie, because Miss Demarest said:

"I think it is perfectly disgraceful—the whole school will be going to mass next. Something should be done."

And Miss Norton said:

"Because little Connie has gone over to Rome? Oh, I hardly think so, Miss Demarest. Trust Miss Naldreth. The child is not quite twelve, you know."

Then there was some more Ben didn't hear, and then Demmy said something about the long-distance telephone and ended up:

"He said she had always been a precious little prig, anyway. He hoped they'd knock it out of her."

"Oh, well, if her own father doesn't take

it too seriously, I think you needn't worry," Miss Norton said.

But all the teachers talked about it, as we knew very well, and Connie felt too big for anything. She never knew what might happen to her, you see. Everybody was talking about her, and on Sunday she went to mass with Aunt Isabel instead of St. Mark's with us, and you never saw such airs as she put on, never. She told us Aunt Isabel was hunting up a saint for her, to be her own special saint, and you pray to them if you're in trouble. She hoped there would be a Saint Constantia, only Aunt Isabel never heard of one.

Ben got awfully interested in it, and read up a lot about saints and how they turn bread into roses, and things like that, but she didn't think Con would grow up to be that kind. And, what do you think? it was Ben that settled the whole thing finally.

We were out in the croquet ground, Ben and Gray and Connie and me, and Connie was telling about a dream she had about the Virgin Mary that she pretended was a real vision, when Ben said all of a sudden:

"What will Rollie Ogden do about the children?"

"What children?" said Connie.

"Your children," said Ben.

Connie has been engaged to Rollie Ogden ever since she came to Elmbank. His father is her rector at home, and they are going to live in the rectory when they are married and have five little girls and five little boys, and vanilla ice-cream every night for dessert. He is very religious, like Connie, and he has a lot of sermons all written to use when he is grown up. He gives a great deal of money to missionaries and Connie tried to save some to give, too, but she is too fond of chocolate éclairs.

"Why, you know," said Ben, "that all your children must be Catholics if you marry a Protestant, and I don't believe Rollie Ogden would let them be."

"They must not," Connie said, "I don't believe it."

"Oh, yes, they must," said Ben, "I read about it."

And Gray said that was true, too.

"I'll have the girls Catholic and the boys Protestant," Connie said.

"You can't," Ben told her, "you have to promise."

Then Connie got right up and asked

permission to go see Aunt Isabel, and Aunt Isabel had a gentleman calling on her, and she didn't pay much attention to Connie, but she said that was usually so about the children, she believed, and Connie would have to excuse her, please, as the runabout was waiting.

So Connie wrote to Rollie Ogden and told him she was a Catholic and the children would have to be, too. And Rollie wrote back that he certainly wouldn't marry her, then, for he hated the Pope and you ought never to pray to the Virgin Mary. And there was Connie's picture with the places for the candles! And Rollie never changes his mind, never. He is very obstinate, if he is religious.

Well, of course Connie wasn't going to be an old maid just to be a Catholic, and she was engaged to Rollie first. So she said that God would never forgive her if she broke her promise to marry Rollie, and she went and asked Miss Naldreth how she could change back. And Miss Naldreth said, "Why, you are not a Catholic, dear child!"

"Why, but yes I am, Miss Naldreth!" said Connie, and she began to cry.

Then Miss Naldreth told her she wasn't one any more than *she* was, whether she

bowed to the altar or not. So you see we had all been mistaken.

And when she found out that Ben had made Connie change back, Miss Naldreth laughed and said, "I thought she would—a *lux benigna*, indeed!" That is Ben's name—Benigna.

So Connie gave the picture back and wrote a poem about being a Protestant again, and Rollie Ogden said it was all right and wrote a sermon about it. This is the poem:

"No more do I in the Pope believe,
For we know that he does ever deceive.
All my children shall Protestants be,
On the land or on the sea.
Nor will they ever and ever bow down
In a Catholic church in any town.
And we shall meet for evermore
Beyond the tomb on the heavenly shore."

When Connie took the picture back to Aunt Isabel she told her that she was engaged, too, to the gentleman that was there—the same one that was there before, and Connie said, to remind her:

"You remember about the children, don't you? No matter how many you have, they must all be Catholics!"

She said they acted awfully queer—they must have forgotten about it.

THE AWAKENING

BY JOE H. RANSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH



THE man pulled up and dismounted to tighten the saddle girth. He had done this three times during the last day and night, and the enfeebled animal unresistingly allowed him to repeat the operation. Both were white with dust, but of the two the lower animal had

borne the brunt of the hardship and was the more exhausted. He staggered slightly as the man wearily drew himself back into the saddle and looked about. The man's face was haggard and his lips were dry and cracked with the heat. Strapped to the saddle was a holster containing a revolver, and on the other side, protected by a coat tied around it, was a canteen. The horse

stood with his head nearly touching his knees and his legs apart as if to brace himself.

The outlook was not cheering. To the left the sun was halfway between zenith and horizon, but to man and beast his heat seemed as intense as when he stood directly above their heads. They stood, as it were, in the midst of a great ocean of chalk, with gigantic, undulating billows rolling away on every side. One of these had just been passed, and now they stood in a hollow surrounded by the silent dunes. All day this had been the routine of their journey. Up a gentle incline to the summit, hoping, praying for a change of view; down again on the other side, bitter disappointment sharply combating the hope that forced them to the next ascent. Now they had stopped again to rest the horse and give him a chance to breathe more easily the hot, dry air through which the heat waves shimmered. An occasional uneasy breeze drove the dust into clouds which hovered grotesquely for a while above the earth, and then, with the passing of the wind, settled slowly back.

The man untied the coat about the canteen and unscrewed the top. He tilted it to his lips and allowed a few drops to trickle through them down his throat. Then he screwed the top on again, and, holding the canteen to his ear, shook it slightly. The easy slush of the liquid told him it filled barely half the vessel. He tied the coat carefully about it again and strapped it to the saddle.

He kicked the horse gently in the ribs and tightened his pull on the rein, but the animal did not stir. Again he kicked and a trifle harder, but the horse stood with his head drooping listlessly, his legs far apart. The man pulled off his hat and reaching along the horse's neck struck him sharply on the ear. The horse started, raised his head a trifle, and staggered forward. He took a few hesitating steps and stumbled, caught himself, stumbled again and collapsed. The man cursed softly as he dragged his leg from beneath the fallen animal. Then he stood up and regarded his exhausted mount, and his face was haggard with the touch of a great fear. He seized the animal's head in desperation and shook him fiercely. The eyes opened and looked appealingly and hopelessly at the master, but the horse made no move to rise. A moment later the look of life went out of his eyes.

Of a sudden the full horror of the situation came upon the man and he caught in his breath quickly, leaning his knee against the body of the dead horse. The world swam dizzily before his startled, fearful eyes. The awful sense of his utter loneliness swept over him as a dark cloud. As long as the animal life of the horse existed near him—even by this knowledge of the existence of another life in the midst of the surrounding desolation of non-existence—he had been sustained and had not felt the touch of absolute loneliness which now overcame him. The horse seemed to be the only thing which had linked him to the living world that he had lost two days before in pursuit of an antelope, which had led him out of the timber and across a sweep of prairie and finally into the edge of the desert, where he had lost it and, endeavoring to retrace his steps, found himself lost too. And now the horse was dead. The man shuddered. On horseback he had failed to find his way out. Now he was afoot and alone. His face was drawn with the anguish of foreboding. Despite the heat a sort of ague possessed him and he shivered.

He stood up and shook himself. This was the part of a woman, a child. The world knew him as a man, a strong man, with will and brain and endurance. Even the cowboys had failed to break his spirit by long, arduous rides, bucking devil horses, and the vigils of the roundup. He had always been a rule unto himself, acknowledging none higher, God nor man. And here he was whimpering over a dead cayuse.

"Hell!" he muttered. His voice rasped sharply in the stillness, and his throat ached with the dryness.

He unstrapped the coat which held and protected the canteen, tied it carefully so as to leave a sling for the shoulder, and threw it across his arm. Then he slipped the holster and revolver from the other side of the saddle. There was nothing else to take. He drew the revolver from its case and examined it carefully, turning the cylinder methodically and peering into each succeeding empty chamber until he came to the last, which was not empty. He turned it three chambers farther on, and throwing the heavy belt and holster aside, slipped the weapon into his trousers pocket.

Upon the first swell of the sand plain the man came to a halt, and shading his eyes,

searched the shimmering distances on every side for a sign of the longed-for timber or the full, grassy swell of the prairie. The sun was now well on the way to setting and the figure of the man cast its long, distorted shadow over the sparkling silica almost to the body of the horse. Miles stretched on miles of shimmering, brilliant, scintillating crystal.

The man turned to the right. He walked easily save for the shifting footing in some places where the sand was loose, but he unconsciously bent his head so that the hat-brim might shade his face. The heat burned through his shoes, and even this part of the day, which should be the coming of the cool, was terribly, unbearably hot. He kept his eyes steadily to the front, pursuing a direct course, shifting only when the footing seemed better or the impulse directed. He determined to follow a straight line, which would either lead him out or— He shuddered. Ah, but he would come out. But when? And would the water last? And would his strength hold out? His hand strayed to the trousers pocket. If the worst came—there was still one chamber loaded. He paused. Before him lay the skeleton of a cow or of a deer or some wild thing. He remembered having seen this before. Up the next rise slowly, with dragging step, then down—and there before him lay the horse, and the empty holster by its side.

Sprawled beside the body of the dead cayuse, giving no more evidence of life than a scarcely perceptible rise and fall of the breast, his mouth wide, the scorched lips drinking in the night-cooled air after the fiery inhalations of the day, the man slept heavily. The moon rose higher and higher, and the world stretched white and ghostlike about the two silent, prostrate forms. Finally he shivered and opened his eyes. It was cold. He closed his eyes again and drew his coat about him. What did it mean? Was this another ghastly dream, or was he dead? He sat up, and his hand brushed the head of the animal beside him. He felt instinctively for his watch. It was running heedless of temperature, and registered three o'clock. The moon was now nearing the horizon. He marked its position with his eye. Then he drew himself into a standing position. He was stiff and the air was cold. He was revived to a great extent, however, and his

skin felt cooled, his lips no longer baked and cracked. He picked up the canteen and shook it. It was alarmingly loud in its response. He stood for a moment, and attempted to read direction in the desert sands. Then he set out determinedly and hopefully to utilize this period of coolness in a last grim struggle for life.

He grudged every minute of the passing coolness, every breath of the night air. But when the sun at last came lifting over the sand hills, there was still no sign of the prairie, no line of timber on the sky. The man threw the canteen over the other shoulder and pushed on doggedly. He walked with his head down, dreading the relentless heat that grew in intensity with every step. The chill fled from the air; the sun, rising, seemed to come closer at every stride.

At first he watched the sun climbing higher and higher, coming nearer and nearer, to his fevered brain growing hotter and hotter. It seemed to spring upward and nearer in a fiendish sort of way that fascinated the man, even as it scorched him and dried his lips and withered his strength. He began to wonder vaguely how near it could come before his clothing would blaze. He did not look at his watch again, marking the time by the approach of the sun, as a prisoner at the last marks the time he is yet to live by the footfalls of his jailer approaching to lead him to the scaffold.

He began to notice a falling off of the sand and an increase in the number of stones. They were white mostly, here and there a colored one, some reaching a fair size.

The man's mind was muddled; his brain was on fire. He rebelled against this for a time, for he was accustomed to work every problem of whatever character out for himself, in terms of his own making, to his own satisfaction. It was this faculty of mastering difficulties that had made him his position in the world, and that, too, had made for him his own religion as well as his own leadership and power. It was this strong mind that had led him to question the very foundation of things, openly to express a disbelief, nay, a positive denial of the existence of a deity. And now for the first time this coadjutor had failed him, and he stumbled aimlessly along over the scattered gravel and loose sand, without thought, without motive, vaguely conscious of his own ex-

istence, wondering at his own movement and the utter absence of other moving things.

Presently his foot caught on a rock of larger size than usual and he fell headlong, bruising his right arm and cutting a gash in his forehead. He lay stunned for a while, and when his senses returned to him his arm throbbed painfully and his forehead was damp. He brushed the hair back with his hand, and it came back red.

The canteen lay a few feet away and he painfully crawled toward it. When he had unscrewed the top and tilted the vessel to his lips, a bare mouthful gurgled between them down his parched throat. He drained it and threw the empty flask to the ground. The sun was now almost directly above his head and the world danced away on every side in shimmering waves of heat. The man's eyes were bloodshot and sore, and a look of desperation, a kind of insanity, shone in their watery pupils. He put his hand to the trousers pocket. It was empty. Again to be sure of no deception, and then a feverish search of all the pockets, with the same result. A panic seized him and he almost tore the clothing from him in frenzy. He staggered to his feet and gazed wildly about him. A dozen feet away rose the stone whose treachery had caused his downfall. Closer the discarded canteen lay upon the sand and mocked him. He searched about in a widening circle, eagerly as one searching for a lost treasure, his back bent far over, his head almost to the waist, the hungry, insane eyes searching every foot of earth. He forgot the heat, the brilliancy of the sand which smarted his eyes, the discomfort of his bowed limbs. Further and further he drew away from the canteen and the sharp, projecting stone, searching hurriedly, wildly, insanely, for the missing weapon. It lay peacefully oblivious of its owner, brightly reflecting the fierce sunlight, back in the hollow by the body of the horse. But the man did not know this, and he continued the vain search on and on until he was exhausted and fell again, this time from his own lack of strength, sitting down suddenly in the sand, panting, wearied, defeated.

When he rose again and staggered forward the canteen was nowhere to be seen. The man did not notice this. He had forgotten the canteen, forgotten everything save the horror of the prospect that he faced. He did not look about him. He walked or rather limped forward, with head

lowered and hands limply hanging by his side. The heat was fiercer now than ever before, but the man noticed no change. He seemed always to have been walking in the edge of a great fire, which almost singed him and which made him very thirsty. His mouth was open and the lips were turning back in a fierce simulation of a smile which was not a smile, only the effect of the heat. The lips were dry and cracked and the dryness extended beyond them to the mouth. He felt but one desire, the longing for water. He could not even formulate the idea of this desire in his own mind. There was something somewhere that could stop the burning in the throat and ease the pain of the parching lips. And to this he struggled on.

The man's mind wandered to the life he had made for himself. It was a long time since he had left it all, it must be almost a hundred years now, yes, fully a hundred years, for he had been walking through the fire so long, so long. He remembered faintly, as from an infinite past, some of the things he had done, some of the things he had said, one particular speech he had made at a select gathering of friends, when he had spoken sarcastically of the credulous, garrulous world of fools out of which they had risen, fools who made much of a superior Being, whom the select gathering of friends knew as a myth, a kind of hoax. And he remembered a paper he had written, which had been spitefully criticised by this garrulous world of fools, and had marked him as a disbeliever, as they said, an atheist. Also there came into his mind a memory of the woman. Ah—there was the one thing he had regretted. For she was of that world of fools who did not understand. He would not think of her. He had chosen between her and his philosophy. Love! Ah, but that was a weakness as great as the other. And he was strong.

Suddenly the train of thought ceased and faintly he seemed to hear the trickling of water as from a rocky cleft upon a base of stone. He turned in the direction of the sound and attempted to hasten his footsteps, but the trickling came again and louder from the left. Again he turned and again the egging gurgle came from the left. He completed the circle in search of the sound, and then it gurgled fainter and fainter and his straining ear lost the last sound.

Again the sun was drawing to the west.

The man kept his eyes on the ground, never raising his head, back bent, shoulders sagging, chin lowered. There was no life or spring to the step, only a labored dragging forward of the feet. A weight pressed sharply upon the man's breast, as if a monster hand were pressing, pressing, crushing in the bones. The thirst had almost ceased to vex him now, its acuteness was gone; the man had almost forgotten it. All the blood of his body seemed to have risen and filled his head and to be now boiling and bubbling, seeking an exit. The sweat ran unnoted from his forehead, and the dust, stirred by the shambling feet, rose and united with the sweat to form a thin mud which lined and spotted his face gruesomely, like a kind of natural, self-applying war paint.

Dimly a thought struggled in the man's brain. He almost grasped it, when it slipped away, only to return again and again, until at last it came full-fledged before him. It was the thought of the end of it all. He put his hand to the trousers pocket, then slowly, almost indifferently continued the search through the remaining pockets of his clothing. Then he remembered having done this before. He started on again mechanically, but the thought started too and kept itself before his mind's eye, and nagged him, and worried him, and frightened him. Actually frightened him, this thought of death, of the passing from the vital to some other state. He remembered having argued once that there was no other state, that past vitality was nonentity. He thought now of the probability of another existence. Of course there could be none; but why then did he go on through the fire? The end would be the same finally; why this effort? He thought he would stop and—but the weapon was gone now; death must come to him through thirst, the burning, the fever, the weakness. And even had he still the weapon, he wondered, could he voluntarily pass into a state of nothingness? Or could he face death, could he sit down and wait for it without a struggle? The human in him shrank, as ever weak humanity must shrink before the face of the decrees of God. He could not die; and so he struggled on.

The man's progress was growing slower, every hour the effort became feebler and more labored. He dragged one foot after the other, each step raising a puff of white dust, until his trail was marked a hundred

yards behind by a light cloud. His head was far over now and his mouth was open all the time. He breathed sharply and fitfully, and his arms hung dangling at his side, every muscle relaxed, the fingers apart.

The afternoon passed, the sun sinking slowly to the west, as if loath to leave its victim the short respite of night. But the man kept on after the sun had set, through the long twilight, knowing nothing, caring nothing, performing, as a piece of mechanism, his appointed task of moving, moving on. Each step grew feebler, each foot of sand drew itself out longer before him; his breathing was painful now and his legs trembled and wobbled under him, until at last they separated and would not come together again. He did not fall forward. His legs gave way beneath him and he sank easily upon the sand in a huddled heap and lay there in a stupor.

When the man awoke his mind was clearer, but he was weak, so weak that he simply opened his eyes without changing his position, and looked into the face of the moon which stood directly above him and seemed to be watching over him in silent vigil as he slept. The whole heavens lay stretched before him as he lay face upward in the night. To the left Orion's belt of brilliants burned and danced in one straight, never-varying line, and out beyond the Scorpion curled his jeweled tail in arrogance. The Milky Way marked its brilliant corridor across the face of heaven, and low upon the horizon Jupiter was passing lesser luminaries grandly in his descent. And thrown in glittering chaos upon the black, enclosing mantle of the night, the million million stars sparkled and danced and disappeared and flashed back again in brilliance, varying in color, bewildering in number, delighting in their remoteness and the mysteries they made.

Upon the earth rested the peace and serenity of glorious, soundless night. The silence pressed upon the man, now that his brain was working again to some extent, and made him restless, fearful. He seemed to have awakened in the midst of a long-dead world, a burnt-out planet, whereon the other bodies of the universe looked in sympathy and sadness. A star flashed suddenly full across the face of heaven, leaving behind a glowing trail of fire that burned a golden thread across the black and faded, faded back again to night. Not a breath

stirred upon the land, not a sound broke the stillness of the midnight hour. It was a glorious, awesome, magnificent, grandly silent spectacle; yet over all there was a grand and stately order. The bigness of it, the mystery of it, the profound complexity of it all, awed the man, and he felt at once the insignificance of his own small self amid these monuments of ages gone and yet to be.

The man lay in rapt awe, gazing wide-eyed upon the handiwork of the One he had denied, had scoffed at and forsworn. The presumption of his life upon the earth came to him now in its full horror, and he shivered at the thought. Weakly, tremulously he raised his arms in silent worship, not blindly, but knowingly, as one who has been walking in the darkness and comes forth into the light. Deep from out his blasted soul came the cry to Godhead, stifled yet struggling forth, the cry of the generations of his kind, of the dream shapes and phantom forms who had worshiped before him, squatting on their haunches down through the dim vista of the centuries, crying out to the Unseen that is Power.

So passed the night. At dawn the man turned painfully upon his face, and more painfully lifted himself by slow degrees to his feet. Even then he staggered and fell back. Again he tried it, and the strength came back to him enough for him to keep his legs. He started forward, tottering, staggering, falling. But each time he gained his feet again. The strength of a new purpose urged him now. He would get back, he must get back, and undo the deeds of those dark, unseeing years. Fools! Ah, he had been the greatest. And he would find Her again, and mend the broken home, and mend the broken heart, for she had loved him with all his great folly.

Presently his foot caught and he fell again, heavily. The fall stunned him slightly and he lay stretched with hands far extended. As his senses returned he became conscious that his left hand grasped something that was not sand. He pulled himself forward and examined it curiously. It was a tuft of dry grass, dead, parched, brittle in his hand. But it was grass and it was rooted, for, though the blades were broken in his grasp, the stubble left held firmly. The man scrambled awkwardly and painfully to his feet. To his right a few yards was another tuft, and directly to his front another still. His progress was

faster now, though more painful and with more frequent falls. The heat was growing intense, but the grass tufts gained frequency as he advanced.

His foot kicked something in the dust that glistened in the glare of the sun. He stooped and picked it up, turning it over carefully. It was the metal shell of a Winchester cartridge, of a late manufacture, such as he had brought with him to the West. He remembered that it was of a lighter design than those used by the cowboys, and that they had never seen any like it before. A little further on he found a deep impression where a horse had stumbled. He remembered that his cayuse had almost fallen as he dashed wildly in pursuit of the fleeing antelope. Another bright speck; another shell of the same mold as the first.

His brain was reeling again in mad orgy. The thirst was not troubling him now, but the weakness was gaining. His progress was slackening, his falling more and more frequent. His vision was clouded by a mist that swam before him, sometimes close, sometimes receding far away, but ever returning. It receded now and he saw a cloud, as of dust, on the horizon. The dust cloud advanced, grew. Then the mist closed in again and shut it from his view. He staggered on weakly, like a drunken man. It was a paradoxical similitude, this stagger of the man who had naught to drink to one who has drunk too freely. He fell now every few steps, and his forward movement resolved itself into crawling. But he kept at it, even after he could not get his legs again, crawling painfully, dragging himself on all fours, toward the vision of the dust cloud. Even the crawling grew too much for him. He rested frequently, crawling a few yards, then lying still, then crawling on again. He had advanced but a foot the last time and had stopped utterly exhausted. He was feebly clutching at the ground with his hands to pull himself forward again, when the dust cloud was upon him, and two men sprang from their saddles and knelt above him.

"Water!" His parched lips formed the word, though no sound came from the blistered throat. One of the men put a canteen to his lips, and he made no effort to swallow, letting the liquid find its unimpeded way down his throat. Then he sank back.

When the man awoke he was in bed in his

own room at the ranch house. He lay looking at the ceiling for a long time. Outside all was quiet. The men were away at this hour. His meditation was undisturbed. Beside him, upon a chair, was a glass of water. The sight of it made him thirsty, and he made to reach it. He was surprised at the weakness that was on him. He lay back wearily and regarded the ceiling again, listlessly. The ceiling was quite rough, being composed of unsmoothed boards nailed across the rafters, with great cracks here and there. Also it was black with dirt, and clogged with cobwebs. But the man did not notice this. He could not have said whether the room was ceiled at all.

He lay very still, with a sheet drawn over him and his arms extended out, leaving his shoulders uncovered. A great weariness was on him; every muscle was resting. He was very comfortable. It was good not to feel compelled to move—with nothing to do but think.

The man's eyes closed, but he was not asleep. He was wondering at the simplicity of it all, the beautiful simplicity of the thing that he had set himself against, of the thing that he had learned. He understood how She had felt now, and even in his great weariness he flushed at the thought of his folly, that folly which had meant so little and had cost so dear.

He remembered the day when he had courted her in the old Virginia village, with the mountain thrusting its shoulder into the sky toward the west, and the old dust road following its aimless meanderings between the wheat fields. They were loitering along that same old road, the boy and girl, and the shadows were creeping over the world, for the sun had already sunk behind the mountain. He remembered how she had looked that day, and to his imaginative nostrils came again the faint perfume of the apple blossoms she had carried in her hand. He had loved her and had told her, and she had loved him too.

He had begun the trouble by seeking to reconstruct the whole fabric of humanity, to tear down the oldest barrier between humanity and bestiality. For he had declared against religion, which began in Eden, and from which came love. He could not deny love. That was his first inconsistency. Then he had kept on and on, until he believed this poor complexity of doubtings to be philosophy.

Now he knew it was not philosophy, but bigotry.

And then the boy had died. That had startled him, had grieved him, for he loved the boy very dearly. He remembered the night the boy had died, with his mother sitting dry-eyed by, holding the cold hand and pressing it tightly between her two. The man had wondered. Her silent grief had awed him, frightened him. He knew this was the kind of grief that kills. Then he had come and led her away, and had made the great mistake. For he thought to comfort her with his philosophy of non-existence beyond the flesh. He had told her that the boy was better off, that he had escaped the hardships of the world and its sorrows—and that now he was gone back again into the nothingness from whence he came. But the woman had cried out in horror, and flung off his arm, and her cheeks were crimson as she almost shrieked:

"Is nothing sacred to you? Oh, how can you, how can you?"

And then had come the tears and she had rushed away from him. He had not seen her since that night.

The man opened his eyes again and saw the rough ceiling above him. What a fool he had been! How near had he come to wrecking forever a life. He moved restlessly. A heavy step sounded in the hall and one of the men entered.

"Want anything, sir?" he asked. Then he saw the glass of water and handed it to the man in bed.

"Yer was purty nigh all in when we sighted yer, sir. Purty nigh all in."

"Yes," said the man in bed. Then he raised himself ever so slightly. "I would like to send a telegram. Can you take it?"

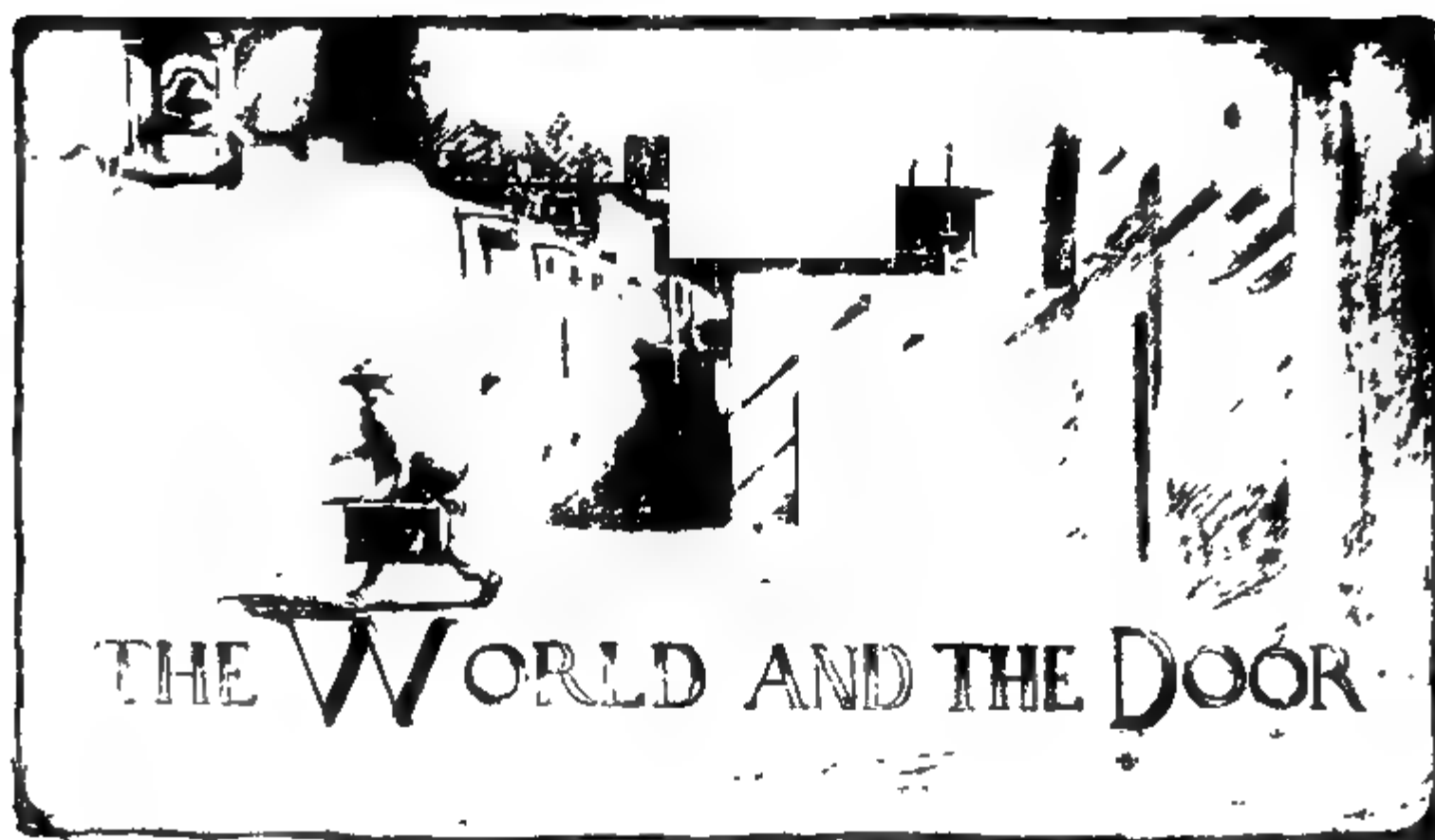
"Well, there ain't none here but me ter wait on yer, sir. But if yer kin sorter git along tell the boys come in, I guess I kin ride over to Spivey Junction an' git the agent ter send er fer ye. It's a purty good ride, but I kin make it back here by midnight, I reckon."

The man in the bed told the other where to find paper and pencil. Then he wrote, slowly, weakly, laboredly. And the message that he sent was this:

"I have seen that which no man could show me. I return soon."

It was directed to his wife. And in the great peace that lay upon him, he knew that she would forgive.

HE RAISED HIS ARMS IN SILENT WORSHIP--Page 408



BY O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "CABBAGES AND KINGS," "THE FOUR MILLION" ET .

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. BLUMENSCHN



FAVORITE dodge to get your story read by the public is to assert that it is true, and then add that Truth is stranger than Fiction. I do not know if the yarn I am anxious for you to read

is true; but the Spanish purser of the fruit steamer *El Carrero* swore to me by the shrine of Santa Guadalupe that he had the facts from the U. S. vice-consul at La Paz—a person who could not possibly have been cognizant of half of them.

As for the adage quoted above, I take pleasure in puncturing it by affirming that I read in a purely fictional story the other day the line: "Be it so," said the policeman." Nothing so strange has yet cropped out in Truth.

When H. Ferguson Hedges, millionaire promoter, investor and man-about-New York, turned his thoughts upon matters convivial, and word of it went "down the line," bouncers took a precautionary turn at the Indian clubs, waiters put ironstone china on his favorite tables, cab drivers crowded close to the curbstone in front of all-night cafés, and careful cashiers in his regular haunts

charged up a few bottles to his account by way of preface and introduction.

As a money power a one-millionaire is of small account in a city where the man who cuts your slice of beef behind the free lunch counter rides to work in his own automobile. But Hedges spent his money as lavishly, loudly and showily as though he were only a clerk squandering a week's wages. And, after all, the bartender takes no interest in your reserve fund. He would rather look you up on his cash register than in Bradstreet.

On the evening that the material allegation of facts begins Hedges was bidding dull care begone in the company of five or six good fellows—acquaintances and friends who had gathered in his wake.

Among them were two younger men—Ralph Merriam, a broker, and Wade, his friend.

Two deep-sea cabmen were chartered. At Columbus Circle they hove to long enough to revile the statue of the great navigator, unpatriotically rebuking him for having voyaged in search of land instead of liquids. Midnight overtook the party marooned in the rear of a cheap café far uptown.

Hedges was arrogant, overriding and quarrelsome. He was burly and tough, iron-gray but vigorous, "good" for the rest of the night. There was a dispute—about nothing that matters—and the five-fingered words were passed—the words that represent the glove cast into the lists. Merriam played the rôle of the verbal Hotspur.

Hedges rose quickly, seized his chair, swung it once and smashed wildly down at Merriam's head. Merriam dodged, drew a small revolver and shot Hedges in the chest. The leading royster stumbled, fell in a wry heap, and lay still.

Wade, a commuter, had formed a habit of promptness. He juggled Merriam out a side door, walked him to the corner, ran him a block and caught a hansom. They rode five minutes and then got out on a dark corner and dismissed the cab. Across the street the lights of a small saloon betrayed its hectic hospitality.

"Go in the back room of that saloon," said Wade, "and wait. I'll go find out what's doing and let you know. You may take two drinks while I am gone—no more."

At ten minutes to one o'clock Wade returned.

"Brace up, old chap," he said. "The ambulance got there just as I did. The doctor says he's dead. You may have one more drink. You let me run this thing for you. You've got to skip. I don't believe a chair is legally a deadly weapon. You've got to make tracks, that's all there is to it."

Merriam complained of the cold querulously, and asked for another drink. "Did you notice what big veins he had on the back of his hands?" he said. "I never could stand—I never could—"

"Take one more," said Wade, "and then come on. I'll see you through."

Wade kept his promise so well that at eleven o'clock the next morning Merriam, with a new suit case full of new clothes and hair brushes, stepped quietly on board a little 500-ton fruit steamer at an East River pier. The vessel had brought the season's first cargo of limes from Port Limon, and was homeward bound. Merriam had his bank balance of \$2,800 in his pocket in large bills, and brief instructions to pile up as much water as he could between himself and New York. There was no time for anything more.

From Port Limon Merriam worked down the coast by schooner and sloop to Colon,

thence across the isthmus to Panama, where he caught a tramp bound for Callao and such intermediate ports as might tempt the discursive skipper from his course.

It was at La Paz that Merriam decided to land—La Paz, the beautiful, a little harborless town smothered in a living green ribbon that banded the foot of a cloud-piercing mountain. Here the little steamer stopped to tread water while the captain's dory took him ashore that he might feel the pulse of the cocoanut market. Merriam went too, with his suit case, and remained.

Kalb, the vice-consul, a Græco-Armenian citizen of the United States, born in Hessen-Darmstadt, and educated in Cincinnati ward primaries, considered all Americans his brothers and bankers. He attached himself to Merriam's elbow, introduced him to every one in La Paz who wore shoes, borrowed ten dollars and went back to his hammock.

There was a little wooden hotel in the edge of a banana grove, facing the sea, that catered to the tastes of the few foreigners that had dropped out of the world into the *triste* Peruvian town. At Kalb's introductory: "Shake hands with——," he had obediently exchanged manual salutations with a German doctor, one French and two Italian merchants, and three or four Americans who were spoken of as gold men, rubber men, mahogany men—anything but men of living tissue.

After dinner Merriam sat in a corner of the broad front *galeria* with Bibb, a Vermonter interested in hydraulic mining, and smoked and drank Scotch "smoke." The moonlit sea, spreading infinitely before him, seemed to separate him beyond all apprehension from his old life. The horrid tragedy in which he had played such a disastrous part now began, for the first time since he stole on board the fruiter, a wretched fugitive, to lose its sharper outlines. Distance lent assuagement to his view. Bibb had opened the flood-gates of a stream of long dammed discourse, overjoyed to have captured an audience that had not suffered under a hundred repetitions of his views and theories.

"One year more," said Bibb, "and I'll go back to God's country. Oh, I know it's pretty here, and you get *dolce jar niente* handed to you in chunks, but this country wasn't made for a white man to live in. You've got to have to pluck through snow

now and then, and see a game of baseball and wear a stiff collar and have a policeman cuss you. Still, La Paz is a good sort of a pipe-dreamy old hole. And Mrs. Conant is here. When any of us feels particularly like jumping into the sea we rush around to her house and propose. It's nicer to be rejected by Mrs. Conant than it is to be drowned. And they say drowning is a delightful sensation."

"Many like her here?" asked Merriam.

"Not anywhere," said Bibb, with a comfortable sigh. "She's the only white woman in La Paz. The rest range from a dappled dun to the color of a b-flat piano key. She's been here a year. Comes from—well, you know how a woman can talk—ask 'em to say 'string' and they'll say 'crow's foot' or 'cat's cradle.' Sometimes you'd think she was from Oshkosh, and again from Jacksonville, Florida, and the next day from Cape Cod."

"Mystery?" ventured Merriam.

"M—well, she looks it; but her talk's translucent enough. But that's a woman. I suppose if the Sphinx were to begin talking she'd merely say: 'Goodness me! more visitors coming for dinner, and nothing to eat but the sand which is here.' But you won't think about that when you meet her, Merriam. You'll propose to her, too."

To make a hard story soft, Merriam did meet her and propose to her. He found her to be a woman in black with hair the color

of a bronze turkey's wings, and mysterious, *remembering* eyes that—well, that looked as if she might have been a trained nurse looking on when Eve was created. Her words and manner, though, were translucent, as Bibb had said. She spoke, vaguely, of friends in California and some of the lower parishes in Louisiana. The tropical climate and indolent life suited her; she had thought of buying an orange grove later on; La Paz, all in all, charmed her.

Merriam's courtship of the Sphinx lasted three months, although he did not know that he was courting her. He was using her as an antidote for remorse, until he found, too late, that he had acquired the habit. During that time he had received no news from home. Wade did not know where he was; and he was not sure of Wade's exact address, and was afraid to write. He thought he had better let matters rest as they were for a while.

One afternoon he and Mrs. Conant hired two ponies and rode out along the mountain trail as far as the little cold river that came tumbling down the foothills. There they stopped for a drink, and Merriam spoke his piece—he proposed, as Bibb

had prophesied.

Mrs. Conant gave him one glance of brilliant tenderness, and then her face took on such a strange, haggard look that Merriam was shaken out of his intoxication and back to his senses.

"I am a self-made widow"


"I beg your pardon, Florence," he said, releasing her hand; "but I'll have to hedge on part of what I said. I can't ask you to marry me, of course. I killed a man in New York—a man who was my friend—shot him down—in quite a cowardly manner, I understand. Of course, the drinking didn't excuse it. Well, I couldn't resist having my say;

and I'll always mean it. I'm here as a fugitive from justice, and—I suppose that ends our acquaintance."

Mrs. Conant plucked little leaves assiduously from the low-hanging branch of a lime tree.

"I suppose so," she said, in low and oddly uneven tones; "but that depends upon you."





She held Merriam's picture to her heart with one hand, while she threw a pair of shoes into the trunk with the other—Page 120

I'll be as honest as you were. I poisoned my husband. I am a self-made widow. A man cannot love a murderess. So I suppose that ends our acquaintance."

She looked up at him slowly. His face turned a little pale, and he stared at her blankly, like a deaf and dumb man who was wondering what it was all about.

She took a swift step toward him, with stiffened arms and eyes blazing.

"Don't look at me like that!" she cried, as though she were in acute pain. "Curse me, or turn your back on me, but don't look that way. Am I a woman to be beaten? If I could show you—here on my arms, and on my back are scars—and it has been more than a year—scars that he made in his brutal rages. A holy nun would have risen and struck the fiend down. Yes, I killed him. The foul and horrible words that he

hurled at me that last day are repeated in my ears every night when I sleep. And then came his blows, and the end of my endurance. I got the poison that afternoon. It was his custom to drink every night in the library before going to bed a hot punch made of rum and wine. Only from my fair hands would he receive it—because he knew the fumes of spirits always sickened me. That night when the maid brought it to me I sent her downstairs on an errand. Before taking him his drink I went to my little private cabinet and poured into it more than a teaspoonful of tincture of aconite—enough to kill three men, so I had learned. I had drawn \$6,000 that I had in bank, and with that and a few things in a satchel I left the house without anyone seeing me. As I passed the library I heard him stagger up and fall heavily on a couch. I took a night train for New Orleans, and from there I sailed to the Bermudas. I finally cast anchor in La Paz. And now what have you to say? Can you open your mouth?"

Merriam came back to life.

"Florence," he said earnestly, "I want you. I don't care what you've done. If the world——"

"Ralph," she interrupted, almost with a scream, "be my world."

Her eyes melted; she relaxed magnificently and swayed toward Merriam so suddenly that he had to jump to catch her.

Dear me! in such scenes how the talk runs into artificial prose. But it can't be helped. It's the subconscious smell of the footlights smoke that's in all of us. Stir the depths of your cook's soul sufficiently and she will discourse in Bulwer-Lyttonese.

Merriam and Mrs. Conant were very happy. He announced their engagement at the Hotel Orilla del Mar. Eight foreigners and four native Astors pounded his back and shouted insincere congratulations at him. Pedrito, the Castilian-mannered bar-keep, was goaded to extra duty until his agility would have turned a Boston cherry-phosphate clerk a pale lilac with envy.

They were both very happy. According to the strange mathematics of the god of mutual affinity, the shadows that clouded their pasts when united became only half as dense instead of darker. They shut the world out and bolted the doors. Each was the other's world. Mrs. Conant lived again. The remembering look left her eyes. Merriam was with her every moment that was

possible. On a little plateau under a grove of palms and calabash trees they were going to build a fairy bungalow. They were to be married in two months. Many hours of the day they had their heads together over the house plans. Their joint capital would set up a business in fruit or woods that would yield a comfortable support. "Good night, my world," would say Mrs. Conant every evening when Merriam left her for his hotel. They were very happy. Their love had, circumstantially, that element of melancholy in it that it seems to require to attain its supremest elevation. And it seemed that their mutual great misfortune or sin was a bond that nothing could sever.

One day a steamer hove in the offing. Bare-legged and bare-shouldered La Paz scampered down to the beach, for the arrival of a steamer was their loop-the-loops, circus, Emancipation Day and four o'clock tea.

When the steamer was near enough, wise ones proclaimed that she was the *Pajaro*, bound up-coast from Callao to Panama.

The *Pajaro* put on brakes a mile off shore. Soon a boat came bobbing shoreward. Merriam strolled down on the beach to look on. In the shallow water the Carib sailors sprang out and dragged the boat with a mighty rush to the firm shingle. Out climbed the purser, the captain and two passengers, plowing their way through the deep sand toward the hotel. Merriam glanced toward them with the mild interest due to strangers. There was something familiar to him in the walk of one of the passengers. He looked again, and his blood seemed to turn to strawberry ice cream in his veins. Burly, arrogant, debonair as ever, H. Ferguson Hedges, the man he had killed, was coming toward him ten feet away.

When Hedges saw Merriam his face flushed a dark red. Then he shouted in his old, bluff way: "Hello, Merriam. Glad to see you. Didn't expect to find you out here. Quinby, this is my old friend Merriam, of New York—Merriam, Mr. Quinby."

Merriam gave Hedges and then Quinby an ice-cold hand.

"Br-r-r-r!" said Hedges. "But you've got a frapped flipper! Man, you're not well. You're as yellow as a Chinaman. Malarial here? Steer us to a bar if there is such a thing, and let's take a prophylactic."

Merriam, still half comatose, led them toward the Hotel Orilla del Mar.

"Quinby and I," explained Hedges, puffing through the slippery sand, "are looking out along the coast for some investments. We've just come up from Concepcion and Valparaiso and Lima. The captain of this subsidized ferry boat told us there was some good picking around here in silver mines. So we got off. Now, where is that café, Merriam? Oh, in this portable soda water pavilion?"

Leaving Quinby at the bar, Hedges drew Merriam aside.

"Now, what does this mean?" he said, with gruff kindness. "Are you sulking about that fool row we had?"

"I thought," stammered Merriam—"I heard—they told me you were—that I had——"

"Well, you didn't, and I'm not," said Hedges. "That fool young ambulance surgeon told Wade I was a candidate for a coffin just because I'd got tired and quit breathing. I laid up in a private hospital for a month; but here I am, kicking as hard as ever. Wade and I tried to find you, but couldn't. Now, Merriam, shake hands and forget it all. I was as much to blame as you were; and the shot really did me good—I came out of the hospital as healthy and fit as a cab horse. Come on; that drink's waiting."

"Old man," said Merriam, brokenly, "I don't know how to thank you—I—well, you know——"

"Oh, forget it," boomed Hedges. "Quinby'll die of thirst if we don't join him."

Bibb was sitting on the shady side of the gallery waiting for the eleven o'clock breakfast. Presently Merriam came out and joined him. His eye was strangely bright.

"Bibb, my boy," said he, slowly waving his hand, "do you see those mountains and that sea and sky and sunshine?—they're mine, Bibbsy—all mine."

"You go in," said Bibb, "and take eight grains of quinine, right away. It won't do in this climate for a man to get to thinking he's Rockefeller, or James O'Neill either."

Inside, the purser was untying a great roll of newspapers, many of them weeks old, gathered in the lower ports by the Pajaro to be distributed at casual stopping-places. Thus do the beneficent voyagers scatter news and entertainment among the prisoners of sea and mountains.

Tio Pancho, the hotel proprietor, set his great silver-rimmed *anteojos* upon his nose

and divided the papers into a number of smaller rolls. A barefooted *muchacho* dashed in, desiring the post of messenger.

"*Bien venido*," said Tio Pancho. "This to Señora Conant; that to el Doctor S-S-Schlegel—*Dios*! what a name to say!—that to Señor Davis—one for Don Alberto. These two for the *Casa de Huespedes*, *Numero 6, en la calle de las Buenas Gracias*. And say to them all, *muchacho*, that the *Pajaro* sails for Panama at three this afternoon. If any have letters to send by the post, let them come quickly, that they may first pass through the *correo*."

Mrs. Conant received her roll of newspapers at four o'clock. The boy was late in delivering them, because he had been deflected from his duty by an iguana that crossed his path and to which he immediately gave chase. But it made no hardship, for she had no letters to send.

She was idling in a hammock in the *patio* of the house that she occupied, half awake, half happily dreaming of the paradise that she and Merriam had created out of the wrecks of their pasts. She was content now for the horizon of that shimmering sea to be the horizon of her life. They had shut out the world and closed the door.

Merriam was coming to her house at seven, after his dinner at the hotel. She would put on a white dress and an apricot-colored lace mantilla, and they would walk an hour under the cocoanut palms by the lagoon. She smiled contentedly, and chose a paper at random from the roll the boy had brought.

At first the words of a certain headline of a Sunday newspaper meant nothing to her; they conveyed only a visualized sense of familiarity. The largest type ran thus: "Lloyd B. Conant secures divorce." And then the subheadings: "Well-known Saint Louis paint manufacturer wins suit, pleading one year's absence of wife." "Her mysterious disappearance recalled." "Nothing has been heard of her since."

Twisting herself quickly out of the hammock, Mrs. Conant's eye soon traversed the half-column of the "recall." It ended thus: "It will be remembered that Mrs. Conant disappeared one evening in March of last year. It was freely rumored that her marriage with Lloyd B. Conant resulted in much unhappiness. Stories were not wanting to the effect that his cruelty toward his wife

had more than once taken the form of physical abuse. After her departure a full bottle of tincture of aconite, a deadly poison, was found in a small medicine cabinet in her bedroom. This might have been an indication that she meditated suicide. It is supposed that she abandoned such an intention if she possessed it, and left her home instead."

Mrs. Conant slowly dropped the paper, and sat on a chair, clasping her hands tightly.

"Let me think—O God!—let me think," she whispered. "I took the bottle with me . . . I threw it out the window of the train . . . I— . . . there was another bottle in the cabinet . . . there were two, side by side—the aconite—and the valerian that I took when I could not sleep . . . If they found the aconite bottle full, why—but, he is alive, of course—I gave him only a harmless dose of valerian . . . I am not a murderess in fact . . . Ralph, I—O God, don't let this be a dream!"

She went into the part of the house that she rented from the old Peruvian man and his wife, shut the door, and walked up and down her room swiftly and feverishly for half an hour. Merriam's photograph stood in a frame on a table. She picked it up, looked at it with a smile of exquisite tenderness, and—dropped four tears on it. And Merriam only twenty rods away! Then she stood still for ten minutes, looking into space. She looked into space through a slowly opening door. On her side of the door was the building material for a castle of Romance—love, an Arcady of waving palms, a lullaby of waves on the shore of a haven of rest, respite, peace, a lotos land of dreamy ease and security—a life of poetry and heart's ease and refuge. Romanticist, will you tell me what Mrs. Conant saw on the other side of the door? You cannot?—that is, you will not? Very well; then listen.

She saw herself go into a department store and buy five spools of silk thread and three yards of gingham to make an apron for the cook. "Shall I charge it, ma'am?" asked the clerk. As she walked out a lady whom she met greeted her cordially. "Oh, where did you get the pattern for those sleeves, dear Mrs. Conant?" she said. At the corner a policeman helped her across the street and touched his helmet. "Any callers?" she asked the

maid when she reached home. "Mrs. Waldron," answered the maid, "and the two Misses Jenkinson." "Very well," she said. "You may bring me a cup of tea, Maggie."

Mrs. Conant went to the door and called Angela, the old Peruvian woman. "If Mateo is there send him to me." Mateo, a half-breed, shuffling and old but efficient, came.

"Is there a steamer or a vessel of any kind leaving this coast to-night or to-morrow that I can get passage on?" she asked.

Mateo considered.

"At Punta Reina, thirty miles down the coast, señora," he answered, "there is a small steamer loading with cinchona and dyewoods. She sails for San Francisco to-morrow at sunrise. So says my brother, who arrived in his sloop to-day, passing by Punta Reina."

"You must take me in that sloop to that steamer to-night. Will you do that?"

"Perhaps—" Mateo shrugged a suggestive shoulder. Mrs. Conant took a handful of money from a drawer and gave it to him.

"Get the sloop ready behind the little point of land below the town," she ordered. "Get sailors, and be ready to sail at six o'clock. In half an hour bring a cart partly filled with straw into the *patio* here, and take my trunk to the sloop. There is more money yet. Now, hurry."

For one time Mateo walked away without shuffling his feet.

"Angela," cried Mrs. Conant, almost fiercely, "come and help me pack. I am going away. Out with this trunk. My clothes first. Stir yourself. Those dark dresses first. Hurry."

From the first she did not waver from her decision. Her view was clear and final. Her door had opened and let the world in. Her love for Merriam was not lessened; but it now appeared a hopeless and unrealizable thing. The visions of their future that had seemed so blissful and complete had vanished. She tried to assure herself that her renunciation was rather for his sake than for her own. Now that she was cleared of her burden—at least, technically—would not his own weigh too heavily upon him? If she should cling to him, would not the difference forever silently mar and corrode their happiness? Thus she reasoned; but there were a thousand little voices calling to her that she could feel rather than hear, like the hum

of distant, powerful machinery—the little voices of the world, that, when raised in unison, can send their insistent call through the thickest door.

Once while packing, a brief shadow of the lotos dream came back to her. She held Merriam's picture to her heart with one hand, while she threw a pair of shoes into the trunk with her other.

At six o'clock Mateo returned and reported the sloop ready. He and his brother lifted the trunk into the cart, covered it with straw and conveyed it to the point of embarkation. From there they transferred it on board in the sloop's dory. Then Mateo returned for additional orders.

Mrs. Conant was ready. She had settled all business matters with Angela, and was impatiently waiting. She wore a long, loose black silk duster that she often walked about in when the evenings were chilly. On her head was a small round hat, and over it the apricot-colored lace mantilla.

Dusk had quickly followed the short twilight. Mateo led her by dark and grass-grown streets toward the point behind which the sloop was anchored. On turning a corner they beheld the Hotel Orilla del Mar three streets away, nebulously aglow with its array of kerosene lamps.

Mrs. Conant paused, with streaming eyes.

"I must, *I must* see him once before I go," she murmured in anguish. But even then she did not falter in her decision. Quickly she invented a plan by which she might speak to him, and yet make her departure without his knowing. She would walk past the hotel, ask some one to call him out, and talk a few moments on some trivial excuse, leaving him expecting to see her at her home at seven.

She unpinned her hat and gave it to Mateo. "Keep this, and wait here till I come," she ordered. Then she draped the mantilla over her head as she usually did when walking after sunset, and went straight to the Orilla del Mar.

She was glad to see the bulky, white-clad figure of Tio Pancho standing alone on the gallery.

"Tio Pancho," she said, with a charming smile, "may I trouble you to ask Mr. Merriam to come out for just a few moments that I may speak with him?"

Tio Pancho bowed as an elephant bows.

"*Buenas tardes*, Señora Conant," he said, as a cavalier talks. And then he went on, less at his ease:

"But does not the señora know that Señor Merriam sailed on the *Pajaro* for Panama at three o'clock of this afternoon?"

THE SURRENDER

BY NEVA LILLIAN WILLIAMS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN TINT BY REGINALD S. BIRCH

KNEW by the look in the Boy's eyes as he raised them to mine, that I had hurt him keenly. Yet to show that I knew it meant to twist the dagger in the wound, for he was trying with all the might of his sensitive little pride and loyalty to hide it from me. So I waited diplomatically for him to speak, but the moments dropped one by one into the sea of silence and were drowned, and I could not countenance longer this slaughter of the innocents.

"Well?" I said interrogatively.

"It's all right, father." He tried to say it heartily, but I, listening with the ears of love, detected a pretence, a note in the heartiness that did not ring quite true.

"It will make no difference between you and me, lad," I said hastily, defensively, as though he had condemned me. Again that swift, hurt look and I knew my words fell on unbelieving ears.

"No, sir, of course it won't." He met the suggestion gallantly, but his eyes carefully avoided mine. His glance strayed along the sloping hillside to an old rail

fence where a curious chipmunk had paused to investigate us. I watched his face breathlessly,—my heart stopped beating, and then throbbed on again with a dull ache as the fluff of brown fur brought no answering light to his troubled eyes. I realized poignantly, then, that the hurt was deeper than even I suspected and that he had drawn farther than ever before away from me into that holy of holies of his inner Self where I could not follow him.

"It will distress me very greatly not to have you approve of it," I said, going cautiously, for I would not let him see that I had looked into his sacred sanctuary.

"Of course, it's all right," he repeated sturdily, "an' I'm awful glad if you are happier." But still that false note in his brave little voice that tugged at the strings of my parent heart.

"See here, son——" the name sounded strange on my unaccustomed lips. To me he had always been just "Boy," but somehow he had grown amazingly in the last half hour. I put my hand on his shoulder, man to man, not daring to cuddle him as usual. "She is going to strengthen the love between us, not take from it," I said. "She is very sweet, and she'll give you what you've needed all your life—a mother's love and care."

"But I haven't ever needed anybody but you, father," he broke in hastily, resentfully, and I fancied his throat contracted on a sob and killed it, though never a ghost of it appeared in his valiant little voice.

"I have always tried to be mother and father to you, both," I went on, reaching desperately for his confidence as I felt him slipping farther and farther away from me. You were such a little, wee thing when your mother died—a man can't grow very big in twenty-four hours—and I felt so helpless when I looked at the tiny bundle of clothes which was you. Somehow I have never gotten over that helplessness, and there are times when you make me feel I have been all wrong in my ideas of bringing you up. You remember—we've talked it over so often—that unless you tell me all the thoughts that trouble you while you are a little boy, I can't help you to grow into the honest, strong-hearted man I should like you to be."

"But I do, father," he said reproachfully, and the dark eyes he raised to mine were grieved and wounded; "you know I

do. When the bad part of me makes me do things you don't want me to, you know I always tell you so you can punish me. I don't hide the naughty things from you."

I sighed. How was I to make him understand the spiritual side of perfect confidence? How could I induce him to let me into that sanctuary where he had retreated and barred me out?

"It's not the things you tell me—the

"But I do, father"

wrong doings you confess,—that hurt me most. Those we can straighten out, because we both know and understand. It's the things you *don't* tell me that leave me feeling so helpless. That's where you need a mother. The spiritual part of you that you'd give to motherhood you shut out from me, and leave me just the fatherhood that can only grasp the actualities of life, not any of its finer feeling and intuitions."

I had forgotten that he was still a child until his puzzled eyes compelled me. I caught him to my heart.

"There!" I laughed, "what does anything matter except that I love you and you love me?"

Here at last was something he could understand. He drew down my face and kissed it on the day-old stubble. The act was eloquent. I took the kiss as a sign of forgiveness and surrender and said blithely:

"You'll go with me to see Her, to-night, won't you? She asked me to bring you

after I told you the secret. I know you are too much your father's son not to love her when you know her."

Was it fancy, or did he draw away slightly—ever so slightly—from my circling arms? I looked quickly into his grave little face and read it truer than he knew.

"If you'll excuse me, father, I won't go to-night. I—I'm not feelin' very well. But I'll go some other time—honest and truly I will," he added hastily as he saw my hurt look.

"Very well," I said with an affected and dignified indifference that belied the pain and disappointment. "Whenever you feel well enough I'll be glad to have you go. But as she is expecting you, will you send a message? Gentlemen always send some word of excuse when they disappoint a lady."

I glanced furtively at the serious little face of the serious little person on the log beside me, and wondered if he had any idea how far I was trying him in my effort to understand, and draw him back where we walked side by side in open and perfect confidence.

"You may tell Her, please,"—he worded the message quaintly to suit his ideas of its grown-up needs—"you may tell her how sorry I am if she's disappointed, and that I'm glad she is going to make you happy."

"And nothing about your love?"

He hesitated.

"Well, I don't know Her, you see. It isn't quite right to send your love to a lady you don't know."

I was dumb before his worldly wisdom. Yet I saw the naked truth this cloak of conventional worldliness covered. He did not *want* to divide his heart's treasure with this woman who had stolen me from him. How could I—a helpless man—make this man-child, though he was bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, understand that my love for Her took not one jot or tittle from my love for him? In a way I comprehended his feelings and pitied him. He had never loved anyone but me. There were just we two in the whole wide world—never a near blood relation to draw any of our love away from each other—and he could not understand how love could be divided and not lose in part.

For me to love some one else meant to him to take from his share and give to another, and it was nearly breaking his little

heart, though he tried to keep me from knowing it. Such nobleness was like his mother whose brief dream-love had blessed my youthful days. Looking back now from the height of maturer years to the green and verdant valleys that her death had storm-swept and laid bare, I wondered if I loved her the less that this deeper and diviner passion had sprung up in the waste places. Nay—the House of the Heart is many-chambered and the closed room that bears *her* name is as sacred to her now as the day she died. But why should not the wholesome sunlight enter the other chambers and keep them sweet and clean and habitable? Surely, 'tis God's wise provision to keep the House of the Heart from being given over entirely to the cobwebs of despair.

When I turned away from his little white bed that night with his kiss still moist on my lips, he called me back.

"Father, do you love me?" he asked wistfully.

"Of course I do, laddie mine. I love you 'as much as around the world and back again——'"

"——an' twice as many times more!" he chanted, finishing out our nonsense love song.

"Yes, indeedy. Aren't you *glad* we love each other so much? Why, I wouldn't take all the fortunes in the world for just your teeniest, weeniest little finger!"

He smiled appreciatively.

"Do you love me better 'n *anything* in the world?" he persisted, with a tragic note in his voice.

"Yes, dear," I said truthfully, and I meant no disloyalty to Her, for at that moment with his eager fingers clutching mine, I did love him better than anything in the world.

"You didn't quite b'lieve me when I said I was sick," he said presently, a shamed red burning into his little face. "Maybe I wasn't just 'zactly sick, but it was a queer feelin' here——" he put his hand on his chest—"like somethin' was swelled up inside of me an' hurtin' my breath."

I knew the forlorn, homesick ache that was troubling him and clasped his hands the tighter. And not until the eyelids closed and the eager face settled into a contented repose, did I stir. Then I gently loosed the clinging fingers, kissed sleeping lips and cheek and brow, and though the

hour was late went away to Her—a tardy messenger with the Boy's regrets for not accepting her invitation.

Motherhood is one of the least understandable of God's mysteries. That it lies dormant in every woman is proven by the way it quickens to every childish need, even though she has never had a child. I told Her about the Boy, and, relieved, placed the problem of him into the slim white hands reached out so generously to help me. I knew she was answering the mother call and that the mother instinct would not let her err.

She did not tell me how she would go about winning him. I think she hardly knew herself, but with a woman's blind belief in Chance, left it to that fickle goddess. That Chance, in the shape of the Boy himself, played into her hands most cunningly, I learned three days later when I returned from a business trip to another town.

The Boy's joy at seeing me was pathetic. He seemed to have felt the separation keener than ever before. There was room for naught else but his gladness until we sat together in the violet-colored, sweet-scented twilight. The katydids were rasping their vespers, and somewhere a distant frog was adding his bass to the evening chorus. My pipe was half smoked out when I looked down and caught the Boy's adoring eyes.

"Glad to have me back?" I questioned, reaching for his hand. The way his fingers closed over mine was more eloquent than words.

"What did you do while father was away?"

"I went to see Her," he said solemnly.

My heart leaped—I knew the Boy would not fail me! But I gave no sign of how great was my pride and joy in him.

"That was nice of you," I said approvingly. "How did you like Her?"

He parried my question.

"We played Babes in the Woods with the kittens," he said, as if that was of supreme importance. And then,—“If I *must* have a mother—if you think I really need one—I'd rather have Her than anybody."

That was all he would say. The true story of the visit I learned later. In the middle of the afternoon before—a hot, late June afternoon when the world was listless

under a blazing sun—Her doorbell rang. The maid found a sturdy little fellow on the threshold, standing with his legs wide apart, as if he had planted them so to keep them from running away with him. He asked for Her, but would not enter until she came and drew him into the cool, wide

The maid found a sturdy little fellow

hallway with tender welcome. The bare feet and soiled little blouse that almost concealed the short puffs called trousers, by courtesy, showed that this was no premeditated visit. He had come and no one knew. The mother instinct divined in a moment that he was homesick for me, and according to a logic of his own, had reasoned that there was a tie between Her and the father he worshiped, and so he had sought her out as a means of comfort. Not by word or look did she hurt his sensitive little pride by letting him see she knew the real motive of his coming, but with the soft, sweet, wonderful way a woman has, she strove to make him forget his sorrow. A stealthy telephone message to the woman who should have been more watchful of him, left the rest of that golden afternoon to them—just they two alone together in a

world of fine fabling where an errant father was forgotten. When the sun went down and the time came for the fables to end, she put her soft cheek and tempting

*She put her soft cheek and tempting lips
near*

lips near, enticing him to kiss her of his own volition. She would neither ask for, nor take, what she felt would mean so much given to her of his own free will. On the threshold, as he was leaving, he paused with a quaint little air of grownupness.

"I've had an awfully good time," he said, and then, bravely gulping down something in his throat, he touched the magic question for the first time during his visit. "I don't really *want* a mother," he said, "but if I've *got* to have one I'm glad it's going to be you and not Katie."

I confess my masculine mind could not grasp the promising subtleties she seemed to find in his preference for her above the Irish woman who cared for his physical needs. But after all it was the embryo man in the Boy himself, that brought about his complete surrender.

"You talk to him too much," she had counseled me, with a wisdom that sat oddly on her pretty youngness. "You have never let him be just a child. You have made too much of a comrade of him, and taken him too far into your world of fancy. And he, being in reality a child, cannot discrimi-

nate between the dream things you show him and the real things of life. Give him back his own—the right to *be* a child. Let him have the wholesome companionship of other little children. Send him to school."

And I, bowing to her superior wisdom, gave up the dear task of teaching him, and when the time came for him to start to school, I turned with a strangely forlorn and aching heart into the world of fancy where I dwelt.

His glowing eyes and eager, flushed little face when he came home in the afternoon, was like a stab in my heart. It hurt to know I was no longer the only human that peopled his world. He babbled of the strange and wonderful happenings of the day, but I listened with ears that heard not, and jealous eyes that saw only that something in which I did not figure, had brought him happiness. It was wormwood and gall, and somehow my truant mind kept straying back to the day we took that memorable walk and I told him the happy secret of Her. Now, at last I understood, for was I not tasting the same bitter cup I had held to his childish lips?

The third day he was at the head of his class in spelling, and I saw how the pride to excel was lighting the altar fires of ambition. This measuring of his powers with others of his years, was a new and wonderful game to him, and he entered into it with all the might of his ardent little soul. And then the next day he calmly announced that he was foot! I marveled.

"I just went," he said with naïve frankness. "Maidie was there. She can't spell a single word an' never gets to turn anybody down. So I just missed an' missed until I got next to her, an' then I missed again, but I whispered to her how to spell the word, an' she went above me. She was awful proud of it."

Oh, Childhood, how strange thy code of honor! But in that brief explanation I learned volumes. Did he realize, I wonder, that it was the eternal woman call that was his undoing; that the face of a woman-child had drawn him from his cherished place of honor to ignominy? Did he know it was the light in her eyes that blinded him to the disgrace of it? Many a better than he has perished thus, and as I looked at my sturdy man-child my feelings were beyond expression.

"Father."

I knew it was something of supreme importance, or he would not have interrupted just when the fairies were endowing the beautiful princess with all the graces no mortal could be guilty of and live. I closed the book on my forefinger and waited.

"What do men say when they ask people to marry them?"

frank surprise as though he was astonished I could have thought it anyone else. "She's head of the class now, an' I'm next. I've told her every single word, an' she's very fond of me. The others have made a song about Maidie being mad an' they're glad, an' they know what'll please her; a bottle of wine to make her shine an' me to squeeze her. She didn't like it at first, but when



"The others have made a song about Maidie being mad an' they're glad, an' they know what'll please her"

The blow left me limp and breathless. I understood now why sleep would not come to his wakeful eyes and why he had tossed until I thought to soothe him with fairy lore. Fairies, forsooth, when, though so small in stature, he had grown so far above them! How little—how infinitely little I knew!

"What do *you* say, father," he persisted. "I'd rather say whatever you do."

"Who are you going to say this to?" I questioned, forgetting my grammar in my consternation.

"Why, Maidie." His eyes met mine in

she found how pleased I was she changed her mind. Don't you admire it?"

"Very much," I said dazedly. "It's a beautiful song."

"I've been wanting to ask her to marry me for three days,"—and he had known her five!—"But I didn't know just 'zactly what to say. You tell me, father."

"It's a problem every man must work out for himself, my son," I said. "I think if I were you I would just tell her I loved her with all the might of my heart and brain and life, and that I wanted her above anything else in the world. I'd say it

simply and bravely and honestly, so she couldn't make a mistake, and I'd make her feel that the strength of my love and the warmth of my arms were worth all the sweetness and youth and womanliness she could give me in return. I'd shut her in so completely with my love that she'd never want anything beyond it, and I'd bring it to her so fresh and fragrant every day that she would never grow tired of it."

And I fell to dreaming sweet day dreams wherein a woman's charming face answered my heart-cry, and blessed me. His little puzzled voice recalled me.

"I don't b'lieve I could 'member all that," he said, "but I could say, 'Maidie, I love you, an' when we both get growed up an' I make ever an' ever so many millions, I'm going to marry you.' Don't you think that will do?"

"That is just what I meant, Boy, only I said it with so many foolish words. Maidie will understand. The woman always does if you are sincere, and the manner of saying it doesn't matter if she loves you."

He sighed contentedly and turned restfully on the pillow. I studied the small, peaceful face above the little white nightie,

and marvelled how soon the man in him had responded to the woman call. How precious he was! I thought him asleep, but he roused presently to say,—

"Father, I'm glad you love Her. I felt awful at first, 'cause I thought if you loved her you couldn't love me so well. But now I know better, for I love Maidie, an' loving her only makes me love *you* more, an' 'cause I love you both I love Her. I *want* Her to be my mother."

So at last he had learned the sweet old truth that love multiplies in the giving. With a sudden impulse of thankfulness I bent over and laid my head, faintly streaked with gray, on the pillow beside his yellow fluff. Once more we were in perfect harmony with each other. (Outside, although it was dark, Israfil burst into a glory of song—or was it some wandering night brother with a voice wonderfully like his?) The Boy stirred, and putting out a drowsy, groping hand rested it on my cheek. My hand closed over it quickly, and held it there.

"I—love—everybody," he murmured sleepily, and I knew then it was a complete surrender.

And I knew then it was a complete surrender

ARETHUSA, A PRINCESS IN SLAVERY

A LOVE STORY OF OLD CONSTANTINOPLE

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "VIA CRUCIS," "A ROMAN SINGER," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

PART VIII

CHAPTER XVI



NEITHER Tocktamish nor his victim knew that Lucilla had slipped the bolt after them, for Omobono was too terrified to hear anything but the Tartar's voice, and the latter was just in that state of intoxication in which a man perceives nothing that is not closely connected with the idea that possesses him for the time being; it is a state of mind familiar to those whose business it is to catch men, or to cheat them.

The strong box stood against the wall at the farther end of the room, and close to the high desk at which Omobono usually worked. When he came to it the secretary stood still, and Tocktamish bent down and began to fumble with the keys.

The box had three locks, each having a hasp that closed with a strong spring when the lid was shut down, and each requiring a separate key. It was a large chest, completely covered with sheet-iron and heavily bound with iron straps, the whole being kept bright by daily polishing.

Tocktamish could not make the keys fit, and desisted with an oath.

"Open it!" he commanded, seizing the trembling secretary by the collar and forcing him to his knees before the chest.

It would have been death to disobey, in the Tartar's present mood. Omobono put each key into the lock to which it belonged, turned each three times, and the middle one a fourth time, which had the effect of drawing back all the springs at once; at the same time he raised the heavy lid a little

with one hand, and then opened it with both.

Tocktamish began to throw the contents out on the floor with eager haste, seizing upon the money-bags first; but these were not many, nor were they very heavy, for the young merchant's capital was invested in many enterprises and was rarely lying idle, and as for spare cash he had taken out a goodly sum within the past two days to be given away to the guards at the palace. The Tartar soon saw that there were not a thousand gold ducats in the chest, and there was but a little silver. The rest of the contents consisted of accounts, papers, and parchments, many of which represented wealth, but could not be turned into gold by a thief. Tocktamish had an ignorant barbarian's primitive idea of riches, and being profoundly disappointed he at once became furiously angry.

"Where is the treasure?" he roared, and his face grew purple.

He shook Omobono like a rat, as he repeated his question again and again. The wretched secretary felt that his hour was indeed come, and though he tried to speak and protest he really made no sound. Then Tocktamish remembered his own words.

"I said I would drown you in the box!" he cried. "And by the sun and moon, full and new, I will! I will, by the vine, the wine, and the drinkers, you rat, you miserable Italian flea, you skinny little bag of bones!"

Thereupon he hove up Omobono sideways by one arm and one leg and dropped him, fainting, into the empty money-chest, of which he instantly shut the lid. It closed with a loud snap as the three springs simul-

taneously fell into the slots in the three hasps. At the same moment Omobono lost consciousness; his last impression had been that he was killed and was to wake up in purgatory, and he had made one wild attempt to say a prayer when Tocktamish whirled him off his feet, but he could only remember the last words——

“...Strength to resist curiosity.”

Having successfully accomplished this brave feat, the tipsy giant gravely sat down on the chest to think, for he had already forgotten that he had meant to throw it into the Golden Horn, and besides, even in his condition, he knew very well that four men could hardly have moved such a weight. As he sat he stooped down and drew the scattered contents of the chest towards him, and picked the small bags from the heaps of documents.

When he had put all together in a soft leathern

sack which he found empty, he got upon his feet, with the idea of going back to rifle the house since he had not found what he expected in the safe. It was familiar work to him, for after he had left Greece he had been a robber before he had turned respectable by taking service with the Emperor. He kicked the strong box before he went away.

“Good-bye, little man!” he laughed, and fastening the leathern sack securely to his belt, he went to the door to let himself out. When he found it fastened he looked at it

curiously, and scratched his big head, trying to remember whether he had locked it after him or not, for he recollected that he had shut it lest any one should come upon him suddenly. But there was no key in the lock on the inside. He might have dropped it, or slipped it into his wallet, and he began

to look for it, going round and round the room and kicking the papers and account books hither and thither. It was not to be seen, and the windows were heavily grated; but he did not doubt his strength to break the door down. That was a mere trifle after all.

He shook it violently, struck it, kicked it, and shook it again, but to his stupefaction it would not budge an inch. The servants had pushed a heavy marble table against it, and had piled up half a ton of furniture; he might as well have tried to break through the wall. Then it occurred to him that Omo-

bono might have taken the key. He would open the box, though it was a pity to disturb a dead man in such an excellent coffin.

But the box could not be opened any more than the door, for the springs had snapped, and he did not understand the complicated locks. He tried again and again, but failed each time.

He seized the high stool that stood beside the desk and swung it with terrific force, bringing it down on the strong box, so that it flew into splinters with an appalling din.

He smashed one piece of furniture after another

He raged, he foamed at the mouth, he bawled and yelled, and he smashed one piece of furniture after another on the heavy iron without producing the smallest impression on it, and without getting the least answer from Omobono, who was still half-unconscious, happily for his nerves, and was dreaming that he had taken refuge in a baker's oven during a terrible thunder-storm.

The stool was reduced to kindling wood, two large chairs had followed it, and Tocktamish was in the act of heaving up the desk itself, sending inkstand, pens, and papers flying to the four corners of the room, and determined to crack the strong box with one tremendous blow, when a musical voice spoke gently through the window nearest to him. Zoë and her maids were there, and the whole household of men-servants and slaves were behind them. The three girls were standing on the broad stone seat that ran round the outside of the house in the Italian way, and they could easily look through the bars. In her haste Zoë had not veiled herself, and when the Tartar caught sight of her beautiful face at the window, the effect on his susceptible sentiments was instantaneous. He had never seen any one like her. For a moment or two he was almost sober; the desk fell from his hands upon the iron chest, and was not even broken, and Tocktamish's hands hung down by his sides while he stared in stupid wonder.

Zoë was glad that there were iron bars between him and her, for she had never seen a human being more like a raging wild beast. She had looked anxiously for Omobono, but as there was no trace of him nor of any blood, she at once decided that he had been able to get out by some secret way, after Lucilla had barred the door.

"Where is Messer Carlo?" were the words which arrested Tocktamish in the act of smashing the desk.

He stood gazing at Zoë stupidly, and as he did not answer she repeated her question, watching him quietly so that he should understand that he was completely in her power. When he heard her voice again he made a sort of instinctive attempt to smooth himself, as the peacock spreads his tail before the female; he pulled out his immense mustaches, drew his shaggy beard through his two hands, settled his fur papakh on his head, and smiled complacently as he ap-

proached the window, prepared, in his own estimation, to win the heart of any woman in Constantinople. The exercise of breaking up the furniture had probably done him good, for he walked quite steadily, with his eyes wide open and his big head a little on one side.

"Messer Carlo is quite safe and very well," he answered when he was near the grating. "He has sent me to get him a little money, which he greatly needs."

"You have a singular way of executing his commission," observed Zoë, looking at the splinters of the smashed furniture.

Tocktamish felt that the havoc round him must be explained.

"I have been killing the rats," he said. "It is extraordinary how many rats and mice get into counting-houses!"

"Where is Messer Carlo?" Zoë asked a third time.

"Sweet woolly ewe-lamb of heaven," said Tocktamish, leaning on the window-sill and bringing his face close to the bars, "if you will only give me one little kiss, I will tell you where Carlo is!"

Zoë stepped to one side along the stone seat on which she stood, for she saw that he was going to slip one of his hands through the grating to catch her; and even with the bars between them he looked as if he could twist one of her arms off if she resisted him. Indeed, she was hardly out of his reach in time. He laughed rather vacantly as he grasped the air. The grating projected several inches beyond the window, like the end of a cage, as the gratings generally do in old Italian houses; and though Zoë was on one side, Tocktamish could still look at her.

"If you will come inside, I will tell you what you wish to know, my little dove," he said with an engaging leer, for he did not really believe that any woman could resist him.

"Thank you," Zoë answered. "I will not come in, but I will warn you. If you will not tell me where Messer Carlo is, I shall have you shot with the master's crossbow, like a mad dog."

"Shall I get the bow?" asked the voice of Carlo's man, the Venetian gondolier, who was an excellent shot, and had won a prize at the Lido.

But Tocktamish laughed scornfully.

"Your crossbow cannot shoot through the shutters," he said, for they were very heavy ones, at least three inches thick.

him up, and tell all we know; w morning he will be on a iddle of the Hippodrome, and third day before he is quite ia! I remember how we old scoundrel Michael Rhan-my men were on duty at that

is turned ghastly white, and med dangerously. If there sapon in her hand at that mo-i have aimed well through the 'ocktamish's days would have ly. But on the other side of drunken Tartar was laughing ill in frightening her, for he rned pale from fear.

me silence this brute?" she that trembled with anger.

done," said a voice she knew. and looked down from the of the stone seat, and she saw face of Gorlias Pietrogliant her.

the house, Kokóna," he said, holding up a hand to help her down. "We will send him a pitcher of Messer Carlo's oldest wine to help him pass an hour before his men come to burn the house down!"

Zoë understood the wisdom of the advice; Tocktamish would drink himself into a stupor in a short time.

"The astrologer is right," she said to the servants.

"Come in with me, all of

you." She led the way, but Gorlias lingered a moment, stepped upon the stone seat, and spoke to the prisoner in a low voice.

"They will be here in half an hour," he said. "Meanwhile I will send you wine to drink. Are you hungry?"

"Hungry?" Tocktamish laughed at the recollection of the peacock. "I never dined better! But send me some wine, and when we divide, I will have that white-faced girl for my share. The men may have the money here. Tell them so."

He slapped the well-filled leathern sack at his girdle as he spoke.

"As you please," Gorlias answered indifferently.

He stepped to the ground again and

"If we cannot shoot you we can starve you"

"Besides," he added, "I can sit on the floor under the window, and you will not even see me."

"If we cannot shoot you we can starve you," retorted Zoë.

"Oh, no, you will not be so hard-hearted! And besides, if you will not let me out and give me a kiss, my men will come presently and burn Carlo's house down, and I shall carry you away! Ha, ha! You had not thought of it! But Tocktamish is not caught in the trap like a cub. He is an old wolf, and knows the forests. My men know I am here, and if I do not go back to them within this hour they will come to get me. That was agreed, and I can wait as long as that. Then sixty of them will come, and before night we shall take Carlo to the Em-

reached the door in time to enter with the last of the train that followed Zoë. In the dining-hall things had been left as they were when Tocktamish and Omobono went out. The table was in confusion, and flooded with wine that had run down to the floor, and two or three chairs were upset. Gorlias filled a silver pitcher with Chian; but when he turned towards the window Zoë was the only one who saw him empty into the wine the contents of a small vial which he seemed to have had ready in the palm of his hand. He called Carlo's man.

"Take it to him," he said. "You can easily pass it through the bars."

"It is not much wine," observed the man doubtfully. "He will drink that at a draught."

"If he asks for more, fill the pitcher again," answered Gorlias. "If he falls asleep, let me know."

The man went off.

"Clear away all that," said Zoë to the men-servants who stood looking on. "The master must not find this confusion when he comes home."

Her tone and her manner imposed obedience, and besides, they knew that Tocktamish was safe for a while. They began to clear the table at once, and Zoë left the room followed by Gorlias and her two maids, who had been silent witnesses of what had passed.

Upstairs, they left her alone with the astrologer, and disappeared to discuss in whispers the wonderful things that were happening in the house.

"Where is he?" asked Zoë, as soon as the maids were gone.

"He is in a dry cistern near the north wall of the city."

"Hiding?"

"No—a prisoner. In escaping last night he ran among the soldiers who were to have helped us, and they held him for a ransom. The Tartar came to extort the money. You know all."

"At least he is safe for the present," Zoë said, but very doubtfully, for she did not half believe what she said.

"No," Gorlias answered; "he is not safe for long, and we must get him out. They demand a ransom, but they know well enough that even if they get it they will not dare to let him go free, since he could hang them all by a word."

"What will they do?"

"If they can get the money they will let

him starve to death in the cistern. If they do not, they will give him up to Andronicus for the reward. The Emperor has proclaimed that he will give ten pounds of gold to any one who will bring him Carlo Zeno, dead or alive. That is not enough."

"The Emperor knows it was he?" asked Zoë with increasing anxiety.

"Yes——"

"How?"

"I do not know. Some one has betrayed us."

"Us all?"

"I fear so."

"But you yourself? Do you dare go about?"

"I have many disguises, and they who know the fisherman do not know the astrologer."

"But if you should be taken?"

"A man cannot change his destiny. But look here. I have something from Johannes already. He has changed his mind; he regrets not having let us take him out last night, and he sends me this by the captain's wife."

Gorlias produced a parchment document.

"What is it?"

"The gift of Tenedos to Venice."

"Ah! If Messer Carlo were only free!"

"Yes—if!" Gorlias shook his head thoughtfully. "It will not be easy to send an answer to this," he went on. "The woman brought it to me at the risk of her life, and said it would be impossible for her to come again. The guard is doubled, and a very different watch will be kept in future. I do not believe that we can bring Johannes out, as we might have done in spite of those fellows last night. Yet I am sure that if Messer Carlo were at liberty he would try. He would at least send word, in answer to this. But the days are over when we used to send letters up and down by a thread—the tower is watched from the river now."

"Can you not get in by a disguise?"

"No. There is not the least chance of gaining admittance at present."

"I could," said Zoë confidently. "I am sure I could! If I went in carrying a basket of linen on my head and dressed like a slave-girl in blue cotton with yellow leathern shoes, I am sure they would let me go to the captain's wife."

"What if your basket were searched and the letter found?"

"I would put it into my shoe. They would not look for it there."

"You would run a fearful risk."

"For him, if it were of any use," Zoë answered. "But it will not help him at all, and if anything happened to me he would be sorry. Besides, why should we send a message that pretends to come from Messer Carlo when he himself is a prisoner?"

"This is the case," Gorlias answered. "The soldiers will never let him out till they feel safe themselves; and the only way to make them sure that there is no danger is really and truly to bring Johannes out and set him on the throne again. So long as Andronicus reigns and may take vengeance on them, they will keep Messer Carlo a prisoner to give up at any moment, or to starve him to death for their own safety—unless they murder him outright. But I do not believe that any ten of them would dare to set upon him, for they know him well."

Zoë smiled, for she was proud to love a man whom ten men would not dare to kill.

"Then the only way to save him is to free Johannes?" she said. "Yes," she went on, not waiting for an answer, "I think you are right. Even if we got them their ten thousand ducats they would not let him out as long as Andronicus is at Blachernae."

"That is the truth of it," Gorlias answered. "Neither more nor less. Messer Carlo's life depends upon it."

"Then it must be done, come what may. Thank God, I have a life to risk for him!"

"You have two," said Gorlias quietly. "You have mine also."

"You are very loyal to Johannes, even to risking death. Is that what you mean?"

"More than that."

"For Messer Carlo, then?" Zoë asked. "You owe him some great debt of gratitude."

"I never saw him until quite lately," Gorlias answered. "You need not know why I am ready to die in this attempt, Kokóna Arethusa."

Some one knocked at the outer door; Zoë clapped her hands for her maids, and one of them went to the entrance. The voice of Zeno's man spoke from outside.

"The Tartar is fast asleep already," he said, "and I can hear the secretary moaning as if he were in great pain; but I cannot see him through the window. He must be somewhere in the room, for it is his voice."

Zoë made a movement to go towards the door, but Gorlias raised his hand.

"I will see to it," he said. "I will have the fellow taken back to his quarters."

Zoë bit her lips for she knew that it would be cruel and cowardly to hurt even such a ruffian as Tocktamish, while he was helpless under the drug Gorlias had given him. But the words he had spoken rankled deep, and it was not likely that she should forget them.

"Do as you will," she said.

Half an hour later poor little Omobono was in his bed, and Zeno's man was giving him a warm infusion of marsh mallows and camomile for his shaken nerves. The money-bags and the papers had been restored to the strong box in the counting-house, and Tocktamish the Tartar, sunk in a beatific slumber, was being carried to his quarters in a hired palanquin by four stalwart bearers.

That was the end of the memorable feast in Carlo Zeno's house.

But Zoë sat by the open window, and her heart beat sometimes very fast and sometimes very slow; for she understood that the plight of the man she loved was desperate indeed.

CHAPTER XVII

The position of Zeno was quite clear to Zoë now, and a great wave of happiness lifted her and bore her on with it as she realized that she might save his life just when his chances looked most hopeless, and that whether she succeeded or failed her own must certainly be staked for his. Heroism is nearer the surface in women than in most men, and often goes quite as deep.

Zoë had understood very suddenly how matters stood, and that Tocktamish and his men meant to let Zeno perish, simply because he might ruin them all if he regained his liberty; or, if it were found out that he was taken, they intended to hand him over to Andronicus. It was not at all likely that they would set him free even if they got the great ransom they demanded.

But if by any means Johannes could be brought suddenly from his prison, all Constantinople would rise in revolution to set him on the throne, and it would be as dangerous to keep his friend Zeno in confinement as it now seemed rash to his captors to let him out. The first thing to be done was

to reach Johannes himself and warn him, and this could only be accomplished by a woman. Gorlias knew the soldiers, and had as much influence with them as any one, perhaps, and whatever could be done from without he would do; yet it was quite certain that the men could not be got together again unless Johannes were actually free.

The difficulty lay there. To reach him was one thing, and was within the bounds of possibility; to bring him out would be quite another. But Zoë had confidence in the devotion of the captain's wife, of whom Gorlias had told her, and believed that in such a case two women could do more than ten men.

Yet she saw that it might be fatal to let the imprisoned Emperor know that Zeno was himself a prisoner. To prevent this she conceived the plan of writing a letter in the Venetian's name, accepting on behalf of the Republic the gift of Tenedos, and promising instant help and liberty. Zeno had given his word that he would renew the attempt for the sake of Tenedos, though for nothing else; this condition being accepted, she knew that nothing could hinder him from keeping his word if he were free. She would therefore only be writing for him what he himself would write if he could; and besides, if she needed a more valid excuse, it would be done to save his life.

Her learning stood her in good stead now as she carefully penned the answer on stout Paduan paper. She made Zeno thank the Emperor on behalf of the Serene Republic for his generous gift, and say that he was ready, that not a moment should be lost, and that in an hour the sovereign should be restored to his people, or Carlo Zeno would die in the attempt.

This last phrase, as it ran from her pen, seemed to her a little too theatrical to be Zeno's own, but she determined to let it stand for the sake of the impression it should make on Johannes. Zoë did not know whether Johannes had even seen Zeno's handwriting or not, but that mattered little in those days, when many fine gentlemen could not write their own letters. She folded the sheet neatly in a small square, and placed it in her shoe by way of experiment, to see whether it would stay there while she walked.

She did all this while Gorlias was gone, and before he came back the afternoon was half over, though the spring days were grow-

ing long. He told her that the Tartar was safe in his quarters, where he would probably sleep till midnight at the very least, to the infinite rage and disgust of his men. They had expected him to return laden with gold or with the secure promise of it, and he had come back not only empty-handed, but hopelessly drunk; and as they knew him well, but did not know that he had swallowed a dose of opium that would have sent a tiger to sleep, they meditated in gloomy thirst on the quantity of strong wine he must have absorbed during an absence which had only lasted two hours. What he had told Zoë of their coming to fetch him if he stayed too long had been a pure invention to frighten her; they did not even know where he had been, for he had merely announced his intention of going out to collect Zeno's ransom from the Venetian merchants, and his reputation for strength and ferocity was such that they had not dreamed of his needing help.

This much Gorlias had found out, and he had also ascertained that the men were in a thoroughly bad temper in consequence of the turn affairs had taken, and much more inclined to murder Zeno than to let him out. As for the whereabouts, Gorlias only knew that he was in one of the many dry cisterns which existed under old Constantinople and which had never been in use since the crusaders had cut the aqueducts and sacked the city more than a hundred and seventy years earlier. The men who had shut up Zeno knew where he was, but it was very likely that they had not told their comrades.

The difficulty lay in the fact that Johannes was kept in a place even more inaccessible than Zeno's cistern. The whole matter was a vicious circle. He could not be set free unless the troops rose for him; but the troops would not rise unless they saw him in their midst; and if there were no rising Zeno would be starved to death in the well. Gorlias Pietrogiant was a man of resources, but the problem completely baffled him.

He stood silent and in thought at Zoë's window; she sat quite motionless on the great divan, watching him and thinking too. Neither he nor she knew how long they kept silence.

Then Zoë's expression began to change very slowly, as an idea dawned upon her.

"I have thought of a way," she said at last.

Gorlias turned, crossed the room and stood beside her to listen; but he did not think she had any practicable scheme to propose, and at first, while she was speaking, he was much more inclined to follow his own line of thought than hers. Then all at once he felt that she had received one of those inspirations of the practical sense which visit women who are driven to extremities, and which have been the wonder of men since Jacob's mother showed him how to steal his father's blessing.

"It is a daring plan, and it could not succeed in broad daylight," he said, when she had finished, "but it may at dusk."

"It must," Zoë said emphatically. "If it fails, we shall not see each other again."

"Not unless it occurs to Andronicus to crucify us together," Gorlias answered, rather gravely. "Very much depends on our timing ourselves as exactly as possible."

"Yes. Let it be a little more than half an hour after sunset, just when the dusk is closing in. Have you everything you need?"

"I can get what is lacking. We have three good hours still before us."

"Go, then, and do not be late. You know what will happen to me if you do not come just at the right time."

"You are risking more than I," Gorlias said.

"I have more to lose, and more to win," Zoë answered.

She was thinking of Zeno—of life with him, of life without him, and of the life she would give for his. But Gorlias wondered at her courage, for it was held nothing in those days to tear a living man or woman to shreds, piecemeal, on the mere suspicion of treason, and that would surely be her fate if he could not carry out precisely and successfully the plan she had thought of. A delay of half an hour might mean death to her, though it would not of necessity affect the result so far as Johannes and Zeno were concerned.

Gorlias left her to make his own preparations. When he was gone Zoë sent Yulia for Zeno's own man, Vito, the Venetian boatman. He came and stood on the threshold while she spoke to him, out of the maids' hearing, and in Italian, lest they should creep near and listen.

"Vito," said Zoë, "you are never frightened, are you?"

"I?" Vito grinned. "Am I of iron, or of

stone? Or am I perhaps a lion? When there is fear I am afraid."

"But the master is never frightened," suggested Zoë. "Is he of stone, then?"

"Oh, he!" Vito laughed now, and shrugged his shoulders. "Would you compare me with the master? Then compare copper with gold. The master is the master and that is enough, but I am only a sailor man in his service. If there is fighting, I fight while I see that I am the stronger, but when I see that I may die I run away. We are all thus."

"But surely you would not run away and leave Messer Carlo to be killed, would you?"

"No," Vito answered quite simply. "That would be another affair. It would be shame to go home alive if the master were killed. When one must die, one must, as God wills. It may be for the master, it may be for Venice. But for myself, I ask you? Why should I die for nothing? I run away. It is more sensible."

"You need not risk being killed if you do what I am going to ask," Zoë said, for after talking with the man she liked his honest face, and thought none the less of him for his frankness. "It is a very simple matter."

"What is it, Excellency?"

"You need not call me that, Vito," answered Zoë. "I want you to row me at sunset to the landing which is nearest to the Palace gate. It must be the dirty little one on this side of the Amena tower, is it not?"

"That is it. But without the master's orders——"

Vito looked at her doubtfully, for he had been reminded that she considered herself a slave, and it occurred to him that she meant to escape in Zeno's absence.

"Messer Carlo would wish me to go, if he were here," said Zoë quietly, and not at all as if she were insisting, for she saw what was the matter.

"I have no doubt it is as you say," Vito answered. "But I have no orders."

"There is a message from the master to some one in the Palace," Zoë explained. "No one but I can deliver it."

"That is easily said," observed Vito bluntly. "There are no orders."

Zoë felt the blood rising to her forehead at the man's rudeness and distrust of her, but she controlled herself, for much depended on obtaining what she wished.

"It is not a message," she said; "it is a letter."

"Where is it?" asked Vito incredulously.

She stooped and took the letter from her shoe, unfolded it, and spread it out for Vito to see. The effect it made upon him was instantaneous; he looked at it carefully, and took a corner of it between his thumb and finger.

"This is the paper on which the master writes," he said, as if convinced.

It did not occur to him that the slave Arethusa could write at all, nor any one else in the house except Omobono; and as for the latter, if he had written anything he must have done so under Zeno's orders. Writing of any sort commanded his profound and almost superstitious respect.

"This is certainly a letter from the master," he said, satisfied at last, after what he considered a thoroughly conscientious inspection.

"And he wishes me to deliver it," Zoë said. "If I am to do that, you must be good enough to take me to the landing in the boat. There is no other way."

"I could take the letter myself," Vito suggested.

"No. Only a woman will be allowed to pass, where this must go."

Vito began to understand, and nodded his head wisely.

"It is for Handsome John," he said, with conviction, and fixing his eyes on Zoë's. "It is for the other Emperor, whom the master wishes to set free."

"Yes—since you have guessed it," Zoë answered. "Will you take me now?"

"You will take one of your slaves with you, as you do when you go out in the boat with the secretary, I suppose?"

Vito still felt a little hesitation.

"No. I must go alone with you. And I myself shall be dressed like a slave, and I shall have a basket of things to carry on my head to the wife of the jailer."

"I see," said Vito, who really loved adventure for its own sake, and was much less inclined to run away from danger than he represented. "Did you say you wished to go at sunset?"

"Yes."

"I shall be ready. But it will be better to take an old boat, and I will put on ragged clothes, to look like a hired boatman."

"Yes; that will be better."

Vito went away, delighted with the prospect before him. He was too young and too true a Venetian not to look forward with

pleasure to rowing the beautiful Arethusa up the Golden Horn, though he was only a servant and she was the master's most treasured possession. He felt, too, some manly pride in the thought of possibly protecting her, for he meant to follow her ashore and look on from a distance, to see whether she got safely into the tower, and he would wait until she came out. The master would expect that much of him, at least.

CHAPTER XVIII

The sun had set, and the wide court of Blachernae was filled with purple light to the wall tops, like a wine-vat full to the brim; and everything that was in the glow took color from it, as silver does in claret, the polished trappings of the guards' uniforms, the creamy marble steps of the Palace, the white Tunisian charger of the officer who rode in just then, and the swallows that circled round and round the courtyard. The world moved in that short deep dream that comes just when the sun has slipped away to rest, when the light is everywhere at once, so that things cast no shadows on the ground, because they glow from within, as in fairyland, or perhaps in heaven.

The officer rode in on his charger, and after him entered a girl slave, dressed in coarse blue cotton, and carrying on her head a small round basket, which was covered with a clean white cloth. The four corners of the napkin hung down, and one of them would have flapped across her face if she had not held it between her teeth to keep it down. It partly hid her features, and her head was tied up in a blue cotton kerchief passed twice round and knotted upon her forehead. She limped a little as she walked. What could be seen of her face was pale and quiet, and had a rather fixed look.

She was walking boldly through the gate, without slackening her pace, when one of the two sentinels stopped her, and asked where she was going. She stood still, and one hand steadied the basket on her head, while the other pointed to the Amena tower.

"My mistress sends some fine wheat bread and cream cheese to the wife of the captain who keeps the tower," said Zoë, affecting the mincing accent very common with female slaves and Greek ladies' maids.

The second sentinel, returning on his short beat, now came up and stood on her

other side. He was a big Bulgarian, and he lifted one corner of the cloth and looked down into the basket, merely for the sake of detaining the girl. He saw the wheaten loaves and the cream cheese neatly disposed on a second napkin, and the cheese was nested in green leaves to keep it fresh. Both the soldiers at once thought of tasting it with the points of their daggers, but at that moment the officer of the watch strolled out of the guard-house, a magnificent young man in scarlet and gold. The two sentinels at once turned their backs on the cheese and Zoë, and marched away in opposite directions on their beats, leaving her standing in the middle. The officer was far too high and mighty a person to look at a slave-girl or her basket, and Zoë therefore went on without turning her head, taking it for granted that she was now free to enter. In her baggy blue cotton clothes, and with her face almost covered by the napkin, there was nothing about her to attract attention, unless it were her slightly limping gait; and she instinctively made an effort to walk evenly, for she could not help feeling ashamed of being suddenly lame, as perfectly sound and healthy people do. But she realized that the folded letter was in the wrong shoe and increased her lameness, whereas if she had carried it in the other it might have made walking easier.

She went from under the great gate into the liquid purple light in the court, and it was pleasant to be in it. But then again it made her think of yesterday, when she had sat in her window at sunset, not dreaming of all that was to happen to her in one night and one day. It made her think of the man she loved so dearly, imprisoned somewhere under the great city, starving and thirsting no doubt, and face to face with thoughts of death; and it was to save him that she was crossing the courtyard of Blachernæ disguised as a household slave. It was because there was no other way; and if Gorlias Pietrogliant failed her, or came too late, the end would overtake her in a few hours, or perhaps quite suddenly, which would be more merciful. She knew what she was doing, and she did not deceive herself. They would put out her eyes first; but that would be the least of the cruel things they would do to her, if Gorlias failed.

She was only a weak girl, after all, and once or twice, when she thought of the pain, a sharp little shiver ran down her back to

her very heels, and things swam before her for an instant in the deep sea of color; but that only lasted for a moment, and when she reached the foot of the tower and went in under the archway that led to the door, she was thinking of Zeno again, and of nothing else.

It was as Gorlias had told her. A very different watch was set there since the attempt of the previous night, and she found herself face to face with an obstacle she had not anticipated. The iron door was shut and was guarded by two huge Africans in black mail armor, who stood on either side with drawn scimitars.

They looked over her head as she approached them, and they seemed to take no notice of her existence. She thought she had never seen such expressionless faces as theirs; the features were as shiny and motionless as bronze, and the purple haze of the sunset without filled the deep arch and lent them an unnatural color which was positively terrifying.

"If you please, kind sirs," Zoë began as she stood still, "my mistress sends some fine wheat bread and fresh cream cheese to the wife of the captain."

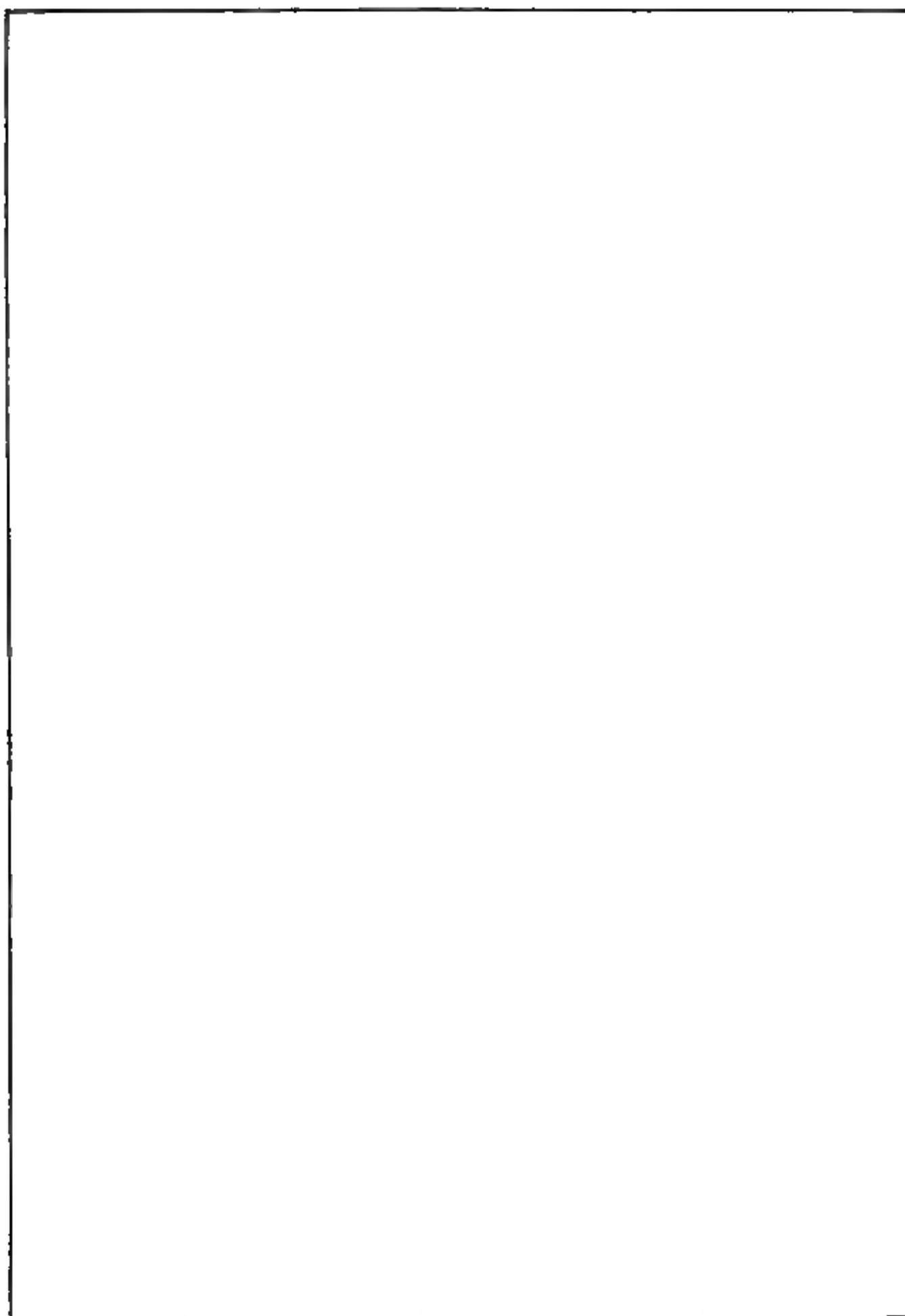
She might as well have spoken to statues; neither of the negroes paid the slightest attention. But she was not to be put off so easily.

"If you please," she repeated with pleading emphasis and more loudly, "my mistress——"

She stopped speaking in the middle of the sentence, suddenly scared by the immobility of the two black men, and by their size, and by the purple glare that was reflected from their great polished scimitars, of which one noiseless sweep could sever her head from her body. They were like the genii in one of those tales of the Arabian Nights which Greek story-tellers were then just learning from the Persians, and from the Tartar merchants of Samarcand and Tashkent. Zoë had listened to them by the hour when she was a little girl, and now she suddenly felt an irrational conviction that she had dreamed herself into one of them, and that the imprisoned Emperor was guarded by supernatural beings.

However, she soon took courage again and began to speak a third time.

"If you please," she said, but she got no further, for she had gently plucked at the mailed sleeve of the man on her right, to



*He opened his enormous mouth . . . She saw it was empty.
He had no tongue*

attract his attention, and he moved at once, and bent down a little.

He touched his ear with his left forefinger and shook his head slowly to show that he was deaf, and pointed to his companion and back to his own ear and shook his head

again; and then, to Zoë's horror, he opened his enormous mouth just before her eyes, and she saw that it was empty. He had no tongue.

Johannes was guarded by deaf mutes, and Zoë knew Constantinople and the ways

of the Palace well enough to understand that they were placed there to make an end of any one, man or woman, who should attempt to pass.

She tried signs now. She took her basket from her head and set it down on the step between the sentinels, and crouched on her heels to uncover it and show the contents. The men saw and nodded, and then inclined their heads to one side in that peculiar way which means indifference all over the East. And indeed they did not care whether the basket held cheese or sweetmeats, and their faces grew stony again as they looked outwards, over her head.

She covered up her little basket disconsolately and rose to her feet. The glow was beginning to fade in the courtyard, and she felt her heart sink as the shadows deepened. It was absolutely necessary to the success of the dangerous enterprise on which she and Gorlias had embarked, that Johannes himself, or at least the captain's wife, should be warned of what was to take place in less than half an hour. If this could not be done, everything might go wrong at the last minute, their cleverly concerted trick would fail and be exposed, and she and Gorlias, and Zeno himself, would probably pay for their audacity with their lives.

The closed door between the sentinels was covered with iron and studded with big nails. It was perfectly clear that it must be opened from within, if at all, and that the men themselves would have to knock or make some other signal by sound in order to obtain entrance for any one who was really authorized to go in. It was also clear that if the men on the other side of the door were stone deaf like the two guards, they could not hear any such knocking, and no entrance would be possible at all except when those within opened for some reason of their own or at fixed hours. Again, thought Zoë, it followed that there was probably some one near who could hear sounds from without, and there was always a bare possibility, in such times, that this person might be a secret friend to the prisoner, though supposed to be one of his jailers.

All these thoughts flashed across her mind in a few seconds, while she was covering her basket. She therefore took rather more time over this than was necessary, and as the mutes did not show signs of driving her

away, she at once began to sing, quite sure that they could not hear her. It was a forlorn hope, indeed, but anything was worth trying. Her voice sounded loud and clear under the archway:—

Over the water to my love, for the hour is come!
The water, the blue water, the water salt and the
water fresh!

Open, my very dear love, open thy door to me,
For I have come swiftly over the water——

At this point, to Zoë's inexpressible amazement and delight, the door really opened, and she almost choked for sheer joy.

The captain's wife appeared in the dim evening light, standing well within, and Zoë recognized her at once from the description Gorlias had given of her. The sentinels, being perfectly deaf, did not at first know that the door had been opened, as they stood looking straight before them. The stout woman spoke in a low voice.

CHAPTER XIX

"By four toes and by five toes," she said, by way of answer to the words Zoë had sung.

The girl lost no time, for there was none to lose, and though there was little light she saw that there were four or five more armed Ethiopians in the small chamber, so that it would be impossible to deliver her letter.

"Tell him from Carlo Zeno to be ready at once," she said quickly, "and not to show surprise at anything that happens."

The deaf-mutes outside now perceived that she was speaking with some one, and that the entrance behind them was open. She had just handed her basket to the captain's wife when the two turned together to see who had opened, but almost at the same instant the heavy iron door swung quickly on its hinges again and shut with a clang that echoed out to the courtyard. Zoë sprang back hastily lest the door itself should strike her as it closed, and the quick movement hurt her a little, for she made a false step on the foot with which she limped, turning it slightly as her weight came upon it.

That one step nearly cost her her life, for though the sentinels were deaf and dumb they were not blind. She thought they were going to let her go away unhindered, and she was already almost out of the archway when she felt herself seized by the arms from behind.

(To be concluded)

ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT

BY DAVID GRAYSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN TINT BY THOMAS FOGARTY

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

Sunday afternoon, June 9.

There had a funeral to-day in this community and the longest funeral procession, Charles Baxter says, he has seen in all the years of his memory among these hills. A good man has gone away—and yet remains. In the comparatively short time I have been here I never came to know him well personally, though I saw him often in the country roads, a ruddy old gentleman with thick, coarse, iron-gray hair, somewhat stern of countenance, somewhat shabby of attire, sitting as erect as a trooper in his open buggy, one muscular hand resting on his knee, the other holding the reins of his familiar old white horse. I said I did not come to know him well personally, and yet no one who knows this community can help knowing Doctor John North. I never so desired the gift of

moving expression as I do at this moment, on my return from his funeral, that I may give some faint idea of what a good man means to a community like ours—as the more complete knowledge of it has come to me to-day.

In the district school that I attended when a boy we used to love to “leave our mark,” as we called it, wherever our roving led us. It was a bit of boyish mysticism, unaccountable now that we have grown older and wiser—perhaps; but it had its meaning. It was an instinctive outreaching of the young soul to perpetuate the knowledge of its existence upon this forgetful earth. My mark, I remember, was a notch and a cross. With what secret fond diligence I carved it in the gray bark of beech trees, on fence posts, or on barn doors, and once, I remember, on the roof-ridge of our home, and once, with high imaginings of how long it would remain, I spent hours chiseling

it deep in a hard-headed old boulder in the pasture, where, if man has been as kind as Nature, it remains to this day. If you see it you will not know of the boy who carved it there.

So Doctor North left his secret mark upon the neighborhood—as all of us do, for good or for ill, upon *our* neighborhoods, in accordance with the strength of that character which abides within us. For a long time I did not know that it was he, though it was not difficult to see that some strong good man had often passed this way. I saw the mystic sign of him deep-lettered in the hearthstone of a home; I heard it speaking bravely from the weak lips of a friend; it is carved in the plastic heart of many a boy. No, I do not doubt the immortalities of the soul; in this community which I have come to love so much, dwells more than one of John North's immortalities—and will continue to dwell. I, too, live more deeply because John North was here.

—He was in no outward way an extraordinary man, nor was his life eventful. He was born in this neighborhood: I saw him lying quite still this morning in the same sunny room of the same house where he first saw the light of day. Here among these common hills he grew up, and save for the few years he spent at school or in the army, he lived here all his life long. In old neighborhoods and especially farm neighborhoods people come to know one another—not clothes knowledge, or money-knowledge—but that sort of knowledge which reaches down into the hidden springs of human character. A country community may be deceived by a stranger, too easily deceived, but not by one of its own people. For it is not a studied knowl-

edge; it resembles that slow geologic uncovering before which not even the deep buried bones of the prehistoric saurian remain finally hidden.

I never fully realized until this morning what a supreme triumph it is, having grown old, to merit the respect of those who know us best. Mere greatness offers no reward to compare with it, for greatness compels that homage which we freely bestow upon goodness. So long as I live I shall never forget this morning. I stood in the door-yard outside of the open window of the old doctor's home. It was soft, and warm, and very still—a June Sunday morning.

An apple tree not far off was still in blossom, and across the road on a grassy hillside sheep fed unconcernedly. Occasionally, from the roadway where the horses of the countryside were waiting, I heard the clink of a bit-ring or the low voice of some newcomer seeking a place to hitch. Not half those who came could find room in the house: they stood uncovered among the trees. From within, wafted through the window, came the faint odor of flowers, and the occasional minor intonation of someone speaking—and finally our own Scotch Preacher! I could not see him, but there lay in the cadences of his voice a peculiar note of peacefulness, of finality. The day before he died Dr. North had said:

"I want McAlway to conduct my funeral, not as a minister but as a man. He has been my friend for forty years; he will know what I mean."

The Scotch Preacher did not say much. Why should he? Everyone there *knew*: and speech would only have cheapened what we knew. And I do not now recall even the little he said, for there was so

much all about me that spoke not of the death of a good man, but of his life. A boy who stood near me—a boy no longer, for he was as tall as a man—gave a more eloquent tribute than any preacher could have done. I saw him stand his ground for a time with that grim courage of youth which dreads emotion more than a battle: and then I saw him crying behind a tree! He was not a relative of the old doctor's; he was only one of many into whose deep life the doctor had entered.

They sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and came out through the narrow doorway into the sunshine with the coffin, the hats of the pall-bearers in a row on top, and there was hardly a dry eye among us.

And as they came out through the narrow doorway, I thought how the doctor must have looked out daily through so many, many years upon this beauty of hills and fields and of sky above, grown dearer from long familiarity—which he would know no more. And Kate North, the Doctor's sister, his only relative, followed behind, her fine old face gray and set, but without a tear in her eye. How like the Doctor she looked: the same stern control!

In the hours which followed, on the pleasant winding way to the cemetery, in the groups under the trees, on the way homeward again, the community spoke its true heart, and I have come back with the feeling that human nature, at bottom, is sound and sweet. I knew a great deal before about Doctor North, but I knew it as knowledge, not as emotion, and therefore it was not really a part of my life, as it has now become.

I heard again the stories of how he drove the country roads, winter and summer, how he had seen most of the population into the world and had held the hands of many who went out! It was the plain, hard life of a country doctor, and yet it seemed to rise in our community like some great tree, its roots deep buried in the soil of our common life, its branches close to the sky. To those accustomed to the outward excitements of city life it would have seemed barren and uneventful. It was significant that the

talk was not so much of what the Doctor did as of *how* he did it, not so much of his actions as of the natural expression of his character. And when we come to think of it, goodness is uneventful. It does not flash, it glows. It is deep, quiet and very simple. It passes not with oratory, it is commonly foreign to riches, nor does it often sit in the places of the mighty: but may be felt in the touch of a friendly hand or the look of a kindly eye.

Outwardly, John North often gave the impression of brusqueness. Many a woman, going to him for the first time, and until she learned that he was in reality as gentle as a girl, was frightened by his manner. The country is full of stories of such encounters. We laugh yet over the adventure of a woman who formerly came to spend her summers here. She dressed very beautifully and was "nervous." One day she went to call on the doctor. He made a careful examination and asked many questions. Finally he said, with portentous solemnity:

"Madam, you're suffering from a very common complaint."

The doctor paused, then continued, impressively:

"You haven't enough work to do. This is what I would advise. Go home, discharge your servants, do your own cooking, wash your own clothes and make your own beds. You'll get well."

She is reported to have been much offended, and yet to-day there was a wreath of white roses in Doctor North's room sent from the city by that

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If he really hated anything in this world the Doctor hated whimperers. He had a deep sense of the purpose and need of punishment, and he despised those who fled from wholesome discipline.

"Try the small hard things," he used to say: "it'll help you to do the big hard ones."

A young fellow once went to the Doctor—so they tell the story—and asked for something to stop his pain.

"Stop it!" exclaimed the Doctor: "why, it's good for you. You've done wrong, haven't you? Well, you're being punished;

take it like a man. There's nothing more wholesome than good honest pain."

And yet how much pain he alleviated in this community—in forty years!

The deep sense that a man should stand up to his fate was one of the key-notes of his character; and the way he taught it, not only by word but by every action of his life, put heart into many a weak man and woman. Mrs. Patterson, a friend of ours, tells of a reply she once had from the Doctor to whom she had gone with a new trouble. After telling him she said:

"I've left it all with the Lord."

"You'd have done better," said the Doctor, "to keep it yourself. Trouble is for your discipline: the Lord doesn't need it."

It was thus out of his wisdom that he was always telling people what they knew, deep down in their hearts, to be true. It sometimes hurt at first, but sooner or later, if the man had a spark of real manhood in him, he came back, and gave the doctor an abiding affection.

There were those who, though they loved him, called him intolerant. I never could look at it that way. He *did* have the only kind of intolerance which is at all tolerable, and that is the intolerance of intolerance. He always set himself with vigor against that unreason and lack of sympathy which are the essence of intolerance; and yet there was a rock of conviction on many subjects behind which he could not be driven. It was not intolerance: it was with him a reasoned certainty of belief. He had a phrase to express that not uncommon state of mind, in this age particularly, which is politely willing to yield its foothold within this universe to almost any reasoner who suggests some other universe, however shadowy, to stand upon. He called it a "mush of concession." He might have been wrong in his convictions, but he, at

least, never floundered in a "mush of concession." I heard him say once:

"There are some things a man can't concede, and one is, that a man who has broken a law, like a man who has broken a leg, has got to suffer for it."

However brusque his words we knew that inside he was kind. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to present a bill. It was not because the community was poor, though some of our people are poor, and it was certainly not because the Doctor was rich and could afford such philanthropy, for, saving a rather unproductive farm which during the last ten years of his life lay wholly uncultivated, he was as poor as any man in the community. He simply seemed to forget that people owed him.

"I'm too busy to make money," he once said.

It came to be a common and humorous experience for people to go to the doctor and say:

"Now Doctor North, how much do I owe you? You remember you attended my wife two years ago when the baby came—and John when he had the diphtheria——"

"Yes, yes," said the Doctor, "I remember."

"I thought I ought to pay you."

"Well, I'll look it up when I get time."

But he wouldn't. The only way was to go to him and say:

"Doctor, I want to pay ten dollars on account."

"All right," he'd answer, and take the money.

To the credit of the community I may say with truthfulness that the doctor never suffered. He was even able to supply himself with the best instruments that money could buy. To him nothing was too good for our neighborhood. This morning I saw in a case at his home a complete set of oculist's instruments, said to be the best in the county—a very unusual equipment for a country doctor. Indeed, he assumed that the responsibility for the health of the community rested upon him. He was a sort of self-constituted health officer. For years he visited the district school regularly—a great day for the children—and looked over every boy and girl, often having them afterwards to his office to look at their eyes. He was always

sniffing about for old wells and damp cellars—and somehow, with his crisp humor and sound sense, getting them cleaned. In his old age he even grew querulously particular about these things—asking a little more of human nature than it could quite accomplish. There were innumerable other ways—how they came out to-day all glorified now that he is gone!—in which he served the community.

Horace tells how he once met the Doctor driving his old white horse in the town road.

"Horace," called the Doctor, "why don't you paint your barn?"

"Well," said Horace, "it is beginning to look a bit shabby."

"Horace," said the Doctor, "you're a prominent citizen. We look to you to keep up the credit of the neighborhood."

Horace painted his barn.

One spring years ago the Doctor started a practice which meant much to this community. He bought a load of young spruce, mountain ash, and elm trees.

"We must fix up the country," he said, and he went around sticking them in—a row in front of the school house, another around the town hall and many in the public roads. One of the beauties of our neighborhood to-day lies in the Doctor's trees, many now grown large.

I think Doctor North was fonder of Charles Baxter than of any one else, save his sister. He hated sham and cant: if a man had a single *reality* in him the old Doctor found it; and Charles Baxter in many ways exceeds any man I ever knew in the downright quality of genuineness. The Doctor was never tired of telling—and with humor—how he once went to Baxter to have a table made for his office. When he came to get it he found the table upside down and Baxter on his knees finishing off the under part of the drawer slides. Baxter looked up and smiled in the engaging way he has, and continued his work. After watching him for some time the Doctor said:

"Baxter, why do you spend so much time on that table? Who's going to know whether or not the last touch has been put on the under side of it?"

Baxter straightened up and looked at the Doctor in surprise.

"Why, I will," he said.

He paused a minute and then continued: "A man's got to live with himself, hasn't he?"

How the Doctor loved to tell that story! I warrant there is no boy who ever grew up in this country who hasn't heard it. The Doctor used to speak of "My friend Charles Baxter, who finishes the under side of things; he's a great man." A table by Charles Baxter is good for a hundred and fifty years.

It was a part of his pride in finding reality that made the Doctor such a lover of true sentiment and such a hater of sentimentality. I prize one memory of him which illustrates this point. The district school gave a "speaking" and we all went. One boy with a fresh young voice spoke a "soldier piece"—the soliloquy of a one-armed veteran who sits at a window and sees the troops go by with dancing banners and glittering bayonets, and the people cheering and shouting. And the refrain went something like this:

"Never again call 'Comrade'

To the men who were comrades for years;

Never again call 'Brother'

To the men we think of with tears."

I happened to look around while the boy was speaking, and there sat the old Doctor with the tears rolling unheeded down his ruddy face; he was thinking, no doubt, of *his* war time and the comrades *he* knew.

On the other hand, how he despised fustian and bombast. His "Bah!" delivered explosively, was often like a breath of fresh air in a stuffy room. Several years ago, before I came here—and it is one of the historic stories of the country—there was a semi-political Fourth of July celebration with a number of ambitious orators. One of them, a young fellow of small worth who wanted to be elected to the legislature, made an impassioned address on "Patriotism." The Doctor was present, for he liked gatherings: he liked people. But he did not like the young orator, and in the midst of the speech, while the audience was being carried through the clouds of oratory, the



Doctor was seen to be growing more and more uneasy. Finally he burst out:

"Bah!"

The orator caught himself, and then swept on again.

"Bah!" said the Doctor.

By this time the audience was really interested. The orator stopped. He knew the Doctor, and he should have known better than to say what he did. But he was very young.

"Perhaps," he remarked sarcastically, "the Doctor can make a better speech than I can."

The Doctor rose instantly, to his full height—and he was an impressive-looking man.

"Perhaps," he said, "I can, and what is more, I will." And amid the cheers of the audience who were with him from the start, he spoke. He stood up on a chair and gave them a talk on Patriotism—real patriotism—the patriotism of duty done in the small concerns of life. That speech is not forgotten to-day.

"And he didn't make the eagle scream once," said the old fellow who told the story again this morning.

One thing I heard to-day about the old Doctor impressed me deeply. I have been thinking about it ever since: it illuminates his character to me more than anything I have heard. It is singular, too, that I should not have heard the story before. I don't believe it was because it all happened so long ago; it rather remained untold out of deference to a sort of neighborhood delicacy. And yet everyone seemed to know it—in the way that everything comes finally to be known in the country.

I had, indeed, wondered why a man of such capacities, so many qualities of real greatness and power, should have escaped a city career. I said something to this effect to a group of men with whom I was talking this morning. I thought they exchanged glances; one said:

"When he first came out of the army he'd made such a fine record as a surgeon that everyone urged him to go to the city and practice——"

There was a pause which no one seemed inclined to fill.

"But he didn't go," I said.



"No, he didn't go. He was a very brilliant young fellow. He *knew* a lot, and he was popular, too. He'd have had a great success——"

Another pause.

"But he didn't go?" I asked promptly.

"No; he staid here. He was better educated than any man in this county. Why, I've seen him more'n once pick up a book of Latin and read it *for pleasure*."

I could see that all this was purposely irrelevant, and I liked them for it. But walking home from the cemetery Horace gave me the story; the community knew it to the last detail. I suppose it is a story common enough, but this morning, told of the old Doctor we had just laid away, it struck me with a tragic poignancy difficult to describe.

"Yes," said Horace, "he was to have been married, forty years ago, and it was broken off because he was a drunkard."

"A drunkard!" I exclaimed, with a shock I cannot convey.

"Yes, sir," said Horace, "one o' the worst you ever see. He got it in the army. Handsome, wild, brilliant—that was the Doctor. I was a little boy but I remember it mighty well."

He told me the whole distressing story. It was all a long time ago and the details do not matter now. It was to be expected that the old Doctor should love, love once, and love as few men do. And that is what he did—and the girl left him because he was a drunkard!

"They all thought," said Horace, "that he'd up an' kill himself. He said he would, but he didn't. Instid o' that he put an open



bottle on his table and he looked at it and said: 'Which is stronger, now, you or John North? We'll make that the test,' he said, 'we'll live or die by that.' There was his exact words. He couldn't sleep nights and he got haggard like a sick man, but he left the bottle there and never touched it."

How my heart throbbed with the thought of that old silent struggle! How much it explained; how near it brought all these people around him! It made him so human. It is the tragic necessity (but the salvation) of many a man that he should come finally to an irretrievable experience, to the assurance that everything is lost. For with that moment, if he be strong, he is saved. I wonder if anyone ever attains real human sympathy who has not passed through the fire of some such experience. Or to humor either! For in the best laughter do we not hear constantly that deep minor note which speaks of the ache in the human heart? It seems to me I can understand Doctor North!

He died Friday morning. He had been lying very quiet all night; suddenly he opened his eyes and said to his sister: "Good-bye, Kate," and shut them again. That was all. The last call had come and he was ready for it. I looked at his face after death. I saw the iron lines of that old struggle in his mouth and chin; and the

humor that it brought him in the lines around his deep-set eyes.

—And as I think of him this afternoon, I can see him—curiously, for I can hardly explain it—carrying a banner as in battle right here among our quiet hills. And those he leads seem to be the people we know, the men, and the women, and the boys! He is the hero of a new age. In olden days he might have been a pioneer, carrying the light of civilization to a new land; here he has been a sort of moral pioneer—a pioneering far more difficult than any we have ever known. There are no heroics connected with it, the name of the pioneer will not go ringing down the ages; for it is a silent leadership and its success is measured by victories in other lives. We see it now, only too dimly, when he is gone. We reflect sadly that we did not stop to thank him. How busy we were with our own affairs when he was among us! I wonder is there anyone here to take up the banner he has laid down!

—I forgot to say that the Scotch Preacher chose the most impressive text in the Bible for his talk at the funeral:

"He that is greatest among you, let him be . . . as he that doth serve."

And we came away with a nameless, aching sense of loss, thinking how, perhaps, in a small way, we might do something for somebody else—as the old Doctor did.



## IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

*"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*

**N**OTHING—said the Observer—is more curious to foreign critics of our politics than the sudden rise of "presidential possibilities." The other day

**The Unex-** I was talking to a distinguished Englishman, who  
**pected that** said: "The shifting of political personages in America is as baffling as the

**Happens** Chinese language. I have no sooner settled down to a

study of one of your powerful politicians than he disappears from the stage or falls back into the chorus to give place to a new leader, very often a man who a few years before was absolutely unknown even to his own countrymen."

"And does not that," I asked, "convince you of what I have tried to pound into your British head for years—that this is really a government by the people, that our elections are really elections, not as with you reflections of the power and opinions of one man or a small body of men?"

He made his customary reply. We were losers by this instability. There could be no profitable government without continuity—and so on, he arguing as a monarchist and I as a democrat and neither of us saying anything new or vital.

It is nevertheless true that we, as well as our friends abroad, wonder at the swift and sometimes unaccountable changes in the casting of the political drama. We talk about this man or that as presidential timber, but who knows what "presidential timber" is? The likeliest man for the presidency is usually the least likely to be elected president. As between Lincoln and Seward, who, far in advance of the convention,

would have picked Lincoln to win? Hayes, Garfield, Cleveland, Harrison, Roosevelt—not one of them was expected—Hayes a "local favorite"; Garfield entering the convention as a Sherman delegate and coming out of it his party's candidate for president; Harrison a man of the greatest personal unpopularity among the Republican leaders; Cleveland, a citizen of no political prominence, suddenly elevated to a successful presidency when every Democrat could have named forty worshipful leaders who deserved the honor better than he did.

And through most of these years, plotted and schemed, fought and  
**The Examples** compromised one of the most melancholy figures in  
**of Blaine and** American public life as I look back at him. If any

**Roosevelt** one, Democrat or Republican, had been asked at any time between 1876 and 1890 to name one man who was sure some day to be president he would have named Blaine. Blaine's case shows better than any argument the futility of craft and political ability in the quest for the presidency. It is not to be snared by the ordinary nets. It is not a civil service appointment to be won by competitive examination. Unconsciously we put it so far beyond the reach of human daring and cunning that those who seek it hardest are least apt to get it. It tumbles out of the hands of the gods who look away. It is all the more impressive on this account.

If Blaine had been elected to the presidency he would have played with the office. It would have been his—Blaine's, won by his sword. The others must have entered office with the superstitious awe proper to

a right regard for the honor so mysteriously conferred on them. We can truthfully and rejoicingly say that none of them made a "bad president" or an indifferent one. All conducted the affairs of the office with skill, high patriotism and great unselfishness.

Mr. Roosevelt's case is perhaps the best example of the futility of scheming and plotting when the presidency is at stake. We never have had a president more loved and trusted by a majority of our citizens than Roosevelt. Neither soft nor savage ridicule can harm the man that open-eyed Americanism laughs over—laughs with real enjoyment. The people don't laugh *at* the president—they laugh *over* him. And this president that so many of us laugh over and wish well and trust to such an extent that he is perhaps the most powerful political personage we have ever had, was, as every one knows, the beneficiary of pure chance.

The "inside story" of the Philadelphia convention is a tale of the highest comedy. The other day Senator Platt, that **"Making"** Roosevelt aged political tiger whose teeth and claws the president has drawn, very truthfully remarked that his soul was sore within him at the recollection that he "made Roosevelt president." No one paid much attention to the lament. Who cares what the lightning rod thinks about the lightning?

But it was true. Col. Roosevelt, returning from the Spanish war, flush from chasing the enemy through the suburbs of Santiago de Cuba, was selected by Platt as the only man who might stop the oncoming rush of a tremendously efficient Democratic organization in what seemed by all the portents a "Democratic year." He was elected. He proceeded promptly to make a nuisance of himself to this extent, that when the convention of 1900 gathered in Philadelphia Platt appealed to Senator Hanna to accomplish his political destruction by making him vice-president. Hanna demurred. He didn't like Roosevelt. Platt pointed out that Roosevelt's continued existence would be terrible in its consequences to the New York political machine and indirectly to the national organization. There was only one way to end it. The highest form of political poison in this country is the vice-presidency. Every man thinks he might survive it, but among the toxicologists in statesmanship it has ever been considered certain death.

With many protests Hanna consented to administer the lethal dose.

It was necessary to win over McKinley. McKinley objected strongly. He didn't like Roosevelt either. Moreover, he valued him lightly as a political asset and said in so many words that he would endanger the success of the ticket. They were at the telephone for the better part of the day. Finally insistence from Philadelphia wore out resistance at Washington. Meanwhile Platt had carefully prepared the victim by sending delegations to him to "voice a great public demand" that he accept the nomination.

I have always suspected that Mr. Roosevelt saw through the conspiracy, that he made up his mind to accept on the chance of pounding his way with the gavel through the highly unpopular senate to the White House. In any case the nomination was not of his own contriving but was forced on him by men who were bent on destroying him. "I am much obliged to you, Senator," said Platt at the end of the day's work. "That's all right," said Hanna, "but now that we've taken that fellow off your back what are you going to do for *us*?" A little more than a year after this occurrence there stalked out of God knows where—out of the mysterious jungle that has grown up just beyond the garden wall where civilization has thrown its weeds and its sins to nourish them withal—the monster who slew the gentle McKinley. Roosevelt became president of the United States and the scourge of the very men who had undertaken his overthrow.

So, when one talks about presidential possibilities one ought to be

**What of** careful not to speak with too great assurance. Two  
**Hughes?** years ago who would have mentioned the silent lawyer

Hughes? His name had not penetrated beyond a small circle of lawyers in New York City who appreciated with a certain condescension his remarkable skill as a diagnostician from figures. He had never taken much interest in politics.

When the insurance investigation was commenced a good many people wondered why he had been chosen as counsel for the committee. They were not long in doubt. Efficiency of the highest order stamped his management of the case from the beginning. It was a job ready made for his peculiar talents, his orderly legal mind and his

amazing knowledge of accounts. Very few men—I think of only one other and that is Mr. Root—possess the extraordinary combination of knowledge of the law and comprehensive understanding of accounts that could penetrate the forest and underbrush which a partnership of right enterprise and rotten knavery had created in the insurance business. Hughes went through the jungle with unerring precision. His reading of mysterious entries with relation to transactions with which on the surface they appeared to have no relation, was the marvel of all who watched the proceedings. A thousand honest but uninformed “investigators” have broken their poor heads against the mysteries of high finance. Hughes went through them without apparent exertion.

And all the time he bore himself with the manner of a man intent on this job and on this job alone. He did not try to “broaden” the inquiry. He was appointed to conduct an inquiry into the business of life insurance with a view to guiding the legislature toward measures of reform. This was all he tried to do and it was all he did.

I believe that if he had ever stopped to think about politics or imagined that a political future for himself might develop from the inquisition and introduced the “fireworks” demanded by people of sensational habits, we should not have heard from him again in public life.

If anything pleases the average American better than any other

**Efficiency** thing—even honesty—it is extraordinary efficiency.

**and** He may pretend to like flashy rhetoric and impos-

**Honesty** sible promises, but when the man turns up who

knows how to do his work and does it, he clings to that man with what might easily be mistaken for affection.

In his heart he even has a respect for the efficiency of the masters of finance who have wrought him so much injury. I have always explained to foreigners that one of the reasons why Tammany held its strength so long in a fairly honest community was that it gave a reasonably efficient administration of public business. The reformer who occasionally slips into office in New York is honest but he is amateur. The majority of the Tammany men are profes-

sionals in the business of civic administration. It is the only work most of them have ever done. They handle swiftly, with slight friction and with much practised skill, the complicated details of government. As they say themselves, the “graft is on the side.”

Mr. Hughes’s promotion—or at least the first talk of it—must have come as a surprise to him. Up to this he has gone on exercising exactly the same qualities that marked his conduct of the insurance case—industry, fairness, careful attention to details, modesty and quiet vigor. Whether these are all the qualities necessary to suit a nation in search of a father, we shall see. Mr. Hughes has broken up the dominant group of the legislature, but after all, they were a paltry set of rogues whose power was vanishing when he took office. But we can admit that he has done well without admitting that he possesses the imagination and the understanding of men and their motives that make the real leader. Efficiency will go a long way; honesty and efficiency will go a very long way. But it may be that an expert accountant-lawyer may tend to a frame of mind that regards government purely as a vast bookkeeping operation. He may not see the forest for the trees.

He has given no sign that he understands the sentiment that is beneath the existing unrest and that is only trying to express itself articulately when it protests against corporation mismanagement and other symptoms. There is a pretty general demand for broad measures to readjust conditions that do not suit those who are underneath because of a natural tendency to sink or because of their benevolent feeling for the sunken or because they are prevented from rising by artifices which they refuse to accept as natural laws.

It may be a passing phase. We have had these phases before. “Everything changes and remains the same.” But no one who studies world conditions can mistake the present inspiration of modern politics—not here alone but everywhere. The politicians who are tumbling down are the politicians who refuse to see the movement or seeing resist it. It may be as I say, only a temporary disturbance; probably it is and we shall return to the government by the strong which has at least the authority of age. But public men do well to recognize the truth that the public has its way some of the time and its currents are to be considered.

# The September American Magazine

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*Photograph by Masters Princeton, Ill*

**THE REV. BILLY SUNDAY PREACHING**

*"He has outraged every ideal I have had regarding my sacred profession. But what does that count, as against the results he has accomplished? My congregation will be increased by hundreds. I didn't do it. Sunday did it. It is for me to humble myself and thank God for his help. He is doing God's work. That I do know!"*

*—The Rev. Pearse Pinch, pastor of the Fairfield Congregational Church.*

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## THE REV. BILLY SUNDAY AND HIS WAR ON THE DEVIL

BY LINDSAY DENISON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

*The Devil never distilled a wickeder lie into the heart of the world than that the secret of being a Christian is to be solemn and cold and sour.*

*You will run all the way down town from your home to renew your fire insurance if you have let it lapse for a day. But you have waited twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years without taking out any insurance for your immortal soul against the fires of hell.*

—THE REV. W. A. SUNDAY.



*Billy Sunday, "the fastest base-runner the National League ever knew"*

ONE afternoon nineteen years ago, Billy Sunday, the fastest base-runner the National League ever knew, sat with Mike Kelly, Johnny Ward and Buck Fwing on the curb of Van Buren Street, Chicago, opposite the Pacific Garden Mission. The windows of the mission were open and the rolling resonance of the organ and of the hymns filled the street. When the singing stopped, Billy Sunday said he guessed he didn't want another

drink; waving the others a laughing good-bye, he walked across the street and into the Mission. Ever since he has been trying to live as he thinks Christ would have him live.

But he has never achieved meekness; it seems improbable that he ever will. "Say, folks," he placidly observed to some three thousand people in one of his first meetings in Fairfield, Iowa, last Spring, "I don't want any one to come up here unless he is accepting Christ as his saviour; I don't want this to be an occasion for a lot of warmed-over Christians—church members—to make themselves conspicuous by declaring themselves for the third or fourth time. Merely being a church member isn't as big as a peanut in the sight of God."

Nevertheless, Billy Sunday is making more church members than all the ministers in the middle west working together. In twelve years he has converted over one hundred thousand men and women to a public acknowledgment of their belief in Jesus Christ as the only means to salvation. More than three quarters of these he has sent into the churches with which they seemed most



congenial. Himself an ordained Presbyterian minister, he has added thousands, not only to the rolls of his own church but to those of the Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Congregationalists, Roman Catholics, and Christians.

And they stick. A circular letter sent to eleven of the towns in which Sunday has held revivals within three years and answered by ministers of the churches, brought out answers which were unanimous in the opinion that the proportion of backsliders was small, in fact negligible, among those who became church members; those who remained independent have not done quite so well.

To one who has not attended a Billy Sunday revival the story of the methods by which he achieves these results seems almost incredible. But by his works you must know him. Some of his sermons and prayers, in cold type, are of a sort to make all New England shiver with horror and cause the ungodly to giggle. But they make converts, the converts become church-members—and the army of salvation is magnified by thousands of permanent recruits. Finicky critics must consider carefully before they deplore the Rev. William A. Sunday. It has been our habit for centuries to discuss religion and the affairs of the soul in a King James's vocabulary; to depart from that custom has come to seem something like sacrilege. Billy Sunday talks to people about God and their souls just as people talk to one another six days in the week across the counter or the dinner table or on the street. Listen to a bit of a sermon of his on "Temptation" for which he took as his text Satan's effort to corrupt Christ in the wilderness.

"The Devil isn't anybody's fool. Lots of men will tell you that there isn't any Devil. That he is just a figure of speech, 'a poetic personification of the sin in our natures.' People who say that—and especially the sneaking, time-serving, hypocritical ministers who say that—are liars. Liars! Liars! They are calling the Holy Bible a lie. I'll believe the Bible before I believe Old Mother Eddy and a lot of time-serving, tea-drinking, societified, smirking ministers! No, sir! You take God's Word for it: There is a Devil.

"Oh, but the Devil is a smooth guy! He was, in the lifetime of the Saviour, and he is now. He is right on his job all the time.

Just as he appeared to Christ in the wilderness he is right here in this tabernacle now, running around up this aisle and down that trying to make you sinners indifferent to Christ's sacrifice for your salvation. When the invitation is given and you start to get up, and then settle back into your seat and say: 'I guess I don't want to give way to a momentary impulse,' that's the real, genuine, blazing-eyed, cloven-hoofed, forked-tailed Old Devil hanging on to your coat-tails. He knows all your weaknesses and how to appeal to them. He knows about *you*" [pointing out over a lot of quailing heads] "over there, and how you have spent sixty dollars in the last two years for tobacco to make your home and the streets filthy—and that you haven't bought your wife a new dress in two years because 'you can't afford it!' He knows about *you*" [turning the accusing finger suddenly in another direction] "and the time and money you spend on fool hats and on card parties doing what you call 'getting on in society,'—while your husband is being driven away from home by badly cooked meals and your children are running loose on the street learning to be hoodlums. He knows about *you*" [picking out a prosperous but highly embarrassed citizen], "sir, too, and what you buy when you go back of the drug store prescription counter 'to buy medicine for the baby.' He knows about *you*" [and a group of boys at the back slid down on their benches with a modesty almost aggressive] "and that girl over at Ottumwa. He knows about *you* and the lie you told about the girl across the street because she is sweeter and truer than you are and the boys go to see her and don't come to see you—you miserable thrower of slime dug out of your own rotten envy. Oh, the Devil knows his business; you can bet your last four dollars on that!

"So the Devil went out in the wilderness after the Saviour. He wanted to get him to show some fatal weakness, pride, vanity, vaingloriousness, cupidity, treachery. Now, Christ was a man. He had all the attributes of a man. He was tired, he was hungry, he was lonely, just the way you and I would have been. And the Devil walks up to him and says——"

[Here the preacher drew himself up into as fine a personification of the sneering arrogance of Mephistopheles as ever was achieved by Sir Henry Irving.]

"He says: 'Son of God, hey?' He looks the lowly Saviour over from his weary sweat-stained brow to the ragged hem of his dusty robe and he says: 'Son of God! Are you the man that's been going up and

an astounding interpretation of the scriptures as this is the ribald appreciation of sinners for one who mocks at sacred things. Continued observation proves that no assumption could be more untrue. The

*William Sunday, Jr.  
Mrs. Sunday*

*Mr. Sunday*

*George Sunday  
Helen Sunday*

#### WILLIAM A. SUNDAY AND FAMILY

down the country passing as the Son of God?"

"And Christ, all weary and alone, says: 'Yes, that's right.'

"And the Devil laughs. 'Say,' he says, 'I'm not so easy as all that! I'm from Missouri: you've got to *show* me! Make good! Turn some of these stones into bread and get a square meal! Produce the goods!'"

At first one assumes that the stir of laughter and applause which follows such

stir and the laughter and the handclapping simply represent the delight and satisfaction of simple eager people who find the old formally stated Bible stories made as new and real and vital to them as incidents of their every-day life. I watched the ministers in the little group of seats behind the preacher. When he used such methods in the earlier meetings, they looked at each other and were horrified. They even conferred as to the advisability of allowing the

*Miss Frances E. Miller,  
Bible-class teacher  
Mr. Fred R. Seibert,  
general utility man*

*Rev. T. E. Honeywell,  
Secretary and Associate  
Evangelist*

*Mrs. Fischer  
and  
Mr. F. G. Fischer,  
who have charge of the singing*

#### THE COMPANY

revival to continue. But little by little they learned to know that the great audiences understood the spirit in which the man was talking. In one of the later meetings, Billy Sunday described the patience and the sufferings of the Saviour in a way which tightened the throats of everyone. There was a silence, broken now and then by a snuffle or a sob. Wiping the tears from his own eyes, Sunday came forward, cleared his throat and in a ringing, hearty tone, cried:

"Surely, we all love Christ! We must love him! Let's all get up on our feet and give Christ the Chautauqua salute!"

And lo, the very ministers who had been

praying secretly in their closets that they might be forgiven for having brought Billy Sunday to Fairfield, were the first to leap to their feet. Their handkerchiefs fluttered longest in the waves of white that spread from the back row to the platform and up the terraced benches of the choir.

"Why, my dear sir," the Rev. Pearse Pinch, pastor of the Fairfield Congregationalist Church, said to me at the close of the meeting, "the man has trampled all over me and my theology. He has kicked my teachings up and down that platform like a football. He has outraged every ideal I have had regarding my sacred profession. But what does that count, as against the re-

sults he has accomplished? My congregation will be increased by hundreds. I didn't do it. Sunday did it. It is for me to humble myself and thank God for his help. He is doing God's work. That I do know!"

Yet, the very next night, it seemed as though there were something like a renewal of the irritation of the ministers. The students of the Fairfield High School were there in a body on the right of the platform. The students of the Grammar School occupied three rows of seats right in front of the pulpit. The High School had relieved its conglomerate throat of a hideous school yell and had uttered in rhythmic chorus its conviction that Billy Sunday was the person who was all right. The Grammar School had piped up with childish emulation. Frederic G. Fischer, who is the director of the music of Sunday's meetings, called on the choir to sing:

"I've cast my heavy burdens down on Canaan's happy shore  
I'm living where the healing waters flow."

Then the whole audience sang the second stanza. And the High School sang the third stanza, while everybody else listened. And the Grammar School did it in trebles. And at last Fred Fischer said, after drilling each section until the chorus moved with thrill and vim:

"See here, boys and girls, we have all done our best to please these ministers. How would you like to hear the ministers sing the last verse?"

There was a howl of joyful acquiescence from the front benches and the High School. And the seven ministers, shaking their heads at Fred Fischer, and frowning at each other and hanging back, had to line up on the front of the platform and, with such courage as they could summon, sheepishly quaver out:

"I'm living on the shore,  
Living on the shore,  
I'm living where the healing waters flow  
(waters flow)."

But certainly the shout of approval and roar of delighted applause which returned them, blushing, to their seats must have reassured and rewarded the dominies sufficiently.

The musical part of the Sunday campaign is no more conventional than his preaching and praying. In the hymn books are found

many thinly disguised melodies which were intended for thoroughly secular purposes. As for instance "Walking with Jesus," the chorus of which isn't exactly Miss Vesta Victoria's "Waiting at the Church," but near enough to it to bring a sophisticated city person out of a reverie with a start when he hears it rolling out through the night from the open windows of the Tabernacle. There are plenty of evidences through the song book of Fred Fischer's recognition of the Salvation Army's effort to go to the people for their music, rather than to force distinctly religious music upon them. These are the words combined with an arrangement of the tune of "Suwannee River":

"Glory, glory be to Jesus  
For His love divine;  
Praise be unto His name forever,  
I'm His and He is mine."

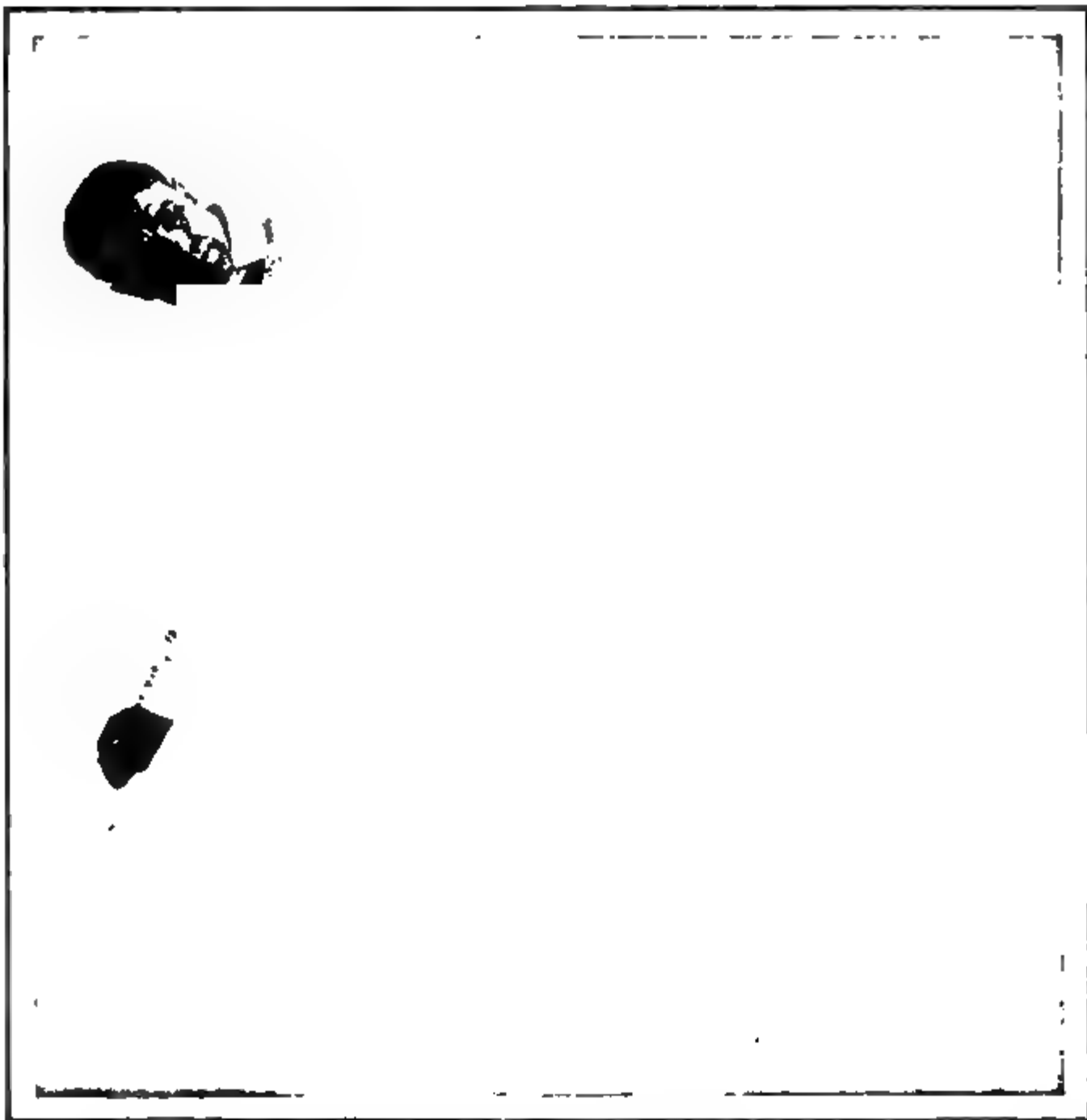
And with very slight changes "Old Kentucky Home" is made to carry these words:

"Weep no more, my brother,  
Oh, weep no more, I pray;  
We will leave some day for the New Jerusalem,  
For the New Jerusalem far away."

Nor is any instrument that makes joyful sound barred from the orchestra. At one or two services the Fairfield Brass Band occupied seats with the choir. Cornet solos were frequently interpolated in almost every service. The choir was equipped with tin megaphones which at Fischer's signal were caught up and used for the greater multiplying of praise. Toward the end of the meetings, the singers were requested to bring combs with them; they were supplied with tissue paper and produced a novel and pleasing variation of the proceedings by singing through the combs. It is not at all unusual for Fischer to announce "I think we might *whistle* this chorus," and for the choir and sometimes the congregation to comply with the utmost alacrity.

No town can have Sunday meetings unless one rigidly enforced preliminary has been complied with. The invitation for Sunday to come must be signed by the ministers of all the evangelical churches; they must agree to close their churches and devote all their energies to the revival during his stay; they must agree to work in harmony and to abstain from everything in the nature of sectarian diversions.

The Catholics do not join formally, though Sunday never hesitates to send to



*"He began by slapping every church tradition of procedure in the face. In the course of his first sermon, becoming over-warm, he ripped off his coat and then his waistcoat and then his tie and collar. And even then, his gestures, more vehement even than his words, caused the drops of sweat to fly from his brow and ears as he beat the pulpit and tossed his head until he was hoarse in execration of the Devil and the hardness of the human heart"*

them for guidance any converts who seem to him, because of their environment and temperament, best adapted to the influence of the Church of Rome. There is no agreement for the exact sharing of the converts; those who declare their faith are left free to make their own choice, though they are encouraged to make a choice.

Billy Sunday's faith includes an earnest subscription to the belief that God helps those who help themselves. Having received the joint invitation of the churches,

he exacts material guarantees that the revival shall not be hampered by the constant whine of money-begging for its support. Usually a stock company is formed, an incorporated "Evangelical Association," which issues shares in sufficient quantity to raise the necessary money. Sunday insists upon the erection of a wooden tabernacle, with fixed seats; a guarantee of the board and lodging of himself and his company, their traveling expenses, half the salary of Fred Fischer, and the necessary printing

and advertising. The company to be entertained is by no means small: Mr. and Mrs. Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Fischer, the Rev. T. E. Honeywell, secretary and associate evangelist; Miss Miller, Bible-class teacher, and Fred Seibert, a former cow-puncher, turned evangelist, who between meetings performs most of the services which usually fall to a sexton, and who also sells hymn books.

Moreover, committees of members of all the churches must be organized to act as ushers, as individual workers for converts and for the building up of a choir. Sunday issues a little pamphlet embodying all of his requirements and entering into the utmost detail regarding them.

The evangelist specifically refuses to guarantee that the collections at the services will suffice to recompense the subscribers for the money they have advanced. But never yet has he failed to raise enough money within ten days or two weeks to square accounts. He takes none of this money for himself. On the last day of the meetings he makes a personal appeal on the ground that the laborer is worthy of his hire. He explains that this personal collection is for himself and his family and his helpers and is in lieu of the salaries and wages which they would earn in secular pursuits. He makes no stipulation as to the amount that is to be given.

"Give what you want to," he says. "Give as much as you think I have done the town good. I can get along if you don't give a cent, because lots of people have been more generous than I deserve. I think that the people who work for Christ ought to be enabled to live as well as those who work for the Devil. But that's up to you."

Fairfield, after paying \$3,200 to defray the expenses of the revival, gave as its farewell thank-offering to Sunday \$3,660. Allowing for the share which he distributes among his helpers, there remains to him, obviously, so much that his reward compares well with the salaries which some big city churches pay their pastors. There are people who point sneeringly at the Rev. Billy Sunday on this account and impugn his sincerity. He is compared to Dowie and other preachers more known for their financial activities than for the good that they do. But Billy Sunday never asks for money "for the Lord" to deposit it to his

own credit at the bank. He minimizes the money raising as far as time or eloquence are concerned. From the time the guarantors of the expense are reimbursed until the last day, money is not mentioned at the meetings by himself or anyone else, and there are no collections. Billy Sunday is slow to discuss these criticisms of his comfortable income; he knows that he is likely to lose his temper. Sometimes he does. The editors of a little patent-inside newspaper at Brighton, a town near Fairfield, took it on themselves to speak of Sunday as "a grafter." Sunday held down his wrath for three days and then he prayed about them, thus:

"Oh, dear Lord Jesus, save Fairfield! Bless Mount Pleasant, Stockport and Birmingham and Batavia and—er—bless—" [the evangelist opened his eyes, turned around and in an ordinary conversational tone questioned his secretary]: "*What was that town we went to the other day, over there on the railroad, Honeywell? Oh, yes, Eldon.*" [Again closing his eyes and presuming the higher pitched tone of addressing the Almighty]—"Bless Eldon, dear Lord, and Packwood and Richland and Pleasant Plain. And O dear Lord, if you think its any use, you might tackle those Brighton editors. But, dear Lord, be careful—take along a bottle of disinfectant. I don't know as you can do much with them, Jesus, but if you think its worth while, try it, Lord, try it! And if you try it, here's a pointer, Lord, wear rubber gloves."

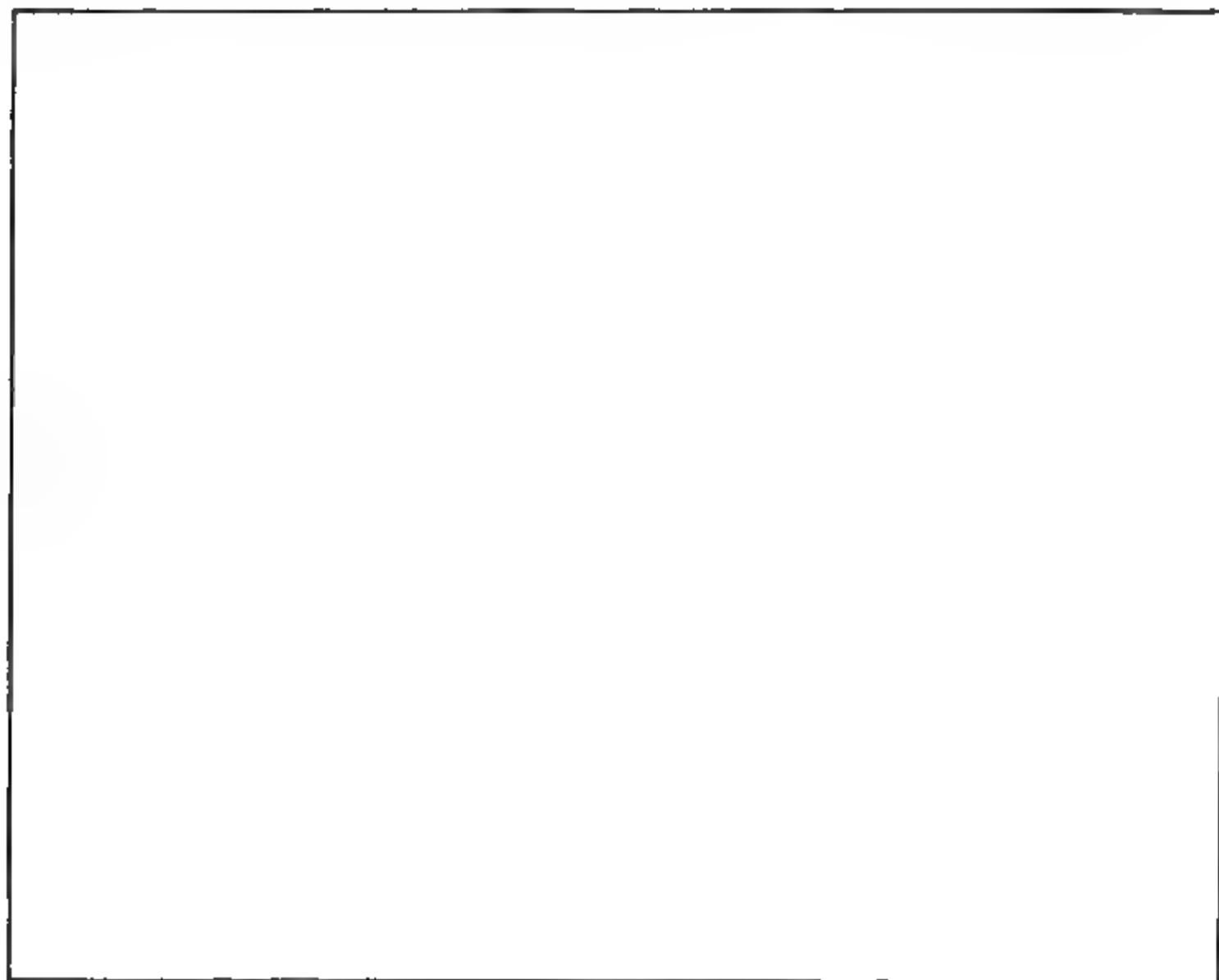
From the bowed heads there rolled up a queer smothered clucking sound, followed by a cheerful roar of amens mingled with fervent assurances: "Yes, Lord, that's right." It was the spirit and not the letter of the prayer that reached the consciences of the congregation. Mingling with the crowd after the benediction, one found none cavilling at the wording of the prayer, though there were not a few who congratulated one another that those "limbs of Satan had been set out like they deserved."

Sunday, it may be observed here, has his own very inelastic ideas of propriety. More than once he has undertaken to rebuke those whose imagination has caused them to exaggerate his pulpit methods. He refuses to be slandered.

"I understand that a young woman," he said, "is going about this town into your

homes and business houses peddling that low-down, infamous, malicious, premeditated, damnable, dirty, black-hearted lie that at a town or some town at which I was holding a meeting I noticed two young ladies in the audience who were wearing red hats, and that I shouted that if there was a cowboy in the audience I would like to have

to profess openly their belief in Jesus Christ and Him crucified through such preaching and such praying is by no means an abnormal town except that it is a little more conventional and a little less given to emotion in its enthusiasms than most towns of the great middle west. Fairfield, by the last census, has a population of about 5,000. The out-



INSIDE THE TABERNACLE AT FAIRFIELD, IA

him lasso those two red heifers. If I ever said such a thing I deserved to be tarred and feathered. I will willingly give \$1,000 to any man or woman who can prove that I ever did say such a thing as that. It is a damnable lie—a lie, a lie! If that's not plain, come to me. I don't very often pay any attention to stories about me, but when any one tries to blacken my character I'll fight with every drop of blood in my body and won't allow any hatchet-faced, frizzle-haired hussy to ruin my reputation. I don't want to carry malice, but I will stand up for my good name. If you see her tomorrow give her my love."

Now, the town in which more than eleven hundred men, women and children were led

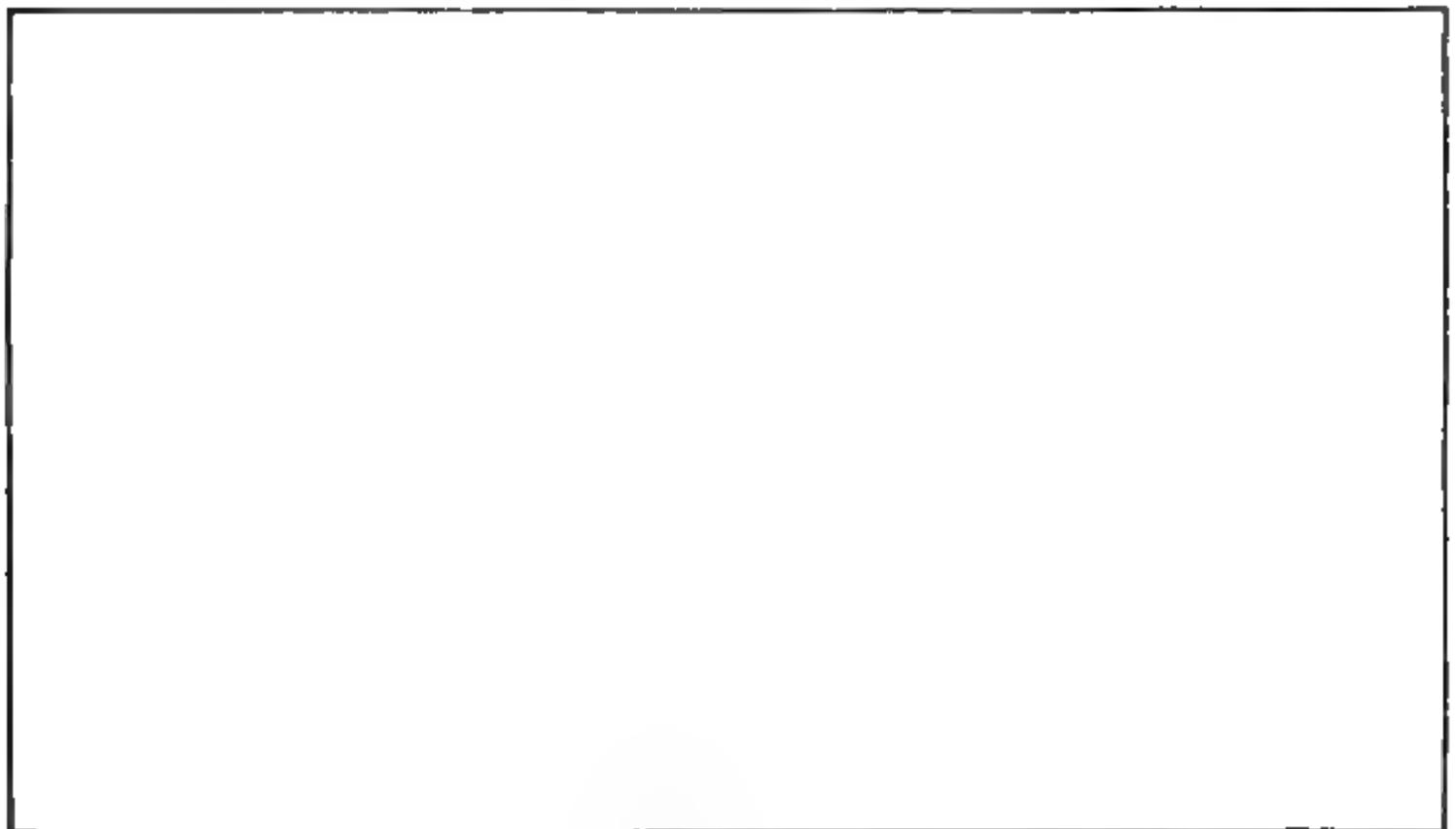
side towns which contributed to the attendance at the Sunday meetings have a population of perhaps 4,000 more. Fairfield is a rich town. Almost every house seems to have been painted day before yesterday. It was founded for the most part by New Englanders who came directly from beyond the Hudson without sojourning in the Western Reserve. While it has the broad open square, with the gawky Brush system electric light tower, and the ornate band stand and rows of two and three-story brick stores on each side that mark almost every western town, it has also a smugness and a neatness and a lack of careless and gaudy self-assertion which irresistibly make the New Englander feel at

home. "Shawnt" and "cawnt" prevail in the conversations between storekeepers and the drivers of the fat, broad-backed horses drawn up at the curb. It is a prohibition town; moreover, the intoxicating drinks are not purchasable, except at the drug stores, in minute quantities and by the extraordinarily discreet and circumspect. Fairfield is not purse-proud but cheerfully and sanely prosperous. It buys the best that St. Louis and Chicago and Des Moines and Omaha have to offer, the traveling salesmen say, and does not whine over fair prices. Besides its public school system it has ~~Jackson~~ College. There are practically no illiterate people and no paupers in its boundaries. It prospers as a market place for the horses, cattle, hogs and grain of the black-dirt country round about. It has a sense of righteousness rather exceeding that of most New England villages.

The Rev. William Sunday approached Fairfield with misgivings. He said it was likely to be a tough proposition. It was a town of church members, all of them set in their various sectarian ways. It promised no opportunity for a stampede for salvation. Moreover, with so great a majority already on the Lord's side, the resisting powers or the lethargy of the minority who had not come into camp seemed formidable. Hence that initial warning: he wanted con-

verts—not warmed-over Christians, not mere decoys.

On the day when Billy Sunday arrived in Fairfield, he started around the stores of the public square and the side streets. At first glimpse it would be easy to mistake the Rev. Billy Sunday for an unusually well-dressed commercial traveler. His clothes are made by a tailor who has loved the task of molding the cloth over the tensely moving swelling muscles; the smile is not the half-apologetic, half-presuming professional smile of the cleric intruding among sinners; the white waistcoat gleams with willingness to do all seemly things as a clean and prosperous world would have them done. Whether Sunday is calling on a shoemaker, a druggist, a hardware man, a butcher, a grocer or a newsdealer, he is unaffectedly familiar with the quality of goods, with the characteristic traits of the jobbers and wholesale dealers, with current prices and the change in trade conditions. "He knows more'n I do about cloth and the Chicago trade," said Weisecarver, the tailor, brother of the livery-stable man. "He certainly is judge of a horse," said Brother Ike. Frank Wells, the shoe man, added to the chorus: "He cert gave me some new ideas about shoe stock." When these introductory calls were finished everybody in the chairs in the Leggett House lobby, everybody up and



OUTSIDE THE TABERNACLE AT KNOXVILLE, IA.

*Showing the crowds that cannot get in*





#### A UNIQUE FORM OF ADVERTISING

*"Nor did the evangelist shrink from promoting public interest in the game; he rode to the grounds, accompanied by his wife and most of his evangelical staff, in a big farm wagon drawn by the only yoke of oxen in Jefferson County"*

down the sidewalks, knew that Bill Sunday was a human being and not a theological phonograph.

There were skeptics about town who had heard tell that this man Sunday was a base-ball player, but had their doubts. The Rev. William Sunday, anticipating these invidious queries, promoted a base-ball game between the business men of the South and East sides of the Square against the North and West sides. The doubters being for the most part from the West-North sides, the Rev. W. Sunday played center-field for the East-Souths. The East-Souths won, 13 to 9. The proceeds of the game went to the Ladies' Improvement Association for the purpose of putting up a new band stand and giving the lamp posts around town a fresh coat of paint. Nor did the evangelist shrink from promoting public interest in the game; he rode to the grounds, accompanied by his wife and most of his evangelical staff, in a big farm wagon drawn by the only yoke of oxen in Jefferson County and piloted by "Old Coop," the first white man born in the county.

When he appeared on the platform at his first meeting, the congregation hardly filled the hall. He has the lope of the professional athlete in his walk, though he left professional base-ball sixteen years ago. He has the tense springiness of a cat. His

voice is penetrating and full, just short of harshness. He began by slapping every church tradition of procedure in the face. In the course of his first sermon, becoming over-warm, he ripped off his coat and then his waistcoat and then his tie and collar. And even then, his gestures, more vehement even than his words, caused the drops of sweat to fly from his brow and ears as he beat the pulpit and tossed his head until he was hoarse in execration of the Devil and the hardness of the human heart, on which is founded the Devil's citadel.

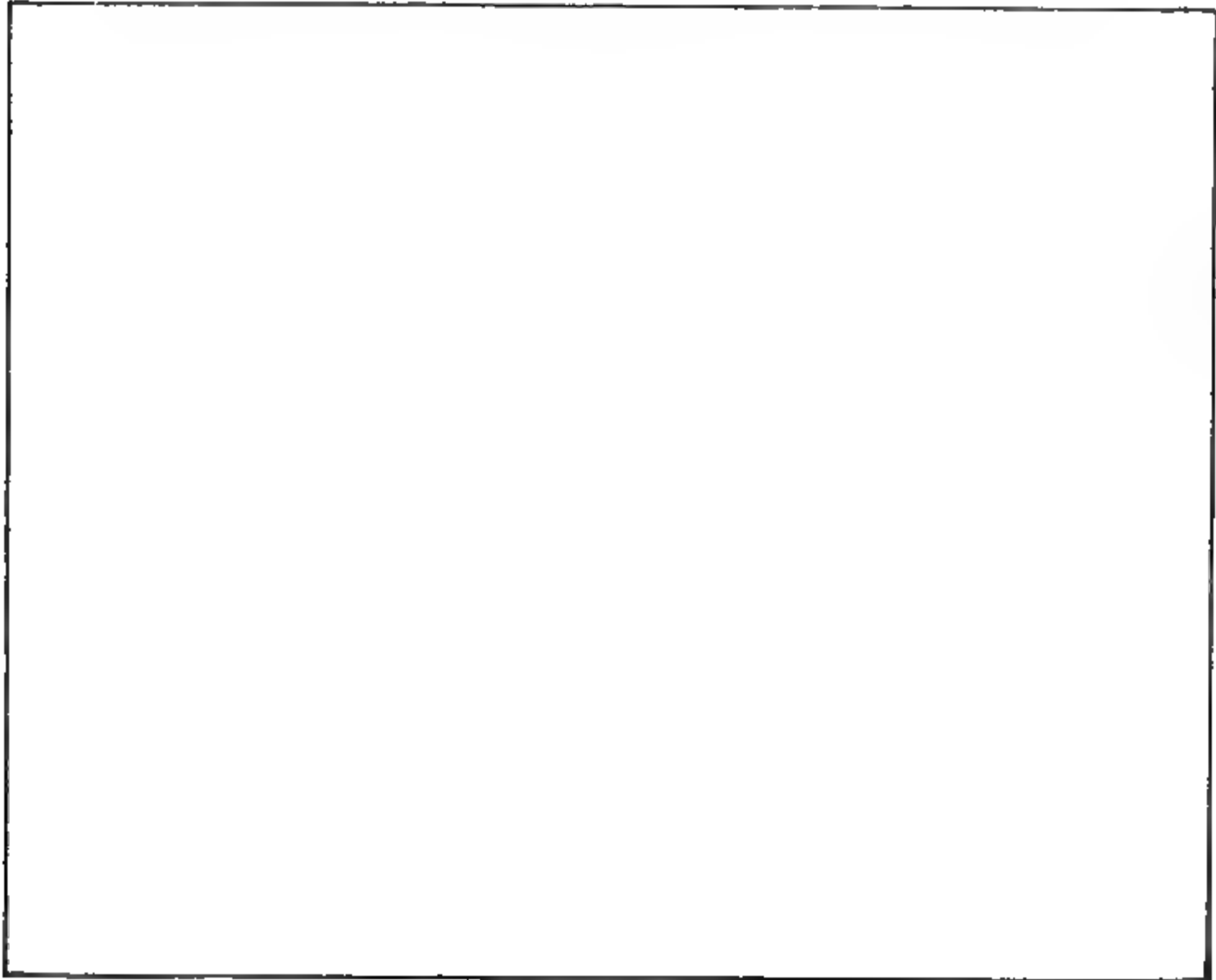
It was gathered from the prayer with which he closed the first service that Billy Sunday was pleased with the town even as the town was secularly pleased with him.

"O Lord," he said, "we've been all around and we've seen everybody in Fairfield and they've treated us fine. Everywhere the business men have given us the glad hand. Not everywhere, Lord, no; there was just one who made us feel as though we had come in to crack his safe. But even he will know us better after awhile."

At first he made no call for converted sinners to come to the front and declare themselves on the Lord's side. He preached and prayed, and like a famous New Yorker exhorting in a very different field of endeavor, "devoted himself to insurrecting the public

mind." Within a few days there were no empty seats at the night meetings and at the afternoon meetings very few. In two weeks one who wanted to make sure of a seat at a night meeting went to the tabernacle an hour before the opening of the service. The supper hour in Fairfield was moved back by quarter hours. On the few warm nights

in his praying or preaching and looks at the offender with a truly ferocious glare. If the squaller is very small, the glare softens, but until the noise stops or the mother departs with it he does not begin again. But terrible is the fate of the four- or five-year-old youngster in whom the Devil has stirred up peevishness and a desire for loud conversa-



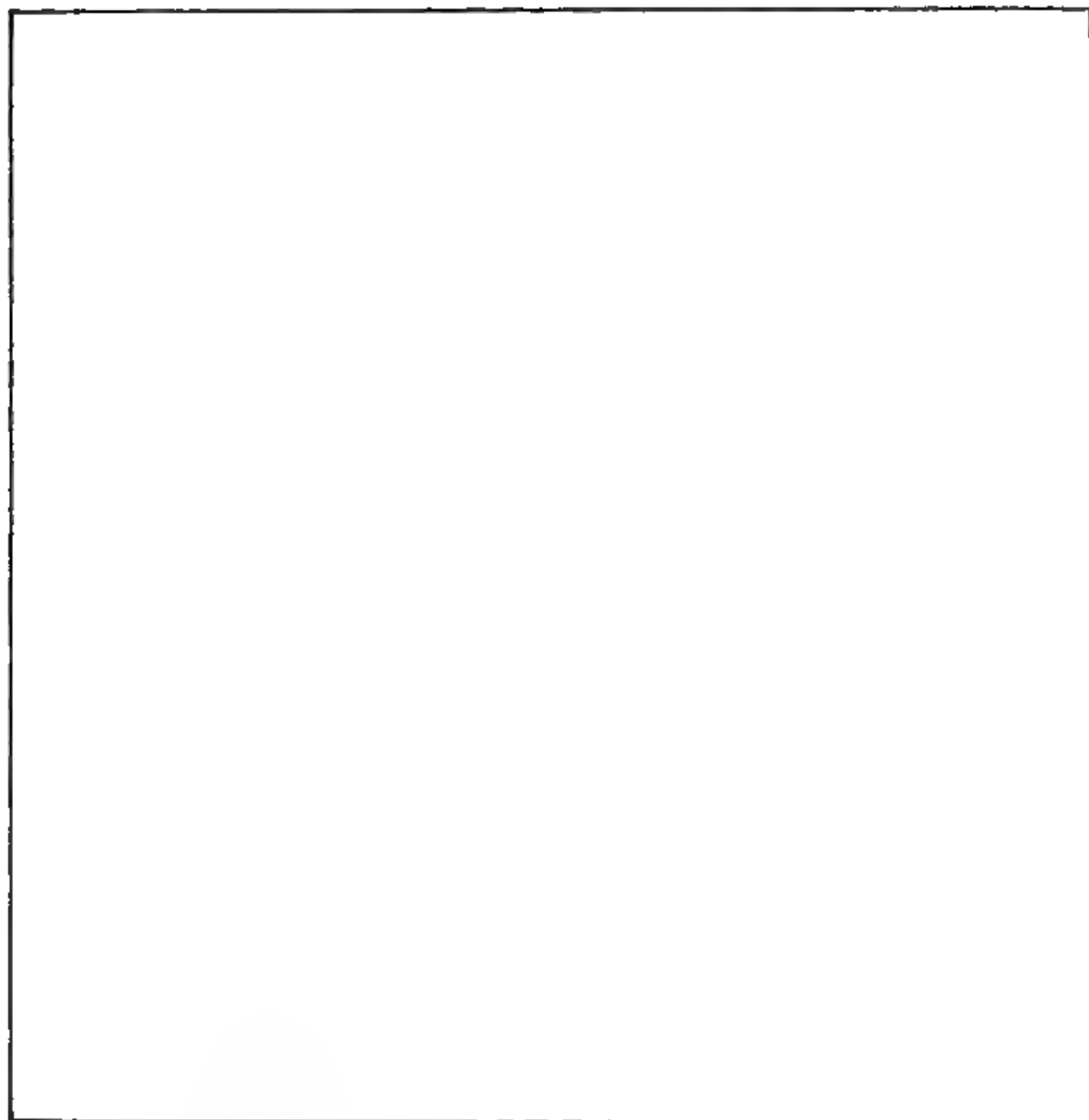
"MEN ONLY"

great fan-shaped crowds stood and sat on the ground outside of each of the many entrances. Even on rainy days men who came late stood outside the doors under umbrellas. Quite often there were numbered among these the abashed parent of a squalling baby who had been banished from the congregation. Sunday does not tolerate infantile interruption. But when everybody goes to meeting there isn't anybody left home to tend the baby; nor when their mothers go can the babies be left at home to starve. In the little handbook of directions for his meetings, Sunday especially stipulates that mothers with babies shall be placed in the aisles by the ushers. At the first squawk from along the aisles, he stops short

tion about childish things. It happened at the first meeting I attended and scared me almost as much as it did the boy. The preacher broke short off in his exhortation. He glared at the culprit, who was for a few awful seconds as quiet as a mouse under the eye of a cat. The preacher's eye shifted and the wail began again. "Now here!" he almost snarled, "If I get down there, I'll be just mad enough to slap somebody. And if I do you can bet four dollars that some of these young bucks will feel more like standing up than sitting down for a couple of days."

He was not again interrupted that day.

Sunday preaches the old, old doctrine of damnation. In spite of his conviction that



*From a photograph loaned by Mr. Adrian C. Anson*

*Sunday, r.f. Dalrymple, l.f. Williamson, s.s. Ryan, outf. Flynn p. Burns, 3d b.  
 Kelly, c. Gore, c.f. Moolik, c. Pfeffer, 2d b. Flint, c.  
 Clarkson, p. Anson, capt and 1st b. M'Cormick, p.*

#### THE FAMOUS CHICAGO "WHITE STOCKINGS"

*The Rev. William Sunday played on this team for five years; it was during this period that he was converted*

the truly religious man should take his religion joyfully, he gets his results by inspiring fear and gloom in the hearts of sinners. The fear of coming death, with torment beyond it—intensified by examples of the frightful deathbeds of those who have carelessly or obdurately put off salvation until it is too late—it is with this mighty menace that he drives sinners into the fold. He speaks of the love of Christ with compelling tenderness, but he uses it as a terrific reproach against the hard-hearted.

As the revival is near its end and the fight for souls becomes hotter, the roughness and the slanginess of the preacher are less marked. Those tactics are very well for the stirring up of the community, for a forcing of the realization that salvation is as much for every-day people as for those religious by instinct. But when the harvest of God is drawing to a close there are a few cheerful passages in the exhortations, though now and then Sunday's irrepressible humor crops grimly out. He was preaching on

Pentecost on one of the last few nights and reached the verses in Acts II:

"Others, mocking, said, These men are full of new wine.

"But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice and said unto them, Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell in Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words:

"For these are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day.

"The Devil," said the preacher, "has been gaining on the wicked old world since Peter said those words. Peter couldn't have used that argument now. 'They're drunk!' said the loafers, looking on. 'Drunk nothing!' said Peter. 'You bet they're not drunk! Why, look at the time! Its only about nine o'clock. Nobody gets drunk in the morning, nowadays. It'll be two thousand years before men get so rotten that they take to drinking before breakfast, and to swilling rum all the morning and staying drunk twenty-four hours a day. No, you're off, away off! They're not drunk, they're filled with the spirit of God.' If Peter could come back and the same thing were to happen, how do you like the thought that he would have to find a new argument?"

The vehemence of William Sunday, like the commonplaceness of his vocabulary, would defeat its own purpose were it not that the man's sincerity shines out from his face unimpeachably. He was telling at another time of the evils of drink. He pictured a simple working-man, whom he had known in Chicago, who was going home with his week's wages in his pocket and stopped in a saloon to have a little talk with the boys.

"That's where the Devil got him. The Devil was walking right at his elbow, making him feel comfortable and satisfied with himself and rather thinking how lucky his family was to have such a husband and father on a Saturday night. 'Anybody as sober and industrious as you are,' says the Devil to him, friendly and hearty, 'has earned the right to a little fun,' and in he goes. Now God tests people, but he never tempts them. The Devil is the Tempter. God may call me into a booze mill to save a soul and I'll go. But God never asked me to go into a booze mill to see if there was anything doing. And when that hunch comes along, all you have got to do is to say: 'Don't have to, Mr. Devil.' There's some

poor weak preachers who would do mighty well to remember that too; if you don't believe it read about some of the brethren who have been getting into trouble in the East because they wanted 'to study so-ci-ol-ogee.'

"But about midnight my friend George had spent all his money and went reeling back to his home." [Sunday accompanies all his stories with realistic acting out of the gait and gestures of the man he is describing]. "His wife, tired out with waiting, had gone to bed; but she had placed a chair against the door so that it would make a noise when he came in and wake her so that she might get up quickly and warm his supper for him and make him some hot coffee. All inflamed with what he had drunk, wild with the surrender of himself to all that was wicked and cruel and bestial, the noise of the chair maddened him. And as the poor woman slipped out of bed and came running to him, he cursed her and struck her full in the face with his fist so that she fell before him. And as she lay there, all white in her nightgown, he kicked her, laughing fiendishly when he heard her ribs crack as his heavy boots struck them. And their little curly-haired baby girl stood up in her crib and cried at him: 'Papa! Papa! Don't hurt Mamma!' And the beast, with murder in his red eyes, seized the innocent by the legs." [Here the preacher caught up a chair on the platform and swung it over his head.] "And he dashed that little yellow head against the stove." [The chair crashed against the floor; the legs were splintered. Sunday cast the wreck from him, gasping.] "And he threw his own child, dead, to the floor, and she lay there with the blood and brains oozing through her golden curls, while he fell across the bed in a drunken stupor. And there the police found him. . . . When he stood on the scaffold and they had fitted the hangman's noose about his neck and tied the black cap over his face, the minister who stood by him heard him murmur between his clenched teeth: 'I'm coming to you, Devil, to thank you for your *jun*.'" "

No man can talk to twenty-five hundred or three thousand sensible human beings, night after night for a month, in such language as this, and hold the attention of his audience unless that audience believes in his honesty—believes that he is "right." The homeliness and the directness of his ser-

mons earlier in the revivals have much to do with the faith of his hearers. His frankness about his own conversion, too, makes it easier to understand him.

Sunday was born in Storey, Ames County, Iowa, in 1863.

His father, a Union soldier, was killed in battle before he was born. He was brought up in the Davenport Soldiers' Orphans' Home, and was apprenticed out to Col. John Scott, a state senator and former Lieutenant-Governor. He learned the furniture business at Marshalltown, Iowa, and was there when the famous Captain Anson of the Chicago White Stockings saw in him the making of a great base-ball player. Anson took him to Chicago in 1883. Sunday was the right-fielder of the White Stockings for five years. It was in the last year that he

became converted at the Pacific Avenue Mission. The Chicago newspapers, of course, made a great to-do about his joining the church.

"The shakiest time I had," Sunday told in one of the meetings, "was on my way down to the grounds, the day those papers came out. I didn't know what the boys would say. Anson was the first one I saw. 'Good for you, Billy!' he said, and shook hands

with me. And the next was Mike Kelly. 'I saw the paper, Bill,' was all he said; 'Stick to it; I'll do all I can to help you.' And Fred Pfeffer and John Clarkson were just the same way. And the one I was most

afraid of, George Gore, he grabbed me with both hands and said: 'Billy, its the best thing you ever did in your life.' Knowing those men as I knew them and finding that they respected me the more for being a Christian—I can't tell you how it braced me up and helped me.

"But the way wasn't all clear yet. Before I was converted Anson had backed me for a hundred-yard race with Arlie Latham of the St. Louis Browns for \$500 a side and the gate money, to be run at St. Louis one Sunday at the end of the season. This bothered me a lot. I prayed over it, night after night, but I

couldn't see my way clear. Finally I went to Pop Anson and told him, he would have to let me out. 'Why, Billy! he said, 'you're not going to be yellow and a quitter are you?' I explained to him but he wouldn't listen. 'No, Billy,' he said, 'I've backed you for thousands of dollars in this race, and so have a lot of my friends; there's about \$75,000 up on it. I'm not much on religion, but I don't believe that

*"Quite consistent with his usual genius, he found a former Barnum & Bailey giant open for a religious engagement and appointed him Chief Usher of the Tabernacle"*

God wants you to start out with Him by throwing down your friends on a contract that you took before you went with Him. Now I tell you what you do. You go down to St. Louis and run that race and then you fix it up with God afterward.' And, well, friends,—I did. I ran the race and won it and then I came right back to Chicago and went before the session of the church and owned up, and when they heard all about it they let me off. I was an elder of that church for a good many years afterward."

Sunday played with the Pittsburg and Philadelphia National League teams for three years after leaving Chicago. There were no Sabbath base-ball games then and he usually occupied a pulpit Sunday night in any town where he was. Between seasons he fired a locomotive on one of the northwestern railroads and thus kept in condition. He also took courses at Northwestern University. In 1891, in answer, as he believes, to a prayer as to his future duty, he received his release from the Philadelphia team. Cincinnati at once offered him \$500 a month, but he refused to disobey what he believed was a heavenly direction and became director of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. at \$83 a month. He stuck to the position in spite of the fact that during the hard times of 1893 his salary was unpaid for seven months running and he was so poor that he had to walk down-town in the morning and home again at night because he did not have car fare.

"I didn't hear of anybody," he remarked to me somewhat grimly, "calling me a grafter in those days."

Four years ago he was received into the ministry by the Presbytery of Chicago, after he had served for some time with the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, one of the leaders in the crusade of evangelization which has so stirred the whole Mississippi valley.

Certainly one cannot sit through the last of a series of his meetings and not feel that the man has found his greatest usefulness in his work as he is carrying it on. To have been through his last Sunday in Fairfield was an unforgettable experience. Already he had brought nearly nine hundred sinners to an acknowledgement of their faith in Christ—more than any of the ministers had ever believed could be reached. But he was filled with a fierce, almost savage zeal to bring in all who were without the fold. He preached at three services, as is his usual

Sunday custom. One at half past ten in the morning open to all; the second, in the early afternoon, for men only (meanwhile a meeting addressed by Mrs. Sunday or one of the other helpers for women only was held in one of the churches); and a third meeting at night for everybody. In one sense the men's meeting was the most impressive. Most of the Fairfield company of the state militia sat on the platform in full uniform. Many of them were Sunday converts. A great block of seats was filled with the workmen of the Iowa Malleable Iron Works. Members of the Odd Fellows, the Red Men and Woodmen sat in sections reserved for them. The whole big barn-like room was filled from wall to wall with men; hundreds stood in the aisles. The subject of his sermon was "Booze." When Sunday finished his final prayer (whispering directions between sentences to Hallowell directing the clearing of the front benches for the reception of the converts), and cried, "Now who will be the first to stand up for God and lead the way to salvation for the others who are to come," a storm of applause and cheers greeted the appearance of one of the leading bankers of the town, striding down the aisle with his head erect and eyes shining, followed by farmers, storekeepers, lawyers, physicians, farmer boys and laborers. Sunday leaned forward over the edge of the platform swaying his arms rhythmically as though to sweep the whole congregation to the front. The ministers and the "personal workers" went out between the rows of seats and labored with those who seemed in doubt. There were eighty converts at the end. And the agents of the two express companies had to report the next day that three barrels of beer consigned to Fairfield people were repudiated on delivery. And in the column of "remarks" they wrote this explanation: "Cause.—Influence of sermons of Rev. W. Sunday."

There were crowds waiting at the door, when the men's meeting closed at a little after four o'clock ready to come in and take seats for the night meeting, which was not to begin until half past six. By six o'clock there were long streams of disappointed people tramping back down-town through the rain because they had not been able to get near enough to the doors even to hear Sunday's voice. There is no space here to tell of the tense fervor of that congregation. The very air tingled with it. Sunday,

hoarse from preaching in surrounding towns in the open air during the last week, could at times muster scarcely more than a husky whisper. But every syllable was audible. He told of the influence parents who were in doubt might exert on their children who were hanging back waiting for them; of children who might save their parents by going ahead and drawing them out of the rut of unbelief; of the double blessing that came to the wife or the husband, the sweetheart or the lover who brought another with him out of the darkness because he had the courage to step out bravely for Christ. He talked of the imminence of death. God was not likely to make soon again such an effort to save from damnation anyone in Fairfield as had been made through the closing revival. His text was: ". . . and he said, To-morrow."

"To-night," he said in closing, "when the last song is sung, the last prayer said, and we have all passed out into the night and Fred has switched off the lights and the place is dark—your chance, sinner, will be gone. If your heart is not soft before then, it is hardly likely that it will ever be so nearly won again. You say in your heart, 'To-morrow.' But to-morrow at daylight the doctor's buggy may be standing at your gate, the family may be standing around with handkerchiefs at their eyes. The doctor will turn to them and say: 'He is gone.' The undertaker will come and do his work. The friends will gather and listen to such kind words as may decently be spoken of you, and then, as Mr. Moody once said of man who died in spite of his prayers, they will take you, a Christless corpse in a Christless coffin and lay you in a Christless grave. My God, my friends, if the Lord would only draw back the veil which is between you and your coffin, you would leap back in horror to find it so near that you can reach out and touch it. But you say 'To-morrow!'"

Then again, the direct appeal to God that sinners might at last gather courage of faith and enter the Kingdom and the moving, almost hypnotic sweep of the arms out over the benches. They came from all directions; girls and old women; gray-bearded veterans and school boys in their first long trousers; rich men and poor. As they came, joyfully hurried along by Honeywell and the Rev. Mr. Cole, who ran up the aisles with arms outstretched to welcome them,

Sunday reached down his hand and gave them his blessing, while the choir sang, sometimes merely humming, sometimes shouting in triumph, "Where is my wandering boy to-night," "Where he leads me, I will follow," "Who will be the next to follow Jesus?" and a score of other hymns; each one died down only to glide into another, the choir and the two pianists, one at each end of the platform, following the leadership of Fred Fischer, who stood just back of Sunday ready to catch each whispered suggestion.

The reporters' pencils ceased taking notes. We were all standing on the tables swaying one way and another as a stir here or there indicated the rising of another one of the saved. Everyone in the room was on his feet. Eyes glistened in row after row of pale faces. Out of the whole turmoil of emotion there is one little picture that stands out clear. Fred Seibert had broken through the crowd at the back dragging by the collar a weak-faced, loose-lipped boy, who was shambling along, shamefacedly but not unwillingly. Sunday clapped him on the back and Honeywell, mingling welcoming smiles and blessings, placed him three rows back from the front. There was a muffled scream off in the far corner on the left. A shabbily dressed girl came crowding out into the aisle and ran forward to the platform with the tears streaming down her face. Her hat had been knocked to one side of her head in the effort to get through the crowd, and her red hair hung loosely over her shoulder. She scarcely touched Sunday's hand and Honeywell had no chance to escort her. She ran to the third bench and threw herself on the boy's shoulder, clasped her arms about his neck, hiding her face against his. She was still there, motionless, when a shout from another corner proclaimed another victory.

I have seen many a university foot-ball victory celebration; I have seen several riots of joy after a Yale-Harvard boat race; I was in the headquarters of District Attorney Jerome of New York when the word came, on election night, that he had beaten independently the candidates of all the regular parties. But I have never seen any crowd more beside itself than was the congregation of the tabernacle when that meeting was over. The noise was inchoate until Fred Fischer took charge and organized it. There were a hundred dangerous rushes by people

at the back to reach the platform and Bill Sunday. Fischer got them singing. When they were tired of singing a tune, he asked them to whistle it and then to hum it. Now and then somebody got up and interrupted by calling for three cheers for Billy Sunday! And when it was announced that altogether Sunday had won 1118 Fairfield souls from the Devil for Christ it seemed as though the roof was tugging at the rafters.

Yet it was merely a repetition of the scenes which have occurred in a score of towns in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Colorado, where Sunday has worked in the last few years; it was a scene such as scores of towns in these states will yet know; for Bill Sunday's engagements are complete for three years ahead and he is constantly receiving visits from organizations, ecclesiastic and secular, begging him to put their community on his "future list."

Moreover Sunday is really only a small part of the spiritual ferment of the middle West. From Pittsburg to Denver and from Duluth to New Orleans the impulse to read the Bible, to pray and to enlist one's neighbors in the Christian army, is spreading and becoming more intense. What it will all come to, under such generals as Billy Sunday, it is no part of our business to guess. But it is worth watching.

It is impossible to resist the temptation before closing this account of Evangelist Sunday's work in Fairfield to reproduce from the *Fairfield Journal* the report of his closing prayer at the last meeting. Mr. Dean Taylor, the editor of the *Journal*, who made the report, sat opposite me. After the "Amen" he threw down his pencil, breathed a long sigh, opened and shut his cramped fingers rapidly, and said: "Well, I think I got at least half of it." This is what he "got":

"We pray thee that thy blessing will be upon the homes of these people in the days to come, in the store, office, factory and shop, in school and upon the street, in the fields and on the road.

"Lord, Lord, we pray that thy richest blessing may graciously rest upon the churches in this community and the surrounding towns, Libertyville, Ottumwa, Birmingham, Richland, Eldon, Batavia, Mt. Pleasant, and, O God, especially bless Brighton. These towns and this section of the state have been stirred as never before.

"O God, soon Fred will pull down the lever and the lights will go out for the last time; he will fasten the ropes that control the ventilators and the door will be locked. To-morrow on the street and in the stores the people will say, 'Well, the meetings are over; didn't we have a great time?'

"O Lord, Jesus, bless Fairfield. Bless Mayor James, Lord, bless the city marshals, both the day and night marshal, and the rest of the officials. Bless the county officers, and the doctors and the lawyers, bless them, and the grocers and dry goods merchants, the bankers, the livery men, the barbers, O Lord, bless them. The blacksmiths and newspaper men, the Leggett House and the other hotels, Prof. Power, the teachers and all the scholars. Bless the restaurant keepers and the newsdealers. Bless our friend Denison, who has come all the way from New York for *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*. Bless the choir, and the ladies at the pianos—how well they have worked.

"And Lord, bless the newspapers, the *Daily Journal* and the *Courier*. Bless the periodicals all over the land which are so freely giving space for thy cause and the advancement of thy kingdom.

"Bless the newspapers, especially the *Courier*, Lord. Give thy blessing to the reporter that has come over from Ottumwa to get these meetings and has reported them so proficiently. Be near the proprietors and employes of the *Courier*, Lee and the rest of them—we learned to know some of them, Lord, twelve years ago.

"If we have said or done anything that was not to the honor and glory of thy name, we pray thy earnest forgiveness. We know we have made mistakes, but they have been of the head, not of the heart.

"All these things we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, thy son, whom never having seen, we yet love. Amen."

From Fairfield, Sunday went to Knoxville, Iowa, after only four days' rest. Quite consistent with his unusual genius, on his journey he found a former Barnum and Bailey giant open for a religious engagement and appointed him Chief Usher of the Tabernacle, thus making the duties of the faithful Fred Seibert less strenuous. The most eloquent testimony to the growth of the religious fervor in the West is the photograph showing that after three thousand people were seated in the Knoxville Taber-



nacle for the first Sunday meeting, hundreds more hung about the doors catching such phrases as they could.

Circus freaks and concert hall music, shirt-sleeve oratory and melodramatic impersonation, the translation of the testament into drummers' slang and stump-speech harangues—these are not the means by which most of us have imagined that the sinners of the world were most effectively to be enlisted in the Christian army. Perhaps, though, it is worth remembering that a very

long time ago there were those who deprecated the plain language of Paul. The Saviour himself rebuked those who rejected the commandment of God that they might keep their own tradition.

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty;

"And the base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen. . . ."

# ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT

BY DAVID GRAYSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

AN EVENING AT HOME

How calm and quiet a delight  
Is it, alone,  
To read and meditate and write,  
By none offended, and offending none!  
To walk, ride, sit or sleep at one's own ease;  
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease."

*Charles Cotton, a friend of Isaac Walton, 1650.*



**D**URING the last few months so many of the real adventures of life have been out of doors and so much of the beauty, too, that I have scarcely written a word about my books. In the summer the days are so long and the work so engrossing that a farmer is quite willing

to sit quietly on his porch after supper and watch the long evenings fall—and rest his tired back, and go to bed early. But the winter is the true time for indoor enjoyment!

Days like these! A cold night after a cold day! Well wrapped, you have made arctic explorations to the stable, the chicken-yard and the pig-pen; you have dug your way

energetically to the front gate, stopping every few minutes to beat your arms around your shoulders and watch the white plume of your breath in the still air—and you have rushed in gladly to the warmth of the dining-room and the lamp-lit supper. After such a day how sharp your appetite, how good the taste of food! Harriet's brown bread (moist, with thick, sweet, dark crusts) was never quite so delicious, and when the meal is finished you push back your chair feeling like a sort of lord.

"That was a good supper, Harriet," you say expansively.

"Was it?" she asks modestly, but with evident pleasure.

"Cookery," you remark, "is the greatest art in the world——"

"Oh, you were hungry!"

"Next to poetry," you conclude, "and much better appreciated. Think how easy it is to find a poet who will turn you a presentable sonnet, and how very difficult it is to find a cook who will turn you an edible beefsteak——"

I said a good deal more on this subject which I shall not attempt to repeat. Harriet did not listen through it all. She knows what I am capable of when I really get started; and she has her well-defined limits. A practical person, Harriet! When I have gone about so far, she begins clearing the table or takes up her mending—but I don't mind it at all. Having begun talking, it is wonderful how pleasant one's own voice becomes. And think of having a clear field—and no interruptions!

My own particular room, where I am permitted to revel in the desert of my own disorder, opens comfortably off the sitting-room. A lamp with a green shade stands invitingly on the table shedding a circle of light on the books and papers underneath, but leaving all the remainder of the room in dim pleasantness. At one side stands a comfortable big chair with everything in arm's reach, including my note books and ink bottle. Where I sit I can look out through the open doorway and see Harriet near the fireplace rocking and sewing. Sometimes she hums a little tune which I never confess to hearing, lest I miss some of the unconscious cadences. Let the wind blow outside and the snow drift in piles

around the doorway and the blinds rattle—I have before me a whole long pleasant evening.

What a convenient and delightful world is this world of books!—if you bring to it not the obligations of the student, or look upon it as an opiate for idleness, but enter it rather with the enthusiasm of the adven-



turer! It has vast advantages over the ordinary world of daylight, of barter and trade, of work and worry. In this world every man is his own King—the sort of King one loves to imagine, not concerned in such petty matters as wars and parliaments and taxes, but a mellow and moderate despot who is a true patron of genius—a mild old chap who has in his court the greatest men and women in the world—and all of them vying to please the most vagrant of his moods! Invite any one of them to talk, and if your highness is not pleased with him you have only to put him back in his corner—and bring some jester to sharpen the laughter of your highness, or some poet to set your faintest emotion to music!

I have marked a certain servility in books. They entreat you for a hearing: they cry out from their cases—like men, in an eternal struggle for survival, for immortality.

"Take me," pleads this one, "I am responsive to every mood. You will find in me love and hate, virtue and vice. I don't preach: I give you life as it is. You will find here adventures cunningly linked with romance and seasoned to suit the most fastidious taste. Try me."

"Hear such talk!" cries his neighbor. "He's fiction. What he says never happened at all. He tries hard to make you believe it, but it isn't true, not a word of it."

Now, I'm fact. Everything you find in me can be depended upon."

"Yes," responds the other, "but who cares! Nobody wants to read you, you're dull."

"You're false!"

As their voices grow shriller with argument your highness listens with the indulgent smile of royalty when its courtiers contend for its favor, knowing that their very life depends upon a wrinkle in your august brow.

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As for me I confess to being a rather crusty despot. When Horace was over here the other evening talking learnedly about silos and ensilage I admit that I became the very pattern of humility, but when I take my place in the throne of my arm chair with the light from the green-shaded lamp falling on the open pages of my book, I assure you I am decidedly an autocratic person. My retainers must distinctly keep their places! I have my court favorites upon whom I lavish the richest gifts of my attention. I reserve for them a special place in the worn case nearest my person, where at the mere outreaching of an idle hand I can summon them to beguile my moods. The necessary slavies of literature I have arranged in in-

distinct rows at the farther end of the room where they can be had if I require their special accomplishments.

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How little, after all, learning counts in this world either in books or in men. I have often been awed by the wealth of information I have discovered in a man or a book: I have been awed and depressed. How wonderful, I have thought, that one

brain should hold so much, should be so infallible in a world of fallibility. But I have observed how soon and completely such a fount of information dissipates itself. Having only things to give, it comes finally to the end of its things: it is empty. What it has hived up so painfully through many a studious year comes now to be common property. We pass that way, take our share, and do not even say "Thank you." Learning is like money; it is of prodigious satisfaction to the possessor thereof, but once given forth it diffuses itself swiftly and returns not to its former receptacle.

"What have you?" we are ever asking of those we meet. "Information, learning, money?"

We take it cruelly and pass onward, for such is the law of material possessions.

"What have you?" we ask. "Charm, personality, character, the great gift of unexpectedness?"

How we draw you to us! We take you in. Poor or ignorant though you may be, we link arms and loiter; we love you not for what you have or what you give us, but for what you are.

I have several good friends (excellent people) who sometimes become utterly unendurable. I hardly know why unless it is that they always act as I expect them to act. There is no flight! More than once I have sat listening to the really edifying conversation of a certain sturdy old gentleman whom I know, and I am ashamed to say that I have thought:

"Lord! if he would jump up now and turn an intellectual handspring, or slap me on the back (figuratively, of course: the other would be unthinkable), or—yes, swear!—I think I could love him."

But he never does—and he never will!

When I speak then of my books or my friends you will know what I mean. The chief charm of literature, old or new, lies in its high quality of surprise, unexpectedness, spontaneity: high spirits applied to life. You can fairly hear some of the old chaps you and I know laughing down through the centuries. How we love 'em! They laughed for themselves, not for us!

Yes, there must be surprise in the books that I keep in the worn case at my elbow, the surprise of a new personality perceiving for the first time the beauty, the wonder, the humor, the tragedy, the greatness of truth. It doesn't matter at all whether the

writer is a poet, a scientist, a traveler, an essayist or a mere daily space-maker, if he have the God-given grace of wonder.

"What on *earth* are you laughing about?" cries Harriet from the sitting-room.

When I have caught my breath, I say, holding up my book:

"This absurd man here is telling of the adventures of a certain knight of the sorrowful figure."

"But I can't see how you can laugh out like that, sitting all alone there. Why, it's uncanny."

"You don't know the Knight, Harriet, nor his squire Sancho."

"You talk of them just as though they were real persons."

"Real!" I exclaim, "real! Why they are much more real than most of the people we know. Horace is a mere wraith compared with Sancho."

And then I rush out.

"Let me read you this," I say, and I read that matchless chapter wherein the Knight, having clapped on his head the helmet which Sancho has inadvertently used as a receptacle for a dinner of curds, and sweating whey profusely, goes forth to fight two fierce lions. As I proceed with that prodigious story, I can see Harriet gradually forgetting her sewing, little by little, and I read on the more furiously until, coming to the point of the conflict wherein the generous and gentle lion, having yawned, "threw out some half yard of tongue wherewith he licked and washed his face," Harriet begins to laugh.

"There!" I say triumphantly.

Harriet looks at me accusingly.

"Such foolishness!" she says. "Why should any man in his senses try to fight caged lions!"

"Harriet," I say, "you are incorrigible."

She does not deign to reply, so I return with meekness to my room; but just at the doorway I have a wicked temptation.

"But, Harriet, you laughed!"

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The most distressing thing about the ordinary fact writer is his cock-sureness. Why, here is a man (I have not yet dropped him out of the window) who has written a large and sober book explaining life. And do you know when he gets through he is appar-

ently much discouraged about this universe. This is the veritable moment when I am in love with my occupation as a despot! At

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this moment I will exercise the prerogative of tyranny:

"Off with his head!"

I do not believe this person though he have ever so many titles to jingle after his name, nor in the colleges which gave them, if they stand sponsor for what he writes. I do not believe he has compassed this universe. I believe him to be an inconsequent being like myself—oh, much more learned, of course—and yet only upon the threshold of these wonders. It goes too deep—life—to be solved by fifty years of living. There is far too much in the blue firmament, too many stars, to be dissolved in the feeble logic of a single brain. We are not yet great enough, even this explanatory person, to grasp the "scheme of things entire." This is no place for weak pessimism—this universe. This is Mystery and out of Mystery springs the fine adventure! What we have seen or felt, what we think we know, are insignificant compared with that which may be known.

What this person explains is not, after all, the Universe—but himself, his own limited, faithless personality. I shall not accept his explanation. I escape him utterly!

Not long ago, coming in from my fields I fell to thinking of the supreme wonder of a tree; and as I walked I met the Professor.

"How," I asked, "does the sap get up to the top of these great maples and elms? What power is there that should draw it upward against the force of gravity?"

He looked at me a moment with his peculiar slow smile.

"I don't know," he said.

"What!" I exclaimed, "do you mean to tell me that science has not solved this simplest of natural phenomena?"

"We do not know," he said. "We explain, but we do not know."

No, my Explanatory Friend, we do not know—we do not know the whys of the flowers, or the trees, or the suns; we do not even know why, in our own hearts, we should be asking this curious question—and other deeper questions.

No man becomes a great writer unless he possesses a highly developed sense of Mystery, of wonder. A great writer is never *blasé*; everything to him happened not longer ago than this forenoon.

The other night the Professor and the Scotch Preacher happened in here together and we fell to discussing, I hardly know how, for we usually talk the neighborhood chat of the Starkweathers, of Horace and of Charles Baxter. We fell to discussing old Isaac Walton—and the nonsense (as a scientific age knows it to be) which he talked with such delightful sobriety.

"How superior it makes one feel, in behalf of the enlightenment and progress of his age," said the Professor, "when he reads Isaac's extraordinary natural history."

"Does it make you feel that way?" asked the Scotch Preacher. "It makes me want to go fishing."

And he took the old book and turned the leaves until he came to page 54.

"Let me read you," he said, "what the old fellow says about the 'fearfullest of fishes.' . . . 'Get secretly behind a tree, and stand as free from motion as possible; then put a grasshopper on your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the water, to which end you must rest your rod on some bough of a tree; but it is likely that the Chubs will sink down towards the bottom of the water at the first shadow of your rod, for a Chub is the fearfullest of fishes, and will do so if but a bird flies over him and makes the least shadow on the water; but they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring until some shadow affrights them again; I say, when they lie upon the top of the water, look at the best Chub, which you, getting yourself in a fit place, may very easily see, and move your rod as slowly as a snail

moves, to that Chub you intend to catch, let your bait fall gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait, and you will be as sure to catch him. . . . Go your way presently, take my rod, and do as I bid you, and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back——'"

"Now I say," said the Scotch Preacher, "that it makes me want to go fishing."

"That," I said, "is true of every great book: it either makes us want to do things, to go fishing, or fight harder or endure more patiently—or it takes us out of ourselves and beguiles us for a time with the friendship of completer lives than our own."

The great books indeed have in them the burning fire of life; "nay, they do preserve, as in a violl, the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous Dragon's teeth; which being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men."

How soon we come to distinguish the books of the mere writers from the books of real men! For true literature, like happiness, is ever a by-product; it is the half-conscious expression of a man greatly engaged in some other undertaking: it is the song of one working. There is something inevitable, unrestrainable about the great books: they seemed to come despite the author. "I could not sleep," says Horace, "for the pressure of unwritten poetry." Dante said of his books that they "made him lean for many days." I have heard people say of a writer in explanation of his success:

"Oh, well, he has the literary knack."

It is not so! Nothing is further from the truth. He writes well not chiefly because he is interested in writing, or because he possesses any especial knack, but because he is more profoundly, vividly interested in the activities of life and he tells about them—over his shoulder. For writing, like farming, is ever a tool, not an end.

How the great one-book men remain with us! I can see Marcus Aurelius sitting in his camps among the far barbarians writing out the reflections of a busy life. I see William Penn engaged in great undertakings, setting down "Some of the Fruits of Solitude,"

and Abraham Lincoln striking, in the hasty paragraphs written for his speeches, one of the highest notes in our American literature.

"David?"

"Yes, Harriet."

"I am going up now; it is very late."

"Yes."

"You will bank the fire and see that the doors are locked?"

"Yes."

After a pause: "And, David, I didn't mean—about the story you read. Did the knight finally kill the lions?"

"No," I said with sobriety, "it was not finally necessary."

"But I thought he set out to kill them."

"He did; but he proved his valor without doing it."

Harriet paused, made as if to speak again, but did not do so.

"Valor"—I began in my hortatory tone, seeing a fair opening, but at the look in her eye I immediately desisted.

"You won't stay up late?" she warned.

"N-o," I said.

Take John Bunyan as a pattern of the man who forgot himself into immortality. How hard he worked as a writer! How seriously he wrote sermons and pamphlets, now happily forgotten! But it was not until he was shut up in jail (some writers I know might profit by his example) that he "put aside," as he said, "a more serious and important work" and wrote "Pilgrim's Progress." It is the strangest thing in the world—the judgment of men as to what is important and serious! Bunyan says in his rhymed introduction:

"I only thought to make  
I knew not what: nor did I undertake  
Thereby to please my neighbor; no, not I:  
I did it my own self to gratify."

Another man I love to have at hand is he who writes of Blazing Bosville, the Flaming Tinman, and of The Hairy Ones.

How Borrow escapes through his books! His object was not to produce literature but to display his erudition as a master of language and of outlandish custom, and he went about the task in all seriousness of demolishing the Roman Catholic Church. We are not now so impressed with his erudition that we do not smile at his vanity, and we are quite contented, even after reading his books, to let the church survive; but how shall we spare our friend with his inextinguishable love of life, his pugilists, his gypsies, his horse traders? We are even willing to plow through arid deserts of dissertation in order that we may enjoy the perfect oases in which the man forgets himself!

Reading such books as these and a hundred others, the books of the worn case at my elbow,

"The bulged and the bruised octavos,  
The dear and the dumpy twelves——"

I become like those initiated in the Eleusinian Mysteries who, as Cicero tells us, have attained "the art of living joyfully and of dying with a fairer hope."

It is late, and the house is still. A few bright embers glow in the fireplace. You look up and around you, as though coming back to the world from some far-off place. The clock in the dining-room ticks with solemn precision; you did not recall that it had so loud a tone. It has been a great evening; in this quiet room on your farm, you have been able to entertain the worthies of all the past!

You walk out, resoundingly, to the kitchen and open the door. You look across the still white fields. Your barn looms black in the near distance, the white mound close at hand is your wood-pile, the great trees stand like sentinels in the moonlight; snow has drifted upon the doorstep and lies there untracked. It is, indeed, a dim and untracked world: coldly beautiful but silent—and of a strange unreality! You close the door with half a shiver and take the real world with you up to bed. For it is past one o'clock.



# THE INTERRUPTED REIGN OF QUEENIE

BY LUCY PRATT



LONG line of children filed out from the Whittier School at Hampton Institute, and following it, came the lady from the North—who, with her note-book in hand, was making a thorough study of the "Negro Problem"—and her friend—who, with a small camera, was helping along with an occasional picture.

As the line of children broke and scattered and then ran away in many directions, the two looked on sympathetically until they were apparently all gone, and then turned to find that they were not all gone, after all, that another one was sauntering leisurely down the steps—alone. He glanced at them with a half-smile, and then went on across the yard.

"That's the one!" whispered the lady from the North eagerly, "*that's the one!*"

What one, she did not explain, but her friend seemed to understand, and smiled appreciatively.

"Yes,—let's follow him—just a little."

They walked on in an accidental sort of way, down one of the roads which led away—away to parts unknown, the small, sauntering figure just ahead unconsciously the leader.

"But why should we be following a child—like this?" suddenly murmured the lady vaguely.

"I don't know," vaguely murmured the friend, "do you?" He led them on.

"No." And he led them on.

They glanced at unfamiliar fields blowing with clover in the distance, at the unfamiliar road at their feet, at the small figure still leading them gently on, and smiled.

"There seems to be something queer about it," suggested the friend; "perhaps we couldn't turn back!"

"I doubt if we could," agreed the lady, "do you see? He's going toward the woods. He's going—to lose us in the woods."

"Are you agreeable?" smiled the friend. "We're getting there—certainly."

"Perfectly," and he opened the way through the first trees.

Suddenly he half stopped, undecidedly, and then dropped gently down on some brown moss and gazed away dreamily through low branches at the sky.

"Don't you wish you could get out?" whispered the friend, "but you can't!" And they still moved unresistingly over the brown moss.

But their leader, their Pied Piper, turned his head at the sound of steps and looked up wonderingly into their faces.

"Oh, what a—nice place to rest!" apologized the lady. "Do you mind if we sit down a moment, too?"

"No'm," he answered, in some confusion, and pulled himself lightly to his feet.

"Oh, don't go! We wouldn't have you go for anything! You're a little Whittier School boy, aren't you? Why, yes, isn't your name *Ezekiel*?"

"Yas'm," he answered, shyly pleased, and dropped down, with some hesitation, beside them on the moss.

"Surely!" she encouraged, "and aren't you the little boy who is so fond of telling them all such nice stories?"

"Yas'm, I tells 'em all *kine* o' stories," he smiled, even more pleased, "'bout—'bout all *kine* o' things."

"Oh, lovely!" murmured the friend. "Tell us a story while we're waiting, can't you?"

"Yas'm," agreed Ezekiel with unexpected willingness, still gazing somewhat absently at the sky, "I kin tell a story 'bout—'bout 'Manuel an' all 'is li'l' brudders. I'se fixin' ter tell 'em 'bout it at school, too, only Miss No'th, she ain' nuver 'low me. Yas'm—'bout 'Manuel an' all 'is li'l' brudders." The lady arranged herself out of his direct line of vision, conscious that their ultimate purpose was actually accomplished, and whipped out the note-book. She was prepared now, if never before, to settle the "Problem" once for all. "Yer see it's 'bout a li'l' boy name 'Manuel where lived all 'lone 'thout no kin 'tall, cuz dey's all daid."



The ladies were leaning forward listening intelligently.

"An' eve'y time he gotten 'im some mo' kin, w'y, sump'm allays seem ter happen to 'em, twell tain' none of 'em lef'. So one day he foun' 'isself all 'lone agin."

The lady's pencil hovered doubtfully over her book as if she felt some slight question as to just how to begin.

"So *w'en* he foun' he's all 'lone agin he jes 'mence ter wonder w'at he's gwine do 'bout it. So after studyin' li'l' w'ile, he 'cide he'll git 'im some li'l' brudders an' sisters. But den he 'cide p'r'aps after all, it'll seem mo' home-like ef he jes has 'em all brudders. So he jes gotten 'im twelve li'l' brudders. An' he set 'em all down on twelve li'l' cheers in a row, an' look at 'em, an' den he's kine o' s'prise cuz dey ain' look so home-like aft' all! So he look at 'em agin, an' den he say, 'Shol Doan' look like sense ter hab 'em all jes same kine! Reckon I'se 'blige git *one* li'l' sister, aft' all!'"

The lady's pencil was still poised in wavering anxiety.

"So he gotten one li'l' sister an' putten 'er right on de en' o' de row on de flo' (cuz 'tain' no mo' cheers counten de li'l' boys settin' on all dey is) an' she set dere jes ez nice, in a li'l' coat all trim eroun' wid fedders an' a li'l' par'sol over 'er haid."

"A *parasol*?" objected the lady, while the pencil twitched spasmodically, "*why* should she have a—"

"Yas'm, all trim eroun' wid fedders, an' a li'l' par'sol over 'er haid. An' co'se dat made thirteen. An' de li'l' sister's name Queenie. An' she's de li'l's of all. But de li'l' boys ain' nary one of 'em got no name 'tall. So co'se 'Manuel has ter start studyin' right off w'at he'll name 'em."

"Well, dat's kine o' funny, too," he say, lookin' at de bigges' li'l' boy, "cuz I cyan' seem ter think o' nuthin'. Cert'nly is funny. Well, I ain' gwine bother no mo' wid it! he say, 'I'se jes gwine name eve'yone o' yer 'Manuel af' me! Only co'se I'll call yer *Li'l' Manuel* w'en I speak, so yer'll know 'tain' inten' fer me. An' co'se *Queenie*'s name *Queenie*. An' tain' no way fer 'er ter be a settin' on de flo', nudder,' he say, an' he look at de li'l' boy where's settin' nex' 'er. 'W'y doan't yer git up an' ax 'er does she want yer cheer, *Li'l' Manuel*?"

"Well, co'se w'en dey hyeah 'im say *Li'l' Manuel*, w'y co'se all de li'l' boys hop right up an' 'mence offerin' Queenie dey

cheer. An' Queenie, w'en she seen all twelve on 'em a shovin' up dey cheers, an' a axin' 'er does she wanter se' down, w'y, she's ser skyeered she jes drap 'er par'sol on de flo', an' bu'y 'er haid, an' bus' right out cryin' twell look like she ain' nuver gwine stop. An' all de li'l' 'Manuels look kine o' skyeered, too, w'en dey seen de way it come out, but still dey keep on a offerin' 'er dey cheers."

The lady laid down her pencil and both she and her friend relaxed submissively.

"Se' down!" 'Manuel holler. 'Se' down!' An' dey all hop back ser quick, look like he ain' no mo'n spoke 'fo' dey's all a settin' in de row agin lookin' up. But Queenie's still a cryin', an' 'er par'sol's on de flo'.

"Well, now yer didn' use no sense 'tall,' 'Manuel say, 'cuz co'se yer knowed I didn' mean all of yer ter git up an' offer Queenie yer cheer. Nev' mine, Queenie, doan't yer cry, I'se gwine turn de water spout on 'em twell dey 'haves better.' So he turns de water-spout on 'em, an' 'twould 'a' all went jes de way he's 'tendin' ef he ain' got kine o' mix up 'bout w'at he's doin' an' turn de water-spout on Queenie, too. Well, ef she ain't holler an' squeal w'en he done dat! An' 'Manuel 'mence ter holler he ain't mean ter, 'twuz jes a li'l' mistek, an' de li'l' 'Manuels all 'mence ter holler cuz dey's feelin' kine o' bad anyway, an' 'Manuel he has ter speak up awful quick.

"Now we's gwine out fer a li'l' *run*!' he say, 'so tain' nuthin' ter cry 'bout, we's all gwine out fer a li'l' *run*!'"

"Well, fus dey say dey ain' wanter go out fer no run, but 'Manuel, he talks r'al nice to 'em, an' nex' yer knows he's a runnin' 'em out de do', an' down de steps, an' inter de road, all in a row, jes same, an' Queenie on de en', las' of all, wid 'er li'l' par'sol over 'er haid, same's at fus'. Well, co'se de sun's a shinin', an' praesen'ly dey all 'mence ter feel r'al good an' drap into a walk. But dey ain' no sooner drap into a walk 'n dey seen a man comin' drivin' 'long down de road in a cyart an' a lady settin' 'side 'im on de seat a playin' on a fiddle.

"Heyo!" de man say, w'en he seen 'em, an' slow up 'is ho'se an' stop right 'side 'em. 'Heyo! Is dese yere all 'long ter you?"

"Yas, dey is," 'Manuel answer 'im, 'dey's my li'l' brudders an' my li'l' sister, an' we's gwine a walkin'."

"Make right smart of a row, doan' dey?" man say; 'well, ef yer jes hops right





yer par'sol fer li'l w'ile, Queenie,' he say, 'cuz cert'nly's gittin' r'al wet.'

"So Queenie, she pass up 'er par'sol ter 'Manuel, an' he pertec' 'is haid fer li'l w'ile an' den he pass it ter de nex' li'l boy, an' he pertec' 'is haid fer li'l w'ile an' den he pass it ter de nex' li'l boy, an' he pertec' 'is haid fer li'l w'ile an'——"

"So they *all* used it again!" gasped the friend, threatened with a nervous relapse, "*everyone*, till it got back to Queenie again!"

"Yas'm, eve'yone, twell it gotten back ter Queenie agin, an' *den* it been gone s' long, an' Queenie been a drippin' s' long, an' de water's gotten s' deep right eroun' 'er dat—w'y, she's a drowndin'!"

"Oh, shuh!" 'Manuel say, 'Queenie's drowndin'. Well, I 'spec' we's 'blige fish 'er out.' So dey each tukken a li'l fedder agin fum de en' o' Queenie's coat where's stickin' outen de water, an' start a fishin' fer 'er—twell praesen'ly, Queenie she jes cetch hole o' one o' de li'l fedders, an' dey pull 'er right out. An' den she 'mence lookin' eroun' fer 'er par'sol.

"Well, now we's gwine home 'thout no mo' foolishness,' 'Manuel say. So dey start off down de road agin in de row wid Queenie las' of all. An' nex' dey know, de win' 'mence ter blow! Oh, my! De win' it jes 'mence ter blow tur'ble!"

"Jes keep right 'long after me!' 'Manuel say, r'al nice an' smilin', an' he turn 'is haid w'en he spoke. Well, jes ez he turn 'is haid w'at yer s'pose? W'y, it come up a tur'ble gus' o' win', an' Queenie, she jes blowed right away! Ef 'tain' been fer 'er par'sol p'r'aps she wouldn' 'a' went up s' easy. But 'fo' 'Manuel kin do a thing ter stop 'er, w'y, she's clare way up, an' still a blowin' 'long up, up, todes de sky, wid 'er par'sol over 'er haid.

"Well, ain't she r'al mean an' triffin'!" 'Manuel say, an' co'se all de li'l 'Manuels look eroun' ter see w'at he mean.

"W'y, Queenie's blowed away!" he 'splain to 'em, 'an' I jes ain' gwine bother no mo' wid 'er 'tall!' So co'se dey kep' on down de road ez ef 'tain' nuthin' happen ter nobody. But *w'at* yer s'pose? Time dey gotten in de yard agin, an' start ter go up de steps, w'y, dere's Queenie a settin' *on* de steps jes where de win' blowed 'er down. An' she's a cryin' tur'ble wid 'er haid bu'y in 'er lap—cuz she's los' 'er par'sol! It's de trufe! It jes kep' on a blowin' right up w'en de win' blowed 'er down.

"'Nev' mine,' 'Manuel say, 'I reckon 'twould 'a' been better ef yer ain' nuver had it. An' I ain' gwine 'low nary one o' yer outen de house no mo', nudder, cuz 'tain' been nuthin' but trouble sence we start.' So 'Manuel an' all de li'l 'Manuels an' Queenie went in de house agin, an' he set 'em all down on de li'l row o' cheers, an' Queenie on de flo', still a cryin' 'bout 'er par'sol, wid 'er haid bu'y in 'er lap. An' af' dat he jes keep 'em settin' dere in de row, an' ain' nuver 'low 'em git up. An' 'tain' no use fer 'em ter ax. So dey jes keep on a settin' dere all winter 'n' all summer twell 'mence ter git mighty wearysome. An' one day dey 'cide dey's set dere long 'nough. So w'en night come an' 'Manuel's went ter sleep, dey jes gotten up an' stretch out dey arms an' dey laigs, an' den dey 'cide dey'll all run away. So w'en dey foun' de do's lock, w'y, dey look up ter de winder—an' den dey putten Queenie right *onder* de winder fer a kine of a li'l ladder. She ain't r'ally nuver been de same sence she los' 'er par'sol, so she stan' dere 'thout no trouble 'tall. An' den yer see de fus li'l boy he start climbin' right up atop o' Queenie an' out fru de winder. An' den de nex' li'l boy he start climbin' right up atop o' Queenie an' out fru de winder, an' den de nex' li'l boy he start climbin' right up——"

"Yes!" agreed the friend enthusiastically, "until——"

"Start climbin' right up atop o' Queenie an' out fru de winder, an' den de nex' li'l boy he start climbin' right up atop o' Queenie an' out fru de winder, an' den de nex' li'l boy——"

"Yes! We understand! Until they had all gone out through the window!"

Ezekiel's voice went dropping on undisturbed.

"An' den de nex' li'l boy he start climbin' right up atop o' Queenie an' out fru de winder, an' den de nex' li'l boy——"

Both the lady and her friend had a vision of one million little boys standing in line waiting to climb right up atop o' Queenie and out through the window. The friend had become speechless at the prospect, but the lady nobly came to the rescue.

"H'm! Ezekiel! Yes, we understand about that! We understand about the little boys—and Queenie! But it's getting dark, you see, and it's—it's time for us——"

Gently it flowed on.

"An' den de nex' li'l boy he start climbin'

right up atop o' Queenie an' out fru de winder, an' den de nex' li'l' boy——"

"But we understand perfectly! Ezekiel! We must go now! We *must*!"

"An' den de nex' li'l' boy he start climbin' right up atop o' Queenie an' out fru de winder, an' den de nex' li'l' boy——"

Helplessly she looked at her friend, who was reviving with an inspiration.

"*Until — Queenie — dropped — down — stone — dead!*" she announced distinctly, unblushingly, finally, without a quaver of emotion.

Ezekiel's voice suddenly stopped—and there was a pause. The lady looked a bit startled and glanced at her friend. . . . Ezekiel was looking at the friend, too. . . . He continued to look with a long, silent, reproving gaze. . . . Then he spoke.

"No'm, she ain'—drap down daid," he remonstrated slowly in hurt, even tones.

"Why, of course not," put in the lady tactfully, "come, walk a little way with us, Ezekiel, and tell us what did happen to her after they had all climbed out."

He glanced up at her appealingly as if he were seeking protection from something that had rudely startled—frightened him, and his lip trembled. She thought he was going to say something to her and she waited. But his eyes moved away again slowly—back to the friend.

"Why, of *course* she didn't mean anything at all!" went on the lady, and they moved from under the trees back into the road. "So tell us—" and she looked down gently at the hurt little face, so new, so unknown to her—"what did become of her?"

His eyes were still on the guilty friend.

"She ain'—drap down—daid," came his voice again, evenly, reproachfully.

"I know it! Of course," put in the friend humbly, "I was just joking. What did become of her?"

The road divided. Ezekiel stepped naturally into the one which led another way.

"You see you're going to leave us," she went on urgently, "so tell us, Ezekiel, what *really did become of her?*"

Wonderingly the sad reproving eyes looked back at her from the other road.

"She ain'—drap—down—daid," he murmured, and his small feet moved on.

They glanced at each other uneasily.

. . . . "We should have been more patient with him," finally suggested the lady contritely.

"But he wasn't making *any* progress at *all*, you know," returned the friend, with a mournful twinkle in her eye.

"Any progress at all?" echoed the lady thoughtfully, and turned suddenly, severely, on her friend.

"Haven't we heard something like that before?" she challenged, "in regard to a—larger Problem! Isn't that the excuse for all the impatience and unkindness—and—and abuse that's thrown at them all, continually and everlastingly!" Her eyes burned with a sudden hotly kindled fervor.

"What right have we to say he wasn't *making progress*—when we were too impatient to even wait and see! What right have they to—to—oh, my dear, my dear"—her voice dropped unsteadily, "we must all have things so—so *apparent* at the moment! We knew he was getting on, but it was too slow, we couldn't wait! They all know it, and they can't wait! Can't wait because—because 'the mills of the gods grind *slowly*!' What about the mills of *God*? We—they—we *can't wait for Him*! Oh, my dear!" her voice came in a startled whisper, "doesn't it make you shudder? Doesn't it f-frighten—you?"

Slowly her eyes went down to a note-book still held in her hand, and she dropped it as if it were something that scorched her.

"Solution!" she murmured in a dry, stricken voice, "*solution!*"

Her friend looked up and patted her gently on the back.

"You're taking it too—too hard, aren't you? Don't! It doesn't do any good, and I suppose everything comes out right—in time, doesn't it?" She smiled philosophically.

"In time? Yes—I suppose," murmured the other, "but—but the unnecessary *broil* we're making in setting ourselves up against Nature and—and God!"

They looked at each other silently for a long moment, and then slowly their eyes moved again to the other road.

"Look at him!" It came almost like a sob. "Wandering away there all alone with no one to understand or—or sympathize—just wandering away, so little and so helpless and so—so unequal—to it all!"

Her friend patted her again gently and brushed quietly at her own eyes.

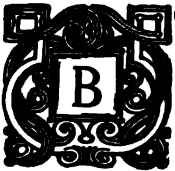
Then they both glanced unseeingly down at a note-book crushed in the dust and went on down their own road.

# THE NEW BABY

BY EUGENE WOOD

AUTHOR OF "BACK HOME"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. A. LINNELL



BOSS of the house you were, or at least the wise lady whom you call your wife has made you think so. (A wife must have many a quiet smile all to herself.)

What you say goes. "I don't care much for pumpkin pie," you casually remark, and forget that you have said so. From that time on there'll never be another pumpkin pie in your house unless you specifically order it. Maybe not then. You don't like yellow turnips as well as white ones; in vain thereafter does the grocer at your back door suggest, "We've got some nice yellow turnips." He might as well hint that he has some green and tender Rough on Rats. You are the boss. Everything is done to suit you. You may get scolded for forgetting that there is an ash-receiver, or for leaving the Sunday papers all over the floor so that the house looks like distraction, and what if anybody should come? But, don't you see? that's all in your interest. The appearance of the house sheds glory upon you as its master. All this, remember, is before the New Baby comes. Afterward it's: "Sh! You'll wake the baby," or "Please don't smoke in here; it annoys baby," or "Can't you read in the dining-room? I don't think he likes the light," or "Shake the furnace easy. Baby jumps so when you make such a racket," or "Would you mind taking him out for a little while in his carriage?" or—Oh, well, you know or, if you don't know, it's time you were finding out. What are you working so hard for? Why do you rise so early and so late take rest? For baby. What are all your dreams of the future, your ambitions, your hopes? For baby. He is the center of your universe, around which all swings and circles. You'll educate him—Ah, my friend, he'll educate you, unless you are too dumb to learn. You'll make

him an architect, a lawyer, a doctor. . . . He'll be what he wants to be. He is his own and you are his. It is your life that will be molded and formed by him, not his by yours.

Your baby? Ah, more than yours, much more than yours. If he lives—God send he lives! Oh, God send he lives!—he will see wonderful things come to pass. He will see what all the sages and the saints, all the good and wise of every age have prayed to see and have died disappointed. And he will bear his part in it, as you have borne your part in your age which is but the preparation for his. He will be and do what you have desired with great desire to be and do. *Your* baby? Your country's.

The New Baby— Wait a minute. He is not new at all. He is the eldest of all human creatures. A true word: "The child is the father of the man." For as you hold him in your arms (his mother on pins and needles the while), revere him. He is not alone your offspring; he is your ancestor.

Put your big, clumsy finger into that tiny red hand of his, the fingernails edged like razors. Something catches at your heart-strings. You sort of half-sob, half-laugh: "The little snoozer! Ain't he got a grip, though?" Try him with both hands on your walking-stick. (If she'll let you.) He will hang for longer than a minute before he drops. And that's no fair test either. The little fellow's pigeon-toed and bow-legged. He can put the sole of one foot flat against the sole of the other. His curving legs are ridgy. Suppose your walking-stick slanted at an angle from a thicker tree-limb, around which he could clamp those calipers of legs, and press the sole of one foot hard against the other. How long could he hang on then? I do not know how many minutes by the clock, but if his mamma had carelessly dropped him from the tree-top I think he could hang on to this lower limb till she

could scramble down and get him. And, lest you think I'm hinting at the time when we were monkeys, I beg to be allowed to prove to you that I am thinking of a later period than that. Crave the boon of being present when your ancestor is being bathed. His wise mother will show you the dimpling scar, "the place the tail went in at." He is no monkey, but a man, this ancestor of yours, though now and then a child is born that so far forgets itself as to retain a reminiscent stump.

The New Baby is so old that it antedates the age when human beings had decided upon a complexion. Be the New Baby American or Amerind or African, Jew, Gentile or Japanese, when he arrives he is of the one color, a deep red, and fuzzy with an almost discarded fur which in a few days will be discarded altogether. He will turn to yellow and from that he will take on the color of his race, so that you can truly cry: "Oh, what a pretty baby!" for his complexion will be your ideal to the last limit.

The New Baby is the only living representative of that ancient race that dwelt in the near neighborhood of the North Pole when there were more palms than Pearys there. That was a long time ago. We have been out of the tree-tops for so many, many generations that I doubt if there is one among a thousand of us that has ever climbed higher than the sixth limb from the ground. If you should happen to be walking out one evening in the woods and a fresh timber-wolf should step up to you and tip its hat and inquire: "Out for a stroll?" what would you do? Would you squall out: "Sirrr! Go away this instant or I will call a policeman!" or would you try to swarm up the nearest tree? I don't know about you, but I have my grave doubts about my being able to draw myself up out of danger. Certainly I should not dare to dangle from a limb and wiggle my derisive toes just out of the wolf's reach while I taunted him with: "Ya-a-a-ah! Who got left that time?"

We've completely lost the trick of it, after all these years of walking on our hind feet, turning out our toes as in the first position for dancing, and priding ourselves on our straight legs (elegant and desirable accomplishments, since we keep our balance better so). Yet apparently old Dame Nature has not yet heard the news. Apparently she disregards the consular reports,

for she still keeps on turning out babies for the tree-top trade, warranted to hang on by hands and legs and feet if let fall by a careless mother—fool-proof, in other words, under any and all arboreal conditions. And there is no longer any tree-top trade to cater to.

It has been a long, long time since pigeon-toes and bow-legs were all the style; it must have been a very much longer time we dangled from the limbs to fix thus stubbornly those primitive characteristics. How ancient, how incalculably ancient is your ancestor whom you call your son! Your New Baby how very old, indeed!

You have seen a hen bring off her chicks. You'd think, after three long weeks of never budging, except for a brief daily forage for a bite and a sup, she'd want to fly around and have a good time. Instead of that she broods the mucky, bedraggled things until they get dried out and warmed up, and able to hustle for themselves. It would bore me to death, but she enjoys it. You can see it's solid comfort to her. She is having a bully time. Separate her from the chicks that she has brought off and she goes plumb crazy. She throws herself as if she were in bodily anguish, and her language is not fit for church members to listen to. I don't think it is disappointed "mother-love" at all. I don't think it is even instinct. I think it is pain she suffers. When old Dame Nature has her undisputed way she says to all kinds of living things: "Be good and I will give you a cooky; be naughty and I'll turn you up and smack you." Being good, according to her, is doing what will increase your race's life; being naughty is doing what will decrease it. Ethics is social, not selfish. Every act a man does that extends the lives of all his fellow-men is rewarded with pleasure; every act that shortens or narrows the lives of his fellow-men, though it extends his own, is punished by pain. The animals do what is right by their young ones as naturally as you drink water when you are thirsty, not so much because your system requires that much of H<sub>2</sub>O as because it gives you pleasure, and they no more think of doing the wrong thing by their young ones than you would think of whittling at your finger with the butcher-knife, not so much because it is deleterious to your system as because it hurts.

A human being has a lot more sense

than all the other animals put together. You'll agree to that. Did you ever see a human mother that knew as well how to feed her baby, how to take care of it, how to educate it as a hen knows how to feed, take care of, and educate her chicks?

hers. That was a wonderful period. We brag about many things in America, but what occurred in the "airly days" of this country has never been equaled before or since in the history of the world. In the forty years between 1790 and 1830, when,

Is there one mother in ten thousand whose instinct—or whose judgment either—can be absolutely trusted to do the right thing by her child in any case? Pretty important for her to know too, I think. It's her business in life; it's what she's here for; it's her sole excuse for being. If it wasn't, she'd have been born other than a woman.

Grandma knows all about babies; so does old Dame Nature.

"I should think so," says grandma. "I've buried six."

"Six!" snorts old Dame Nature. "Six? Oh laws! More'n that."

With both ladies the method of procedure has been about the same. You tried a scheme; if the baby died right away, then it wasn't a good scheme; if the baby didn't die right away, then it might or might not be a good scheme. To make right sure, you'd have to try a good many times. This is an entirely sound and scientific method of procedure. Only it calls for a good many babies. Old Dame Nature has never felt that she need be skimpy, and grandma had a plenty to work with. At least we should call it a plenty, though it was nothing at all compared with what there was when she was a little girl, or with the generation before

in spite of all George Washington and all the other land speculators could do, the American people for once got out from under the landlord's thumb, the population of this country increased 227 per cent. Just think of that, will you?—227 per cent. in forty years! And that without any more immigration than you could put in your eye. If there had never been a ship-load landed at Castle Garden or Ellis Island we should have just as much population to-day as we have now, only it would have been the old-line American stock, people whose names we could spell when we heard them and pronounce when we read them. And yet I saw in the paper the other day that this immigration came because we didn't have enough population. That isn't it at all. In those days a farm-hand could have his board paid for twelve months in the year if he would work two months at planting and harvest. The farm-hand was as good as his boss; just as respectable; had just as high a scale of living, and the wages paid him kept his employer from feeling too biggity. The cry then was not "Please give me a job," but "Please help me out." They weren't "hands" then, but "help."

Across the ocean were folks that were

glad to get most anything if only it was some kind of a living. They came over and cut wages. Every year the million or so that come over cut the wages a leetle closer and a leetle closer until now the man of the family cannot support a family just by his own wages. He must have his children's and his wife's. (I don't mean you, dear reader. I mean "the lower classes," the great majority.)

When the old-line American stock saw what was up, it went on strike. "Race suicide?" Fudge! Are we Americans tired of life, gloomy, despondent, on the bear side of the market all the time, unable to make a joke or crack a smile? We are not. We can see into a millstone as far as the next man. We're on strike for more wages and shorter hours and the "dignity of labor" that we hear so much talk about from folks that are more afraid of having that dignity conferred on them than they are of the Old Scratch. A good deal.

You've decreed that anybody that lays brick or plants corn or runs a lathe or does anything himself that actually promotes the well-being of his race shall not be rewarded with pleasure, as old Dame Nature prescribes, but shall be looked down upon and despised, shall have a hard time getting along, and shall never know a care-free moment except when he's drunk; you've decreed that those who work little children all night long, who frame up schemes to get goods from other people without a fuss by mortgages, and notes, and rigging the market—by engaging in the shennannigan business, in short—shall be looked up to and respected, shall have all the good times there are, and shall be in so far care-free that they can't possibly spend all their money, no matter how hard they try. That's the way you're going to have things, eh? All right. Have 'em that way. We're with you. We'll go into the shennannigan business and beat the world at it, as we beat the world in the big family line. We'll let the ginnies wear the overalls. But here's a point you mustn't overlook: Bulk for bulk there must be a whole lot less flea than dog; bulk for bulk there must be a whole lot fewer parasites than producers. So we'll shut right down on the big family. And we have, haven't

we? In order to keep a population stationary it is necessary that every married pair shall have at least four children born to them. Look around among the nice people of your acquaintance and see if any of them have had four children born to them. Whatever we Americans attempt we make a success of. "Four children? Huh! They're as bad as the ginnies."

Immigration, the factory system, and a falling birth-rate—we signed the express-man's book for all of them at once. In grandma's day, or the day of the generation before hers, the wife used to spin, weave, cut out, make up, and launder all the clothing the family wore. Did it herself at home. She milked, and churned, and made all the butter and cheese the family ate. Did it herself at home. She brewed and she baked. She swept and made the beds. She bore the children, taught them how to behave to one another and to the world, and they learned their letters and their prayers from her. (If she didn't go to heaven when she died, it's no fair.)

Nowadays all but sweeping, making the beds, cooking, and child-bearing itself is done away from home. In a factory, as you might say. In the houses where the archaic home industries linger you hear talk of "How hard it is to get good servants nowadays," even from women that secretly do their own work. Is there any disgrace comparable to being caught at the wash-tub? More and more impossible is it for a self-respecting woman to do her own work; more and more impossible is it to find women who will degrade themselves to do it for her. Hence hotels and boarding houses, applications of the factory system to the last of the home industries. The mental, moral, and physical education of the children went long ago, when all more than six years old were packed off to school. The factory system of education was such an improvement over the home industry system of education that the kindergarten was invented, which seemed to be about the limit of extension, unless the home and "home influence" were put out of business altogether. Do you happen to be acquainted with any kindergarten teachers? And don't they know how to handle chil-



dren? Why, they've got 999 mothers out of every thousand left at the post; left at the post. And did you ever notice that you can't talk five minutes with one of those wise and kindly women whose profession it is to take selfish little savages and make social beings out of them, but she says: "Oh, if we could only get them sooner!" That shows you what "home influence" is. Understand me. I'm not reflecting on the influence of your home. Not at all. I never saw better behaved children in my life than yours, so respectful, so thoughtful of others, so hearty and wholesome, with such good teeth and ruddy cheeks. How ever do you manage it? No. I mean those people across the way; I mean "the lower classes."

Of all the home industries of grandma's day practically nothing remains now except the nurture of what few children there are up to their fifth year. I don't know whether it is a mere coincidence or not, but it is the fact that the period of highest mortality among children is the same as the period of the home nurture.

My mother was the best woman that ever drew the breath of life. How was yours?

"She was the best woman that ever drew the breath of life."

And yours? And yours?  
And yours? And yours?  
Everybody's mother was the best woman that ever drew the breath of life. You look back and remember how good and kind she was to you, how she kissed your bumps and made them well by her pure magic, how patient she was with you, how forgiving of all your cruel meannesses to her, how self-sacrificing, how thoughtful of your best interests present and to come, how anxious that you should grow up to be a good man or a good woman ("to learn and labor truly to get mine own living and to do my duty in that station of life unto which it shall please God to call

me"), and it makes your throat hurt; you and your eyes burn. It makes you feel ashamed of yourself to think how little you appreciated what she did for you. If it isn't too late now— It is for some of us. It is for . . . Go and tell her.

And yet, good women though they were—gone to glory I know mine is—they tell us that for nine-tenths of all our troubles we may blame our mothers. Can this be true?

"Oh well," you say, "she did the very best she knew how. She had so much to do she couldn't always—"

But knowing how is the important part, isn't it?

We all started out alike, all tree-top dwellers. Even our color was the same at the outset. We were all blind (if we could tell light from darkness it was as much as ever), all deaf and dumb; we had no sense of smell, our mouths were as dry as the back of your hand, for the saliva which dissolves food in the mouth so it can be tasted did not flow until we were two months old; we had no sense of touch or weight, and if we cried when we were cold or hungry it is probable that it was less a sense of cold or hunger perceived as such than a mere automatic action. The alarm clock doesn't know it is important that you shall catch the 6:45 train. When the hands get to 6, something inside sets off the bell; when we were cold or hungry, something inside of us sets off the bawl.

We all started off alike. If you weighed a pound more or a pound less than I did at the outset, you were neither advantaged nor disadvantaged thereby. It was the first two years of food and care and education that told the tale with us. Something is due to heredity, no doubt; much more to environment. Of the two horses, Nature and Nurture, I've got all my money on Nurture to come under the wire first. Your troubles and my troubles— Oh, well, she did the best she knew how.



The extension of the factory system to those early and important months of life has been partially accomplished by day nurseries. Beautiful places they are, spacious, airy rooms containing nothing that may not be washed; the sun shines in them and they can be darkened when the babies sleep; the temperature is just so, from 66 degrees to 70 degrees, the thermometer three feet from the floor; no cooking, no plumbing, no clothes drying where the babies are; no gas going, plenty of pure air; exactly the right food in exactly the right quantity, quality and quantity scientifically adjusted to the age of each particular infant; kind and well-bred nurses who have passed strict examinations on the care and feeding of infants. But—er—er— Well, why not? Why not have your wife take the baby there every morning and call for him every evening? Now. Now. Don't dodge. Don't palter with me. No. That won't do. Those are not your real reasons; they're only excuses. Why, look. Your house is made for grown people, and the baby must get along in it the best he can. But this place was made a-purpose for babies. Come. Out with it!

Maddened by my persistence, you blurt out: "My wife is no factory-hand; she's no wash-woman."

Kind o' tender there, eh?

Why?

I could tell you why, but I think it would be better if you worked it out for yourself.

However, people, so far removed from that social station that they are not afraid of being accused of being factory-hands or wash-women, or even of doing their own work on the sly, partake of the benefits of the improved methods due to this extension of the factory system to the last of the home industries. They boldly and brazenly go to maternity hospitals when their time comes, and when they return home they engage nurses versed in all the learning acquired in lying-in hospitals, foundling asylums, and day-nurseries. The substitution, in the home, of science for rule-of-thumb constitutes the New Baby, strictly speaking.

I can see grandma when she is instructed in the new learning. I can see her head go back, and her chin go in, and her lips press together and draw downward. I can hear her say: "Huh!" having, by her bringing up, no fit language to express her utter contempt. And, do you know? I am rather inclined to side with grandma. Most of the new learning consists of "Don't." As: "Don't kiss the baby." My land! What's a baby for if not to kiss and mommick over? What becomes of the politicians if this foul heresy infects our land? "Don't rock the baby." Half the poetry in the language

*What's the use of having a baby if you can't wake it up at ten o'clock at night and show it to the company?*

*"Ess, oo is. On'y g'andson g'amma's dot"*

turns up its toes and dies when that blow strikes home. And will a certain hand we wot of rule the world if it stops rocking the cradle? Ruin stares the comic papers in the face if that commandment is obeyed which forbids the man of the house to walk the floor with baby in the stilly watches of the night.

"Yes, but he's crying," we explain who have been taught from our youth that we've got to drop everything and run the instant the baby sets up a yoop. The social fabric shudders when we are informed that it does the baby good to have a loud, long cry from time to time; it strengthens his lungs and vocal organs, tones up the heart, stimulates the peripheral circulation, and so forth and so on, with much more of the same sort.

"But maybe a pin is sticking the poor angel."

Cold and prim the scientific answer: "There are no pins on the New Baby."

I rebel. I won't stand for it. "Don't play with the baby." Why, what's the use of having one if you can't fuss with it by the hour, dressing it up in fifty different long-

tailed flummadiddles, each with sleeves to poke the little hanny-pannies through? What's the use of having a baby if you can't wake it up at ten o'clock at night and show it to the company? And what'll they think if they can't tickle it with "Kitchy-kitchy-kitchy?"—if they can't shove their foolish faces up against it and cry "Aboo!" and put watches to its ear so it can hear the little men inside a-making nails, and joggle it on their knees with "Trit-trot to Boston?" What do you consider a baby to be if not an improved make of fox terrier that will some day learn to walk entirely on its hind legs, and say real words when you command: "Speak, Fido?"

I knew something was going to happen when I first heard camomile tea (invaluable remedy) and saffron tea (finest thing in the world to give the child a clear complexion) ridiculed and pooh-poohed, but I never thought it would come to the pass it has. You know what excellent sponge-cake grandma makes. She comes for a visit and takes the New Baby into her lap, a motherly and worshipful old lap. "On'y g'andson

g'amma's dot. Ess, oo is. *Ess, oo is.* On'y g'andson g'amma's dot. G'amma's dot somefin' for her b'essed baby, so she has. There! There! Pretty sponge-tate. Baked especially for oo. . . . Now, Amy, don't be foolish. It's as light as a feather.

. . . Well, it's a pretty time o' day to tell me that my sponge-cake is no better than so much poison. . . . What? Aw, stuff and nonsense! Now, don't tell me. If you . . . What? If you ever raise a family half as nice as I have—Well, don't you think I love him as much as you do?" Poor grandma! "I'm not going to stay a minute longer. I never was talked to so in my life. Never! Smf! Smf!"

And there's Uncle Fred. The New Baby was named after him. An old bachelor. All colors of money. He brings the New Baby chocolate mints, the most expensive he can buy. Huh? Why, he always thought mint was good for the stomach. Oh, he might choke on it, eh? Well, he had thought of that, and so he brought some old-fashioned stick candy. Don't allow that, either? That's funny. It's the very best. (You can see he's huffy right away.)

Ah no. Ah no! Let me show you. This way:

"Aw, don't be so stingy. Let the baby have some o' the good things that's passing around. Here, old man, have a drumstick. Give him some of the stuffing too. Aw, look, look! Ain't he too comical, gumming away at it? Don't you care, mister. Don't you care. You'll have teeth with any of them one o' these days, won't you? Hay? Tell you what; get him one of those bananas, a real ripe one, just a little too ripe, so's it'll be soft and mushy and he can get it down even if he hasn't any teeth. Amy! Come here. He's hollering. He wants his bottle, I guess. He didn't take more'n half of it the last time he was fed. Oh, I wouldn't bother with a fresh bottle. Just warm this one over. No use letting it go to waste. There you are. How's that? No? He don't want it. Get him a drink of water. They say they want a drink of water once in awhile the same as folks. I should think all that milk would keep 'em from getting thirsty. No? No. Doesn't want any water, he says. Wonder what ails him. I looked to see and there was no pin sticking him. Sh! Sh! There! There!

"Bye-oh-oh-baby, bye-oh-oh-baby,  
Bye-oh-oh-baby, bye-oh-baby, bye."

"Sh! Sh! Have a piece of fruit-cake. Well, you needn't shove it away so. It's got citron in it and raisins and pretty frosting on the top. It's good. See papa eat it. Baby want some? Aw, what ails the brat? My mother used to turn 'em over on their stomachs and jounce 'em up and down on her knee when they got like that. Why don't you try it, Amy? . . . Where is the soothing-sirup bottle? How many drops does it say? I always was the poorest hand to drop medicine. Either it won't run at all or it—Huck-oh! Run a little over that time. Guess it's all right, though. It will be if it only stops his noise. Anything to keep peace in the family. Yes, he's pretty cross sometimes. I guess it's his teeth coming. Soothing sirup is fine for teething. You ought to see the pretty pictures of the children raised entirely on soothing sirup."

There. That's something like it. Something home-like and natural about it. When the New Baby cranks talk off a long list of things that folks eat and that you really oughtn't to let a child under seven years old have, and under no circumstances think of letting a child under four have, it takes all the romance out of life; it reduces all the exciting chances of bringing up a child to a cold, passionless, business proposition. Mother-love as a guiding star gives place to a pair of scales on which the New Baby is weighed each week, and if its weight comes up to standard for that week of life, that does just as well. Love the baby little or love it a whole lot is nothing; the question is: Does it get so much of a definitely prescribed food exactly adjusted to its age and needs so many times a day? Mother-love even sinks to the low level of bodily warmth which, in these modern days, can be supplied in other ways. By no means may the New Baby sleep in the same bed with its mother. It will get along better if it sleeps out of doors. I call that inhuman.

I am opposed to this new-fangled doctrine on another ground. It looks like flying in the face of Providence, or whoever it is that has come to the conclusion that the world has had a genteel sufficiency of the old-line American stock. If it is our duty and our destiny to get off the earth forever, why, let us do so without an unseemly scramble and scuffle. Persistency in staying on when our room is better than our company is so ill-bred. We do not bear many

children, and that these few ought not to linger is plainly apparent from the fact that very few American women of "the better classes" can nurse their babies. If I may use the expression, old Dame Nature "intended" that each little mammal should draw its sustenance in early life from its own mother and none other. Each little mammal has substantially the same need as any other little mammal. It has to build itself up in meat and bone by means of a fluid composed of water, mineral salts, fat, sugar, and proteid matter (that which makes the curd in milk). But the proportions of these ingredients are not only widely different in different mammals; widely different at different ages of the little mammal; widely different at different times of the day, but they are even widely different at the beginning and the ending of one meal. Being of the general opinion that old Dame Nature knows her little book, I am quite sure that if there weren't very good reasons for those differences she wouldn't have gone to all that bother about it.

There isn't such a thing possible as an "average formula" for any milk. And, besides, there are certain properties in the mother's milk that would puzzle a chemist to analyze and classify, those mysterious influences, for an example, which render the baby immune to the disease the mother is suffering from. Cows' milk is the nearest to human milk that can be found, and cows' milk is radically different. It isn't sweet enough. Sweeten it then, you say. With grocery sugar? That is poison unless converted in the mouth by saliva. And the baby has no saliva till the end of the second month. With milk-sugar then. Milk-sugar in the milk and milk-sugar in the market are two different things. In the milk it is made for use; in the market it is made to sell. In breast-milk it is pure and sterile; when you buy it, bacteria riot in the stuff. Saccharine sweetens mightily and does not ferment. It has no food value

either. Glycerin has food value, but remember that saltpeter is put in dairy milk to take off the stable odors and you run the chance of poisoning the baby with nitro-glycerin, which isn't so different from tyrotoxin that can kill grown folks.

There is three times too much proteid matter in cows' milk. If you dilute it with water you add difficulty to digestion, and, anyhow, the curd of cows' milk clots into a tough and livery mass, entirely suitable to a calf's stomach, but entirely unsuitable to a baby's. And when the cows' milk is diluted with water, cream has to be supplied to bring it up to standard. Where will you get cream these days? Maybe your milkman brings it, but I shrewdly suspect mine sells me lard beaten up with water. Sometimes it tastes like lard and sometimes tallow; seldom like cream. Even so, when you feed the New Baby, instead of his getting the skim milk first and the cream last, as Nature intended, it's the other way round.

But here's the greatest trouble of all: Like any other little mammal, the New Baby expects his nourishment to be fresh, pure, sterile and alkaline. Cows' milk fresh and pure may possibly be achieved, but sterile and alkaline never in the wide world. In a manner of speaking, there is a slip between the cup and the lip, and in that slip all the bacteria in seven kingdoms rush, with a wild hurrah, into the milk. It turns acid instead of staying alkaline. Put in lime-water or cooking soda to neutralize that acid and then go ask the expert what bad habits follow. I don't care to say.

"But there are prepared infants' foods," you remind me. Yes, there are. There are also hangman's nooses, and the two ought to get together.

Understand this very clearly: Anything whatsoever, modified cows' milk, prepared foods—anything save alone the milk of the New Baby's mother is a foreign substance when introduced into the stomach of the

*"Ain't he too comical,  
gumming away at it?"*

New Baby, and will do what any foreign substance will do, cause digestive disturbance.

It's a big problem, the question of the New Baby. It is one of many that have come upon us like a flood in only the last few years, but you will not dispute me when I say I think it is the most important of all of them. It is life and death with us as a race. I will no longer jest with you and pretend we ought to take the hint and go from off the earth, we, the descendants of those brave men and women that laid the foundations of the American commonwealth, of those demigods that swarmed across the Alleghanies and conquered an empire vaster than any other; yes, and you our blood-brethren from the north of Europe. We want to live! We shall



rest easier under our mossy gravestones if we know that those who walk the green and pleasant earth are our own kin and breed. What are we striving for? Why do we rise so early and so late take rest? For our children and our children's children that they may live and not die. Behold! We have brought all things in subjection under our feet. We are as gods. Masters of the earth are we, of the sea, and shall I say also of the air? "Glamis thou art and Cawdor and shalt be what thou art promised." And to what end? That we shall die out as a people? As Rome died, as Egypt, as Assyria?

All gods are Brahm; so all these problems are but one, and that is this: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

## THE THRESHING MACHINE

BY HARRY H. KEMP

The green fresh jackets of eared corn looked cool amid the vibrant heat  
 As we trod the stacks and flung, daylong, the yellow bundles of corded wheat  
 Into the maw of the threshing machine, while the curved knives glinted in the sun  
 As they swept with a periodic whirr and clove the bundles one by one.  
 The ever-recurring coil of the belt in a black ellipse sped round and round  
 And the chuff and snort of the engine's steam the lowing of pastured cattle drowned.  
 Stack after stack our sturdy arms fed into the jaws of the toothed machine  
 While the blowing-funnel heaped behind the threshed straw separate and clean.  
 And farmers backed their wagons up and held brown bags to a magic spout  
 From which in intermittent streams the yellow grain came rushing out. . . .  
 When amber twilight softly laid its shadows on the rustling corn,  
 We stacked our forks, untrussed the belts and gladly answered the supper horn.  
 And said the foreman as we sat at board with hunger whetted keen:  
 "Let poets sing of flails and such, but *I* thank God for the threshing machine."

# THE TAMING OF THE WEST

DISCOVERY OF THE LAND FRAUD SYSTEM; A DETECTIVE STORY

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



THIS country owes as much to Ethan Allen Hitchcock, as it does to the ancestor after whom he was named. The debt may never be paid. Mr. Hitchcock is not a popular figure. Undemocratic, uncommunicative, independent, he was in office no respecter of persons. To the President a crooked senator is a senator; Mr. Roosevelt plays the game. To his ex-Secretary of the Interior, a crooked senator is a crook. He cannot play the game. And that's one reason why he was able to open up the land fraud system which not only took from the American people an empire of land, timber and mines, but corrupted the government of many territories many states and the United States.

## *The Ancient Order of Land Graft*

Mr. Hitchcock was not expected, nor did he intend to perform this great service. Outside of the grafters, few men knew that there was an organized system of land grabbing. Who realized that the great captains of pioneers who had "cleared" Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota had perfected methods by which they were stripping and "fencing in" for themselves Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California? Not Mr. Hitchcock. Who imagined that this corruption had extended from the petty land offices to county and state officials, thence to legislatures and governors, and finally to congressmen and United States senators who, in turn, "stood in" with all the representatives at Washington of all the "protected" businesses which get privileges out of the government; and that these all worked together until they were controlling the judicial, legisla-

tive and the executive branches, not only of states and territories, but of the Federal government? Patriotic Americans had to have either the facts or some imagination to grasp this state of things, and Mr. Ethan Allen Hitchcock had neither. It was necessary to show him.

## *Taking in a Cabinet Officer*

The mail of any cabinet officer would show him enough to start him aright, if he could read it himself and himself investigate. But when a new Secretary enters his office for the first time, he finds himself at the head of a great machine the mechanism of which he knows nothing about. He is overwhelmed with the magnitude of his task. At that juncture, a few respectful functionaries greet him, take him about and show him the mysteries of red tape. He may have heard of inefficiency, even of corruption among these hold-overs from another administration, and he may have promised their places to friends of his, good men. But now he sees that all this perfectly adjusted, delicate machinery must not be tampered with and that his whole safety lies in these bureaucrats—so expert and polite.

Mr. Hitchcock let these men read his mail for him and answer it. One of the anecdotes related of him tells how he rebelled when, on his first day, a pile of letters was laid before him by a clerk who bade him "sign there, please." The Secretary said huffily that he would read them first. The clerk bowed, withdrew, and by and by brought more letters and more, and more, and as the pile grew, the Secretary surrendered. He read all he could, but he didn't see all, and what he did see he couldn't follow up. He let the "ring" inves-

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ETHAN A. HITCHCOCK

*Who as Secretary of the Interior opened up "the land fraud system which took from the American people an empire of land, timber and mines"*

tigate, and when men like Binger Hermann himself, the head of the land office and an ex-congressman from Oregon, where the land business was understood—when such men reported again and again that there was absolutely nothing in any of the complaints, Mr. Secretary Hitchcock lost all patience with "letter writers," "yellow journalists" and cranks.

### *"A Crazy Priest"*

There was a priest, for example, the Rev. Joseph Schell, of Tillamook County, Oregon, who saw some poor parishioners of his ousted by fraud from their land claims. He followed the agents of the gang to the bank of the banker in whose interest they were working, and thence to the office of the

lawyer in Portland who was steering the deal through the law. Father Schell gathered facts, records, evidence, which Secretary Hitchcock's prosecutors told me they wished they had had. This tireless priest reported his facts to the local land offices, to the United States district attorney, to the Interior Department at Washington, and to the newspapers. He knocked at every door of the system, excepting only those which opened to knock him. Nothing was done. On the contrary, his life was threatened; the lawyer attempted first to bribe, then to blackmail him; and his church rebuked and finally twice transferred him. Well, Father Schell wrote to Mr. Hitchcock and he received an acknowledgment from him, but nothing was done. And the priest went to Washington to see the Secretary. He saw the "ring." The Secretary was "busy." To break through the "ring," Father Schell appealed to Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, and he thought he had the Oregon "pull." But no, the "ring" said the Secretary was "out." They referred him to the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, who referred him to the Assistant Attorney-General's office, which referred him on, and on, and on. Father Schell ran round and round the icy circle of official Washington until he became known as the "crazy priest." That "crazy priest" had the truth and he cried it aloud in the wilderness; when he needed help from on high, he was disciplined, and when, at last, Rome fell, and there was no man to deny his testimony, then his superiors, the church in Oregon, boasted that "it was a priest, the Rev. Joseph Schell, who first called attention to the land frauds!"

Why is it that the churches are so often caught on the side of wrong? Why is it that the forces of evil, oftener than those of good, defeat evil? The land frauds, like the life insurance graft, and the corruption of so many cities and states were first exposed, not by good men, but by the quarrels of the grafters over the graft. Secretary Hitchcock, having had Father Schell's explicit complaints investigated, by the "ring," concluded, with the "ring," that the priest was unreliable and his charges false. That settled Father Schell and, coming as he did, at the end of two or three years' experience with cranks, his settlement settled outside informers generally with Mr. Hitchcock. The Secretary's ear was for the men about him, and, stiff-necked and obstinate, those

who know him have long wondered how it happened that he, of all the secretaries of the Interior, came to be the discoverer of the ancient graft of the General Land Office.

### *Interior Department Cliques*

The explanation is simple. In the Land Office there were two cliques. Binger Hermann, the commissioner, was the head of one, the so-called "Oregon bunch." W. A. Richards, the assistant commissioner, was the head of the other, the "Wyoming push." Richards wanted Hermann's place, and his side was the stronger. He had with him his clerk, James T. Macey; the assistant attorney-general assigned to the Interior Department, Willis Van Devanter; and, best of all, the secretary's private secretary, W. Scott Smith. Back of the Wyoming clique were Senators Warren and Clark; back of "Oregon" were Senators Mitchell and Fulton. Not all the men on a side were after the same thing, but all were united against Binger Hermann, the sly.

Richards and Macey watched the commissioner. They knew what he was doing. They didn't expose him publicly. They meant only to expose Hermann to the Secretary. So they worked upon Mr. Hitchcock quietly. They poisoned his mind with doubts concerning his unctuous land commissioner till, in 1902, when the opportunity offered for a bold play, Mr. Hitchcock was ripe with suspicion.

### *Beginning of the Exposure*

The opportunity came in the form of a letter from one Joost R. Schneider. It was a remarkable complaint. Schneider charged that F. A. Hyde and John A. Benson, two enterprising land operators on the Pacific Coast, practiced fraud on a grand scale. The Federal Government, in Lincoln's day, had set aside certain sections of the public land to be disposed of to raise funds for the public schools. When years later some of these lands had to be taken back for forest reserves (and other Federal purposes), an Act was passed to permit the states (and others) to make up for their losses by choosing "in lieu thereof" an equal amount of unclaimed land somewhere else. Schneider, Benson and Hyde operated under these laws. They would settle





*Photograph by Harris & Ewing*

*W. A. Richards, Assistant Commissioner of the Land Office.*

"THE WYOMING PUSH"

*Photograph by Harris & Ewing*

dummies upon school lands in California and Oregon. Then they themselves would map out a forest reserve to cover these claims. B. F. Allen, the forest superintendent at Los Angeles, who was supposed to do this work in the interest of the government, let Benson and Hyde do it in their own interest, and his part consisted in accepting their maps and recommending their reserves. Benson and Hyde got from the states wholesale rights to take up magnificent timber and other valuable public lands elsewhere, and these rights, called scrip, they sold in the open market at a great profit.

### *Putting It Up to Hermann*

Schneider's charges were so extraordinary, they involved so many officials, and accused a business firm of such high standing, that, had Schneider been an outsider, he would have been called crazy. But Schneider said he had been a confidential clerk of Hyde and Benson and his explicit statements showed that he was indeed an insider. Moreover, he confessed that his motive was not the public good; he was out for revenge upon his principals.

The department clerk who opened and read Schneider's letter showed it to Macey.

*Photograph by Harris & Ewing*

*Binger Hermann, Commissioner of the Land Office.*

*Photograph by C. M. Bell*

**"THE OREGON BUNCH"**

Macey understood its importance. Having taken a copy of it, Macey let the original letter go on to Hermann, and Richards watched the commissioner to see what he would do with it. Hermann pigeonholed it. Schneider wrote again, saying he had had no answer, and when this letter also was ignored, he had his attorney, J. A. Zabriskie, write. Zabriskie was an ex-United States district attorney from Arizona and his entrance into the situation caused some stir in the Department. Hermann stood pat, however, and Schneider and Zabriskie might have been worn out by silence, but for an accident. Once when Hermann was

*Photograph by A. B. McAlpin*

away, Richards as acting-commissioner received officially one of these letters. He ordered an investigation by S. J. Holsinger, a special agent of the land office in Arizona. A pretty bold stroke, but Richards seemed to have acted only in the way of routine, so Hermann, upon his return, and before Richards' letter reached the agent, sent a telegram directing Holsinger "to leave at once for Montana and make an examination of the Kootenai forest district." This assignment kept the agent busy from June until September (1902). But in November he took Schneider's story, and the report he sent back, offi-

cial and plain, is a most interesting document.

### *Land Graft Officially Described*

Schneider, he said, had been twenty-three years in the employ of F. A. Hyde and John A. Benson; from January, 1879, till January, 1902. All the business of the firm was done under Hyde's name, "Benson not being known in the concern, although he had an equal interest." The report goes on to tell about the beginning of the frauds: "The firm, not content with legitimate business, conceived the idea of securing school lands by locating them under false names or dummies. The first work was done in the Sierra Forest Reserve in California. The methods employed were to forge some name to an application for school lands. A notary public, a party to the fraud, for a certain consideration testified that the person appeared before and was known to him. These applications were made in the state land offices and title secured. Bogus powers of attorney were executed in favor of F. A. Hyde and in due time the scrip was secured and placed on the market. . . . As this business grew it became apparent that to keep up the supply of scrip they must resort to other frauds. So they embarked in the business of *making* forest reserves according to their own ideas and interests. They used every possible influence to secure the creation of forest reserves and also . . . to fix the boundaries so that every acre of school land was made a part of the reserve."

Here we have business men helping to preserve the forests, apparently; really, however, the reserves they marked out were not always forests; sometimes they were treeless wastes.

"Schneider alleges," says Holsinger, "that to successfully carry out their schemes, it was decided that not only should some of the government agents in the field be fixed, but to send one Henry Dimond, an employee of Hyde's, to Washington to interest some department clerk so that they would know every move made in the Department of the Interior. Dimond soon notified Hyde by letter that he had made a satisfactory arrangement with a clerk whereby information would be furnished, the consideration being that when the scrip was secured, the clerk should receive two

cents per acre. Thereafter, Schneider states, they received telegrams and letters from this clerk signed 'B.' . . ."

### *Pushing Business*

"After the creation of the Sierra Reserve the Hyde concern entered actively into the agitation in Oregon and California of movements (for the preservation of the forests), and in every instance where a reserve was created they were instrumental in fixing some of the boundary lines so that school lands would fall within a reserve. . . . Schneider implicated two government agents: Forest Superintendent B. F. Allen and Special Agent Prior. He states that early in 1900 it was decided in the office to secure the co-operation of Superintendent Allen, and he was accordingly invited to call and did so; that thereafter he was often in the office when in San Francisco. Soon after this Hyde informed Schneider in a casual way that he had had to take Prior into the secret and he (Schneider) was instructed to give Prior the liberties of the office."

Please remember in reading what follows that Allen and Prior were supposed to mark off the boundaries of reserves and that they were not supposed to consult with anybody: "Schneider states that Allen and Prior were *freely consulted and were furnished maps made by Schneider* of these reserves as they were *proposed* by Mr. Hyde. . . . These maps were made to meet *as far as possible* the requirements of the Department, but always with the view of including as much unoccupied school land as possible."

In other words, the purposes of fraud came first. Holsinger goes back to the statement which to him, an agent, seems almost incredible. "Schneider claims," he says, "that he himself, for Mr. Hyde, actually drew the map of the Proposed Lassen Forest Reserve. The first map was destroyed and an amended one formulated to exclude certain lands owned by wealthy men who threatened to start a strong opposition. The general mode of procedure was to enlist themselves (Hyde and Benson) in a *good cause* (to save the forests) with the special object of securing boundaries to best suit their interests." As to the price paid for corruption "Schneider stated that Allen once asked for a loan and was accommodated. Prior was presented with a thoroughbred Durham bull."

As to the extent of these operations in the good cause of preserving the forests, the report says: "Schneider alleges that about three-fourths of the school entries in the Cascade Forest Reserve in Oregon were bogus. All the school section entries in the Lake Tahoe Forest Reserve were bogus, as were most of those in Zaca Lake, Pine Mountain and the addition to the San Jacinto Forest Reserve."

### *The State Corrupted, Too*

Now all this was Federal corruption, but the states also suffered as Holsinger explains: Having drawn the maps for reserves, the firm had their agents, in the government employ, recommend them, and arrangements were perfected to locate "on every acre of unappropriated school land, and private land (held by persons who did not know the reservation was coming) was secured by bond or purchase as far as possible. But," the report explains, "the dummy locations were not filed in the state land offices until word was received from Washington that the recommendation for the reserve had been forwarded to the President. When this was known the dummy locations were filed, the *officers of the State Land Offices being party to the fraud* and receiving an agreed-upon commission. "Surveyor-General M. G. Wright, of California, was implicated and always managed to file the dummy entries ahead of bona fide applicants. Schneider states that

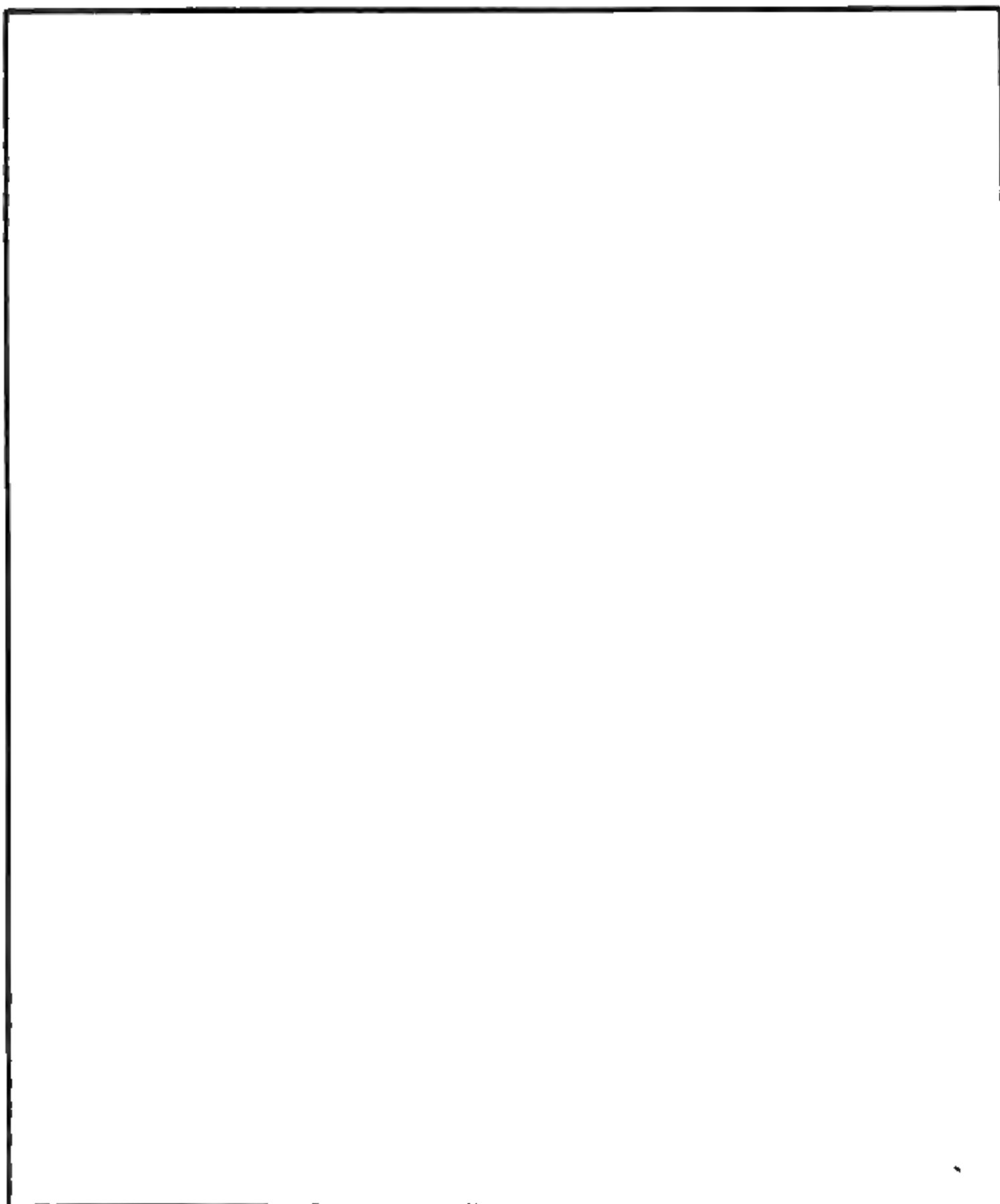
while in Wright's office, where much of his time was spent, bona fide applicants had several times asked for information but none ever secured a filing even though the land desired was vacant. Wright would inform him (the bona fide applicant) that the office was busy. . . . The person was advised to leave his application. . . . As

soon as the bona fide applicant was out of his office, Wright informed Schneider, who at once prepared a 'dummy' which was filed and the bona fide applicant was duly informed that a further examination revealed the fact that there was an application ahead of his.

"Trouble arose several times between Wright and Schneider as to the number of entries on which Wright was entitled to a commission. At such times Schneider would suspend business and

telephone Hyde, who was always able to satisfy the surveyor-general." This was a "hold-up" by a politician in office, and the report tells of another such "outrage" upon Hyde by a politician *out* of office: "At one time last year, ex-Surveyor-General Gardner insisted that he should have a share of the spoils which he had enjoyed while in office, and upon refusal, Gardner complained to Governor Gage that certain school section applications were fraudulent. The Governor refused to sign the patents and the claims were suspended until Hyde took Gardner to his office and paid him. Then Gardner visited the Governor, reported

*Chief Wilkie, of the Secret Service of the Treasury Department, who loaned Detective Burns to Secretary Hitchcock*



WILLIAM J. BURNS

*"A detective of the old school, the kind you read about in books"*

*Photograph especially taken for The American Magazine by A. M. Genhe*

that he had been misinformed, and the patents were signed."

### *The Coup Against Hermann*

This report came like an infernal machine into the Land Office, and as such it was handled—with care. Richards and Macey saw it but they didn't say anything;

they copied it, passed it on to Hermann, and waited. Hermann didn't say anything either; he waited, and when his enemies saw him file the report they knew they had him. Richards and Macey told Van Devanter about it and he told the Secretary.

As the insiders relate, Mr. Hitchcock "went right up in the air." Indignant, enraged, the Secretary was for sending at

once for Hermann and demanding his resignation. That was Mr. Hitchcock's way: direct, natural and ruthless. But that isn't the Washington way. Judge Van Devanter, however, won the Secretary over to send for Hermann, proposed the promotion of B. F. Allen, and ask if there was anything against him. If Hermann was "in with" Allen, and Hyde and Benson, he would favor the promotion, and conceal the charges.

Hermann, summoned, came rubbing his hands and bowing, and the blunt Secretary tried to play out the game. But either he blundered or Hermann was too cunning for him. For when the Secretary told what he proposed for B. F. Allen and asked if there was anything on record against his promotion, Binger Hermann searched his mind.

"Let me see," he said. "B. F. Allen. It seems to me there is something against B. F. Allen. I may be mistaken, but—B. F. Allen, hum; if my memory does not deceive me there is a report on file that contains charges against B. F. Allen." Thus Binger Hermann, the sly, defeated the intriguers. But he didn't defeat the Secretary. Mr. Hitchcock wanted to see that report, and Hermann had to go and get it. And when Mr. Hitchcock read it (as if he had never read it before) he flew into a fresh passion. Why was such a report of such a scandal kept from him? He demanded the resignation of Mr. Binger Hermann.

Hermann ran to Senator Mitchell, and the Senator applied the Oregon pull. The President was seen and Secretary Hitchcock; they both were too angry to listen to anything but an appeal for mercy. So Senator Mitchell pleaded for time. There was to be a wedding in Mr. Hermann's family, he said, and it would be a pity to spoil the festivities by the sudden removal of the father from office. On this ground a reprieve was granted. How the President, the Secretary, Heney, Burns and all the others did regret this act of clemency! Hermann spent the time allowed him to burn the so-called private letter books of his office—the offense for which he was tried this year at Washington, and acquitted.

But no matter: a great result was accomplished. Mr. Hitchcock was aroused, and so was the President. Richards was made land commissioner in Hermann's place; Macey became chief clerk; and there were

other changes and promotions. But the Secretary was far from satisfied. Hard to start, he was as hard to stop, and now that he knew there were crooks in his land office, his obstinacy became a fierce virtue. He called his altered cabinet about him, and, deciding that he must turn Holsinger's report into evidence, he proceeded to act.

Arthur B. Pugh, a law clerk in Van Devanter's office, was sent west with Charles Steece, a special agent. They encountered difficulties. They called on Schneider at Tucson, but, for some reason, he would talk no more. Unfortunately his statement to Holsinger had not been sworn to and, since he refused now to make an affidavit, his testimony was worthless as evidence. At Los Angeles, at San Francisco—all along the line, they were balked. They got some facts, however. They reported their convictions that there was fraud and, baffled themselves, they offered a suggestion. Mr. Pugh advised Secretary Hitchcock that only a detective could solve the problem.

### *Hitchcock Gets Him a Detective*

A detective! The Secretary, more determined than ever by this set-back, seized upon the idea. He wanted a detective, but where do you go for detectives? Judge Van Devanter bethought him of the Secret Service of the Treasury Department and Chief Wilkie was called in. He heard the story. The problem lay out of his jurisdiction, but he said he could help. He offered to lend the Interior Department "the star of the Secret Service"—William J. Burns.

Burns is a detective. He is a detective of the old school, the kind you read about in books; he uses his head. Burns also makes thieves help him, but the thieves he uses are those that did the job. He "gets them right," makes them "come through" (as he calls confessing) and his genius appears in the way in which he finds out who the thieves are. He exercises his imagination; he calls it forming a theory, but, as we follow this detective's story through the land frauds, we shall see that his theorizing consists in nothing but mental seeing aided by reason. And the beginning thereof is suspicion.

Burns' suspicion is almost universal. The President once complained that Burns

thought everybody was a thief until his innocence was proven, and Burns answered with surprise, "Well, they are—here in Washington." Burns knows his Washington. His suspicion is built up by insight, but it is founded upon facts. Knowing that So-and-So is stealing, he knows that the other So-and-Sos near the thief must know about it, and he asks, "Why don't they holler, eh? What are they getting out of it?"

To the Secretary, hard-headed and unimaginative, Chief Wilkie's star came as a shock. Burns did not know the graft map of the Interior Department, so he suspected everybody in it. His first request, made before he himself arrived, was that nobody but the Secretary and Chief Wilkie should be informed of his engagement. No doubt he would have kept out the Secretary himself, at first, if he could, but the Secretary had to know, of course, and he took into his confidence four or five other men besides himself and Wilkie. And the sequel proved that Burns was right; too many knew. When the detective had indicated the depth, breadth and height of his suspicions at their first council, the Secretary drew Chief Wilkie aside.

"Now, Mr. Wilkie," he said, "do you think your man will be able to handle such a difficult, delicate job as this?"

"He has never failed yet," said the Chief, and the Secretary was resigned. He gave Burns the case, and he hoped for the best. As time went on he came to put great faith in the detective, but it was sometimes hard to do so, and their intercourse was a series of shocks.

Burns' next move was the next shock. He asked to be put to work in the Land Office. He said he must have an understanding of the laws, methods and general organization of the General Land business, and that was true; but also he needed to "form his theory."

"I wanted to find out," he told me, "first, how the laws intended that the public lands should be distributed, honestly; second, the methods by which they were actually disposed of, honestly; third, how the crooks got hold of them, crookedly. And, finally, I knew that if the outside crooks in the business got land crookedly, certain crooks in office had to know about it, and I wanted to know before I went after them just who they were, both in the De-

partment at Washington and out West in the field."

### *Burns at Work in Washington*

Reading law in the Land Office, Burns saw that the policy of the United States government and the intent of its open land legislation was to distribute the public domain gradually in small parcels to bona fide settlers, miners and others, who would cultivate it for their own and the common good. The evils that had grown up with time, he found, were all the results of the efforts of "enterprising" business men to get large tracts of land for the purposes of reckless, selfish exploitation. Thus the land frauds were not only violations of the land laws; they were a general violation of the policy of the government; and they were bringing about a condition in which, as in the old countries, a comparatively small number of large land-owners would own the land in the United States. Burns saw that this process of appropriation was carried on by several methods, and he studied them all, but he worked out most carefully the school-land, lieu-scrip frauds, since they were the specialty of Hyde and Benson, his first case.

Having grasped the general principle underlying the land policy, Burns perceived at a glance that Hyde and Benson were merely brokers through whom big operators got hold of lands meant for small settlers. Who the big operators were was well known in the Land Office, and the mere fact that they were getting lands wholesale was of itself an evidence of fraud and corruption. Moreover, the clew to the crime was written plain in the Land Office records. The lieu-land act read as if it was drawn to compensate settlers, the states and others for land taken back by the government, and the applications on file were indeed from many "settlers" who signed many names. But throughout hundreds and hundreds of these papers there recurred constantly one name: F. A. Hyde. Schneider's letters said that the settlers were dummies, and that with their applications for school lands went also a deed of relinquishment to Hyde, but even if Schneider had not written this letter, the constant recurrence in so many papers of "F. A. Hyde," the name of one man should have aroused suspicion in an honest official's mind; and since everybody knew that Hyde was one of the brokers

through whom big operators were getting too much land, the Land Office should have investigated. The machinery and the men to investigate were there: special agents, forest superintendents and all the other divisions of experts. And the records showed that these all had investigated or passed upon all these papers. Yet there were Hyde and Benson dealing on the open market in scrip!

### *Burns' Imagination*

Burns didn't have to be a detective to detect the fraud, nor did he have to be very shrewd to guess who the guilty officials were. Some or all of these experts, posted all along the lines to prevent fraud, must be corrupt. Schneider told of two that were, but these couldn't be all. To settle upon the others, all Burns had to do was to follow a typical, fraudulent claim from its inception out in the field to the Land Office, through the proper divisions there and thus back again to the local land offices, where the patents were delivered. When he had done that, Burns "knew" that not only Forest Superintendent Allen and Special Agent Prior at Los Angeles were corrupt, but that Grant Taggart, the forest supervisor at San Francisco and H. H. Jones, his chief and Allen's, at Washington were corrupt; and that Major Harlan, the chief of the special agents, and J. J. Barnes, the expert of the school-lands division,—all of these and many others had to be corrupt. The Land Office, inside and out, at Washington and in the field, must be corrupt from the rim to the core.

And so Burns told the Secretary, and the Secretary went "right up in the air." When Burns went on to say that certain officials, whom he named,—men high up in the Department; veterans in the service; gentlemen in department; members of good families; friends of great men—when Burns said they were "crooks," the Secretary demanded to know how the detective knew. And when the detective said the fraud simply could not go on without their knowledge and connivance, the Secretary asked for evidence.

"I have no evidence yet," Burns had to admit; "that's only my theory."

"Oh," said the Secretary, "if that's all you've got! Well, we shall have to have more than theory, you know."

### *The Uses of Imagination*

Burns did not resent the Secretary's incredulity. He was used to it. He tells how in his most celebrated case, the Taylor-Bredell-Jacobs and Kendig-Philadelphia-Lancaster counterfeit conspiracy, he had a similar experience with Chief Wilkie. Burns assumed that very few engravers could have done that job. From talks with men in the business he learned of six who were capable of such perfect work. Four of them he found to be openly engaged all the time at legitimate labor. Thus by a process of elimination he settled his suspicion upon the other two, and, finding them grouped mysteriously but handily for crime, he wired Wilkie, who was then new in the service, that he had located the criminals.

"The Chief came rushing over to Philadelphia," Burns relates, "and talked of warrants. He was utterly disgusted when I told him that I had only formed my theory, and he laughed. Well, I laughed, too, and I laughed last. It took a year to get the evidence. It had taken only a few weeks to form my theory. But the evidence bore out the theory in detail."

Of course Burns has to get evidence. That's his business: to convict.

So he determined to make somebody confess. He picked out J. J. Barnes, an able clerk in the school-land division, who had been forty years in the service and stood high in the esteem of Mr. Hitchcock. All Burns had to go on was the theory that since the frauds went through his hands, Barnes, being experienced and intelligent, must know and do certain things that were wrong. Some people say Burns bluffs; they are wrong. Burns knows; he is sure; his mind's eye sees as surely as his physical eye; and his assurance counts. He confronted Barnes with a complete and graphic account of the manipulations of the land frauds. Barnes paled, and Burns, seeing he was right, accused him of accepting bribes. Barnes broke down and confessed.

Barnes turned out to be the clerk "B.," whom Schneider said Dimond had hired to keep Hyde and Benson posted. But Schneider didn't know it all. Barnes said it wasn't Dimond, but Hyde himself that had ruined him. Dimond's visit wasn't the first. Before that Hyde had come to Washington. Like Burns, Hyde had gone into the Land



Office, and studied the procedure there; like Burns, Hyde had seen that Barnes must be corrupt if business was to be done; and so, like the detective again, the business man had had to "get" Barnes.

### *Hitchcock's Practical Mind*

The confession of Barnes astonished the Secretary, but it did not convince him that his Land Office was "corrupt to the core." Only Barnes was bad. Mr. Hitchcock was just as amazed at each subsequent confession. Once when a certain fine old clerk had expressed a willingness to tell the Secretary something, Burns was called in to hear the story. The old man related how when he, as a special agent in the field, was making an investigation into some suspicious land operations by United States Senator Warren of Wyoming, Richards had transferred him. The Secretary listened till Richards' name was mentioned, then he refused to hear any more. "Richards? Impossible!" And he turned the old man out of his office. But Burns did not think there was anything impossible for Richards. He followed the clerk out and he took from him the rest of the story. The time came when the Secretary had to let Richards resign, but that was years later. He couldn't believe then any evil of the Commissioner who had exposed Binger Hermann, and it was always hard for him to change his mind about a man he once had trusted. But this fixity of mind was a comfort as well as an exasperation to Burns and afterward to Heney. For Mr. Hitchcock was as stanch with honest men as he was with "crooks." After he had given his investigators his confidence, nothing could move him; neither whispered lies nor open charges, neither political pull nor pleas for business. When the fight was on, and Heney and Burns needed blind support, they put their backs to Secretary Hitchcock and, like a stone wall, he stood immovable behind them.

### *Burns Goes West*

It was the confession of Barnes apparently that first won for Burns the splendid faith of the Secretary. Having it, he went west. Burns headed straight for San Francisco, and there he began his field work as he did his investigation in the Department at

Washington, by studying out the system. At the bottom of the Land Office corruption were the big business men, Hyde and Benson; and they were, indeed, big. If Burns had been a novice he admits that he would have been staggered by the position, wealth and influence of these men. But the detective had detected business back of crime before. The counterfeiters of Philadelphia had brought out against him the influence of men prominent in business, law and in politics; and in another case, that of a robbery of the U. S. Mint at San Francisco, some of the criminals had developed a pull which reached up into the offices of the Federal prosecutors. Burns had no astonishment to waste on the millionaires, Benson and Hyde, therefore, nor on the political and business relations they sustained with the leading citizens of California.

Now, Burns found in California what I have found in every state that I have studied, that a railroad rules. The Southern Pacific Railroad, having corrupted the state, furnished about all the government it had and that government represented, naturally, not the people, but first, the railroad, and second, any other (non-competing) business that would help pay the cost of keeping the state corrupt. And, having thus the state, these corrupt businesses corrupted also so much of California's share in the United States Senate, the House of Representatives and the Executive Departments as they "had to" control.

We have seen how Burns followed the stream of corruption from Washington down through the Land Office of the Interior Department to the State of California. Since the frauds he was after were operated in part through the land office in California, the state's land office had to be similarly corrupt. Schneider said it was. Burns proved it. Schneider had implicated two surveyors-general of California; the third was in office now, but it was common knowledge in land business circles that the office still was corrupt. "Of course it was," says Burns. The railroad, having been granted land by the government, had had to go into the land business and, since the surveyor-general's office would represent and protect the people of California if it was honest, it had to be made dishonest. Herrin, the chief of counsel for the Southern Pacific, was the boss of the state and he named himself the candidate for that office.

And since Benson and Hyde were getting land ahead of honest men, and in quantities not contemplated in the law, they "had to" have, and pay for, an unlawful standing in the surveyor-general's office. They had such a standing. Schneider told Holsinger that he spent most of his time there, not only furthering the business of his principals, but hindering that of honest men.

### *Proving the Detective's Theory*

Burns' "theory" then was that the state government represented corrupt business. He had to prove his theory as to the land business. He engaged detectives to "shadow" the officials and the business men who "must be crooks." He induced honest men that had suffered from the system to tell him their experiences and he verified or, as he puts it, "ran out" their stories. This all by way of working up circumstantial evidence. To clinch his case, however, he had to "get" as witnesses for the government the only men that could testify to a personal knowledge of the graft-grafters. He went after B. F. Allen. The Forest Superintendent at Los Angeles "had to" be either a "crook" or a fool and Schneider's story indicated that he was no fool. Allen therefore must "come through." The detective's first step was to find "something on" Allen and he had foreseen and prepared for this need at Washington. He discovered there that Allen's record contained a charge of making false expense accounts. Binger Hermann had whitewashed the matter, but that only increased Burns' suspicion. He had taken copies of Allen's subsequent expense accounts. These contained charges for work done in certain weeks; in San Francisco Burns ascertained that in those same weeks Allen had gone to Yosemite for an outing with his daughter. There were charges for railroad tickets; in San Francisco Burns learned that Allen traveled on a pass. Having "run out" enough such things to convict his man, Burns proceeded to Los Angeles.

### *Confession of an Ex-Banker*

Allen proved to be not a professional politician, but a former banker of Des Moines who had come west for his health. He did not have to hear much of Burns' "theory" to be persuaded that the detective knew the

whole game. Allen "came through." He confessed that his recent accounts were "doctored" and that the old accounts, which had been whitewashed, were false also. He said Schneider's story was true. He admitted that he had allowed Hyde to draw the maps, which he, the superintendent of forests, should have drawn, and, not only that: Hyde had written his reports to the Department. In proof of this, Allen showed some of his correspondence with Hyde. One letter that accompanied a report which Hyde wrote for Allen to send in, closed with the remark that "I (Hyde, the author of it) am satisfied that you will be highly complimented on this report." Allen said it was Hyde who first did business with him. The railroad helped; it was the Southern Pacific Land Department that furnished him his annual pass. And Hyde did a great deal of land business for and with Mr. Herrin. But Allen showed on the Hyde-Allen maps of reservations how he and Hyde had "done" the road sometimes. The railroad was in the lieu-land business, too, and since the price rose and fell according to the amount of scrip on the market, it was to the interest of Hyde and Benson to draw their maps so as to get around railroad land. Allen showed the crooked lines they had drawn to take in Hyde and Benson's school sections and to leave out those that belonged to the road.

### *Looking Higher Up*

Having Allen, the detective looked for the ex-banker's superiors. For, according to Burns' theory, Allen could not have carried on this corrupt business without corrupt connections higher up. Burns asked about Binger Hermann. Allen replied that he wasn't "in with" the commissioner; he worked with his own chief, H. H. Jones, the head of the Forestry Division of the General Land Office. Thus Burns was balked as to Hermann the sly, but he had extended one line on his graft map of the Interior Department back to Washington again.

From Los Angeles Burns went to Tucson, Arizona, to see Schneider, whose letters had started all this "trouble." Schneider was obdurate. Burns had a "theory" to account for the change that had come over Schneider. He remembered that Schneider had explained his willingness to tell all

about the frauds by confessing his desire for revenge. In San Francisco the detective had heard that the Land Office (not Binger Hermann, but somebody) had warned Hyde or Benson that Schneider was "squealing." Also he had heard that Hyde or Benson sent back word to the Department to "let him squeal." This, if true, would account for Hermann's cool disregard of Schneider's complaint. But when the investigation was begun by Holsinger, and Hyde's "good name" was being "bandied about," that gentleman had given out an interview explaining that a former employee was attempting to blackmail him. Burns' theory, therefore, was that Schneider had "shut up" because Hyde had submitted finally to blackmail.

But Burns could not break Schneider down on this point. He tried again and again, and always in vain, but he did make Schneider talk. Taking along with him as a witness Knox Corbett, the postmaster at Tucson, Burns would begin by asserting something which he knew to be false. Schneider would deny this, with heat and energy, and then he and Burns would enter into an argument.

"Well, anyhow," Burns would say, "this is true." And he would state a fact, some fact that Schneider had told Holsinger, for example, or one that Allen had told Burns. Schneider would admit the fact and the argument would proceed. In this way Burns, with Corbett by, drew from Schneider the whole story which they hope to use on the stand against Benson and Hyde.

### *Grant Taggart Comes Through*

The best service Schneider rendered to Burns, however, was to clear up his view of the system as a whole, and, much enlightened, he hurried back to San Francisco. There he went after Grant I. Taggart. A former chief clerk of the Supreme Court of the State of California, Taggart was a man of force, influence and standing, but he was the forest supervisor for northern California. He must be corrupt. Burns had nothing on him, but his theory was highly perfected by this time, and it looked so much like knowledge to Taggart that he broke down and "came through." He said that it was Benson, not Hyde, that did business with him. This disclosure disturbed somewhat Burns' preconception of the Hyde-Benson meth-

ods, but by following out the clew he discovered that Benson and Hyde had two organizations. Each had a separate but a complete group of corrupted officials. They worked together, but, generally speaking, Benson handled the north, Hyde the south.

### *The Pull that Failed*

Meanwhile Burns had been "working upon" the clients, clerks, stenographers, messengers,—all the employees and associates of Hyde and Benson. Nearly all of these "came through" under Burns' treatment, but some of them warned their employers of what was going on. Hyde applied his pull in the Department, but Burns, who had set a watch at Washington also, received from there a copy of the answer that Hyde received, viz., that nobody could pull Burns off; he reported to the Secretary himself direct and no one else could touch him. So Hyde appealed to the Secretary. He sent a telegram of about a thousand words saying that he knew Mr. Hitchcock intended to be fair and honorable; that he (Hitchcock) had sent out special agents twice before and they proved to be gentlemen; they had investigated and found nothing against Hyde; but this man Burns was no gentleman; he was questioning and alarming his clients, clerks, messengers, and interfering generally with his business. Wherefore Mr. Hyde besought the Secretary to recall Burns.

The Secretary mailed the telegram to Burns, and the detective found written across the face of it an indorsement to the effect that: "You are evidently a very bad man." Burns felt then that he had the faith which Mr. Hitchcock, "stiff-necked and obstinate," as I have called him, could give to a man when he believed in him—a faith which "makes a man make good."

Burns obtained from Hyde and Benson's employees and clients further light on their business methods. Hyde's stenographer told him Hyde customarily enclosed money in letters addressed to the registers and receivers of the local land offices, and to other petty Federal officials. The amounts were small, mere tips, but she said she knew of but one official that had ever returned such a gift. The stenographer and others told how Hyde and Benson got names for dummies: they would advertise for clerks and use the signatures of persons who applied

for positions. Sometimes they would change the names a little, but the handwriting was imitated and the signatures forged (if this be forgery) to papers. In many cases real persons were used and these helped Burns. He ran out some of them, both men and women, and he learned from them that for a small fee they had signed applications to the state for school lands. They had a right to take up such lands if they meant, and would swear, to use them for their own benefit. If they took up a claim to sell it, however, they committed perjury. Yet they admitted that at the same time they signed the applications they signed relinquishments of their rights to Hyde and also a power of attorney. These American citizens were as cheap or almost as ignorant as dummies, and, to escape punishment, they turned state's witnesses. Burns was about ready to return to Washington.

### *Burns' Service to California*

Before he left California, however, he did the state a service. A Federal detective after Federal grafters, he had nothing to do with the state grafters, but he gave out an interview describing the corrupt part the state surveyor-general played in these corrupting operations, and, corrupt as the Republican party was, it did not dare carry out its program of nominating men whom Burns' interview implicated. But nobody else did anything else to him and I know that Hyde is still a member of the "best" club in San Francisco; he is still a business man with credit at the banks, and he is still doing "business" in California; and the surveyor-general's office is not preventing his operations. And this is four years later.

When Burns returned to Washington, he went as a victor and as such he was received. Secretary Hitchcock took him over to the White House and there, to the President, he told his story and outlined his evidence. The President, delighted, slapped the detective on the back and, in his vigorous, enthusiastic way, bade him go and get the men higher up, no matter how high up they were. And Burns, delighted, promised to go as high as he could. The prospect for a complete exposure and a thoroughgoing reform was considered. The outlook was bright and there was much rejoicing, very genuine rejoicing. But there was little

imagination. Mr. Roosevelt's remark about the men higher up suggested that he sensed the system, but Secretary Hitchcock couldn't see it. Mr. Hitchcock couldn't see, for example, that certain other officials than those who had confessed must necessarily be corrupt. Burns was astounded. He had from the subordinates of H. H. Jones the evidence that the chief of the Forestry Division was "bad"; wasn't it equally obvious that Valk, the head of the lieulands division was likewise bad? And wasn't it clear that Major Harlan, the chief of the special agents, must be implicated with his subordinates who had confessed?

No. The Secretary couldn't believe it. Especially any suspicion of Major Harlan, a veteran and a good man, seemed to offend him.

But Burns "got" Major Harlan and, to show the Secretary, he made the poor old man repeat to him his whole shameful story. Then Burns "got" William Valk. Harlan was easy, but Valk was difficult. He came indignant into Burns' office. He was an honest man, he protested, and a gentleman, and he wasn't going to let anybody take away his good name. It was really a most dignified and rather a convincing bit of acting, but it was acting. And Burns is an actor, too. Telling his secretary, Rittenhouse, to leave the room, the detective got up and came over to Valk.

"Now," he said, "I want to tell *you* something. I know what you are doing. I know the whole rotten situation here." And he described it. "Now I want you to understand that I won't be bluffed. I am making an investigation and I'm going to prove the crime on every last one of you. And you're first. That's all."

There was more of this, more theory, more assurance. The whole system was as vivid in Burns' mind as evidence is in a legal mind, and he can make those who are part of the system see it as he sees it. After he had made his little speech, Burns called back his secretary.

"Now, then, Mr. Valk, you sit down there," he said, "and you see that you tell the truth, too."

And Valk sat down there and he told the truth; the same truth that Major Harlan had told the Secretary. They were both Benson's men, not Hyde's, and with their help Burns caught Benson red-handed in Washington.

*Taking Thieves to Catch a Thief*

Harlan said that he had been in constant touch with Benson, and was yet. Burns wanted to know how he expressed himself in his communication. Harlan recited a sample letter. "Write it," said Burns, and Harlan wrote a letter to Benson. Then Burns wanted to know how Harlan addressed this man, and he made him prepare a typical envelope. After Harlan had gone, Burns put the letter in the envelope and mailed it. He believed Harlan would write another letter warning Benson, and, sure enough, no reply was received from Benson to the first letter. So Burns called Harlan down hard.

"You are still playing with Benson," he said. "You wrote and stopped him from answering that letter which you gave me as a sample and which I posted."

Burns did not say, of course, that he only guessed this. He talked as if he knew it and Harlan, thinking no doubt that the detective had spied upon him, admitted having warned Benson. In his humiliation Harlan was brought completely under the will of the detective who had a use for the man. He ordered Harlan to sit down and write again to Benson, and this time Burns dictated the letter. It was brief. It told Benson that "everything was O.K. once more." Expecting that the contradictory letters would puzzle and alarm Benson, the detective hoped that he would come in person to Washington; and that's just what Benson did do.

When Benson arrived, one of Burns' shadows was on him, and when he sent for Valk, which he did at once, Burns sent for Valk. Valk reported first to Burns and Burns told him to go to Benson.

"But what if Benson offers me money?"

"Take it," said Burns, "and bring it to me."

And Benson did offer Valk money, and Valk took the money, or, as Benson called it, the "pictures." After talking about the investigation and being reassured, he proceeded to talk "business." He had new schemes to work, new reserves to put through, and after arranging for these, Benson asked Valk about the "market for pictures." Valk said they were scarce. Benson, he says, stepped into his bath-room and, coming out, asked Valk if he didn't want to go in there, too. Valk went

in and he found \$100 lying on the wash-basin.

Exactly the same thing happened in the same way when Harlan (similarly instructed by Burns) called, except that the Major found \$200 in the bath-room. Both men brought their "finds" to Burns, who marked the "pictures" and felt finally that his case was complete. He so reported. Benson was arrested. He jumped his bail of \$5,000 and went to New York, but Burns had him rearrested and put him under a bond of \$20,000. Benson protested and he carried his protest from the United States Commissioner up through the United States Circuit clear to the Supreme Court of the United States, but he was held. And thus he and Hyde, the business men, and Dimond, their attorney, and Schneider, their tool, were indicted for conspiracy to defraud their government.

The politicians (Prior, Allen, Taggart, et al.) who conspired with them were not indicted with them. They are to go free. Having been compelled finally to serve, as state's witnesses, the government they were betraying, they are to have immunity. That was, and it is, the policy of these government investigations; and it is a practical, official recognition of the theory that business is the source of political corruption; that "bad" politicians are mere agents of "good" business men. Business men protest bitterly at this policy. They say that a man can't do business without bribing these bad politicians, and they say true. A lot of bad American business couldn't go on without corrupting politics and government. Railroad men have told me they must, and they do, corrupt every state they pass through. Public utility men plead they have to contribute to the corruption of the cities,—all the cities,—which grant them privileges. But that doesn't justify them. Does it? To an uncommercialized mind, even good business seems to be less important than good government. And if there is something about these businesses which makes it necessary for the managers of them to degrade themselves, debase their neighbors, and debauch their cities, their states, and the United States, why, then, it would seem that we are to conclude, not that our institutions are to go, but that all such businesses must be either taken away from private owners or put under public control.

*Oregon Corrupt Like California*

But that's theory, and theory is offensive to practical people. Let's stick to business. And the startling truth about this land business is, that like the railroad and the public utility businesses it has to corrupt every state where it is carried on and every part of the Federal government that it touches. We have seen what Burns saw in California; Burns has seen more since in that state, and we shall see all that also, later. But while he was working up the land frauds in California, it developed that similar land frauds were being practiced in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Colorado—in all the unsettled states and territories. It will be remembered that Holsinger reported Schneider as saying that Benson and Hyde operated in Oregon as well as in California, and Burns had made some inquiries up there, but he couldn't "run out" the Oregon and the California cases at the same time. So Secretary Hitchcock had assigned to Oregon a special agent, Col. A. R. Greene. A special agent is not always a detective, and Col. Greene had gone noisily about his work. He has been severely criticised for proceeding with such a delicate task with "one brass band playing in front of him and another in his rear." But that's one way of working and it turned out to be a good way in this case. For there happened to be a quarrel among the land-grafters of Oregon, and when it became known that Col. Greene was making an investigation for the Secretary of the Interior, some of the insiders called on the special agent and gave him a peep at the inside.

*Hitchcock Gets Him a Prosecutor*

The result was a steady fire of reports from Greene to Mr. Hitchcock of facts, rumors and enough evidence to give the Secretary the impression that Oregon was worse than California. It looked as if even Binger Hermann, the sly, might be caught up there, and the Department desired ardently to catch that man. For Hermann, upon his dismissal from the Land Office, had gone

home to appeal to the people. He ran for his old seat in Congress. His party organization (for some reason) gave him the nomination and luck, or a trick, did the rest. While he was running, President Roosevelt went touring up through Oregon. Binger Hermann boarded his train, and once when the President was standing on the rear platform greeting a crowd, Hermann stepped out beside him. Just as the President glanced about laughing, a photographer, who was there for that purpose, took a snapshot of the two together: the President and the Land Commissioner he had put out of office. The people seemed to conclude, as many of them said, that they could "stand for" Hermann if the President could, and they re-elected him. Speaker Cannon and the ring that runs the House put Hermann (for some reason) upon the Public Lands Committee, and there he was, a thorn in the side of Secretary Hitchcock.

Col. Greene made a case; he made his case before Burns made his; but the special agent had not got Binger Hermann. The special agent had got big information; indeed he had obtained indictments in several cases, but the cases and the culprits were small. The Secretary wasn't satisfied. Like the President, Mr. Hitchcock wanted to go "higher up."

The only hope was in a strong prosecution, a prosecution that should be also an investigation. Burns had a theory about the United States District Attorneys in the timber-land regions. Since they had jurisdiction in land fraud and other Federal grafts, which went on all about them, he held them guilty until their innocence was proven. He was as suspicious of the attorney-general's department as he was of the Department of the Interior, and his suspicion had been grounded somewhat by his experiences in both California and Oregon. He was for a special prosecutor, therefore, and that is what Secretary Hitchcock came to want: a prosecutor who would prosecute not one but all his land cases, and expose the whole system. And he got him—Frank Heney.

*(In the next article, which will appear in the October number, Mr. Steffens will take up Heney and the story of his wonderful work in the prosecution of the land thieves.)*

# EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT



HIS story is all news to me" is a phrase frequently used by readers of Miss Tarbell's narrative of "The Tariff in Our Times," which THE AMERICAN

MAGAZINE has been publishing during the past year. Curiously enough the events of our own times, by which we mean the 50 years just behind us, often are all news to us. We know the story of the Revolution of '76 better than the story of Reconstruction; the causes of the fall of the Bastille are clearer to us than the causes of the Panic of 1873! It was this consideration mainly that led us to publish Miss Tarbell's narrative. We wanted to get certain significant facts of recent tariff history clearly in the minds of our readers in order to use them as a basis for telling certain other stories of the day in which we are all concerned and of which we are all thinking. What are these facts?

It is clear that at the beginning of the period covered the country was committed to low duties, laid primarily for revenue and only incidentally for protection. It was not a change in the popular mind that brought about high duties. They were laid from 1862 to 1865 to compensate manufacturers for internal taxes made necessary by the war, and the raise of duties was accompanied by a distinct promise to take them off as soon as the war was over and the internal taxes were removed.

But they were not taken off when the taxes were *because of the strength of the resistance of those who profited by the duties.*

The party in power, the Republican, was occupied with serious problems: the war debt, reconstruction, the resumption of specie payment. To solve these problems it felt the necessity of a strong and solid front. Again and again it compromised on the tariff. The Democratic party came into power committed to a tariff for revenue—with incidental protection. But the same interests which had converted the Republicans to their uses went to work to protectionize the Democrats and they were finally able to prevent the party carrying out the

policy to which it was committed. That is, Miss Tarbell's first series of articles makes it clear that for twenty-five years after the close of the war both great political parties shaped their course on the tariff to suit the demands of those who profited by it.

## *The Story of a Great Campaign*

What were the methods by which the protected interests were able to exercise such power in politics? Miss Tarbell's second series of articles, which will appear in the coming numbers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, will answer this question. It is doubtful if there has ever been an educational effort in the United States in behalf of a doctrine equal in organization to that which was developed to eradicate the general belief in tariff for revenue with incidental protection and replace it by the doctrine of protection for protection's sake. It was a campaign which included every device from the most vulgar of broadsides to the very founding of institutions of learning to teach protection. It was a *campaign inaugurated, supported and carried on almost exclusively by those who profited by the duties.* There never was a disinterested element of any importance in it.

Hand in hand with the education machine built up by the protectionists went the political machine, developed until it has been able to control the elections in scores of Congressional districts—to name the chairmen of the Ways and Means Committee, to select the chairmen of at least the Republican National Committee, and to dictate to the very president of the United States! From it grew many political devices full of significance, its chief fruit of course being the Campaign Fund, as we now know it.

## *Apt Pupils and Unholy Alliances*

While the educational and political machinery of the protectionists have always been active in any field where there was a

chance of success labor has been its favorite field. Here it has applied most successfully its methods. The efficiency in organization and in the exercise of political pressure which the labor unions of to-day show are due in no small degree to what the men learned from their protectionist employers from 1870 to 1890; that is, that solidarity in labor which manufacturers are trying to overcome is a solidarity of which they themselves laid the foundations, hoping to use it for their own purposes!

A no less interesting phase of protective work which is also developed in the articles is the alliance of those who enjoy tariff privileges with those who enjoy transportation privileges, immunity from taxes, land grants, monopoly of franchises, power of unrestricted combination, freedom from governmental regulation. In this alliance the tariff element is undoubtedly by far the strongest.

The leading feature of the second series of articles, however, is the discussion of the results which have come from allowing the protected to make their own tariff schedules. The leaders of both political parties repeatedly pointed out from 1860 to 1887 that high tariffs must result in increased cost of living—in a surplus which would lead us into vicious national extravagances and in a crop of monopolies and tariff-made millionaires. What are the facts—what has the tariff had to do with the present high prices of the necessities of life—with our “billion-dollar Congresses”—with multimillionaires?

### *Are Havemeyer and Carnegie Self-Made?*

Not only are these economic results discussed; there are chapters on certain intellectual and ethical effects of our dealings with the tariffs which are too often overlooked. Among others is that change in our spirit of self-reliance. Time was when Americans gloried in working out, unaided, their careers. The protective tariff has done an enormous amount to undermine this spirit. The greatest portion of the opulent class of the country have achieved their wealth by the aid of privileges. Our tariff-made millionaires can none of them truly be said to be self-made men. Mr. Havemeyer is a tariff-made millionaire, just as Mr. Rockefeller is a rebate-made million-

aire. Mr. Carnegie is a combination of the two—the tariff mainly, but rebates not inconsiderably have given him an enormous advantage over the mass of men. That is, these gentlemen, who are undoubtedly natural money-makers of unusual ability, have obtained their unnatural wealth through discriminations made in their favor. Their success has had its effect. Under the influence of the protective idea the strongly individualistic spirit of this people is changing. This is, of course, logical. Protection and paternalism are as one and inseparable as free trade and individualism.

### *Is the Bargain a Good One?*

Perhaps the most serious side of protection, as it has been worked out in this country, is ethical. As has been said, there has been at no time ignorance or silence in either party on the dangers inherent in a protective system. Throughout this period of twenty-five years there were always men in both parties insisting on the inevitable corruption that would come from an oligarchy organized to preserve privileges, on the deterioration in national self-reliance which would come from protecting people in their private undertakings. To meet these critics the protected have opposed as a justification the material results. Protection may mean monopolistic trusts, they say, but it means also raising the value of our steel and iron production from two hundred and ninety-six million dollars in 1880 to over eight hundred and four millions in 1900. Protection may breed alliances between the privileged, but it means making 1,025,920,000 pounds of tin plate in 1904, where twelve years before we made but 42,000,000 pounds. Protection may require intellectual jugglery, but it produced the beet sugar industry. And they contend the bargain is a good one!

### *The Cost of Living*

It is with these significant and interesting developments of the protective policy that Miss Tarbell will deal in the coming year. The articles will carry on the historical narrative, although they will be separate studies. They will be published at intervals as editorial policy dictates. The first of the new series will be called “The Tariff and the Cost of Living.”



In no sense are the articles controversial. They will deal entirely with facts open to any student who will take the trouble to unravel them. What we have done on the tariff—why we have done it, and what the results have been, is the subject matter of the articles. We believe we are not wrong in our conviction that the time for shirking the tariff question—from diverting attention from it by threats

of panic and depression—is passing. The country is strong enough morally, intellectually and financially to examine thoughtfully the whole case, to make up its mind what is good and what is bad in the system now fixed on us and then with due care but with due firmness to correct the bad. Whatever will contribute to this end is worth publishing. We believe Miss Tarbell's articles are such a contribution.

## "THE GLORY OF WAR"

BY ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

"What makes th' soldier man desert?" th' Colonel ast his nurse;

(Th' same it was a He-Male who was mindin' o' th' kid);

"Th' war department tells me that it's daily gettin' worse—

"My dog rob friend, I wisht that you would find out why it's did.

"When you get through a-swabbin' down th' missus' kitchen floor,

"An' emptyin' out th' kitchen slops an' answerin' o' th' door—

"I wisht you'd kindly ascertain why men won't stay to war—

"'Cause it's worryin' th' noble war department."

*Left! Step! Left! Step! Why do men desert?*

*Thirteen casers every month, pants an' hat an' shirt;*

*Workin' hours easy; only ten an' twent' an' thirt'—*

*Say! What makes th' soldiers quit th' army?*

"You don't presume," th' Colonel said, "they're wantin' o' more pay?

("An' don't forget to give that lawn another healthy roll);

"Oh, that would be ingratitude; we feed 'em thrice a day—

("An', by th' by, please carry in a ton or two o' coal).

"Now after you have finished o' your little household chore,

"You might dig up that garden, plant a peck o' seed or more;

"An' then I wisht you'd ascertain why men won't stay to war—

"'Cause it's worryin' th' noble war department."

*Left! Step! Left! Step! Pick an' shovel drill—  
 Target range in puppy tents an' rain an' fever chill;  
 Thirteen casers every month an' glory fit to kill—  
 Say! What makes th' soldiers quit th' army?*

"It's hard enough," th' Colonel said, "for officers to live  
 ("I wisht you'd beat them carpets well an' fix th' heat machine).  
 "Th' hired girls form a union an' their scale we have to give—  
 "It's nice we have you soldiers for to keep our houses clean.  
 "Now kindly cuff my charger up an' lock th' stable door;  
 "An' don't you soil your uniform; inspection comes at four—  
 "Then please go ascertain for me why men won't stay at war—  
 "'Cause it's worryin' th' noble war department."

*Left! Step! Left! Step! Off we go to war;  
 Hear th' mowers rattle an' th' coal chutes awful roar!  
 Recollect them pictures on th' 'cruitin' office door?  
 Say! What makes th' soldiers quit th' army?*

Th' soldier man must be a man o' height an' grand physique,  
 They study up his character before they let him pass—  
 Must read an' write his English, an' th' same he has to speak;  
 Must think a little for himself an' show a lot o' class.  
 In every other walk o' life there's room for thousands more  
 O' men o' caliber like him; they grab 'em at the door—  
 Now mebbe that's a reason why th' men won't stay at war—  
 On th' salary o' th' noble war department.

*Left! Step! Left! Step! Sound a jubilee,  
 Dishpans for our cymbals an' a dust-rag wavin' free;  
 Shoulder brooms an' mop-sticks when they blow th' reveille—  
 Say! What makes th' soldiers quit th' army?*

# "BEAUTY" KERRIGAN

A STORY OF NEWSPAPER AND STAGE LIFE

BY CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

As the old man reached the doorway of the burning building the woman threw herself upon him and seizing him by the shoulders wheeled him back towards her.

"I tell you they're not in the flat," she shrieked above the roar of the flames. "Katie told me she was goin' across the hall to the Cassidys."

The old man stood staring at his wife with his mouth wide open and his arms hanging impotently in front of him. "I thought they was to home," he mumbled—"honest, I thought they was to home."

Kerrigan picked his way over the network of hose to the old couple, and shaking the man by the shoulders, tried to rouse him from his stupor. "What's up?" he asked briskly.

The old man with wide frightened eyes looked up at the young one, but his tongue refused to move, so he raised both arms and waved them towards the burning tenement. But it was different with the woman. There was an assurance in Kerrigan's manner, and a certain eagerness in his eyes that made her believe him to be some one in authority, and so she seized him by the broad shoulders and pulled him down to her, so that she could shout in his ear. "My kids are in there—they'll be burned alive. The old man told the fireman they was in the third floor front, but I know they was at Cassidy's across the hall in the rear building."

Kerrigan stepped back and looked up at the high tenement with its gridiron of iron fire-escapes. The upper stories were shut out now by clouds of heavy black smoke, but the windows of the second and third stories flared up like the open doors of a blast furnace. Above the confused din of

shouting firemen, the hissing shriek of escaping steam, the clanging of bells from the third-alarm engines, and the warning cries of the crowd, there arose the continuous roar and the sharp crackle of unconquered flames. A hose burst almost at Kerrigan's feet and the sting of the cold water in his face once more stirred him into action.

He seized the old woman and put his mouth to her ear. "The third floor back?" he shouted. The woman nodded her head at him, and then in her frenzy turned to the crowds pressing against the ropes. "For God's sake," she shrieked, "won't somebody tell those firemen about my kids!" A passing fireman stopped at the woman's cry. "Have you got kids in there?" he asked. The old woman only shook her head and with her arms beat the air in the direction of the flames.

"Well, you got to get out of this," said the fireman; "that wall is liable to go any time now. The roof's gone and the floors are givin' away already." With both hands he half led, half dragged the old couple away from the building, and with the aid of a policeman finally forced them behind the ropes.

In the meantime Kerrigan stood looking into the open doorway of the burning tenement. The fire had not yet reached the lower floor, and it was quite possible that he could find the fireman who had gone for the children and tell them that they were in the back of the house. The front of the building was a raging furnace, but there was a slight chance that it might be better in the rear. For a moment he hesitated, then he pulled his hat down hard and ran for the open doorway. Inside there was a pale gray smoke that smarted Kerrigan's eyes, and so he shut them tight and promptly fell over a hose. He knew that this must lead him to the firemen, and so with one

hand on the throbbing rubber and the other one feeling against the wall, he groped his way along the narrow hallway. Halfway down the passage he found the stairway. The smoke was much thicker here and the roar of the flames and the crackling of the timber overhead was quite deafening, but the hose led him on up the winding staircase. For a moment Kerrigan opened his eyes and through a rift in the smoke he was almost sure that he saw the outline of a figure at the next landing. He clutched the banisters with both hands and called aloud, but his voice seemed to have lost all of its power, his eyes smarted terribly, too, and the awful heat was becoming unbearable.

Outside in the sunlit streets a half-grown girl pushed and fought her way through the dense crowd of onlookers massed before the fire lines. "Mother!" she shrieked to the old woman, who was still calling on some one to rescue her children. "Mother, shut up, won't you,—the kids are over to Myer's drug store."

"Glory be to God," whispered the old woman and doubled up over the rope in front of her. And as she did so the upper half of the front wall of the burning building wavered, while the crowd shouted its warning and the grimy, rubber-coated firemen raced towards the crowd for safety. For a moment the great wall of brick and iron ladders staggered in mid-air and then with a sullen roar fell backwards and crashed its way through the burning floors.

The lights had already begun to twinkle in the skyscrapers when the four men gathered about the city desk that night and talked of the Canal Street fire and the past, the present and the future of "Beauty" Kerrigan. Through the open windows there came from the park below the shrill cries of the newsboys, the rumble of the elevated trains and the rush of many hurrying footsteps. The tall building trembled slightly and then settled to the ceaseless throbbing of the presses down in the basement throwing out the night edition. The City Editor shut his watch with a noisy click. "It won't do," he said—"it won't do. We've got to get this paper out earlier or get out ourselves. Did any of you see Kerrigan?"

"I saw what was left of 'Beauty' under

a blanket on the way to the ambulance," The Cub volunteered. "He was all covered up. Fielding was with him, though, took him to the hospital, I guess, while I was chasing the old woman that thought her kids were in the building. That wide-eyed boy that reports fires and conventions for the *Tribune* told me that was what took 'Beauty' into the house—to tell the firemen where the kids were."

"That's just like Kerrigan," the Copy Reader interrupted. "With every respect to a man in the hospital 'Beauty' certainly had a high regard for the lime-light. He ought to have been an actor."

The City Editor put his feet on the desk and clapping his hands behind his head, looked up at the cob-webbed ceiling. "I liked Kerrigan," he said. "I know what you mean, but he'd been called a Greek God so long and so often that he began to believe he was a little differently made from the rest of us. Whatever happens to him it happened while he was trying to save a couple of kids he never saw. You can't take that away from him."

"I tell you, boys," interrupted the Sporting Editor, "you're all in wrong. He wasn't stuck on himself, but he loved health and condition just as any of you love a piece of mince pie. He'd played for four years on that Western college ball team of his and the football team, too, and he'd kept himself hard ever since. He didn't smoke and he didn't drink, but that didn't make him any the less of a man. He was no more stuck on his Greek head than you are on yours, but he did believe a man's body is a nice bit of machinery to take care of, not a receptacle for every violet-colored liquor that comes from Paris, France. I tell you I know the boy."

"All right," said the Copy Reader, "but not for mine. His friend Fielding that thinks so much of him is worth two of 'Beauty,' and can write better stuff with his left hand. I know, because I read all they write."

The City Editor continued to look up at the ceiling. "Kerrigan was a little up in the air sometimes," he said; "he was a bad reporter and Fielding is a good man—that is, to get facts. Kerrigan had too much imagination—he's a fiction writer. I'll bet you now that Bert Fielding will be a reporter when Kerrigan is among the best six sellers—that is, if he lives."

"Look out!" said The Cub—"here's Fielding now."

A young man came into the office, walked over to a desk and picked up some letters and then joined the four men.

"How's 'Beauty'?" asked the City Editor.

Fielding sat on a desk and shook his head. "Oh, I don't know—nobody knows anything—yet. They wouldn't let me see him, but I hear he's all smashed up and burned, too, terribly. We've got to wait—that's all." Fielding clasped his hands together and pressed them between his knees. Then he looked slowly about him at each of the four men in turn. "I tell you, it's hell to see those young doctors at the hospital standing around there smiling and so cool in their damned white suits and not able to do anything. They're all right, I guess, but the worst of it is I can't do anything."

"I suppose—I suppose they'll make him comfortable," The Cub suggested. Fielding nodded. "That's all right—Kerry has a little money of his own."

"Isn't there some one we ought to send for?" asked the City Editor.

Fielding brushed his sleeve sharply across his eyes. "Not that I know of," he said. "I've lived with him for five years and he never mentioned any relatives to me. He's alone just like I am."

The City Editor got up and laid his hand on Fielding's shoulder. "Try to take it easy, old man," he said. "It may all come out right. Better go now and have a little dinner with us."

Fielding put out his hand and turned away his head. "Thank you, but not now. I said I'd call up the hospital a little later. They seemed to think they might know something then."

The four men gathered about him and each in his own way tried to show his sympathy. Then they said good-night and left him sitting alone in the deserted room. For some moments he sat swinging his legs on the desk and looking wide-eyed out into space. Then he pulled himself together and went over to the open window. There was the scent of the early Spring in the air and a few silver stars were twinkling through the clear purple sky. Fielding looked up at the stars and shook his head. "But why 'Beauty' Kerrigan," he asked, "of all the men in the world—why 'Beauty'? Life and health and good

looks meant so much more to him than the rest of us. Just suppose You should let him live—just suppose that?"

It was late one evening the following June when Fielding led a muffled figure through the long corridors of the hospital to the cab waiting on the hot, deserted street. Broken and twisted and scarred, Kerrigan, even with the help of a cane and his friend's arm, shuffled along but slowly and with much effort. Before they started on that long, portentous journey of two hours, Fielding had received his final instructions in the private office of the head doctor. "Internally," said the little great man, carefully weighing each word, "he is as well as you or I—he may outlive either or both of us. You understand it is just as if you had smashed the case of a beautiful watch, but the works had been left unimpaired. I think he had the best frame and the best constitution I have ever met with in a long practice—of course it was these that pulled him through. What he will need now, and you must try very hard to help him to it, is courage—always courage. Courage to look into a mirror—courage to forget. And, above all, try to keep up his interest in things and make him work, work continuously—the more the better."

"I understand, doctor," said Fielding, "and I'll try very hard." Then he found his friend and together they started on their journey.

The stars were out and a young silver moon hung over them when they reached the little town of Pleasant Harbor. John Ferguson, the old Scotchman, who was to be Kerrigan's servant, met them at the station and drove them in a closed carriage to the home that Fielding had prepared. During the past summer Kerrigan and Fielding had driven from the hotel in the village over this road many times, and on just such nights as this, sometimes alone, when they always planned to buy the white farmhouse for their old age; and more often they had driven with young girls, who laughed and sang with them, just from the animal happiness of health and the sheer joy of living.

They found Mary Ferguson, the wife of John Ferguson, the Scotchman, standing in the doorway, her broad, buxom frame silhouetted against the square of yellow light that flooded the room beyond. It would have been her wish to have followed the



men into the long low sitting-room, because she would have liked to have seen their pleasure over all the beautiful flowers and ferns she had gathered in honor of Kerrigan's home-coming. However, she did not follow the two friends, who, arm-in-arm, entered the house alone. For a few moments Kerrigan stood resting on his cane and looking about at the gray wall-paper, with its delicate tracing of yellow flowers, at the bright chintz curtains and the old mahogany furniture, all newly covered in green leather, and the wood shining like burnished brass in the orange light of the shaded lamps. In one corner of the room, just by the window that looked out on the meadow and the river beyond, they had placed a broad desk, with all Kerrigan's writing things on it, and besides these a great bowl of crimson ramblers. The desk was flanked on either side by his books, and in the pictures on the walls he found none but old friends.

He reached out his hand and laid it on Fielding's arm. "It's all quite wonderful, Bert," he said—"quite wonderful, just like sunshine—and that's good, because you see this room is my whole world now."

And this as events turned out was largely true. As the long days passed Kerrigan seldom left the house, and then only very late at night, when Ferguson drove him in a closed carriage over the deep, sandy roads. Sometimes, on a Saturday night, when Fielding had come down to stop over Sunday, the two friends would go out sailing in their little cat-boat, but these were Kerrigan's only excursions abroad. The people of Pleasant Harbor had never seen the mysterious stranger who lived in the old farmhouse up the river, and, indeed, so long as he paid his bills they were willing to forget the presence of their neighbor, just as he wished to be forgotten. The children of the village, however, were not so indifferent to the newcomer and chose to believe that the only occupant of the house, besides the Scotchman and his wife, was a perfectly well-defined ghost. They spoke of the old farmhouse now in whispers, and called it "haunted," and always ran by the place at night, although the house stood far back from the road. To prove their point, they told of how a mysterious crooked figure with a black cloak had been seen sailing on the river, and at other times huddled in the back of a carriage, and how, very late one

moonlight night, the same cloaked, crooked figure had been discovered wandering over the golf links of the "summer folks" and occasionally stopping and making curious slow motions with his cane in the air, just as a real ghost would do were he playing golf with an invisible ball.

The Scotchman went to the post-office for the mail every morning and again at night, and sometimes he received long bulky letters, and at other times small thin ones, with the name of some publishing house in the corner; but all of these letters were addressed to John Ferguson. The accounts at the village were paid by checks signed by the same name, and later on the name of John Ferguson began to appear as an occasional contributor in the better class of magazines. As a living being, "Beauty" Kerrigan had stepped aside the day of the Canal Street tenement fire and had let the world pass on. As a human being, he existed only for Fielding and his two servants; as a writer, he was slowly gaining a place of honorable distinction, but the tributes to fame that he had envied so in others, the tinsel success that he had hoped and worked and prayed for in his youthful days, now that it was almost within his grasp, could never be his, because "Beauty" Kerrigan did not exist in the eyes of the world.

"My home is my tomb," he said once, and he believed it. To his friend he spoke but little of his work, and indeed Fielding usually read it for the first time when it appeared in the magazines under the name of John Ferguson. But late in the spring of Kerrigan's first year at Pleasant Harbor, he told Fielding of a drama he wanted to write. To be the author of a successful play had always been his ambition, and now he believed that it was time to move on towards that accomplishment. He had the scenario well mapped out, even the minor characters had taken shape and character in his mind, and he had already written some of the dialogue for the "great" scene in the second act.

And so, for the next few months, Kerrigan gave up the short stories and the special articles and devoted himself to his drama. Every Sunday he would read over to Fielding his week's work, and Fielding, who had a slight practical knowledge of the stage, would make suggestions and revisions.

In the early fall Fielding carried the

manuscript back with him to New York and gave it to the dramatic editor of his paper, who, he knew, could at least obtain for it the serious consideration of the managers. It was a month later when he wired to Kerrigan one morning that a manager had made an appointment with him to talk over the play. "It may amount to nothing," he said at the end of his message, "but there is a chance."

The manager sat behind a very large flat desk and divided his time about equally between talking slowly and silently rolling a long cigar between his lips. The well-thumbed manuscript of the play lay on the desk in front of him, and during the conversation he occasionally ran a paper-cutter between its pages and tapped it thoughtfully on the blue cover.

"I don't want to produce this play, very much," he said, by way of introduction, "and I don't say that to get better terms. Personally, I don't think there is any money in it, and Miss Carew, who wants to play it, will get very little out of it but reputation, and I will probably lose something. I don't know who the author is, but I should say that it was a man, and one who knew very little of the stage—that is, its practical side. He has written two women parts, of almost equal strength, and that is, as you probably know, almost fatal. But Miss Carew wants to play the part of 'Ellen,' and I know why she wants to play it. It is what we call an actor's part—it is the sort of part any actress would enjoy playing before critics or at a professional matinee. And about the same thing might be said about the 'Millicent' part. If I had a play which would give Miss Carew nearly as good a chance as 'Ellen,' and still have the popular element in it, I should not think of trying your piece, but I haven't. I candidly don't think this is going to be popular, but it is not an expensive play to put on, and I have decided to take a chance. I will give you five hundred dollars in advance and five per

cent. on the gross. That is not as much as the big ones get, but I imagine the author is a beginner and he could hardly expect more."

Fielding nodded. "I can answer for the author that the terms will be all right. When do you think we can get a production?"

"At once," said the manager, briskly—"the sooner the better. This piece Miss Carew is playing now won't do at all. I should like to begin rehearsals immediately. The necessary changes can be made as we go along. Can the author come to rehearsals?"

Fielding shook his head: "I'm afraid not," he said.

"Is he alive?"

"Yes."

"Far away?"

"No, not far," Fielding said. "It's hard to explain."

"It's hard on us, too. As I said before,



the play must be changed in a number of places to be effective. I don't want to give the good lines to Miss Carew and weaken the other parts, because we have both agreed that this can't be done; but I must have the author's help. He may think his work is over, but if he knew more about this business, he would know that it had just begun.

I'm sorry to insist, but I wouldn't care to go on without him. It would mean calling in some play-carpenter, who would probably spoil the atmosphere and ruin such chances as the piece has now."

"Very good," said Fielding, "will you give me until tomorrow noon?"

"Sure—if you can let me know the author's answer then. Come in, and we can sign the contracts and start on the scenery and rehearsals at once. Good-day!"

Fielding did not wait for the elevator, but went down the marble stairway two steps at a bound. Then he took a cab for the ferry and a half hour later was on the express for Pleasant Harbor. He found Kerrigan waiting for him in the sitting-room. "It's all right!" he cried, "it's all right! You're going to get the production. Miss Carew is going to do it as soon as they can get ready. Just think of it, your first play and to be done on Broadway—it's wonderful!"

Kerrigan stood looking at him from across the room as if he could not quite comprehend the full extent of the fortune that had come to him. Then he limped over to the door with the little window and looked out on the river. Since the first days when he had begun to write for his college paper, he had looked forward to this moment. To write a play and have it pro-

duced in New York by a successful star had always seemed to him the greatest happiness that could come to any man. The amount of money he might thus earn had hardly occurred to him—it was the fame he courted. It was the cry of "author" he craved—the lights and the excitement and the thrill of facing that great critical audi-

ence across the footlights. And now it had all come true, this dream of his of the days of his youth and health. It would all happen just as he had planned and hoped, but he would not sit in the stage box and he would not make that speech before the curtain after the "big" scene in the second act. Instead he would look out on the river that night from this little room of his, and

he would be quite alone.

Fielding knew as well what was passing in Kerrigan's mind as if his friend had been speaking aloud to him. And so he waited until the cripple shuffled over to his deep leather chair by the hearth.

"And I got pretty good terms, too, I think, Kerry," he said,—"five hundred in advance!"

Kerrigan nodded, and for some moments the two men sat looking at the burning logs on the broad hearth.

"But there is one thing," Fielding said at last, "that worries me a good deal. Bronson says there must be some trifling changes made at rehearsal. It seems there are certain places where the play is not quite right—that is, not practical."

Kerrigan nodded. "Of course, of course, I expected that, but I can make the changes down here."

For a moment Fielding hesitated. "I'm

*"My home is my tomb"—Page 514*

sorry, Kerry," he said, "but Bronson insists that the author must come up to town and work with him. He practically makes it a condition if he accepts the play."

Kerrigan looked at Fielding, but apparently with unseeing eyes.

"It's too bad!"

he said. "I

should like very

much to have

had the pro-

duction." For

a long time the

only sound in

the room came

from the crack-

le of the logs,

and then Ker-

rigan put out

his hand and

laid it gently on

Fielding's arm

and looked at

him in the eyes.

"Won't you go

for me? You

understand—

be the author."

Fielding

looked at his

friend and

smiled, and

then stretched

his arms above

his head.

"Why, Kerry,"

he said, "you

know I couldn't

do that, not

even for you!

Anything you

can ask of me but that!"

"I understand," Kerrigan said, "but who else is there? You are the only person who knows what the play means and how it ought to be played. You could come down here at night and we could make the changes and write in any new scenes or speeches they needed together. You can be 'John Ferguson' as well as I—and it's only to a few people. You know you had a lot to do with the play, as it is. You were such a help—won't you go on with it?" Kerrigan slipped slowly back into his deep chair and looked at the flames and waited.

Fielding sat with his arms tightly folded

across his breast and staring up at a portrait over the hearth. Then his eyes turned to the bent figure lying in the chair at his side. "All right, Kerry," he said,

"that's all right; I'll be the author—'John Ferguson'—for a few weeks.

The rehearsals of the new play—"The Interpreter"—by John Ferguson had been going on for about a week when Miss Carew called, by appointment, at the office of her manager.

"What do you think?" Bronson asked abruptly.

Miss Carew pursed her pretty lips and frowned thoughtfully at the tip of her patent leather boot. "I think it's all right," she said. "I don't believe there is a possibility of its not making a success—that is in an artistic

way; it's a beautiful play. The critics will like it—nobody knows what the public is going to do. It may be a little sad for them, but it seems to me there is a tremendous human appeal in it, especially in the part of 'Millicent.'"

"I know that—that's why I sent for you. You remember I told you."

Miss Carew nodded at Bronson and smiled. "I know you did," she said. "Where did you get her. I heard her say she'd never been on Broadway."

Bronson could not restrain a broad smile of self-appreciation. "I heard about her work and her good looks when she was



*There were many curtain calls—Page 521*



here at a dramatic school. I didn't take much stock in it, but I went to see her at one of their performances and signed her up the same afternoon. Then I sent her out West to do one-night stands. I got her to go in stock at Kansas City all last summer and let her stay there till this came along. But I can take her out yet if you say so. She's young enough to wait, and you know I'm always ready to protect your interests. Speak up if you want me to get some one else—not quite so strong."

Miss Carew shook her head. "That's all right," she said, and held out a white-gloved hand. "I don't mind if the play makes a hit—besides I need the money."

Bronson bustled out of his swivel chair and patted his star affectionately on the back. "You're a good girl, Blanche," he said, and taking her arm started her towards the door, "you're a good girl." Miss Carew stopped in the doorway and smiled over her shoulder at the manager, who had returned to his desk and was puffing great clouds of smoke from a freshly lit cigar. "You got through that a good deal better than you expected," she called, "didn't you?"

"A good deal better," he said, laughing, "a good deal!"

Fielding had obtained a leave of absence from his paper for three weeks, and during the morning and afternoon hours he sat down in front at Bronson's favorite theatre and watched the rehearsals of the play of which he was supposed to be the author. He saw it grow and develop and become a perfect whole; he saw actors and actresses who began by stumbling through their lines, gradually grow into the men and women that Kerrigan in his little room at Pleasant Harbor had bred, and to whom he had given minds and souls and human passions. For the most part Fielding sat in the deserted orchestra, but sometimes he went back on the stage and told some particular player just what a line or a situation meant, and often they sought him out and asked for his advice. But the girl who probably needed his help the least, and yet to whom he went and who came to him the most often, was the girl who played "Millicent" and who, as the character-man said, was going to "score and score good."

Even to the unpracticed eye of Fielding there was not much in common between this young girl, this Ruth Emery, and her

fellow players. The ways of the stage-folk were not yet her ways. She seemed to have acquired all the ambition and hope that had long since been crushed out of their lives by years of hard toil and for which they had earned so little of honor or accomplishment.

"She's wonderful!" he said to Kerrigan one night after a long day of rehearsing—"she's quite wonderful! They all run about and shout at her and she just goes on being 'Millicent.' I could stand it all if you could only see *her* that first night. We go out to a little place around the corner every day now for lunch together and she never talks of anything but the play."

Kerrigan smiled. "And the playwright?" he asked.

"Oh, you don't understand, Kerry, really you don't. She doesn't care about men, especially me. It's just the play. You know it's a great chance for a young girl. She's really helped me with suggestions more than I have her."

"Is she—is she pretty?" said Kerrigan.

"Pretty? She's a wonder—not like anybody you ever saw. She promised to bring me some photographs to-morrow. I knew you would want to see how she looked, so I'll bring them down to-morrow night."

"And Miss Carew?"

"Fine—really splendid, but she's different, that's all!"

"Good-night!" Kerrigan said. "Good-night, old man. I was sure something would make you forgive me for making you a playwright. I didn't know it would be Miss Emery, but it's all right so long as you're happy. Don't forget the photographs."

And Fielding, true to his promise, did not forget the photographs, but brought them down the next night, and, to the exclusion of many old friends, they were given the places of honor in the little white cottage. On the very large photograph there was written: "To the Author of 'The Interpreter' with the sincere appreciation of Ruth Emery," and this was placed on the mantel over the fireplace; the smaller picture bore the one word—"Ruth," and this was, by mutual consent, carried to Fielding's own room under the rafters.

For Fielding those three weeks of rehearsal were three weeks of the most intense excitement and of a complete happiness he had never known. He watched with increasing anxiety the play reach the point



where it was only necessary to add the finishing touches and to work on the most exacting scenes. He looked on at the making of the properties, the arrangement of the lights and the building of the scenery, and every morning and evening he searched eagerly for the preliminary notices as they gradually crept into the newspapers. Every afternoon he took a late train to Pleasant Harbor, and once there it was necessary to tell Kerrigan all that had taken place at rehearsal, what every one had said and done, and what he thought every one had thought of his or her lines and the play. And then after dinner they worked on the changes which Bronson thought necessary. Kerrigan sat at his desk and made notes, and Fielding stalked about the floor, and by reading the old lines and the new tried to show how it would appear on the stage. Sometimes they worked for an hour or two and sometimes until far into the morning. Several times they had written and talked until the sun rose, and it really seemed hardly worth while for Fielding to go to bed at all, so little time remained before his breakfast and the early train to town. And through all this there was always the thought of the girl who had come into his life, with her clear, clean mind and her flower-like beauty, and who had dragged him out of the mental rut of indifference and indolence into which he had gradually fallen. And with the picture of the girl in his mind and the gratitude in his heart for all he owed her, there was always that other thought—the thought that he was not the real “John Ferguson,” that he was deceiving her. It may have been a deception inspired by generosity—Kerrigan had called it a sacrifice,—but whatever Fielding had won from the girl he had won under false colors, and he knew it and suffered for it.

The dress rehearsal was to take place on the Sunday night preceding the first performance, and Fielding had gone down to spend the early part of the day at Pleasant Harbor. They had spent the morning together going over the newspapers and cutting out the notices from the amusement columns. “We had better save these,” Kerrigan said, laughing. “We may never get any more for our scrap-book!”

“I don’t know—I don’t know,” Fielding said, stopping in his tramp up and down the room. “I’m terribly confused. Sometimes I think it is going to be a great suc-

cess, and then something goes wrong at rehearsal and it all seems hopeless. If it weren’t for Miss Emery—not only for her performance—but she does so much to encourage me and keep me going, and helps me so in secretly showing me how to help the others. It is just intelligence against a bag of tricks. She comes with a new brain, fresh and clear, while the heads of the rest of them are filled with a thousand parts they have played or wanted to play, and overburdened with every old tradition of the stage from Shakespeare down to Belasco. As Bronson said to me the other day after Ruth’s scene in the first act, ‘It will be such a pity when that girl learns how to act.’ I tell you, Kerry, you don’t know what she has done for that play of yours!”

Kerrigan was looking up at the girl’s photograph over the mirror. “Yes,” he said slowly, “I think I do, and when it’s all over I want you to thank her for me, whether the play is a success or a failure—thank her as I would have thanked her.”

The audience that filled the theatre on the first night of “The Interpreter” was, in all ways, worthy of Miss Carew’s position as an actress and the reputation of the players with whom Bronson had surrounded her. At the end of the first act the men in the lobbies and those who remained to visit their friends in the orchestra stalls and the boxes agreed that Mr. John Ferguson, whoever he might be, had apparently written a fine play, that Miss Carew was at her best and that Miss Ruth Emery was a distinct “find” for Bronson, the manager. When the curtain came down on the “big” scene in the second act, the play had, beyond question, scored a success and Miss Emery little less than a triumph. There were many curtain calls and the proper acknowledgment from the company, and mingled with the applause there were distinct and evidently sincere calls for the author. But to these calls there was no acknowledgment, for the author was at the time huddled in the back of a closed carriage driving along a heavy, sandy road down by the Natasqua River, and the man who had for the past few weeks acted the part of the author was sitting, very cold and very nervous, in the last row of the balcony.

The telegraph station at Pleasant Harbor closed at eight o’clock in the evening, and so when it was all over there was nothing

for Fielding to do but wait for the morning to tell Kerrigan that "The Interpreter" had achieved a real success. Miss Carew and Bronson had never doubted that the critics would approve of it, and in this their judgment was correct. Some of them even went so far as to say that if Mr. Ferguson had not written the great American play, there was no reason to believe that he might not eventually do so. They also were profuse in their gratitude to Bronson for daring to introduce this new American author, and loud in their praise of Miss Carew for appearing in a play in which she, at best, could but share the honors with another and unknown actress. But the success of the play was not alone confined to the men who wrote the reviews and to whom technique and the literary quality count for so much. The human note that had appealed to Miss Carew so strongly found its way over the footlights to the great theatre-going public, and the public showed its appreciation by going to see "The Interpreter" for many months, not only in New York but all over the country.

When the play was done that first night, and the theatre was empty, Fielding went down on the stage and visited the different members of the company in their dressing-rooms and thanked them for all the hard work they had done and the help they had been to the play. He had arranged, long before that night, that Miss Emery and he were to take supper together and talk it all over, but the excitement of her success had told on the girl, and instead of going to supper, she asked that he would take her for a drive so that she could be in the open air. They got in a hansom and drove up Fifth Avenue out to the park, which at that hour and that season of the year was quite deserted. It was a fine clear night, fairly warm for so late in October, and as they jogged along over the smooth roads, the girl leaned out over the doors and drank in long breaths of the clear night air. Fielding sat back in the hansom and looked at the girl's profile, at the full rounded throat and at the soft brown hair brushed back over the delicately moulded ear. She was the one woman who had ever meant very much to him and she meant everything—the woman who had filled his mind and his heart every hour of every day since he had first known her. He put out his hand and laid it on hers.

"I never knew what happiness really meant before," he said.

"That must mean a good deal—especially to you—to be really happy."

"Why especially to me?" he asked.

The girl was looking out ahead of her, at the winding road and at the rows of dark leafless trees that lined their path. "Oh, I don't know exactly, except the man who wrote 'The Interpreter' could not always have been very happy."

There was a silence for a moment and then Fielding spoke quite evenly and almost without inflection—

"I didn't write 'The Interpreter,'" he said, "no, I did not write 'The Interpreter.'"

The girl turned and looked at him and his glance met her's fairly. Then she turned back to her former position, her arms resting on the doors of the hansom.

"Did you care for me," he asked, "or do you care for the author of the play?" It was the first time he had ever spoken of either of them caring for any one.

The girl put up one hand and pressed it gently across her eyes. "I don't quite know—who did write 'The Interpreter?'"

"A friend of mine named Kerrigan. He's a cripple. When he was younger—only a year or so ago—he was very strong and very good-looking. They called him 'Beauty' Kerrigan in those days. He was hurt trying to get a child out of a burning building and afterwards he chose to live like a hermit. He doesn't exist except for me."

"Couldn't I see him?" she asked. "I owe him a great deal. I'd like to say 'thank you' to him."

"I don't know—I don't know that," he said. "You see I promised I would never tell, and I've broken my promise. I never would have except to you—to-night."

They drove back in silence, and Fielding left her at her boarding-house and then went on to his own room and waited until it was time to go to Pleasant Harbor. The first train started while the stars were still shining and the sun was not long up when he reached his destination. Kerrigan had not expected him until the first morning express train, which arrived some time after the slow local Fielding had decided to take at the last moment. There was no one at the station to meet him and so he started to walk to the farm, shortening his journey

by tramping through the fields, still wet with dew and heavy with the scent of wild flowers.

When he reached the white farmhouse he softly opened the door, believing that Kerrigan was still asleep. But he found him standing in the sitting-room, looking tired and worn as if he, too, had had a bad night. He was leaning against the side of the fireplace and looking at the picture of Ruth Emery, which he held between his two scarred hands. When he heard Fielding he looked up and then slowly put the photograph back in its place.

"Well?" he asked.

Fielding threw a bundle of the morning papers on the desk. "It's fine, Kerry!" he said. "It's a big hit and the papers say your work is wonderful! Bronson and Miss Carew and every one were delighted—absolutely satisfied."

And then the two men sat down before the fire and Fielding read each notice aloud several times and told Kerrigan everything that had happened, from the rise of the first to the fall of the last curtain and afterwards. He told him, too, of his drive with Miss Emery and of all that he had said to her.

"You must see her, Kerry," he begged—"if it's only for a moment. She feels that she owes you so much."

And so although Kerrigan had not seen or spoken to a girl since the day of the fire it was arranged before Fielding went back to town the next day to take up his work on the newspaper again, that he was to return on Sunday morning and bring Miss Emery with him.

It was a brilliant November morning that they arrived at the little station and found Ferguson waiting for them. A fresh breeze blew in over the water and there was a sharp tang in the air that gave warning of the coming winter and started the blood tingling in their veins. When they reached the white farmhouse Fielding opened the door into Kerrigan's sitting-room and Ruth Emery went in to meet her host. Every curtain had been pulled aside, every

shade had been raised so that the place was flooded with sunlight. In the golden haze they found Kerrigan standing in the center of the room leaning on his cane and waiting. The girl moved quickly across the room with her hand outstretched toward him. Kerrigan tried to stand very erect, but at the touch of her hand he crumpled up and she put her arms about him as if he had been a child. Fielding closed the door softly behind him and walked around the house and over the meadow to the river. When he had reached the pier he got into the cat-boat and quite mechanically hoisted the sail, and casting off went sailing away down the little river.

Those of us who follow the drama most closely believe that the marriage of Ruth Emery deprived the stage of a very exceptional emotional actress, but if she shares this belief, she has certainly never been known to have expressed it. Fielding fell back into his old easy-going, and always lovable ways and is still a valued member of the paper that first employed him. Kerrigan writes plays now and signs them, too, and this with his stories and a novel or two has made him a prosperous and distinguished gentleman. For two years after his marriage he lived on, almost as much of a recluse as he had before that time. But now he frequently drives into town at the side of his very beautiful wife, and while she purchases the necessities of the household, he remains outside in the carriage and passes the time of day with the good people of the village. Almost every day now, when the weather is fine, you can see him sitting on his porch or on a bench on the lawn watching a little child tumble about in a perfectly laudable effort to walk by itself. They say at Pleasant Harbor that it was the boy that brought Kerrigan out again into the sunshine and the company of his fellow men. But, as Fielding expresses it, as long as it was a child that took him out of the world for those miserable years it was only right after all, that a child should lead him back again.

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# ARETHUSA, A PRINCESS IN SLAVERY

## A LOVE STORY OF OLD CONSTANTINOPLE

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "VIA CRUCIS," "A ROMAN SINGER," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

### PART IX—Conclusion

As she had stumbled, her shoe had turned a side, and the folded letter, now useless, had fallen to the ground. As it was white, the guards had seen it instantly on the dark pavement, and one of them had picked it up while the other had caught her.

Zoë instinctively struggled with all her might for a few seconds, but the dumb man twisted one of her arms behind her till it was agony to move, and she was powerless. Her captor now handed her over to his companion, who had sheathed his scimitar and had placed the letter inside his steel cap. She could not look round, but she felt that the grip on her twisted wrist changed, and she was pushed out into the courtyard and made to walk in the direction of the Palace. She could not help limping much more than before, and in the grasp of the big Ethiopian she felt what a small, weak thing she would be in the tormentors' hands if Gorlias did not come in time.

And he pushed and dragged Zoë along. She looked straight before her now, at the Palace door, and as she went, she was in a kind of dream, and she wondered what the room to which she was being taken would be like, the place where she was presently to be tortured; she wondered whether it would be light or dark, and what the color of the walls would be.

The African hurt her very much as he forced her along, though she made no resistance; but she did not think of the pain she felt, nor of the pain she would surely be made to feel presently. It was as if she were detached from her own personality,

and could speculate about what was going to happen to her, and about the men who would ask her questions, and about the queer-looking instruments of torture that would be brought, and even the color of the executioner's hair. She fancied him a red-haired man with ugly, yellow eyes and bad teeth that he showed. She did not know whether it was fear or courage that so took her out of herself.

But all the time she was listening for a distant sound that might come, or that might not; and her hearing grew so sharp that she could have heard it a mile away, and the distance between her and the Palace door grew shorter very quickly, and the ruthless mute urged her along faster and faster, though she limped so badly.

Then her heart leapt and stood still a moment, and the Ethiopian's grasp relaxed a little, and he slackened his pace. Not that he heard what she heard, for he was stone deaf; but the guards who stood about the door had begun to range themselves in even ranks on either side, and a tall officer made signs to the African to stand out of the way. The air rang with the music of distant silver trumpets, there was a subdued hum of many voices and the tramping of many horses' hoofs on the hard earth outside the court.

"The Emperor comes!" cried the officer, again motioning the mute and his prisoner away.

The man understood well enough, and dragged her aside quickly and roughly out of the straight way, but not out of sight; and the sounds grew louder, and the trumpet-notes clearer, as the imperial cavalcade passed in under the great gate. First there

rode a score of guards on their white horses; six running footmen came next, in short hose and red tunics that fitted close to their bodies and glared in the twilight; then two officers of the household on their chargers; and young Andronicus himself rode in on a bay Arab mare between two ministers of state, followed by many more guards who pressed close upon him to protect him from any treacherous attack. He was dressed all in cloth of gold, and his tall Greek cap was wrought with gold and jewels; but the day had gone down, and neither the metal nor the stones gave any light, while the scarlet uniforms of the guards and footmen surged about him like waves of blood in the gathering dusk.

The Ethiopian held Zoë pinioned by the arms and looked over her head as the Emperor came near. Andronicus had pale and suspicious eyes that searched every crowd for danger, and saw peril everywhere. He hung his head a little, his jaw was heavy, his lip was loose, and his uneasy glance wandered continually hither and thither. There was still plenty of light near the Palace, and Zoë saw every little thing; and the cloth of gold he wore was lit up again by the reflexion from the marble walls.

He saw the girl, too, but though her hands were behind her, he did not see at once that the African held them, for she stood quite still and met his gaze. Then he perceived that the face was the most lovely he had ever seen, and he made a motion in the saddle that was like the rising of the snake when its prey is near, and his pale eyes gleamed, and his loose lower lip shook and moved against the upper one.

He drew rein and spoke in a low tone to the minister on his right, a Greek with a fawning face, who instantly made a sign to the girl to come nearer; and the Ethiopian mute saw the gesture, and pushed her forward with one hand, close to the Emperor's stirrup, and with the other hand he took his steel cap very carefully from his head, drawing it close down to his head and over his ear so that the letter should not fall out; then, still grasping Zoë's wrist, he held the helmet up like a cup, so that Andronicus might see what was in it.

The action needed no explaining, for the young usurper had himself ordered that his father should be guarded by the dumb Ethiopians after the alarm of the previous

night. The Emperor looked down at the girl's beautiful white face, but he took the letter from the soldier's steel cap and spread it out, and read it quickly, and then passed it to the minister at his elbow, who read it too.

He looked at Zoë again, but in his eyes her beauty was all gone at once. She was one of those monsters that were always conspiring against him, against his throne and his life; she was one of those thousands whom he saw nightly in his dreams of fear, stealing upon him when he was alone and helpless, to bind him and kill him, and to bear his crowned father to the throne high on their shoulders. Zoë might have been as lovely as Aphrodite herself, just wafted from the foam of the sea by the breath of spring; to Andronicus she would have been but one of the countless evil beings who forever plotted his destruction.

But this one was in his power. He sat on his horse and looked down at her, and his loose lips smiled; yet her face was still and proud, and in her poor blue cotton slave's dress she faced him like a young goddess.

"Who sent you with this?" he asked in the deep silence, and every man there listened for her answer.

"Since you have read it, you know," she answered, and there was no tremor in her voice.

"Take care! Where is this Venetian, this Zeno?"

"I do not know."

"Take care again. I ask, where is he?"

Zoë was silent for a moment, and though she did not take her eyes from the young Emperor's face she listened intently for a distant sound that did not come.

"I do not know where he is," she said at last, "but I think you will see him before long, for he is coming here."

"Here?" Andronicus was taken by surprise. "Here?" he repeated in wonder.

"Yes, here," Zoë answered, "and soon. He has business here to-night."

"The girl is mad," said the Emperor, looking towards the ministers.

"Quite mad, your august Majesty," said one.

"Evidently out of her mind, Sire," echoed the other. "It will be well to put out her eyes and let her go."

The one who had spoken first, the fawning Greek, made a sign to an officer near him, and the latter gave an order to one of

the running footmen who stood waiting. The latter instantly ran in through the great open doorway of the Palace. Where Andronicus was, the torturer was never hard to find.

"And pray," asked the Emperor, with an ugly smile, "what possible business can a Venetian merchant have here at this hour? Will you please to tell us?"

"A business that will soon be despatched, if God will," answered Zoë.

She could not look away from the man who had murdered Michael Rhangabé, and though she knew what she was risking if she did not gain time, the longing for just vengeance was too strong for her, so that she could not control her speech, and in her clear young voice Andronicus heard an accent that struck terror to his heart.

"She is not mad!" he exclaimed in sudden anxiety. "She knows something! Make her speak!"

While the words were on his lips the running footman returned, and after him another man came quickly carrying a worn leathern bag. He was very tall and thin, and he stooped; he had the face of a corpse and there was no light in his eyes. Zoë did not see him, but he came and stood behind her, close to the Ethiopian, and he fumbled in his bag; and all around the uniforms of the guard were as red as blood in the twilight.

"I am not afraid to speak, since I am caught," Zoë said, answering the Emperor's words, "and what I say is true. For what you owe me, you owe to many and many more, and the name of that debt is blood!"

"She is raving!" cried Andronicus in an unsteady voice.

"No, I am not mad," Zoë answered, speaking loud and clear. "Your reckoning has been due these two years, and a man is coming within the hour to claim it, and you shall pay all, both to others and to me, whether you will or not!"

"Who is this creature?" asked the Emperor, but his cheeks were whiter now.

Not a sound broke the silence, and the man with the leathern bag crept a little nearer to the defenceless girl, and the Ethiopian's grip tightened on her wrists. From somewhere beyond the walls of the courtyard the neighing of a horse broke the stillness.

"Who is this girl that dares me within

my own gates?" Andronicus asked again, turning to his ministers and officers.

The Greek with the fawning face bent in his saddle towards the young Emperor as if he were prostrating himself, and he spoke in a very low voice.

"Your Majesty would do well to have her tongue torn out before she says more."

"Who is she, I say?" cried the sovereign, suddenly furious, as cowards can be.

No one spoke. The corpse-faced man crept nearer to Zoë, his dull eyes fixed on her features. Beyond the wall and far off the unseen horse neighed again. It was growing darker, but all around, the scarlet tunics of the guards were as red as blood.

Then the answer came. The twisted lips of the tormenter moved slowly, and words came from them in a thin, harsh voice, like the creaking of the rack.

"She is Michael Rhangabé's daughter."

"The Protosparthos?" The Emperor's voice shook again.

The corpse-faced man nodded twice in assent, and his thin lips writhed hideously when Zoë's eye fell on him.

"I saw her at the prison when I took him out to die," he said.

His bony hand, all knotty and stained from his horrid work, took the girl's delicate chin, forcing her to turn her full face to him; and she quivered from head to foot at his touch. He knew well the convulsive shiver that ran through the victim he touched for the first time; he could feel it in his fingers as the musician feels the strings; he was familiar with it, as the fisherman's hand is with the tremor and tension of his rod when a fish strikes; and he smiled in a ghastly way.

"Yes," he said, "it is she." And he laughed.

He held her by the chin and wagged her beautiful head to right and left.

Since the Emperor had spoken no sound had been heard but the torturer's discordant voice; but now the outraged girl's shriek of fury split the air.

"Wretch!"

Her small hands suddenly slipped through the Ethiopian's capacious hold. Before he could catch her she had wrenched herself free from both men and had struck a furious blow full in the torturer's livid face; and though she was but a slender girl her anger gave her a man's strength, and her swiftness lent her a sudden advantage. The man

reeled back three paces before he could steady himself again.

"Hold her!" cried Andronicus, for he feared she might have a knife hidden on her, and both her hands were free.

But only for that instant. Though the African was huge, he was quick, and he was behind her. Almost before the Emperor had called out, Zoë was a prisoner again, and the man she had struck was close to her with his battered leathern bag. He looked up to Andronicus for a command before he began his work.

"Make her tell what she knows," the Emperor said, reassured since she was again fast in the African's great hands.

He leaned forward a little, the better to hear the words which pain was to draw from Zoë's lips, and the Greek minister settled himself comfortably in the saddle to enjoy the rare amusement of seeing a beautiful and noble girl deliberately tortured before half a hundred men. Some of the guards also pressed upon each other to see; but there were some among them who had served under Rhangabé, and these looked into one another's faces and spoke words almost under their breath, that all together swelled to a low murmur, such as the tide makes on a still night just when it turns back from the ebb.

The sunset had faded, but there was light enough to see the dark bruise across the corpse-like face where Zoë had struck it with all her might.

The man opened his old leathern bag, and his stained hands fumbled in it, among irons that were brown but not rusty, and thongs plaited with wire, and strangely shaped tools in which there were well-greased screws that turned easily.

But all these his knotty fingers rejected. He knew each by the touch. They were good enough for ordinary slaves, or perhaps for a double-dealing steward, or even a lying courier. For a highborn maiden victim he had an instrument far more refined and exquisitely keen than any of these things, and he treasured it as a very rare possession which never left him day or night; for it had been sent to him from very far away in the south as a present of great value; and it was alive, and needed the warmth of his body constantly lest it should die. But there was something in the bag that belonged to it and must be found before it could be taken from its little cage of

silver filigree in the bosom of the corpse-faced man.

He found it. His stained hand drew from the bag a dry walnut. With the point of the knife he wore at his belt he split it carefully, and turned the nut out of one of the half shells, tossing the other into the bag.

The Greek minister watched him with the deepest interest, but Andronicus drummed impatiently with his gloved fingers on the high gilt pommel of his saddle. Yet it was all very quickly done, and though there was less light there was still enough; and while he waited the Emperor again read the letter Zoë had dropped.

But she watched him, calm and fearless, and ready to face death if need be; she wondered what sort of hold Carlo Zeno would take on his neck, when all was known. And she saw red all round him and behind him and beside him up to his knees, the red of the guards' tunics that were like scarlet stains in the twilight air.

Once more the restless horse neighed, far off, another answered him.

Then the man was ready. He took his knife and ripped Zoë's blue cotton tunic from her throat to her left shoulder and down her side, and she tried not even to shudder, for she did not know what was coming but she would die bravely; and when she was dead Zeno would come, and Gorlias, and they would avenge her. Death was but death, even by torture, and there were worse things in life which had been spared her.

Furthermore, if she died, it would be for a good cause, as well as to help Zeno to be free. Therefore, now that it was all decided, she looked a last time at the face of Andronicus, loose-lipped and cruel, and then shut her eyes and prayed God that she might neither flinch nor utter one word that could hinder the end, if it was at hand, as she still hoped.

She felt the chilly air on her shoulder and side, and then something small and hard was pressed against her, just under her arm; and hands that felt like horns, but were horribly quick and skilful, put a bandage round her and drew it tight, and it kept the thing in its place.

But under that thing, which was the half walnut shell, something small was alive and moved slowly round and round. There was no real pain at first, but she felt that

*The guards in their scarlet tunics closed round Andronicus like waves of blood*

the slow and delicate irritation might drive her mad.

Then, suddenly, a thrill of wild agony ran through her and convulsed her body against her will, but many hands held her now and she could not move. The horrible borer-beetle had begun to work its way into her flesh, under the walnut shell.

The corpse-faced man had watched her attentively, and when he saw her start his creaking voice was heard in the stillness.

"She will speak before you can count ten score," he said.

### CHAPTER XIX

Zoë had closed her eyes to bear the pain better, and a tiny drop of blood slowly trickled from the lip she had bitten in the first moment of the torture. It made a thin, dark line from her mouth downward, a little on the left side, over her white chin. Her breath came in deep and quivering sobs, drawn through her clenched teeth, but no other sound escaped her in those awful seconds. She was praying that death might come soon, but she did not ask for strength to be silent; that she had, for Carlo Zeno's sake, and for the sake of the just vengeance that would overtake Andronicus when she was dead, if only he were not warned of what was perhaps so near. She thought that she might die of the pain only; she was sure that she must faint away if it lasted many moments longer.

The Emperor bent down in his saddle to see her agonized white face more clearly in the gathering gloom, and to catch the least syllable she might speak; and his loose lip moved, for he was counting to himself; counting the ten score, after which she would be able to bear no more and would tell him where the danger was. For the corpse-faced man knew his business, and his experience had been wide and long, and the Emperor knew that he never made a mistake. Moreover, the Greek minister smiled with sheer pleasure at the sight, and hoped that his master would command them to put the girl to death by very slow torments.

The guards, too, crowded upon each other to see, but they were not all silent now; for there were brave men among them, savage adventurers from the wild mountains beyond the Black Sea, who feared neither God, nor Emperor, nor man; and they did

not like the sight they saw, and they said words to one another in strange tongues which the Greeks could not understand.

Andronicus counted slowly to twenty, and then still more slowly to forty, and the tortured girl's sharp breathing irritated him.

"Speak!" he cried, in a tone that was low and angry. "Tell me where the danger is, or the thing shall eat out your heart!"

Then the answer came, but not in Zoë's voice, nor by one voice, but by many, loud and deep; and though the words were confused, some could be heard well enough; and they told the loose-lipped cowardly youth where the danger was, for it was upon him.

"Johannes! Johannes reigns! God and the Emperor! Emperor Johannes!"

That was what the voices shouted from the gate, as the multitude swept in, driving the sentinels and guards before them as the gale drives dry leaves. With but one breathing-space for thought and resolve, the guards in their scarlet tunics closed round Andronicus like waves of blood in the deep dusk, and he went down under them, and heard them answer the coming people—

"Johannes reigns! Emperor Johannes!"

Zoë heard the cry through her torment and forgot the pain for one moment, and the next, the dumb Ethiopian who had held her, slit the torturer's bandage and plucked the walnut shell from under her arm, with its living contents, and threw them away; for he had seen Andronicus go down, and knew that there was a new master. Then some of the men, who remembered it afterwards, saw the corpse-faced man grovelling on the ground and searching for his treasure, which could make the toughest victim speak before one could count ten score; for he served the Emperor, whoever he might be, as he and his father before him had served many. No one ever killed the torturer. So he went among the trampling feet on his hands and knees, feeling nothing, if so be that he might find his pet and get it back safely into its cage in his bosom. And when he found it still in the walnut shell, by the strange chance that protects all evil, he laughed like a maniac and slipped between the guards' legs on all fours, like a hideous white-faced ape, and ran away into the Palace.

Zoë had opened her eyes, and the pain was gone, leaving only a throb behind, and

she gathered her torn tunic to her neck with one hand as best she could and slipped out of the turmoil; and only she, of all those that heard the first shout, knew how it was that the people were cheering for the delivered Emperor, while Johannes was still shut up in the tower and guarded by the deaf-and-dumb Africans; and in the glorious triumph of her plan she forgot everything else but the man she loved, and he was safe now, beyond all doubt. Was he not the friend of the restored Johannes? The soldiers would not dare, on their lives, to keep him a prisoner now, not for one hour, not for one moment.

And there he rode, surely enough, in the front rank of the multitude, on the right hand of Emperor John. She knew him, though the last gray light was fading from the sky. She would have known him in the dark, it seemed to her that if she had been blind she would have known that he was near; and her joy rose in her throat, after the torture she had endured, and almost choked her, so that she reeled unsteadily and gasped for breath.

The Emperor John sat quite still on his horse, wrapped in his cloak, but Zeno rode forward, till he was almost upon the knot of the guards who had pulled down Andronicus, and he threw up his hand, crying out to the men not to kill, in a voice that dominated the terrific din; and he was but just in time, for he was only obeyed because he offered a reward.

"Ten pounds of gold for Andronicus alive!" he shouted.

For that was the price Andronicus had set on his head that morning, and what was enough for Zeno was enough for an Emperor. So half a dozen of the guards dragged the man alive into the Palace, and bound him securely with his hands behind him, and stripped off his jewels and his gold, and kicked him into a small secret room behind the porter's lodge, and shut the door. There the corpse-faced man was squatting in a dark corner, blowing some coals to a glow in an earthen pan, because he might soon be called to do more work, and unless the vinegar was really boiling hot the fumes of it would not put out the eyesight. As Andronicus lay on the floor he could see the man.

But outside the confusion grew and the noise increased as the people poured into the vast courtyard and pressed behind upon those who had entered before them.

Then the door of the tower in the corner was opened from within, and the African mutes came out and joined the other soldiers, and from an upper window the captain and his wife looked down, and by the help of what she told him he understood that it was time to set his prisoner free, if he did not mean to risk being torn to shreds by the people, though he could not at all understand who it was whom he saw on horseback in the torchlight, dressed in cloth of gold, with the imperial head-dress on his head, for he knew well enough that so long as the key of the upper prison hung at his own belt, Johannes could not get out. Yet there was no mistaking the cry of the people, and his wife urged him not to lose time.

The crowd was surging towards the tower now, led by Zeno and the Emperor, and they and their sailors and dockmen kept in front of the crowd to be the first to dismount and enter the tower, and then the sailors kept the throng back, telling them that Johannes had gone in to free his youngest son, and the two men who had the deep bags of money threw lavish handfuls to the people, to amuse them while they waited.

But when Zeno and the Emperor came out again, Johannes' face was all uncovered, and the cloth-of-gold cape hung loosely on his shoulders; and by the glare of many torches every one knew that it was Johannes himself, and none other, and men cheered and yelled till they were hoarse.

After the Emperor and Zeno came a man whom no one had seen go in with them, and he had a very scanty dark beard and was dressed in quiet brown, though he wore a horseman's boots, and he was Gorlias Pietrogliant, who had acted so well the part which Zoë had imagined for him.

But Zeno knew nothing of Arethusa, yesterday his slave, and since last night the woman of his heart, for in the haste and stress of that tremendous half-hour, Gorlias could tell him nothing, except that he was Gorlias and not the Emperor, and that the deed giving Tenedos over to Venice was signed and in his bosom; and Zeno supposed that he had devised all the wonderful scheme, which looked so simple as soon as it began to be carried out. Arethusa, he thought, was safe at home; sleepless, worn out with waiting, trembling with anxiety, perhaps, but safe. Now that the deed was done, now that Andronicus was bound, and

Johannes, his father, was restored to the throne, Carlo Zeno thought only of leaving Constantinople without delay, before the Emperor could take back his word, and revoke the cession of Tenedos. For Zeno did not put his trust in Oriental princes, and feared the Greeks even when they offered gifts. With a swift Venetian vessel and a fair wind, the coveted island could be

"I am going——"

"No. She is here. It was all her plan; she risked her life for it, we were a few moments late, and she has been tortured. Come quickly!"

Zeno's face changed. Gorlias saw that, even in the dim light of the now distant torches. It was the change that comes into a master swordman's face when he makes

*The corpse-faced man was squatting in a dark corner, blowing some coals to a glow*

reached in two days, or even less; its governor had always at heart been faithful to Johannes, and would obey the deed which Gorlias had thrust into Zeno's hand in the tower, and if once the standard of St. Mark were raised on the fort there was small chance that any enemy would be able to tear it down.

Therefore, just when the soldiers were lifting Johannes from his horse to carry him to the throne-room with wild triumph and rejoicing, Zeno slipped from the saddle to escape notice, elbowed his way to the outskirts of the crowd, and was on the point of making for the gate when Gorlias found him again.

"Arethusa asks you to come to her," Gorlias said.

up his mind to kill, after only defending himself because his adversary has tried some dastardly murderous trick of fence. But Zeno said nothing as he strode swiftly by his companion's side.

Gorlias had found her and had brought her into the lower chamber of the tower, now deserted by the guards. The captain's wife had been standing at the door, not daring to go out among the half-frantic soldiers. She might have fared ill at their hands if she had been recognized just then as the wife of the Emperor's gaoler. So she had stood under the archway, watching and listening, and Gorlias had given Zoë half-fainting into her care while he went to find Zeno.

She had taken the girl on her knees like a



child, while she herself sat on the narrow stone bench that ran round the wall, for there was no furniture of any sort there. Zoë's head lay upon the shoulder of the big woman who gently smoothed and patted the soft brown hair, and rocked the light figure on her knees with a side motion as nurses do. She did not know what was the matter, but she recognized the girl who had brought the message and who had been caught outside the door.

Then Zeno came, and in a moment he was close beside Zoë, resting one knee on the stone bench, bending down and very tenderly lifting the lovely head into his own arm.

She knew his touch, she turned her face up with a great effort, for she had hardly any strength left, and her lids that were but half-closed like a dying person's, quivered and opened, and for one instant her eyes were full of light. Her voice came to him from far off, almost from the other world.

"Safe! Ah, thank God! It was worth the pain!"

Then she fainted quite away in his arms, but he knew that she was not dying, for he had seen many pass from life, and the signs were familiar to him.

He gathered her to him and carried her lightly through the open door, where Gorlias was ready; and Gorlias knew where Vito was waiting with the skiff at the old landing not far below the tower, and he helped the boatman to row them home.

Thus ended that long day, which had so nearly been Zoë's last and Zeno's too; and when she opened her eyes again and found herself lying on her own divan under the soft light of the lamps, and looked into his anxious, loving face, all the weariness sank away from her own, and for an instant she felt as strong as if she had freshly waked from rest; then she put up her arms together, though it hurt her very much to lift the left one, and she clasped her hands round his handsome brown neck and drew him down to her without a word.

It was only for a moment. Her strength failed her again, and he felt her little hands relax; so he knelt down by the divan and laid his cheek upon the edge of her pillow, so that he could look into her face, and they both smiled; and his smile was anxious, but hers was satisfied. He did not know what they had done to her, but he was sure that she needed care.

"You are suffering," he said. "What shall I do? Shall I send for a physician?"

"No. Stay with me. Let me look at you. That is all I need."

Her speech came in short, soft phrases, like kisses from lips half-asleep, when there is a little dream between each sentence and the next. But even when she was asleep he still knelt beside her, and now and then her body quivered, and she drew a sharp breath suddenly as if the pain she had borne ran through her again, though more in memory than in real suffering now.

## CHAPTER XX

Zeno left her when she was breathing quietly, after ordering the two little maids to watch her by turns, or at least to go to sleep very near her, in case she should wake and call. He himself was worn out with fatigue and hunger, for he had not tasted anything since he had supped with Zoë on the previous evening. He went down to his own rooms, where Vito had prepared him food and wine, which he had asked Gorlias to share with him. But the ex-astrologer was gone, and the master ate and drank alone that night, smiling now and then at the recollection of the dark hours in the dry cistern, and giving orders to Vito about the journey which was to be begun on the morrow, if possible. And Vito gave him a detailed account of what had happened in his absence.

Now that Zoë was safe he was supremely happy. In his heart the fighting man had detested the peaceful merchant's life he had chosen to lead for more than two years, and already, in imagination, his hands were on the helm, the salt spray was in his face and his ship was going free on her course for the wonderful Isles of Adventure.

But by the orders he gave while he ate his supper, Vito understood that he was not going alone. When had Carlo Zeno ever taken rich carpets, soft cushions, silver basins, and delicate provisions to sea with him, except as merchandise, packed in bales and stowed below? A camp-bed ashore, a hammock at sea, were enough for his comfort. Vito mentally noted each order, and when the time came he had forgotten nothing; but he asked no questions.

Early in the morning, when Zeno had learned that Zoë was still asleep, he went down to the harbor and found that Sebas-

tian Cornèr's ship was to sail the next day at dawn, the same vessel that had brought the letter from Venice which had led him to buy Arethusa; the very galley by which she should have been carried to Marco Pesaro, if Zeno had not thought better of the matter before drawing the three hundred ducats.

Now Sebastian Cornèr was a brave captain, as well as a man of business, and could be trusted; and when Zeno had shown him the deed which gave Tenedos to the Serene

if Zeno had called him a cackling hen that morning the shock might have unsettled his brain, and would certainly have broken his heart.

But Zeno had been informed by Vito of the events that had disturbed his household, and knew that Omobono had done his best, considering what his worst might have been, he being of a timid temperament.

"You did very well," said the master. "In ancient days, Omobono, those who

*"Stay with me. Let me look at you. That is all I need"*

Republic he did not hesitate, but promised to help Carlo to take possession of the island within three days, before Johannes could change his mind. So that matter was settled, and Zeno departed, saying that he would send his baggage on board during the day.

When he came home he found the secretary waiting with his tale of woe. Omobono looked and felt like an elderly sick lamb, very sorry for himself and terribly anxious not to be blamed for what had happened, while equally afraid of being scolded for talking too much. He had passed through the most awful ordeal of his peaceful life very bravely, he believed; and

died for their faith were indeed venerated as martyrs, but those who suffered and lived were afterwards revered as confessors. That is your position."

This piece of information Zeno had acquired, with more of the same kind, when he had expected to be made a canon of Patras. Omobono's heart glowed at the praise.

"And the confessor, sir, has the advantage of being alive and can still be useful," he ventured to suggest, though with some diffidence.

"Precisely," Zeno assented. "A live dog is better than a dead lion. I mean a watch-dog, of course, Omobono," he

added rather hastily, "a faithful watchdog."

Omobono's appearance that morning did not suggest the guardian of the flock, the shepherd's shaggy friend. Not in the least; but he was pleased, and when he was told that he was to pack his belongings and make ready to leave Constantinople for a trip to Venice his delight actually brought a little color into his gray cheeks.

"And my I inquire, sir," he began, "about the"—he paused and looked significantly at the ceiling, to indicate the upper story of the house—"about the lady?" he added, finishing his question at last.

"She goes with us," answered Zeno briefly.

"Yes, sir. But may I ask whether it will be part of my duty to be responsible for her?"

"You?" Zeno looked at the little man in undisguised astonishment.

"I mean, sir, on Messer Marco Pesaro's account. I had understood——"

"No," said Zeno, "you had not understood."

"But then, sir——"

"Omobono, I have often warned you against your curiosity."

"Yes, sir. I pray every day for strength to withstand it. Nevertheless, though I know it is a sin it sometimes leads me to learn things which are of use. I do not think that if you knew what I know, sir, you would contemplate the possibility of disposing of——"

"You talk too much," said Zeno. "If you have anything to say, then say it. If you have nothing to say, then say nothing. But do not talk. What have you found out?"

Thus deprived of the pleasure of telling a long story, Omobono conscientiously tried to impart his information in the fewest possible words.

"The lady is not called Arethusa, sir. Before she sold herself to save her people from starvation she was called Zoë Rhangabé, the daughter of the Protosparthos who was executed by Andronicus——"

"Rhangabé?" repeated Zeno, not believing him; for it was a great name, and is still.

"Yes, sir. But that was not her name, either, for he and his wife had adopted her

because they had no children, but afterwards two boys were born to them——"

"Confound their boys!" interrupted Zeno. "Who is she?"

"Her real name is Bianca Giustiniani; she is a Venetian by birth, and her father and mother died of the plague here soon after she was born. You see, sir, under the circumstances, and although the lady called herself a slave, such a commission as Messer Marco Pesaro's——"

"Omobono," said Zeno, interrupting him again, "get a priest here at once. I am going to be married."

"Married, sir?" The little secretary was agast.

"Send Vito for the priest!"

And before Omobono could say more, Zeno had left the room.

He found Zoë standing by the open window, and the morning sun was still streaming in. Her hair was not taken up yet, but lay like silk all over her shoulders, still damp from the bath. She was a little pale, as a flower that has blossomed in a dark room, and the rough white silk of the robe she drew closely round her showed by contrast the delicate tint and texture of her skin, and the sweet freshness of the tender and spiritual mouth.

He took her hand and looked at her earnestly before he spoke. Only a night, a day and a night had passed since he had understood what had hidden itself in his heart for weeks. That same truth had stolen into hers, too, but she had known what it meant.

"You kept your secret well," he said—"too well!"

She shook her head, thinking he spoke of her love.

"You knew it long ago," she answered. "And what you did not know, you guessed. You kept yours better far."

"I kept that one from myself, as best I could," said he, understanding what she meant. "I could not keep it for ever! But since we know that we love, our life begins here, and together. Together, because you saved mine—I know everything, for they have told me; and so my life is yours, and yours is mine, because we were born to mate, as falcons mate with falcons, doves with doves, and song-birds with song-birds. Will you come with me?"

She smiled and laid her hand in his.

"Am I not your bought slave?" she asked. "I must obey."

"That is not enough. We are Christian man and maid. You shall go with me in honor to my own people."

"A gentleman of Venice cannot marry a slave," she objected, though she smiled.

He laughed, happily, and drew back from her a little.

"A gentleman of Venice may do what seems good in his own eyes, if it be not treason," he said. "I publish the banns of marriage between Messer Carlo Zeno, of Venice, bachelor, and Arethusa——"

"Spinster, of the slave-market," suggested Zoë, laughing with him. "It is a noble alliance for the great Doge's house, sir!"

"Oh! You talk of Doges? Then I will put it in another way, as the priest will say it presently, for I think he is waiting downstairs by this time, and Omobono is teaching him his lesson."

"How shall you put it?"

"Bianca Giustiniani, wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?"

She was taken by surprise, and for a moment the words would not come.

"Wilt thou take this man?" he asked again, but more softly now, and nearer to her lips, though he did not see them; for he thought he saw her soul in her brave brown eyes, and as for her answer, he knew it.

Now the rest of Zeno's life, with much of what the story-teller has told here, is extant in very bad Latin, written by one of his grandsons, the good bishop Jacopo Zeno of Belluno: how he sailed down the Dardanelles, and made good the Emperor John's gift of Tenedos to the Republic; and how the Genoese tried hard to take it from him; and how he fought like the hero he was, with a handful of men against a host, and drove them off and saved the island; and also how he lived to save Venice herself from them when all seemed lost, and broke their power for ever afterwards; and how he did many other glorious and great things, all after he had taken Bianca Giustiniani to wife.

THE END

## THE WANDERERS

BY EMERY POTTLE

Let us go home, my dear, let us go home,  
Where love still speaks the all, familiar tongue  
To hearts come back, as children come, heart-young,  
Forgetful of the truant miles they roam.

Let us go home, my dear, let us go home,  
Along the path we've marked with homeward signs,  
Swimming with amber air poured through the pines  
And cool with the rich damp of evening loam.

Let us go home, my dear, let us go home,  
Ride laughing to the love we've missed so long.  
The saddles creak, the horses' breath comes strong,  
They end the last green lane all white with foam!  
Let us go home, my dear, let us go home.

# THE EUREKA ALPHABET

BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. CHASE

E beauties of a perfect May afternoon and of the majestic mountains did not interest Tom Baldwin as he spurred his horse along the Uncompahgre Trail which connects Iron-ton with Ouray. Years of prospecting in Colorado had saturated the sturdy and handsome young miner with scenery.

"A letter should be there by this time," he muttered for the hundredth time as he neared the little town of Ouray. "I am surely due for a change of luck. I've got to win; that's all there is to it."

On reaching the hotel he threw the bridle over the horse's head, vaulted lightly to the ground and briskly entered the office. The clerk was not back of the desk, and Baldwin stood in front of it and looked eagerly at the "B" box. There was one letter in it. Was it for him? He was meditating a leap over the barrier when the clerk appeared.

"Is that letter mine, Jack?" impatiently demanded Tom Baldwin, not for a moment taking his eyes from it.

Leisurely the clerk turned to the boxes and took from its place the letter which had so riveted Baldwin's attention. With a careless glance at the address he handed it to the new arrival.

"It came this morning," he said.

Tom Baldwin ripped off the envelope, and as he read a flush of pleasure came to his face.

The letter which thus excited the owner and discoverer of the "Little Uncompahgre" mine in the hills back of Telluride, read as follows:

"Office of Briscoe & Storey,  
"NEW YORK CITY, May 2.

"THOMAS BALDWIN, Esq., Ouray, Colorado.

"Dear Sir:—A letter from London informs us that The Anglo-American Mining Investment Company will consider the purchase of your "Little Uncompahgre" mine, if you will reduce

your price from \$250,000 to \$200,000. We advise you to do so, and also suggest that you come to New York and meet their representative who sails shortly for this city. Please wire your decision, also advise us when we may expect you. Very truly,

"S. P. BRISCOE."

He went to a seat on the veranda and again read the letter.

"That means that the dearest little woman and I will be married in Denver on the twelfth of next September," he joyously reflected. "I was beginning to fear that we'd have to wait, but now I've got a photograph in my head of the two of us sitting out on the deck of a steamship as she plows past Gibraltar and heads for those isles we used to see in the school geographies."

The "Little Uncompahgre" was a property requiring considerable money for its proper development, and, until now, the good fortune which favored others in interesting investors seemed bent on tantalizing Baldwin by dangling capital before his eyes, only to flip it out of reach when he grasped for it.

His parents were dead, and the settling of his father's estate left the boy with a few thousand dollars and a theoretical knowledge of mining acquired in an Illinois technical school. Baldwin had no wealthy relatives and no influential mentor, but he had youth, strength, good looks, ambition and daring—a little too much of the latter, perhaps. He went to Denver, obtained a foothold there, and then tempted fate by falling wildly in love with Florence Reeves. The recklessness of this infatuation is manifest when it is told that the paternal Reeves was a well-to-do banker, and by the further fact that the son and heir of a smelter magnate was paying desperate court to this charming daughter of Colorado.

To the surprise of Denver social circles, the dismay of the banker and his wife, and to the sorrow and chagrin of the young

millionaire suitor, Tom Baldwin--whose fortune yet lay hidden in the mountains to the west--easily won favor in the eyes of Florence Reeves.

The parents of this fair young lady eagerly humored her whim to study painting, and bundled her off to New York, with the shrewd purpose of placing half the width of a continent between her and the young mining engineer. Tom plunged into the mountains, and after many experiences and disappointments discovered the rich ore of the mine he later named the "Little Uncompahgre." For a year and more he and Florence had exchanged letters which increased in length, frequency and ardor, but when the ore was tested he wrote a triumphant one which insisted that his fortune was assured, and in it he declared his undying love, asked for hers in return and begged her to name the day—all in one letter inspired by the discovery of an innocent appearing streak of rock at the far end of a long and black tunnel.

Of course, Florence did not grant all these fervid appeals at once, but Tom finally received for a Christmas present the tender promise which made him supremely happy, and it was arranged that the wedding should be celebrated on her twentieth birthday, September 12; whereupon Florence returned to New York and her art, and Tom to his search for an investor with faith in the future of the "Little Uncompahgre."

Finally the repre-

sentative of Briscoe & Storey was induced to make an investigation, and after many delays negotiations were opened with London capitalists, with the eventual sending of the letter which lifted Tom Baldwin's hopes to the seventh heaven.

Beautiful were the castles he built in those days pending his journey to New York, and as the train bore him swiftly toward the metropolis he added new domes and minarets to that splendid collection of fragile edifices.

Tom took out his wallet and laughed as he counted its contents—six hundred and ten dollars. It was all the money he

*Chas—*

*Tom entered her studio*

had in the world, but it was enough. He was well satisfied with his shrewdness in leading Briscoe & Storey to believe in his affluence. He had even threatened to call off all negotiations and proceed to put \$100,000, or some such absurd amount, of his own money in a stamp mill and in the further development of the mine.

"Thomas Baldwin, Denver, Colorado," was the inscription which appeared on the register of one of New York's great hotels on May 15. He was in no hurry to call on Briscoe & Storey. It was well to give them to understand that a little matter like two hundred thousand dollars did not excite him, and besides, the fair Florence was far more interesting.

Tom chartered an automobile and from it entered her studio. Their happy greeting over he carried her away in triumph, and indulged in a preliminary inspection of the parks and show places of the great city. Tom lay back in the tonneau, the dearest girl in all the world by his side, the purring of the huge machine and her sweet accents music in his ears, the glories of a radiant May day adding to his bliss—the world had surrendered at his first blow.

"Florence, dearest!" he exclaimed, his strong hand imprisoning her's, "isn't it glorious to live—and to love!"

Many a time in the days that followed he thought of that afternoon's ride with Florence, and his feelings as he reviewed all the incidents—well, they were mingled feelings, in which the price paid for the use of that automobile vulgarly insisted on intruding.

Tom presented himself at the office of Briscoe & Storey the next forenoon, and after waiting half an hour was admitted to Mr. Briscoe's private room. That gentleman looked the young miner over critically, noted his clear cut face, the fashionable mould of his clothes, the unabashed look in his eyes, and was satisfied that their new customer was a man who was fully capable of protecting his interests, therefore he greeted him as a business equal and treated him as such.

"We received a London cable yesterday, Mr. Baldwin," said the head of the firm, searching for and finding the yellow slip, "which informs us that our representative, Mr. Hudson, will sail from Liverpool on May 23. That will bring him here in just two weeks from now. Sorry

to keep you waiting so long, but you know how deliberate these Englishmen are."

"It does not matter in the least," promptly said Tom Baldwin, the shade of disappointment vanishing when he thought of two whole weeks to spend with Florence. "Not in the least, Mr. Briscoe, I assure you. I have important matters to attend to in New York which will keep me busy all of that time."

"Glad to hear that," responded Mr. Briscoe. "In the meantime make this office your own. I'll have cards sent to your hotel giving you the privileges of some of my clubs, and you will dine with me at the Union to-morrow night."

The two weeks glided past like an extended and happy dream, and with it glided nearly four hundred dollars of Tom's money. This had gone for delightful but rather expensive dinners with Florence, visits to the theatres, a jaunt to Atlantic City, flowers, bonbons and other expenses, including his hotel account.

And Florence was to return to Denver on the day when the Englishman was due in New York. Tom still had a margin sufficient for all probable contingencies, but at the same time—though he dreaded to have Florence leave, and he told her so a thousand times, and begged her to remain and go back with him—still, at the same time, there was no doubt that the proper entertainment of Florence could not be continued long on one hundred and fifty dollars, and if there was any further hitch with the Englishman it might become—well, Tom had to admit that it might become embarrassing. So he permitted Florence to make arrangements for the journey to Denver, and recompensed himself by declaring to her that this was the last time they would be separated. Then he called at the office of Briscoe & Storey.

Mr. Hudson, accredited representative of The Anglo-American Mining Investment Company had arrived, and was in the office. Before a word was spoken something told Tom Baldwin that there were reefs ahead of his enterprise! It was not long before he heard the thunder of the surf, and knew that his mining bark was in danger.

"Mr. Baldwin," slowly said the representative of the great London house, "as you doubtless know, our firm proceeds in

all matters of this nature with cautious conservatism. The favorable report on your mine returned by the expert employed by Mr. Briscoe has duly been considered, but we find, on careful investigation, that he has been in error in his estimate of properties showing equally favorable surface indications. For this and other reasons in line with our established policy, we deem it best to obtain the report of another authority, and we can proceed no further until we have had an examination of the 'Little Uncompahgre' made by Mr. Robert Munson Stover. If his report substantiates that of the one now in our possession we shall be ready to close the deal without further delay. Our option, I believe, extends until the first day of September."

Every word of this struck Tom Baldwin like blows from a hammer, but his mind was alert, and he did not lose his nerve or display the discouragement he felt.

"Who is to pay the expenses of this Robert Munson Stover?" he asked, a vivid picture before him of that emaciated wallet and its three fifty dollar bills. "His services will cost \$10,000."

"I have considered that," Mr. Hudson said, after a pause. "I think it fair that you advance half and we half. This is the usual procedure, Mr. Baldwin."

"It will not be the procedure this time!" promptly declared Tom, marvelling at his own assurance. "You will pay for it."

Mr. Hudson looked at the young miner, and with an injured smile silently pondered this new problem.

"If such is your unalterable determination, Mr. Baldwin," he finally said, "I shall be compelled to cable London for further instructions."

"As you please," carelessly replied Baldwin.

If Tom was distressed over this development Florence did not discover it that evening as she sat beside him in a hired carriage and was driven to the railway station. He carelessly informed her that he had learned of something which *might* keep him in New York longer than he had expected.

"Be a good boy, Tom," Florence said, as the warning cry of the guard told that the train was about to start. "Write a letter every day, and, Tom, dearest,

don't be extravagant. When I think of how I have let you spend money I feel like a criminal. But haven't we had a perfectly splendid time?"

"You bet we have!" he exclaimed. "How I wish you didn't have to go. Good-bye, Little Sweetheart!"

He watched until the rear car disappeared around a curve. "It's a terrible thing to say," he muttered, "but I'm mighty glad Florence is on that train!"

That night he moved to a hotel in which his room and meals cost him eighteen dollars a week. He had \$110.45 left, it might be a month before he could expect "action," as he expressed it, and he planned his campaign accordingly. The forty dollars expended on that automobile loomed large as Tom looked back to that glorious but expensive day.

*Mr. Hudson, accredited representative of The Anglo-American Mining Investment Company*



Word came from London to pay the expenses of Mr. Robert Munson Stover. This victory was offset by the fact that the expert was unable to return to New York for at least two weeks. Mr. Hudson commissioned Mr. Briscom to treat with the expert, and thereupon sailed for London. Tom sullenly resigned himself to the dismal wait.

It was three weeks before Mr. Robert Munson Stover reached New York, and Tom had just \$51.40 when he first met that gentleman. It would be three weeks more before he could start west, and he would be compelled to go to New Mexico again before looking into the "Little Uncompahgre."

Again Tom moved, this time to a boarding-house with facilities which cost six dollars a week. The letters from Florence came daily, and glowing ones from Tom went back to her. Her's were filled with descriptions of her trousseau, and with wishes for his speedy return to Denver. One of these letters came the day the expert left New York. The thought that just two

short months intervened before the day set for the wedding fairly made him shudder. Had he been sentenced to be hanged instead of married, Tom would not have suffered greater agony as the days glided past! But he still had faith in his luck.

A week later a pickpocket relieved him of his remaining nineteen dollars. This left him with sixty-five cents. Mr. Robert Munson Stover was still in New Mexico, and the \$200,000 was still in the Bank of England. Tom opened a letter from Florence.

"After thinking it all over, Tom, dearest," she wrote, "I have decided that a wedding trip to Japan would be much nicer than one through the Mediterranean."

Tom's sense of humor saved him, and he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

His watch went to a pawnshop for twenty-two dollars. When this had been absorbed by his landlady, Tom decided that he had no immediate use for evening clothes, and parted with that luxury for twelve dollars. Once in a while he *walked* down to Wall Street and carelessly inquired if news of Mr. Robert Munson Stover had been forwarded, and finally learned that the expert had completed his work, and would be in New York about the first of August. In these interviews Tom contrived to present an appearance as natty as when he first met Mr. Briscom, and nothing in his words or manner conveyed a hint of his desperate predicament.

One forenoon he sat in front of his boarding-house and contemplated his grotesque position—then he became aware that a street peddler was trying to sell him some trinket.

"Go away!" Tom exclaimed, as the fellow dangled the object before him. "Go on; don't bother me!"

"Cheap for half de mon!" insisted the Italian, backing away a step.

Tom Baldwin suddenly became interested in the peddler.

"Do you make much money selling that junk?" he demanded, rising and looking at the cheap array of stuff.

The young Italian smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and again tried to transact business.

"Answer my questions and I'll buy that jim-crack," Tom said. "How much money do you make on a good day?"

*chue*  
*"It's a terrible thing to say, but I'm mighty glad Florence is on that train"*

"Two, t'ree, four, sometime five dol'," was the answer. "More time not so mooch."

"I see. And where do you buy this stuff?"

The Italian explained that there were several places which made it a specialty of outfitting members of his craft, and Tom noted the firm names and addresses. He invested twenty cents with his informant, wished him good luck, and Tom then headed his way to a section in the lower East Side.

In the first two places on his list he found nothing which pleased his fancy. He was searching for an article he had seen sold on the streets of Denver, and after inquiry finally located the novelty house which handled it. The place was presided over by a New Englander, and Tom felt more at home.

"I'm a traveling salesman," cheerfully lied the owner of the "Little Uncompahgre" mine, "and it frequently happens that I strike small towns where I have only one or two customers, and I have to stay idle while waiting for trains. I'm looking for some attractive side line."

"I see," said the dealer. "Let me show you——"

"I'm told that you sell just what I'm after," interrupted Tom. "I don't know what you call it, but it's a collection of metal letters so constructed that you can link them together and spell a man's name. They make a fine coat fastener."

"Yes, yes!" eagerly said the proprietor. "It's what we call 'The Eureka Alphabet.' We sell them largely throughout the West, but for some reason New York doesn't seem to take hold of them."

"New York doesn't know a good thing when she sees it," sullenly observed Tom Baldwin. "Let me look at the outfit."

The dealer produced a neat frame composed of small drawers, each filled with metal letters in quantities proportional to those in a printer's case. Tom looked at it curiously.

"That's it!" he said, sliding out the drawers, fingering the glossy metal letters and examining their ingenious linking devices. "How much for this?"

"Ten dollars."

Tom had less than six dollars.

"How many names ought one to make out of the lot?" he asked.

"About four hundred."

"At twenty-five cents apiece that would net a profit of ninety dollars," mused Tom.

He dug into his pocket, pulled out the five dollar bill and tossed it on the counter.

"Take that on deposit and set the 'Eureka' aside for me until to-morrow," he said.

"Very well, Mr. ——?"

"Jones," volunteered Tom. "Mark it 'A. B. Jones.' By the way," he said, as the dealer started to put the case back on the shelf, "I have a friend who is looking for just that sort of thing. If you don't mind I'll take some of these letters along and show them to him," and without wait-

*"Tom, dearest, a wedding trip to Japan would be much nicer than one through the Mediterranean"*

a sure thing. It strikes me that Yonkers or Hoboken have been looking for just such a thing as this."

He learned that he could reach Hoboken easier and cheaper than Yonkers, and two o'clock that afternoon found him on a ferry boat headed for Jersey. It was his first visit to the quaint old city of Hoboken, and it was certain that he was not likely to meet anyone there who knew him.

He strolled down one of the streets and looked at the signs above the retail stores.

*"Do you make much money selling that junk?"*

ing for consent Tom dipped into the boxes and took about one-quarter of the letters from each one. These he dropped into an outer pocket.

The merchant seemed slightly surprised, but since Tom had paid half the price and had taken only one-quarter of the letters and had left the case, the dealer had only a technical cause for complaint. However, he interposed no objection, and after chatting a moment Tom briskly left the establishment.

He walked over to Broadway and up to Union Square, the "Eureka" letters merrily jingling in his pocket. There he found an unoccupied bench, and sat down to think it over. He tried to laugh, but couldn't.

"I'll do my laughing later, when I can afford merriment and have nothing else to do," he said to himself. "I can't sell this stuff in this part of New York; that's

Where should he make his first venture? On a drug store window he read the inscription in white enamelled letters, "H. C. TODD, PHARMACIST."

"There's an easy name," reflected Tom Baldwin. He caught a glimpse of the proprietor, and he looked good-natured and approachable. Tom repaired to a bench under the shade of a tree in one of the park spaces along the river front, and there he sorted out his letters, spelled out the name of his proposed victim, composed and rehearsed his speech, and, with more trepidation than he felt when fronting Mr. Briscorn or the famous Robert Munson Stover, he entered the drug store and approached the brown-moustached man who stood half way between the cigar stand and the soda fountain.

Tom went to the cigar stand.

"Five or ten?" asked the druggist, pushing the slide back and producing

a box. "Here's a fine ten straight cigar."

Tom's "lines" completely faded from his memory! He gazed blankly at the druggist, and then without a word jingled the linked letters on the glass top of the cigar case.

"What's this?" asked the surprised retailer. "Well! Well! 'H. C. TODD!' How did you know my name? Saw it on the window. Of course; of course! And what's it for? A coat-hanger. Clever idea; it is, as sure as you're born! How much do you want for it?"

"Twenty-five cents," said Tom, hovering between elation and a feeling that he had disgraced himself forever.

"Here's your twenty-five cents," Mr. Todd said, taking a coin of that denomination from the cash drawer. "Say, can you make one for my boy? You can? His name is 'Christopher H. Todd.' There's more letters in that; would it be the same price?"

Tom wrote the name on a slip of paper, counted the letters, and after some hesitation informed the druggist that the extreme length of the given title of the junior Todd would make the price of the coat-hanger thirty cents. This was satisfactory, and after rather clumsily linking the letters together Tom left the place fifty-five cents richer.

The dazzling success of this initial venture emboldened the owner of the "Little Uncompahgre," and he fiercely attacked Hoboken, a salesman unafraid. Within an hour Tom Baldwin was the confident possessor of a total capital of \$3.65. He had also become proficient in linking the letters together.

On the street he met his first patron, Druggist Todd.

"See here!" exclaimed that gentleman, and Tom wondered if the trinket had broken, "I showed that thing to four or five of my customers and all of them want it. It would pay you to hang around my place this evening."

An inspiration came to Tom.

"Tell you what I'll do, Mr. Todd," he suggested. "You take orders for these hangers. Make the price thirty cents for all names with twelve letters or less, and thirty-five cents for all names with more than twelve letters, and I'll allow you five cents commission on each order you take.

You ought to be able to get a hundred or more of your customers. I'll drop in once a day and make them up."

"Surest thing you know," eagerly agreed Mr. Todd, and Tom ratified the bargain by treating his new agent to a cigar.

The depletion of the letters "A," "B," "E" and "P" made it so difficult to find patrons whose names could properly be spelled without these characters that Tom was compelled to change his tactics about five o'clock in the afternoon. He then went about the establishment of agencies, and when the ferry boat carried him back to New York at ten o'clock that night he had \$9.85 in his pocket, also a list of eight druggists, newsdealers and cigar store proprietors who had agreed to take orders for "The Eureka."

He wrote a more than usually buoyant letter to Florence that night. It was the first day in August. In thirty days the option would expire, and in six weeks Tom was scheduled to become a benedict. The outlook was desperate, but Tom's optimism rose to the occasion.

"My luck has turned!" he declared to himself, as he opened his wallet and looked again at the pleasing array of the nine one dollar bills. "Nothing can stop me now!"

Early the next morning he called on Mr. Briscoe, and was informed that Mr. Robert Munson Stover had completed his report and had forwarded it to London.

"I have no idea of its character," said Mr. Briscoe. "We should get a cable from London inside of ten days."

Half an hour later he completed the purchase of "The Eureka Alphabet," and proceeded on his way to Hoboken. Nearly two hundred orders awaited him. The manual labor of filling them took him most of the day, but his capital had increased to sixty dollars. Like the genius he was, Tom Baldwin rose to his opportunity.

He secured from the surprised dealer reduced rates and the exclusive right to handle "The Eureka Alphabet" in New Jersey and all of New York State except the metropolis. No longer was he a peddler or a salesman. He was a man of affairs.

In Hoboken he made Mr. H. C. Todd his general agent, and appointed another one in West Hoboken. Within five days the merits of "The Eureka" were extolled by his agents in Paterson, Jersey City,

Newark, Elizabeth, Yonkers, Mount Vernon and White Plains. Once again Tom Baldwin was quartered in a first-class hotel, and to his rooms the steadily increasing number of agents came each day bringing money and receiving fresh supplies. Their commissions were twenty-five per cent., and since they were doing well, and could obtain the magic letters only from Tom Baldwin, all were satisfied.

Seldom has money been made to work more expeditiously than the last five dollars with which the stranded young miner began business. The watch, clothes and other pawned articles were redeemed, and when he dined at the club that Saturday night with Mr. Briscoe he was the satisfied possessor of nearly three hundred dollars.

Before the next week was ended Tom was able to put two traveling agents in the field, also advertisements were inserted asking for local representatives in the smaller towns. The business grew by leaps and bounds. He rented a small office and employed an assistant and a stenographer, but his name did not appear over the door or on his stationery.

On August 10 a cable from London

stated that Mr. Hudson would sail for New York on the following day, and on the eighteenth of the month Tom again confronted that gentleman in the office of Briscoe & Storey. Mr. Hudson greeted the owner of the "Little Uncompahgre" with suave cordiality.

"My dear Mr. Baldwin," said the representative of The Anglo-American Mining Investment Company, "permit me to release your impatience. The report of Mr. Robert Munson Stover is entirely satisfactory to our company, and I am authorized to make the stipulated payment. I congratulate you!"

By a mighty effort Tom Baldwin checked a long-drawn breath of relief, but he could not control the flash of joy and triumph which came to his eyes. The ship which for long and weary weeks had shown no mast above the horizon was at last in port, laden with his rich cargo, and it should bear him and his bride to Japan, or wherever her fancy dictated.

That afternoon a young lady in Denver was made happy by the receipt of a telegram from Thomas Baldwin announcing that he would be in that city in less than a week. He sold the general agency of "The Eureka" to Mr. H. C. Todd for a sum with four figures in it, and the purchaser later made so great a profit that he disposed of his drug store, and is now the head of a prosperous novelty concern which employs hundreds of agents.

A stately Pacific liner ploughed its way toward Japan, and on its passenger list appeared the names of "Thomas Baldwin, wife and maid, Denver, Colorado." The great ship was two days from Yokohama, and with the sinking of the sun the air was delightful but cool. Dinner over, Tom proposed their usual stroll along the broad reach of decks.

"Put on your overcoat, Tom," cautioned the bride, tenderly proud of authority over her big and handsome husband. "It is chilly this evening, and besides, that light coat is becoming to you."

"Glad you like it," laughed Tom, lifting it from the hook.

"Let me hold it for you," Florence insisted.

As she took the garment from him her eyes caught the glitter of the metallic letters which composed the hanger.

*"I ran across it in New York," said Tom with a grin*

"What is this?" she exclaimed, examining this sample of the possibilities of "The Eureka" more closely. "'T-O-M B-A-L-D-W-I-N.' Why, you vain old darling! But

it's real clever! Where did you get it, Tom?"

"I ran across it in New York," said Tom with a grin.

## SLEEP AND ITS COUNTERFEITS

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON

"Blest be the man who first invented sleep,  
But cursed be he with curses loud and deep,  
Who first invented and went round advising  
That artificial cut-off, early rising."

—Saxe.



SLEEP, after thirty centuries of study and thirty thousand of experience, is still a mystery. We know all about it, but nothing of it. The results of our most laborious researches, our most painstaking studies, are mainly negative.

One great positive fact, however, emerges from the negations of all theories: sleep is not a *negative* process but a *positive* one, not a mere cessation of activity, but a substitution of constructive bodily activity for destructive. The "anabolic" or up-building processes are in excess of the "katabolic" or down-breaking processes during sleep. During the working hours the balance is reversed. Sleep is a recharging of the body-battery.

### *Babies and Old People*

It is the positive, constructive character of sleep which explains why babies at the period of their most rapid growth and development sleep from sixteen to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, a capacity which steadily diminishes until adult life is reached, when it becomes constant, in the neighborhood of nine hours. At the other end of the scale of life, the well-known light sleeping and early awaking, characteristic of old age, is due to a loss of this reconstructive power. It is not that an old man does not need so much sleep as the child or adult, but that he can't

get it—has lost, to a degree, the capacity, and the reconstructive processes involved in it. The dozing and drowsings of old people during the day are mild torpors from exhaustion, not true sleep—fore-runners of the final ending of consciousness.

It is the positive reconstructive quality which accounts for the differences in the quality of sleep which we have all experienced. A nap of an hour when conditions are favorable will often rest and refresh us as much as a whole night's restless, dream-ridden slumber at other times. It is also the basis of the well-known ability of vigorous, healthy men to get along with exceedingly small amounts of sleep. Some exceptional individuals have been able to do immense amounts of work with only four hours sleep out of the twenty-four, and keep this up for years without apparent harm.

So generally has this positive factor been overlooked in popular literature that it has given rise to a whole series of misleading analogies. Confusion has been allowed to creep into popular and even scientific literature between the drowsiness and coma of fever, and other morbid conditions, and true sleep. These conditions are abnormal, as a rule injurious, and in no sense tend to reconstruction. A typhoid-fever patient who has apparently slept two-thirds of the time for two weeks will wake up with a loss of twenty or thirty pounds weight, weak as a kitten, emaciated, wretched. The vast majority of these drowsy, so-called sleepy, comatose con-

ditions—the unconsciousness of fever, of exhaustion, etc.—are totally different from and in opposition to true sleep.

The most dangerous of all counterfeits of sleep are induced by drugs. It goes without saying that there is no drug that can produce sleep any more than growth, appetite or strength. There are many which produce a state of unconsciousness resembling sleep, and some of these are unfortunately much resorted to for this purpose. Though permissible in skilled hands their habitual use is dangerous, both because they are all poisons—weak ones, it is true, but true poisons, and because they smother a symptom, suppress a danger signal, without doing anything to relieve the diseased condition which caused it. The man who cannot sleep is sick, and should reform his habits.

### *Sleep As Much As You Can*

"How much sleep shall I take in the twenty-four hours?" This can be answered unhesitatingly in five words, "As much as you can." Here no competent authority would question the absolute safety of instinct as a guide. As the period of sleep represents the time necessary to restore the oxygen balance of the tissues, to recharge the battery, then obviously it must last until that process has been completed, as attested by the familiar sense of "restedness" and refreshment. "Go to sleep when you're tired, get up when you wake feeling rested," contains the philosophy of the whole problem.

Obviously no hard and fast rule as to the number of hours required can be laid down. Just as individuals differ in the color of their hair and eyes, the vigor of their appetites, their tendency to be fat, or lean, so they differ in the rapidity of their recuperation during sleep. As has been already mentioned, a few vigorous, energetic individuals seem able to recuperate with such rapidity that as little as four hours sleep suffices them. To mention a few notable instances, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and his conqueror the Duke of Wellington, John Wesley, and in recent years, Edison, the inventor, were able to refresh themselves completely within this time. On the other hand, anemic and nervous individuals may recuperate

with such extreme slowness that they require ten, twelve, or thirteen hours of sleep properly to redress the balance.

At a rough working average it may be stated that the majority of vigorous adults require an average of about nine hours. Women require from half an hour to an hour more than men of their age. Any attempt to shorten this necessary period, whatever it may be, which can readily be ascertained by each individual for himself by a brief period of intelligent experimentation, is not only irrational but suicidal.

### *Nine Hours the Average for Adults*

As a matter of fact, the average amount of sleep taken by most individuals is in the neighborhood of nine hours. The proverbs are, as usual, at sea, and have about the usual amount of influence over actual practice. "Seven hours for a man, eight for a woman, and nine for a fool," has been their dictum for centuries, but the average human being cheerfully plunks himself into the "fool" class, much to his benefit. I believe that the usual eight-hour average laid down in the text-books errs on the side of brevity, and the majority of men in active work take more than this or else suffer for it. The average laboring man goes to bed at between 8:30 and 9:30, or if he does not, often falls asleep in his chair about 7:30 or 8:00 and sleeps until 6:00. The average business or professional man goes to bed about 10:00 and rises about 7:00. Each class getting on an average nine and ten hours respectively. How the superstition ever grew up that there is such a thing as weakening yourself by oversleeping I cannot imagine. Whatever may have been the source of the delusion it is utterly without basis in physiology. No one ever got too much healthy, natural sleep, or injured himself physically by staying in bed until he felt rested. It must, of course, be remembered that sleep in stuffy, ill-ventilated rooms may never produce this sense of being rested, no matter how long it is prolonged. But, again, it is not the length of sleep, but the quality which is at fault. More than this, a great majority of men and all women would be benefited by a nap of from twenty minutes to an hour after the midday meal. In the case of women, who are able to control their time, this should be insisted upon.

as a daily rule. Many men are unfortunately so situated that for business reasons this rest cannot be obtained, but they should make an effort to obtain it even if they do not fall asleep in the time.

This average of nine hours, of course, applies only to adults. For children it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule whatever. In the earliest days of infancy, fifteen to eighteen hours are required for the recuperative process. So astoundingly somnolent are young babies that I was once consulted by an anxious father who expressed great uneasiness lest his baby's brain should not develop properly because it slept so much of the time. Needless to say it was his first. From this the period gradually falls until by the third year it has reached the neighborhood of twelve hours, and by the fifth year, ten. But these again are to be taken only as the crudest of averages, as individual children differ enormously, according to their vigor, rate of growth, time of year, etc. A baby or young child should have *absolutely every minute of sleep that it can be induced to take*, and sleeplessness is even more emphatically a sign of disease in children than in adults. This necessity and capacity for large amounts of refreshing sleep persists up to adult life and the amount required seldom falls below ten hours before the eighteenth or twentieth year.

To make children or rapidly growing young adults get up before they have had their sleep out, and feel thoroughly rested, is not merely irrational but cruel, and when it is done as a routine practice at boarding schools, or other institutions, by those who pretend to be fitted to have the care of children it is little short of criminal.

### *The Best Time for Sleep*

When is this sleep to be taken? For choice, and as a matter of convenience on various grounds, sometime within the hours of darkness, just when makes no difference. There is no adequate foundation for the popular belief that the "beauty sleep" is that which is taken before midnight, still less that one hour of sleep before midnight is worth two after. This impression has grown up upon economic and moral grounds con-

nected with the early-rising fetish, and has no basis in physiology except in so far as it is involved in retiring sufficiently early to enable one to secure the requisite sleep-period before the hour of compulsory rising. It has been demonstrated by numerous experiments that the depth of sleep rapidly increases from its beginning to about the beginning of the second hour, then almost as rapidly diminishes until the middle of the third, after which it remains at practically the same level until the hour of waking. Some observers have reported a second increase in the depth of slumber about the second hour before waking, but this does not seem constant. Although as tested by the loudness of the noise required to awaken the sleeper, the depth of sleep is greater during the first three hours, it does not appear that the process of recuperation is going on any more rapidly during this part of the sleep period. Indeed all experiments which have been made, and practical experience as well, indicate that the last two hours of sleep give fully as much recuperation as the first two. It is by no means infrequent that individuals will wake, from various causes, at the end of the sixth or seventh hour, with a distinct sensation of being unrefreshed, with perhaps a slight headache, which will have completely disappeared after two hours more sleep.

Strange as it seems there does not appear to be any necessary physiological connection between sleep and the hours of darkness. As a matter of convenience most tribes and races have fallen into the habit of taking their period of rest at night, because the occupations necessary for securing food and a living are more advantageously carried out during the daylight. It is, however, perfectly practicable to reverse this completely, working during the hours of darkness and sleeping during the day for considerable periods of time without any apparent injury. That this habit, if persisted in for months, as in the case of night-watchmen, firemen, railroad men, etc., is apt to cause anemia and neurasthenia is due to the loss of sunlight involved. Animals, of course, are perfectly indifferent, often habitually turning night into day. Most species simply utilize for sleep such part or parts of the twenty-four hours as are not needed for securing food.



*The Right Time to Get Up*

To that most acutely personal question, "How early shall we get up in the morning?" physiology has little to say in answer. If under the stern stress of work-a-day life it is obligatory for any individual to arise at an early hour, all it can advise is to go to bed at such an hour as will enable him to get his nine hours sleep before that time.

But that there is any advantage in early rising as such there seems little ground for believing. By the way its praises have been sung in proverb and homily one would think that it was the chief of the virtues, but its claims have little basis in physiology. Its virtues are purely economical, commercial, and its rank among the virtues is a survival from hard-fisted agricultural ancestors, whose work had to be done in daylight. Naturally it became a principle with them to get as much of this as possible. It also appealed to their commercial instinct in another sense, as it was regarded as the highest and most praiseworthy economy to "burn daylight instead of candles." These influences have combined to elevate to a pinnacle of virtue a habit which is merely a money-making one.

One of the principal arguments in its favor, that it is natural to rise with the sun and go to bed with the same, is so absolutely irrelevant that it needs no discussion. We have neither the endurance of that distinguished traveler, nor is his appearance in any way the signal for the beginning of our activities or his disappearance for their close. Nor can the "good example" of animals and birds be quoted with any reason. Many of them don't set it at all, but retire with the sunrise. Those that do—are simply where our ancestors were a million years ago. The longest step towards humanization was the discovery of fire and consequent ability to sit up late at night and consider things. Civilization and late hours always go hand in hand.

Nor is there any adequate support for the impression that the early morning hours are in any way more wholesome or healthy than later periods of the day. Except in summer time they are apt to be damp, foggy, chilly and among the least desirable hours of daylight. It is

quite true that during the summer there is a sense of exhilaration about being abroad in these early morning hours, but this evaporates with the dew and is apt to be succeeded by a corresponding depression and loss of working power later in the day. I have been observing my friends and patients for the past twenty years, in this respect, and am inclined to the opinion that not a little of the depression and nervousness which so commonly develop in hot weather is due to excessive exposure to light, from habits of early rising, inherited from agricultural ancestors, not counteracted by three to four hours rest in darkened rooms in the middle of the day.

Secondly, that the exhilaration experienced during the early morning hours is an expensive luxury which has to be paid for later in the day. In fact, I have found, that as a general rule, to put it very roughly, the business or professional man who rises an hour before half-past seven or eight, goes to bed, or loses his working power, an hour and a half earlier in the evening. Each individual has in the beginning of his day about so much working power stored up in his brain and muscle cells. If he uses this up with great rapidity in the early morning hours he naturally exhausts his stock the sooner in the afternoon or evening.

It is largely a matter of when a man wishes to be at his best. If his occupation is of such a character that he can clear off the brunt of his work in the early morning hours, then let him rise early. If on the other hand he requires full vigor and readiness of mind and body in the latter part of the day, or at night, then he must rise later to get it. Even in pure muscle-work it is false economy to work too long hours. The eight-hour-a-day factory-hand invariably turns out more work and of a better quality than the twelve-hour-a-day man. Much more so in intellectual work. A few hours at high tension and pitch accomplish more than a day's "slogging." It need, of course, hardly be pointed out that the stage of intellectual development of any community is in direct ratio to the lateness of the hours it keeps. All the activities, social, literary, convivial, philosophic, that bring out what is best in man, are at their highest tide after eight in the evening.

### *The Best Cure for Insomnia*

As we know of no drug or procedure which can produce sleep, it is obviously absurd to expect any "sure cure" for sleeplessness. This is invariably a sign of disturbance of balance, or of incipient disease, and should be treated only by careful investigation and removal of its cause, when found. And there will be nearly as many causes as there are sufferers. We cannot even say what particular bad physical habit is most frequently to blame. So that the number of "good things to do for sleeplessness," which have any wide application, is very limited.

The one procedure which most universally disposes to sound sleep, is one which is within the reach of all, and that is getting well tired. To work hard enough every day to get comfortably tired, particularly muscularly, is the best cure for insomnia. Excessive fatigue may, of course, produce it. Sleep is not solely or even chiefly a matter of the brain, but of all the active tissues of the body and especially the muscles. We must be symmetrically fatigued, or as we say "tired all over," in order to sleep well. While there are many exceptions, laboring men and all those engaged in active out-door occupations usually sleep well. Most of our "insomniacs" are men and women of sedentary habits. In fact I have been sometimes inclined to suspect that sleep is even more a matter of the muscles than of the brain. Certainly the soundness of sleep of many professional and business men is directly related to the amount of muscular exercise in the open air which they have taken during the day. A brisk daily walk of from two to four miles is the most universally effective hypnotic. But even this rule has many exceptions.

### *Eating Before Sleeping*

Diet has little influence on sleep, except in so far as it may produce disturbances of digestion and through these of the general balance of health. The hypnotic effects of certain foods, such as onions, lettuce, milk, etc., are chiefly imaginary. Even the time of the last meal of the day is of relatively little importance, except that it is well to let this be at least two or three hours before retiring. But even this

rule has many exceptions, as many healthy laboring men habitually fall asleep over their pipes directly after supper, and children, after poking the spoon into their little eyes, nod off over the tea-table, with the bread and butter still clutched in their chubby fists.

The processes of digestion probably go on more slowly during sleep, but they are perfectly carried out, as is illustrated by the almost invariable habit among animals of going to sleep directly after a meal.

Indeed a moderate amount of food in the stomach or intestines seems to promote slumber. Many night-workers, for instance, sleep much better for taking a light or even full supper just before retiring.

### *The Right Kind of Bedroom*

It goes without saying that the bedroom should be well ventilated, especially in view of the heavy storing up of oxygen in the tissues which goes on during sleep. All windows should be open from the top at least one, and better two to three feet, so that a gentle current of air can be felt blowing across the face. "Night air," as Florence Nightingale pithily remarked, "is all the air there is to breathe at night." It is just as pure and as wholesome as day air. Night fogs and rain are only injurious in so far as they frighten you into shutting your windows. No air that ever blew out doors is so dangerous, or poisonous, as that inside a bedroom with closed windows.

The temperature of the room should be about 55° to 60° F., if possible. If markedly below this the amount of covering required is apt to become so great as to interfere with the respiration of the skin. The clothing should be as light as is consistent with warmth, the mattress elastic but firm, the pillow as high as the breadth of the shoulder, so as to keep the neck and head horizontal or slightly above, when lying on the side. The good, hard common-sense of humanity has solved all these problems, and the modern hair-mattress, or its equivalent, single pillow and blankets, or cheese-cloth-covered "comfort," which can be cleaned and aerated by turning the hose on it, can hardly be much improved on. Beyond these there is no virtue whatever in hard beds, flat or no pillows, and

cold bedrooms. Just another instance of the deification of the disagreeable. The boggy feather bed, collector of the perspirations and diseases of successive generations, the bolster, the eider-down quilt, the hard sail-cloth-like counterpane, both airtight, and the latter heavy as a board, have gone to the attic or the ash heap, where they belong, along with the four-poster and its curtains, the night cap and the warming pan. Relics all of a barbarism which was either too stupid or too stingy to warm its bedrooms. The colder the bedroom in winter, the less the windows are opened and the fouler the air.

### *Dreams*

As to dreams, the less said the better. Partly because we know so precious little about them, and partly because they are no part of normal sleep. It would also take a great many words to explain how little we know about them. All we can say of them is that they appear to be due, to put it crudely, to different areas of the brain, or tissues and parts of the body, varying in the degree of their fatigue and consequently soundness of their sleep. Either those functions, or regions, of the brain and body which have not been sufficiently exercised during the day, or on the other hand those which have been overtaxed and unduly fatigued, may "stay awake" and make vague impressions on our consciousness. So far as dreams can be said to follow any law whatever, they seem inclined to be often either continuous, or revulsive, "like," or "contrary." Either weird and improbable continuations of our thoughts and occupations during the day, or more often wild rebounds into opposite, or widely different, fields. The merchant dreams of going to war, the miser of making love, the professor of making money, the gilded youth of thinking. Thus there is a faint physiologic basis for the belief that dreams "go by contraries." They certainly "go," or "come true," by that rule as often as by any other.

The troubled, or horrid, dreams which occur during sickness are probably due to the torturing of the brain-areas, in which the images conjured up are stored by the toxins with which the blood is loaded. Similarly the grewsome visions and nightmares, which embitter the slum-

bers of those under the stress of violent emotions and mental suffering, are due to similar action by the fatigue-poisons produced by these states. While perfectly normal sleep is dreamless, yet a moderate amount of dreaming, especially if the images evoked are of a pleasing, or indifferent, character, is quite compatible with good and refreshing slumber. The sleep which is accompanied by "good" dreams, is usually restful, as is illustrated by the universal good-night wish of "Sweet dreams." The sleep attended by "bad" dreams is apt to be disturbed and unrefreshing, which simply means that mild and harmless stimulations of the brain-areas during sleep produce pleasing images, while stronger stimulations or injurious irritation by toxins evoke distressing, or painful, images. A well-known illustration of the latter fact is the notorious connection between "gobberlins with glass-green eyes" and cold mince-pie for supper.

Persistent or frequent bad dreams are, like insomnia, a sign of ill-health, and should be regarded and treated as such.

One thing more can fairly safely be said about average or healthy dreams, and that is that they are largely due to the condition of the skin, whether external or internal. Our alimentary canal or food tube is, of course, only a long roll of the skin, tucked into the interior of the body for digestive purposes, our brain and spinal-cord another and solidier fold, sunk in for telegraphic uses.

Slight changes in, or irritations of, the surface of the body, or the lining of the alimentary canal, are probably the starting points of most of our milder dreams. This faint impulse wakes up either the brain-area, with which it is directly connected, or the one which happens to be most nearly awake, and we are off.

Some of our common dreams seem to be directly traceable. Slipping down of the blankets is followed by dreams of Arctic relief expeditions or falling into snow-drifts. A gas-distended stomach, pushing up the diaphragm and compressing the lungs, produces dreams of "something sitting on your chest," or dramatic struggles against other forms of suffocation.

The common single dream, that of falling, falling, falling from a great height, to wake with a gasp of relief just as you are about to strike and be dashed to pieces,

is probably due to the general muscular relaxation and falling of the head, arms, and limbs which accompanies settling down to sleep. Careful studies have shown that it almost invariably occurs during the first forty-five seconds of sleep. A slip, or change of position, of a sixteenth of an inch is enough to suggest the idea of falling to the brain. It "does the rest," and provides out of its swarming storehouse of images the precipices, flights of stairs, giddy mastheads, and other scenic effects. If the impression is not vivid enough to wake you, you "strike bottom" with a delicious sensation of restful warmth and repose, just such as your tired body is getting from its "downy couch."

The next common dream, which we have all had scores of times, which, as Dickens quaintly said, he was sure even Queen Victoria, with all her royal wardrobes full of clothes, must have also had, that of suddenly finding yourself in public half-dressed, seems almost equally traceable.

The dream, and we can all recall its mortifying vividness, is usually associated with insufficient, or displaced, bedclothes. This gives our drowsy brain-cortex the idea that we haven't sufficient clothes on. Our arms and shoulders being completely covered by the close-fitting upper half of the nightgown, the impression of unprotectedness comes most vividly from our unencased lower limbs, and the hint is enough. Our well-trained modesty takes furious fright and *hinc illa lachrumæ*, "hence these weeps."

We don't know much about dreams, but we know enough to feel fairly sure that they have no relation to anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, which is more than a hand's-breadth outside of the sleeper's skin.

Any beliefs or deductions based upon their assumed relation to things outside of this area are, from a biologic point of view, the purest and pearliest of moonshine.

## THE SLAVES WHO STAYED

### MAMMY

BY LUCINE FINCH



WHEN the war closed and the news of peace was hurled at the heads of our fighting Southerners, there were five slaves in my grandfather's household who helplessly refused to go. First, and always dearest to the heart of every child of the old South, my own dear mammy, who had been my grandmother's maid and mammy to her little girl, my mother. And then there were Aunt 'Liza, the fat old housekeeper and ruler of the other lesser servants, and Uncle Carter, her husband, who had a wooden leg, of which he boasted freely, Uncle Tom, the old butler, a gentleman of the old school, with no ambition save dignity, and old Aunt Winnie, who had belonged to my grandfather's mother in the early slave days, were the last of this little coterie about

which the other servants hovered, eager to be taken in.

Even Uncle James, mammy's husband, was not included, because he was of the worthless type. And when freedom came, that terror to the protected and beloved slave, Uncle James accepted it not because of any justified and uplifting ideals of his own, even crude ideals, but as a child wonderingly takes a new and strangely complicated toy, not knowing what to do with it, or how to make it go or stop going, but dazzled by it and pitifully pleased. And so he disappeared, disproving my grandfather's only plea for slavery, the only theory that he hugged to himself as the excuse for soul barter—the separation of husband and wife or mother and child. For when my grandfather heard of a slave auction, he went, vowing not to buy, but usually coming home with a forlorn hus-

band and wife clinging to each other, and blessing him as he had blessed them. People said the Old Doctor was poor, because he bought so many disabled and worthless slaves and kept them for love's sake.

"I always buy a slave in the name of Christ," my grandfather had once said, and he taught them himself, and preached to them and served them lovingly. He was one kind of a slave owner. There were many like him, and some who were not, God forgive them!

"Tell about mammy!" we children would beg my grandmother. And she would tell us, in the firelight, the stories that we loved best and knew by heart, while mammy stood behind her chair, straight and fine, like a little dark queen, listening with subdued eagerness and a reserved smile on her face.

"Mammy was kneeling before the fire taking up the ashes," my grandmother would begin, "when your grandfather came in with the news of freedom." Then we settled down for the tale we loved best.

"Well, Sarah Jane Forbidden Fruit," he said playfully, because of the ache in his throat, "you're free!" and mammy had suddenly turned as pale as the ashes, and had said, "My Gawd! marster, what I gwine do?"—so helplessly that my dear gentle grandfather had gathered her into his arms and said tenderly, "You are ours, always ours, and wherever we go you go."

And when it had all been explained to her bewildered brain she had clung in misery to my grandmother and moaned, "Miss Alice, O Miss Alice! you all is my folks, ain't you, Miss Alice?" until, for pity, they could not talk of it any more. Uncle James, on the contrary, had shouted, "Praise Gawd!" and leapt like a wild thing and become entirely hysterical.

The situation was particularly strained, because my grandfather had bought them together, since they were to be sold into separate bondage, and now freedom was doing for them that which was the most criminal element of slavery, separating husband from wife.

Uncle James refused to stay and mammy refused to go. It ended by his going, with a shamed air and a promise to return. And mammy watched him go with fine contempt in her face.

Once my grandfather had said to her, "Mammy, how is it that you married Un-

cle James?" and the strange reserve that protected her past had crept into her face and she had said, enigmatically, "Two in one cabin is better than two in two cabins. Marse Crosby married us, old Marster." That was all and they never questioned her about it.

When, in the new order of things, wages were suggested to her, she had thrown up her head and disclaimed any part of this new *régime*. The insult had only been withdrawn when my grandmother had put her arms about her and kissed her dark cheek and said, "Never mind, mammy, we will not speak of it again if it troubles you."

Mammy had been brought from Africa when she was about fifteen. We were never certain of her age. She said she was born when "the second stars fell," and by that sign she was judged to be about twenty-seven when she came to our family.

She had had a very wretched experience up to that time. She had belonged to a certain New Orleans speculator in the slave trade. She had been hired to various people, and her fine, high nature had suffered the torture of coarse contact with the ordinary negro. She had always been disliked, because of her aloofness and strange reserve, and had grown so delicate that the fact of her being of proven royal blood was the only thing that made her a high-priced slave.

My grandfather, visiting in New Orleans, had gone with friends to a sale of some valuable slaves near the French market. He had seen the gentle, dignified young woman with the wonderful reserve in her face, and he had, on a sudden impulse, bought her and her husband. Mammy in after years told my grandmother that when she saw the tall man with the low hat over his eyes, she prayed that he would buy her. My grandfather said it was her eyes, haunting and sad, that made him do it.

"She looked like a queen," he often said afterward, for he loved to speak of it.

"As she stood there on the high block before us all, with her head turned slightly away, as if in dismissal of us and withdrawal into herself, she looked like a queen, with her tragic brow and her curiously thin and reserved lips."

After he bought her he sent her to one of the outlying plantations to get well and strong. And when he had gone for her, a

few months later, she looked happier, though her eyes were sad, and had the longings of an unanswered call in them.

My grandmother had been very ill, and mammy was to be a great surprise to her. For weeks my grandfather had been saying to her, playfully, "The surprise will be ready soon, dearest." And she, lying back in her chair, had tried to guess what it was.

"Something for you to love," he had said, and she had said, "You." And they had laughed again, and kissed each other.

And on the great day he had thrown open the door and said, "The surprise, Alicia dear!" and mammy had come in. She had stood for a moment, rather bewildered at being thrust into a strange room with no one near her, helpless until she saw one more helpless than she, a pale girl with friendly eyes. Then, "My lil new mistiss," she cried, running toward her, and bending over her with a sweet brooding tenderness, "My po' lil mistiss," she half crooned. And a lifelong friendship began.

With the close of the war came the aftermath, poverty and wretchedness for the South. My grandfather suffered with the rest. He lost everything but his home and his library and a few pictures. The feeble people, his slaves, all of whom he loved, were thrust, of necessity, out into the strange world of freedom. The five old house servants refused to go. They huddled together in the big hall, weeping like frightened children. It meant five mouths to feed and five bodies to clothe, but "we'll stay together," my grandfather said.

When the soldiers came later to sack the place, mammy met them at the door and, by her dignity and quiet courtesy, shamed the rough fellows, drunk with hard fighting and victory, and turned their vandalism into a big house-warming.

When they demanded the silver, she gave it to them, explaining that she had kept out enough for Marse Phil and Miss Alice, at which they doubtless laughed.

Mammy served them with great dignity, while my grandmother stayed upstairs and wept, and my grandfather guarded his beloved books, vowing he would shoot the first man who opened the door.

When they left, they had shaken hands gravely, and some of them had called her "Mammy."

All through the drear days that followed, mammy shared bravely and cheerfully their changed fortunes, and tried to make her "Miss Alice" forget that they were poor. She took entire charge of the house, insisting upon the formalities so dear to a Southern woman's heart.

Mammy's father was an African king. It is evident that she was stolen and sold into slavery. She always said she was an "Alabasta princess." More than that she would not say, though we tried many times to make her speak of her past life. To her it was a closed tragedy, and though she shut her thin lips tightly and would not speak of it, we saw it all in her eyes, and all that we cared for then was to love her enough to send away the dull misery.

As she grew old there were many quaint little eccentricities that developed and made her quite a character. The wool about her fine dark face was soft and white, yet she insisted upon wearing a heavy black braid, coiled about her head to her ears. When we urged her tentatively and fearfully to have a few white hairs put into the braid, she indignantly exclaimed, "Gawd put de white hairs in de front and I ain't gwine have nothin' to do with puttin' 'em in de back!" She refused to wear glasses, saying it would make her look old. She was then about ninety. She would never sit in my grandmother's presence, but clung with quaint persistency to the customs of her young days, when there was time for respect and courtesy. She could, seemingly, by holding a sick baby in her arms, cure it of whatever ailment it had. After we had grown too big to be her babies, she seemed to pine, and, as she said, she "honed for a baby." And so she became the head nurse of the neighborhood, and always had some baby in her arms, usually a sick one. Then it was that her eyes shone with that soft fire that alone seemed to burn away the tragedy back of her.

And so she stayed on in our family, the very inner heart of us, and when she died we felt that youth and all that was best had fled with her going. But the Real Freedom had called her, and we, who loved her best, folded her dark hands on her faithful breast, and felt blessed indeed to have had her so long.

*(Other stories in this series will appear in later numbers of the magazine.)*

# THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

LETTERS, COMMENTS AND CONFESSIONS FROM READERS OF THE  
MAGAZINE

## THE RISE IN THE COST OF LIVING

*(This letter is from a woman who is connected with a prominent college in the middle west)*



WE are a college community. The population of our town numbers about five thousand, which is swelled during the school year by some seventeen hundred students. There is little business done here except that which supplies the needs of the residents. Hence, no one grows rich. Neither do rich people come here to live, although occasionally some one whose worldly possessions are estimated in six figures drops down among us for a year or two.

Accordingly, there is much more uniformity here in the matter of incomes than in most towns of the same size. The college professors have for the last twenty years had a salary of \$1600 a year, which after ten years' service is increased to \$1800.\* Probably there are few business men whose incomes are much larger; therefore, in material ways the college people seem as prosperous as any portion of the community.

### *Salaries and the Price of Food*

But a curious problem in economics is presenting itself among us during the last few years. The income of a large number of families whose heads are members of the college faculty is, as I have already stated, the same that it has been for about twenty years. The cost of living, however, has advanced greatly of late years, while at the same time the standard of living has become more expensive than formerly.

Within the last ten years, for example, rents have advanced considerably, although

\* The salary is now \$1800 a year, which after 20 years' service is increased to \$2000.

the increase is not so noticeable as in some other items of family expenses. Hard coal which used to seem high enough at \$5 or \$5.25 a ton now ranges from \$6 to \$7 a ton. Soft coal and wood have followed it in its upward flight. Such staples of family consumption as meat, milk, butter, eggs, fruits and vegetables have all taken on prices which make one sigh for the old days of cheap and lavish living. No more shall we have recipes for cake demanding one hundred and eight eggs as in the days of our grandmothers. We have fallen upon a time when the economical housewife is forced even in midsummer to consider whether two eggs and a little cornstarch will not make as good a custard as four eggs.

It is hard alike on your pocket-book and your feelings to have your roasts and porterhouse steaks cost a fourth more than they did five years ago, and to pay in the height of the strawberry season fourteen or fifteen cents a quart, where you used to pay from eight to ten. Still worse is it, when you have been accustomed in the fall of the year to store a goodly supply of apples in your cellar, at a price of from twenty-five to fifty cents a bushel, to have that old reliable fruit suddenly emulate the orange in price, as it has for the last three years, and be reduced to buying it by the half peck or even by the dozen. You feel as if an old friend had deserted you. The worst shock to one's feelings, however, is the conduct of that festive bird, the turkey, which has leaped from fourteen or fifteen cents a pound to twenty-two cents during the last two seasons. To have the turkey take on airs and attempt to class itself with terrapin as out of the reach of ordinary mortals is a blow aimed directly at the happiness of humanity.

The same ambition to rise is showing

alike painful results in all other departments of family expenditure. A few years ago the one maid in a house was literally a maid of all work, and received three dollars a week. Now the maids demand four dollars a week and refuse to do washing, or cleaning. The man or woman who comes in to work by the hour likewise receives a third more.

### *Owning a Home on \$1800 a Year*

It is the natural desire of people who consider themselves permanently settled in towns the size of ours to own a home. The man who attempts to save money for that purpose finds that building materials have risen so much that a house which could have been built a few years ago for \$3000 will cost now at least \$4000. Taking into account these differences in the purchasing power of money when applied to the leading items of expense in family living, it is safe to say that the salary of eighteen hundred now is about the equivalent of twelve hundred a few years ago. The families beginning housekeeping on a salary of \$1600 a year may adjust themselves to its possibilities without great discomfort, but the one accustomed to the same sum ten years ago when its purchasing power was equal to that of twenty-one or two hundred, at the present time finds serious trouble to keep its outgo from exceeding its income.

The problem is made still more difficult by another phase of the situation. It might be natural to suppose that on a stationary income when prices went up families would simplify their living and cut down their expenses. If, for instance, women generally met a common stringency in family finances by wearing calico gowns on dress occasions and entertaining their friends with dinners whose main course consisted of a fricassee of chipped beef followed in turn by a dessert of boiled rice, there would be no hardship felt. As long as you are comfortably fed, clothed and housed, you can get on placidly with the material conditions, provided your friends and neighbors have substantially the same. The inequalities cause the trouble.

But the old-fashioned method of simply cutting your coat according to your cloth is out of vogue. Our desires and what we, therefore, consider our needs have expanded

during the last ten years more, if anything, than our means have contracted. In the eyes of the world doubtless we are as a community still leading the simple life; but it is much less simple than it was a short time since. As a rule our houses are more expensively furnished. Oriental rugs which will wear a hundred and fifty years are so much cheaper in the end than American ones that it seems a pity not to get them. Electric lights are more satisfactory than coal oil, although, in spite of the Standard Oil Co., the advantage in expense is on the side of the latter. People used generally to have dinner at noon. Then they invited guests to a six o'clock tea instead of to dinner. Two or three courses were ample for the meal. Within the last few years we have all discovered that human beings were never intended to dine at noon. Like the rest of the world, we dine at night, and now when we entertain our friends, we invite them to a six o'clock dinner of six or more courses.

### *The Simple Life in a College Town*

Less than ten years ago there were so few social events among us that no one thought it necessary to have an evening gown. The plain gown worn to church and for calling answered for all social occasions. Then a man did not feel obliged to have a suit of evening clothes. Now there is not a woman that does not make an attempt at an evening gown, nor a man that does not appear in regulation evening garb at the proper times.

All these concessions to the ways of the world make a larger demand upon the purse. We therefore exhibit the phenomenon of stationary incomes on the part of heads of families made to cover a large advance in cost of all the necessities of life and a considerably more elaborate scale of living. Under such conditions it is tolerably evident that something is bound to happen. The something in this case is an important change of attitude toward the money question on the part of women. Formerly when families became cramped in their finances, women met the situation by economizing more closely and working harder. They did without a maid in the kitchen, did the family sewing and, perhaps, even the washing and ironing. With an infinite amount of work and pains they



made over old clothes into presentable garments. In the effort to stretch a dollar to its utmost capacity they often wore themselves out. Every one can think of instances by the score.

The modern woman pursues a different course. When in spite of careful management, the family expenses loom threateningly large in comparison with the income, instead of dropping the sewing woman and undertaking to do her own ironing, she begins to consider how she can earn the money to hire the ironing and the extra sewing done. That is what has happened with us. Within the last few years many married women have found in different ways employment by which they add materially to the family income.

### *Picking Up Stray Dollars*

Thus among the college families in a number of instances married women are teaching in the conservatory of music, the academy, the public schools, or privately. Two or three are engaged in newspaper or literary work. A few are taking boarders. Several are quietly earning a little money in different ways. Altogether there are few cases in which a family is living on the regular salary of a college professor, and of course many of the men add to their salaries by extra work, the income from books, and in other ways.

I have spoken especially of a college community because it affords a convenient illustration of a general tendency. It is true everywhere that on a given income the scale of family living is much more expensive for this generation than for the preceding one, and that women for their part are turning more and more to money-making

occupations by which they can add to the family funds, instead of trying in the old way to make one dollar do the work of two. Conservative people deplore this tendency and augur ill for its effect upon the home life. As a mere sentiment, I confess to liking to see a woman give her whole time to her household. Sentimentally I sigh for the day of the wheel, the loom, the big iron soap kettle and the candle mold. But this is mere sentiment and not sense.

Why should an educated, capable woman spend all her spare time for a week in making over a gown, if in one quarter of the time she could earn the money to hire it done? Is it not for the general welfare that both she and the dressmaker should have the work each can do best? If her time is worth from fifty cents to a dollar an hour, can we blame a woman for thinking it poor economy to spend half a day in ironing which she could hire done at the rate of a shilling an hour? Or, if it is merely the question of adding to the family income the little extra money that makes life easier and pleasanter, is it a matter of wonder that the woman who has the money-making capacity should like to exercise it? It is of little use, however, to argue the wisdom or unwisdom of that which is to be. The fact is evident to anyone who considers the matter that the number of married women engaged for more or less of their time in money-making occupations is rapidly increasing; that we are entering upon a new era in domestic life, when women without ceasing to be homekeepers are exercising much more latitude of choice as to the manner in which they do their part toward keeping the mechanism of the household running.

EDITH DICKSON.

*(This department will be continued. In it we shall publish every month a few out of the scores of interesting letters which come to us. These letters may take the form of criticism or approval of the magazine, or of autobiographical comment on problems of present-day life.*

*It will be very informal, but we believe very interesting and stimulating.)*

## IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

*"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*

**I** CONFESS—said the Philosopher—that talk of war between the United States and Japan irritates me. Such a thing ought to be unthinkable. We have both too much on hand that is worth while to waste time and lives fighting. We have **Talk of War with Japan** too many friendly traditions, too great mutual respect, too much to gain by friendly intercourse. And if we had none of these things is there anything which Japan could possibly want of us which would be worth the lives of two or three hundred thousand American boys. (And we must not dream it would cost us less to come to blows with these gamy little men.) I do not believe it! Suppose she wants a freer show in California. I cannot from my viewpoint, which I admit is distant, see that all the Japs who would ever come there would do the country anything but good. If they did nothing but set an example of good manners, gentle speech and quiet efficiency, which they always do, they would be worth importing. To an outsider the difficulty California is experiencing in getting domestic servants would seem sufficient reason for welcoming them. The wives of half the men I know in California tell me that if things go on as they are housekeeping will have to be revolutionized on the Pacific slope for lack of servants. We need a race which does not despise housework. It is probably because we were all so short a time ago doing our own housework with the friendly aid of a neighbor's daughter that we look down on domestic service and teach every fresh cargo of European immigrants to despise it, if not in the first at least in the second gener-

ation. The Oriental seems to have too much self-respect to be easily made a snob of. He never despises a task. He is largely the joy he is for this reason. But not even their need seems to reconcile California to the coming of the Japs. If there is any one of you who can explain to me the *real* reason I wish he would do it. I am sometimes reduced to believing it jealousy of the little man's politeness and efficiency.

Again, suppose they do want the Philippines. Can you expect them not to? The Philippines are as natural an annex to Japan as they are an unnatural one to the United States. If I had my way I would offer our sovereignty of the pesky things, with our promise of independence thrown in, to Japan for what they cost us, with something off. If it is worth while rebating a few millions of war indemnity to China, and who shall say it is not, it is more worth while to be generous to Japan and sell her whatever right we have in the Philippines.

**A** FRIEND of mine—said the Reporter—who has been out in Japan comes back with stories about the feeling against us. Put it in any way you please, they don't like us. We may, he says, prudently philosophize on the patient statesmanship of Marquis Ito and the Elder Statesman, and they retort with compliments on the wisdom and friendliness of the President, but we are at this moment nearer to war with Japan than Russia was in 1902.

**I**T may not be that bad—said the Observer. Russia was at once a challenge and a menace to Japan. It had been going on for many years—this duel

over the control of the Asiatic side of the Pacific—and it was encouraged, as a matter of course, by the British government. We are neither a challenge nor a menace. But there is danger in the present situation. If the Japanese continue their policy of "pin-prick," if they persist in distorting every small local disturbance in which a Japanese coolie happens to be concerned into an international affair, if the state department must be bombarded daily with official complaints on matters of no consequence, and if in the meantime the Japanese government is very busily shutting up the open door which John Hay's diplomacy made such a point of, they may wake up some morning and learn what we all know about ourselves, that being strong we are not a patient people and being safe we are not unwarlike. Imagine this country blustering about war because an American citizen was "held up" by the Italian brigands in a customs office, or insulted by a mob of street boys on Montmartre, or pelted with stones as E. H. Harriman's physician was in Tokio. And all this time Americans are receiving very strong hints that they must get out of Asia as fast as they can, that Asia is for the Asiatics, Japanese preferred. Many Americans who have gone to Japan in recent years have been impressed with the unfriendliness of the Japanese towards Americans. The masses of the people seem to like us rather less than any other race. The popular manifestations I can understand. International law and diplomatic usage cannot control outbreaks of race hatred. But the representations of the Japanese foreign office to our state department have appeared to me to be studiously impertinent. Is it "babu cheek" or is it a part of a bold declaration of a policy of hostility? Whatever it is it reckons without the knowledge that Americans generally are quite indifferent to questions of war and peace, that they are individually and generally irresponsible in the use of firearms and that they don't much like any dark race in the world that gets in their amusing way. Japan no sooner wins to a station involving great responsibilities than she becomes an international nuisance. We are harassed by Japan. We are practically threatened by Japan. The Japanese minister insists that

we shall at once revise that—to us—venerable document the Constitution of the United States especially to protect a Japanese fishmonger from disorderly conduct on the part of Swedes, Germans, Englishmen and Italians in San Francisco. We are not asked to give the Japanese equal rights with us. They must have special protection. In the meantime there is "a strong party" in Japan threatening war unless we turn our house upside down to secure the safety, comfort, or maybe luxury of a subject of the mikado who was number 9,764,230 when he was at home—and has lost his number. It is too ridiculous.

**I**T is more ridiculous—said the Reporter—when we look back and think how much we did—or thought we were doing—to help Japan in her war with Russia.

**Our** such thing as friendship between nations you would have thought that we would dash to the defense of Russia. Our old friend Russia. But when war

threatened our ancient supporter a thousand winds of sentiment and interest blew out the old flame. Every man you met had something to say about hoping that the "little Japs would beat those big Russians." You might have thought that the war was to be fought out with the fists. Another class pondering on the great injustice that the Russian peasants had suffered from the Russian oligarchy hoped to see the oligarchy destroyed by the killing of many thousands of the peasants in battle for the oligarchy. But my friends the Jews were not deluded by the situation. Rich Jews have often been accused of forgetting their race, but I have never known a better example of devotion—within reason—to a cause than the great financiers of New York and London showed in this opportunity of revenge. Japan, a reckless and bankrupt nation; Japan, that had "jobbed" the owners of her own national securities; Japan, whose government bonds a few years ago were discredited in comparison with the British protected securities of a tramway company, was "taken care of" as if she were a power of long and deep credit. She needed money and she got it. Who destroyed Russian power on the other side of the Pa-

cific? You mention readily Togo, Oyama—a score of others. But you

**The Man** forget the man behind the bonds. In writing the his-

**Behind** tory of this struggle please don't forget Jacob Schiff.

**the Bonds** It is not a warlike name, but it should rank high among

the enemies of Russia. The blood shed so cruelly at Kishineff was wiped out at the Yalu river. The Jewish influence for Japan did not stop with the subscription to the Japanese bonds. It had much to do with directing public sentiment. It would be hard to overestimate the influence of this resolute, resourceful race on the newspapers of America. And so in a score of ways this country was practically lined up as an ally of Japan. It is true we gave her no physical help, but we gave her our sympathy wherever we could show it and we gave her our money. Our feeling toward her was well understood abroad. Perhaps it was overestimated. A person very importantly connected with the state department told me that at one point of the negotiations preceding the war the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs complained that facts communicated to our representatives by the Russian government had found their way to the Japanese. Of course the suspicion was unfounded. I can't imagine that the delirium over the "little Japs" could have carried any American official that far. But it is significant of the impression created abroad by our acts that this suspicion could have been entertained at all. Isn't it strange that in four or five years after this occurrence our papers should be discussing the increase of our fleet in the Pacific as a protective measure against Japan and we should read in dispatches from Tokio of the activities of a strong party in favor of war against America?

**I**T is no more strange than that we went to war with Spain less than five years after the close of the Columbian Exposition—said the Observer. The fact of

**Japan** the situation is that the Japanese people really want war. A warlike feel-

**Spoiling for a** ing pervades the nation from top to bottom. The

**Fight** common people, still glowing with pride over the

unexpected decisiveness of the victory over

Russia, think Japan could "lick all creation." The better-informed Japanese believe that their army and navy having had a recent schooling in the best of all military schools, a war, would be much stronger, man for man and ship for ship, than any other force in the world. This warlike feeling is a dangerous ally of Japan's notorious political ambition to possess the Philippines and Hawaii. All these factors make for trouble. We might dispose of the naturalization question, we might compel San Francisco to keep her hoodlums in check and still not be nearer a peaceful solution. Apparently Japan has a chip on her shoulder. What is not so apparent at present but may be later on is that, tiring of persistent complaints and half-veiled threats, we will step lightly up and knock it off.

**I** SUPPOSE—said the Philosopher to the Observer—that if you and the Reporter were in Japan to-day writing for some jingo Japanese paper you would make out

**Jingoism** an equally strong case against the United States.

**Deplored** You would rehearse a series of pin-pricks on our part quite as annoying as those

we have suffered and quite as authentic. Certainly Japan has given us no deeper thrust than the one we gave her at San Francisco. She has done no more offensive blustering than that of our yellow press on both coasts. She has given no greater evidence of dislike than we are giving every day. As for what you call the "babu cheek" of the representatives of her foreign office to our state department, what do we any of us really know about it? Only what the gossip of indiscreet officials intent on emphasizing their own importance tell us. Frankly, now, what right have we as a people to believe tattling of that kind? Is a broken international friendship so light a matter, is war so cheerful a prospect that we should blow the hostile sparks that are always smoldering in men's hearts with the evil wind of gossip? You say it is ridiculous that the Japanese should be so ungrateful after our recent friendliness. Is it more ridiculous than that our friendship should have cooled at the first ruffling of her young feathers? You resent her cockiness. Perhaps she resents our patronage. Really, is not one as hard to bear as the other?

No, my friends, jingoism is not a sign of a

great nation. Self-control and common sense are. The most patriotic thing we can do in times of international bad temper is to keep cool and quiet.

**I**T is fortunate at this time that Mr. Root is secretary of state—continued the Observer. I think it is fortunate for us at all times that he is secretary of state, but now especially

**Root and** we need just this man of cool fearlessness. A good

**Hay** many men have written about the late John Hay as

**Compared** a great secretary of state, but it is no injustice to his

memory to say that he did not have the material in him to make as efficient a public servant as Mr. Root. Besides, his usefulness as secretary of state was impaired by his long service in the diplomatic corps. The marks of the first secretary clung to him. The jargon of diplomacy, its forms and customs, seemed more important to him at times than the essence of the question on hand. He did not really lack Americanism: he was a true American. But he had been much affected by his long residence in England. It was said of him once that he was not our secretary of state but the real British ambassador. No such taunt can be leveled at Mr. Root. He is the most American of Americans. He has come up as one of the leaders of a generation that has ceased to look sulkily to England for all

our guide-posts, literary, legal, spiritual and political. He knows the strength of this country as well as any man. He would be as quick as any man to use it if the need arose. But his habit of mind is against violence. He is secretary of state now, not secretary of war. He would be, I think, about the last person to advise the beginning or the ending of a war.

**I** BELIEVE it—said the Philosopher—and he would be the first to silence the jingo. I have just been reading a little book of his, "The Citizen's Part in Government," and his tart disposition of the man who considers blustering and grumbling the chief duties of citizenship are beautiful reading. He tells a story in the course of his remarks which bears on our talk. "Murat Halstead once told me," Mr. Root writes, "how being a young newspaper correspondent during the Civil War, he had felt moved to write a long letter to Secretary Stanton, giving his views about the matters in which the Secretary was engaged, and how many years afterward the letter was found in the files of the War Department endorsed in Stanton's handwriting—*M. Halstead Tells How the War Ought to Be Carried On.*" I can imagine Mr. Root disposing of us all these days in the same laconic way. •

**AFTER ALL**—said the Editor—we don't want war, or the Japs either.

## HABIT

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

So, then! Wilt use me as a garment? Well,  
'Tis man's high impudence to think he may;  
But I—who am as old as Heav'n and Hell—  
I am not lightly to be cast away.

Wilt run a race? Then I will run with  
thee,  
And stay thy steps or speed thee to the goal;  
Wilt dare a fight? Then, of a certainty,  
I'll aid thy foeman, or sustain thy soul.

Lo, at thy marriage feast, upon one hand  
Face of thy bride, and on the other—mine!  
Lo, at thy couch of sickness close I stand,  
And taint the cup, or make it more benign!

Yea—hark! The very son thou hast begot  
One day doth give thee certain sign and cry;  
Hold thou thy peace—frighted or frightened  
not—  
That look, that sign, that presence—it is I!



JOHN JOHNSON, GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA

*Henry Watterson's "Dark Horse"*

*From a photograph specially taken for The American Magazine by E. A. Wright, St. Paul*

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## JOHN JOHNSON OF MINNESOTA

BY WILLIAM HARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

### WITH AN INTRODUCTORY WORD FROM COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON

IN the early summer quite a flutter was created in the newspapers by a statement attributed to the editor of the *Courier-Journal*, of Louisville, that he knew of a Democrat who, in case Mr. Bryan meant to decline the Democratic nomination for President in 1908, could unite the party and might carry the election, "and," so ran the rescript, "he does not live east of the Alleghanies, nor south of the Potomac and the Ohio."

To this invocation, Mr. Bryan remained as dumb as an oyster; but speculation ran rife and there was no end to the guessing and joking. At length the secret began to leak out; the "dark horse," for such the Unknown came to be christened, was declared to be Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota; and, being approached for his own version of the affair by THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, Mr. Watterson said: "If you will acquit me of any purpose to set up for an oracle, or to pique the public curiosity, I don't mind telling you that it was Governor Johnson I had in mind. Mr. Bryan, you may recall, had declared in a speech that, if the party could find a representative man who might get more votes than he was likely to get, it should make him its Presidential nominee. Mr. Bryan's friends were

everywhere saying that he did not desire the nomination. Upon these hints I spoke. I said that I knew of such a man—a dyed-in-the-wool, regulation Democrat, and—as both a concession and an answer to Mr. Bryan's rather proscriptive requirement—I added that he did not live either in the despised East or the neglected South.

"I did not blurt his name for the reason that, in the first place, I was not undertaking to play Warwick—I wanted Mr. Bryan to play Warwick—and, second, that any suggestion coming from me would be at once blackballed by that very considerable but unthinking body of extremities and visionaries who seem to want to reduce the Democratic party to Mr. Bryan and themselves.

"That is about the sum of it. I proposed to make myself no more than the chorus of the piece—if that—Mr. Bryan the Star; because I realized and still realize that, if the Democrats are to elect in 1908, Mr. Bryan and his following must be satisfied. Each faction of Democrats has had its share of throat-cutting, the Conservatives in 1896 and the Radicals in 1904. If this is to go on forever we may as well disband the party. The Conservatives, embracing the Independent vote, can never be united on Mr.



Bryan. Neither will the Radicals vote for a candidate whom Mr. Bryan supports only as he supported Judge Parker, having knifed him ruthlessly in advance.

"There are myriads of Democrats, like myself, who are sick and tired of all this. We are not unfriendly to Mr. Bryan—though we reject some of his gospels—and we agree that the campaign of 1904 was in many ways illogical. We would have done with factionism.

"It happens that I have known Gov. Johnson for many years and have watched his career with interest. He is a most exceptional man both in character and ability; a steady-going, level-headed man, who thinks first and acts afterward; a man who does things worth doing; nothing visionary, or fantastic about him. He is as typical an American in his personality, in his working methods and in his mental processes and perspectives as may be found among the

rich progeny of the Scotch-Irish to which the country owes so much, being of Scandinavian origin, next after the Scotch-Irish high upon the racial honor roll whence we have drawn so many of our statesmen and soldiers. That means that he could not fail to prove, as he has already proven, a great vote-getter. He has not been mixed up in any faction-fighting. He comes from the right quarter. Even as Lincoln emerged from obscurity to take the helm, it seems to me this man might, so like Lincoln in his simplicity and modesty as well as his hard up-hill antecedent experience.

"That is all, but don't say I told you, because I am wholly out of politics and much out of favor, nor yet making Presidents, so that my words might do Gov. Johnson more harm than good, in the event—which I take leave to doubt—that he is seriously thinking about being a candidate."

## THE STORY OF THE MAN

**T**HE best-loved public man in the great Northwest of this country to-day is the Democratic Governor of Republican Minnesota, John A. Johnson.

The older women in his little home town of St. Peter, on the hilly banks of the Minnesota River, talk of him with tears in their eyes while they recount his early struggles with family poverty and with family tragedy. Bartenders will walk all the way around the bar and come out in front and stand amid the cuspidors and shake their arms and say, "I tell you, John Johnson is just as good a Republican as any man inside the party. You don't stop being a Republican when you vote for John Johnson. You ask anybody. He is a Democrat all right, but you leave it

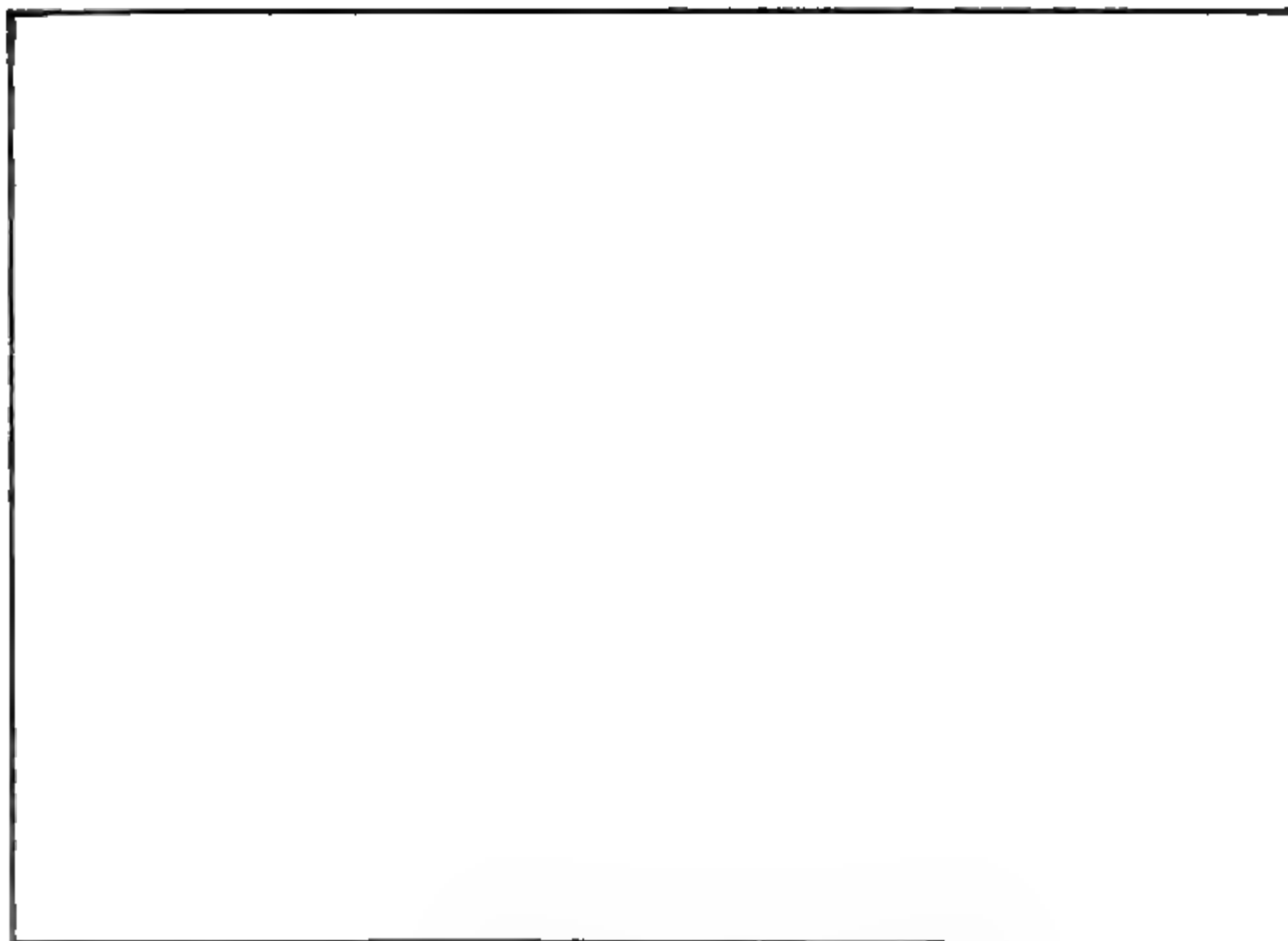
to me. You can be a Republican and vote for John Johnson any time you want to."

Now when the bartenders and the wives of the bankers and storekeepers unite on a man, as they do on John Johnson in St. Peter, something must break. In this particular case it was the Republican party of the State of Minnesota. Twice has John Johnson broken that party in that State. Once by 8,000, when Roosevelt was running in 1904, and once by 72,000, when Roosevelt was out of the way in 1906.

What is the meaning of this insistent popularity? Why is he admired, why is he followed, by the shouts of men and the tears of women, in his course of triumph from a poor country boy, son of a good woman, but also

### GOVERNOR JOHNSON'S MOTHER

*A splendid woman, strong and energetic, with great powers of mind and soul, and a life of sorrow. She gave Johnson a great start, physically and mentally. Her family is lost. So, on her side, as on his father's, Johnson cannot see back*



IN THE OFFICE OF THE "ST. PETER HERALD"

*Essler (at the left-hand desk) and Johnson (at the right-hand desk) were partners both in the ownership and the work. Johnson was the editor and Essler the practical printer*

son of the village drunkard, to drug-store clerk, to country editor and to State governor?

*Winning a People's Affection*

I first saw John Johnson at Frontenac. On my way down to Frontenac I had studied two documents, one human, the other written. The first was a Swedish lumberman. For about two hours I in vain attempted to draw him into an account of his opinions about John Johnson. He seemed to know nothing about him. At last I said, rather irritably, "Don't you think anything about the governor?" He replied slowly and thoughtfully, "Ay tank ay vote for Yon Yonson. He bin gude man."

The second document, the written document, that I perused on my way to Frontenac, was the record of the last State election in Minnesota. A rousing Republican victory! Everybody on the Republican ticket, with one exception, elected! The regular party strength shown, as usual, in the vote for State treasurer: Dinehart, Repub-

lican, 153,000; Evans, Democrat, 92,000; straight Republican majority, 61,000. Quite natural, quite inevitable, in Minnesota! But there was one Republican who was unfortunate. And that was A. L. Cole. He happened to run for governor. His vote was only 96,000. He fell 57,000 below his party strength. An unfortunate man! His antagonist was John Johnson of St. Peter, a

*Ruins of the Home where Johnson was born—in the country just outside the town of St. Peter, Minn.*

AT 21

*The earliest picture of Johnson, taken when he was a clerk in a drug-store for a few months in Decorah, Iowa*

Swedish country editor, who, two years before, when he first ran for governor, had been greeted with the remark, "Who are you, anyway?"

The vote accumulated by this John Johnson in last year's election was 168,000 out of a total of 276,000. A plurality of 72,000 in a total vote of less than four times that number! An advance of 133,000 above the regular party strength! An increase of over 80 per cent. in the regular party vote! "Who is John Johnson, anyway?"

*How the Man Looks and Acts*

He came to the door of the dining-room of the Frontenac Inn just as I was going out after supper to enjoy the twilight. I could make out only the dim outlines of a tall, slightly-stooping, freely-built, long-armed man, who bent over me and told me that I could see him a little bit later in the evening. I noticed the lines of his build then and just one other detail. The lines of his face! They are deep, innumerable, interlaced, especially about the eyes. They are the first and the last impression left upon you by John Johnson.

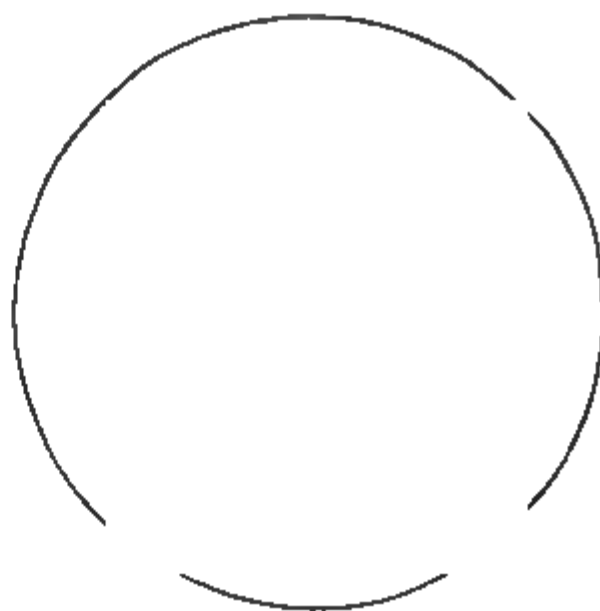
When I saw him, at about eight o'clock

AT 26

*Lately become editor and part proprietor of the "St. Peter Herald"*

HUMAN DOCUMENTS OF

on that same evening, more clearly, in the open air, I noticed other things. An easy, lounging attitude. A stoop which persists even when he is not leaning over a shorter man. A height of just about six feet, not including the stoop. A weight of about a hundred and eighty pounds. A build which, while not exactly gaunt, is what they call in the West "rangy." Light brown hair, not so very thick. A few streaks of white just above the ears. Large ears, deeply involuted. A long head, broad



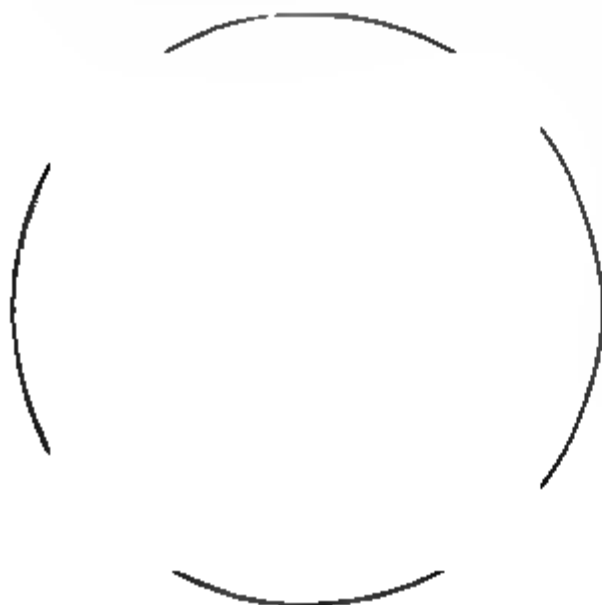
*Snapshots showing the profile and*

AT 28

*The year after he was beaten for the legislature*

GOVERNOR JOHNSON

enough in front, but reaching its greatest breadth farther back. Deep lines on the forehead. Blue eyes, very blue, a deep blue. A long nose, slightly turned to the right. High cheek-bones. A long jaw, extending cleanly from the cheek-bones down a long way to the chin and then turning slightly up. A complexion which in boyhood was pink and white, but which is now interfused and uniform; the deep, even complexion of the prairie. Lines on the cheeks; lines about the mouth; lines particularly about the eyes.



*full face of Governor Johnson*

AT 29

*This picture was taken in St. Peter and shows Johnson in his first dress suit*

He was dressed as befitted vacation time, in any clothes that came handy. Thus attired, he sprawled easily on the stone parapet.

When he looked at me, the glance of his eyes was kindly but extraordinarily keen and observant. The pupils of his eyes are very small, so fine that they can hardly be distinguished, so fine that one is reminded of the fact that in a camera the smallness of the aperture which admits the light determines the distinctness of the picture. When he rose and walked about he stooped more than ever. Also, he ambled, or shambled, or, at any rate, employed a curious gait which he alone, among created men, possesses. It is produced apparently by starting to fall toward the distant point which you wish to reach and then trying to catch up with the rest of your body.

We talked about politics and then we talked about his own personal history. How had his parents come over from Sweden to this country? Did he remember the Indians, the Sioux Indians, who forayed and massacred in southern Minnesota in the days of his very early boyhood? How had he completed his education, cut short when he was only thirteen? How had he learned enough to become an editor by the time he

GOVERNOR JOHNSON AND HIS WIFE

*Frontenac, on Lake Pepin, Minn.*

*From a photograph specially taken for The American Magazine by F. A. Wright*

was twenty-five? How had he learned, while he was an editor, to speak so well in public, so well that, because of that faculty of speaking, along with other fortunate circumstances, he could become governor of Minnesota at forty-three, the youngest governor the State has ever had? And how had he felt when he was invited to go to Philadelphia this year and become a doctor of laws at the University of Pennsylvania? How had he felt when he stood up to deliver the Commencement Address at that University, the first Western man ever assigned to that particular duty at that particular place, and he not only a Western man, but one whose scholastic training had ended, long before he was of high-school proficiency, in a little country schoolhouse on the very frontier of the scholastic world?

He answered my questions, pertinent and impertinent, in a manner very simple and direct. I had expected, after observing his curious personal popularity with all kinds and classes of people, that he would be a somewhat effusive man. He is not. Rather the contrary. Friends and neighbors came up and talked to him during that, our first, interview, and to all of them he was courteous and considerate, but *not*, decidedly *not*, demonstrative. Johnson makes you feel very familiar with him, but he is very dignified with you. As one of his political friends told me, "He is an awful good mixer, but he isn't much of a jollier."

And now let me take the reader across country from Frontenac to St. Peter. We can't use what the governor said about himself. His statements are only clues to be followed up. In St. Peter, however, almost any clue leads to Johnson. For it should be set down here that it is an essential part of John Johnson's popularity that it begins with his home town. He was popular first with his family, then with his employers, then with his village, then with his county, then with his State. His is an influence that has proceeded from within outwards. And the reason is that his life is nothing but a series of personal duties presented to him first by his family, then by his village, then by his county and then by his State. He has developed along the lines of purely human, homely action. He has prepared himself for the larger duty by performing the smaller. That has been his education.

### *The Tragic Story of His Father*

Gustav Johnson, John Johnson's father, came to America, it appears, in the early fifties. He was by trade a blacksmith. By birth, he was more than a blacksmith. He was the inheritor of some little property. But he dissipated this property. It was a case of drink and bad companions. Arriving at the end of his resources, he practiced his trade in the old country; but he had failed to lose his companions at the same time when he had lost his resources, and in order to shake himself loose from all of his old environment and begin life anew, he came to America. He settled in St. Peter, which at that time could be reached only by prairie schooner or else by a real water-boat up the Mississippi and then up the Minnesota. He came with hosts of other Scandinavians who were destined to change "Minnesota" from the land of the blue water, which is what the name means, to the land of the blue eye. A brown or black eye in Minnesota makes you look at the owner.

Shortly after Gustav Johnson arrived in St. Peter there also arrived a Swedish girl named Caroline Haden. She was alone. She had lost her parents by disease and her brothers by chance. She never found those brothers again. She married Gustav Johnson and their second son was named John Albert. John's father therefore and his mother, too, were completely separated from the traditions of the old country. The mother could not trace her ancestry and the father did not want to. John grew up as a totally new product in a totally new land.

This absence of background was accentuated by the fact that in the third or fourth year of John's life his parents moved from a place about four miles out of St. Peter into St. Peter itself. The Indians were then in a warlike mood. The famous massacre of New Ulm was consummated in 1862, the very year after John's birth. The house, small, rude, in which John was born is now simply a mass of disheveled timbers. In his place of birth, as in his ancestry, Governor Johnson has nothing to look back to but an abrupt and complete break between the past and the present.

For several years after moving into St. Peter, John's father, Gustav, continued to practice his trade, the trade of the black-

smith. He was a strong man and an intelligent workman. But suddenly, like a ghost from across the Atlantic, there came his old passion. His wife Caroline had not known that back in Sweden her husband had long ago, in his youth, evoked and temporarily buried the taste for drink. By the time John was thirteen Gustav had sold his interest in his blacksmith's shop for \$200, had gone away and lost himself, had come back again, had sworn repentance, had disavowed that repentance, had been turned away from the door of his own house by a sensible neighbor at the time of the birth of his last child, had been examined and convicted for "alcoholic dementia" by the doctor of the village, and had been sentenced to the county poor-house.

It was a sad, a tragic story. It would not be mentioned here were it not for two facts. First, the fate of his father became a fantastic element in John Johnson's first campaign for governor. Second, the fate of his father became an essential element in the development of John Johnson's personal character, and without the development of his personal character, John Johnson would never have been governor.

### *A Boy Who Stood By His Mother*

John Johnson left school when he was thirteen in order to support his mother, left resourceless by her husband's financial and moral failure. John was only the second son. His mother objected to his leaving school. He insisted. He saw a duty. It was the first element in his education.

He could not at first support the whole family. His mother took in washing. People's first recollection of John Johnson in St. Peter is when he was wheeling his mother's washings about in a little wagon. But the washings did not last for long. Two years after John's father failed, two years after John himself went to work, this second son, this little boy, fifteen years of age, came to his mother and told her that she must now stop working. He could now support her, and also his younger brother and sisters. He was now the head of the family.

His mother resisted his determination. She was a woman of strong mind and of strong body. In her extreme old age, when her death was expected, she used to walk to Kasota, three miles away, and would refuse to ride. And her mental energy was equal

to her physical energy. But John triumphed over her. She stopped taking in washing. And, when he had overcome her, she used always to say that it was the proud moment of her life. She apparently was proud to have produced a son who *could* overcome her. So, at fifteen, John attained to the leadership of his own family. And all his leadership, from then to now, has continued to be a kind of family leadership, personal, intimate, touching.

"I always regarded John as the head of the family," said his younger brother, Fred, when I asked him about the stages of seniority in his family. Fred is an editor now and a hotel-owner in New Ulm. "And I'll tell you," said Fred, "I'll tell you among other reasons why I knew he was the head of the family. It was about the only thing that made me sore. He was very fond of baseball. And he used to come home from work at noon and he used to make me stand up against the wall in the back yard and then he would pitch to me. There were no gloves in those days. When I see the gloves now I wonder how it was that nobody thought of inventing any then. There was need enough for them. John would stand and throw at me every noon. All I had to do was to catch the ball if I could and throw it back to him. I used to have knuckles on me like *that!* Yes, he was the head of the family all right!"

John Johnson's interest in baseball has continued and he has added thereto a consuming interest in football. It was football that brought our first interview at Frontenac to an unexpected conclusion. His enthusiasm and his exact information about football cost me an hour of politics, and I left him at Frontenac still telling me that a half-back ought to be able to run a hundred yards in so many seconds and so many fifths of a second. Yet football is one of the governor's later acquisitions. There was no football in St. Peter when he was a boy. He had learned football as he has learned other things in the course of his expanding experience.

### *Making Good as a Clerk*

John Johnson's first job, when he went to work with the ambition of supporting his mother and of educating his younger brother and his younger sisters, was in a grocery store. Then, in a short time, he

began to work in a drug store. He washed bottles in the sink and put up temperance drinks at the soda-water fountain. Incidentally he carried a book in his hands.

Mr. Stark, who kept a general store, noticed the book. He offered John Johnson an advance to twenty dollars a month. John accepted it. He then began to sleep in the back part of the general store, and there, in a kind of improvised bedroom, after the store had been closed for the evening, he delivered orations to another clerk who served as critic.

John had begun to read in order to supplement the education which had come to an end in the little schoolhouse. At first he did not know what to read. But one day Mr. J. C. Donahower put him on the right track. John was reading a book of no importance and Mr. Donahower, noticing this waste of time, told him that he would give him a semi-annual subscription to the local library if he would read three books, "The Conquest of Mexico," "The Conquest of Peru" and "Ivanhoe." John read them and Mr. Donahower gave him the semi-annual subscription. After that John paid the subscription himself. At the end of seven years he had become acquainted with all the books in the library of St. Peter. He also had come to know all the people in the town.

All of this time he was earning enough money for the family and he took it all home. By the time he was twenty-five he was a sober, industrious, self-respecting, widely-admired citizen. He had been a grocery clerk, a drug clerk and a timekeeper for a railway construction company. But he had shown no particular knack or enthusiasm for business in the sense of investment or organization. There had been just one great crisis in his life, his father's failure, and he had met that crisis simply and successfully. His is a curious character, a kind of waiting character. It expands only when the necessity of expansion comes. And so, after becoming the head of his family, he kept on being the head of his family, with no particular thought of other matters, except his reading and his observation, until, unexpectedly, there was need of an editor on the *St. Peter Herald*.

#### *A Popular Country Editor*

Four well-to-do local Democrats then thought that John Johnson would make the

best editor they could think of. It was a characteristic incident in John Johnson's life. He had never written a word. He had acquired no newspaper experience. But these four local Democrats were quite sure that John Johnson would make the best possible editor. Why? Well, John Johnson knew everybody and he had made a man of himself. So, on the basis of his being a man who knew human nature, they made him an editor.

He was a successful editor. His knowledge of human nature did that for him. He had a partner who managed the mechanical features of the paper. Johnson never tried to learn anything about the composing room or the press room. Just as he had not been particularly interested in business, so he was not now particularly interested in type or in presses. His interest was in the people of the town. He made the paper a great success by just that habit of being interested in people. He got all the news because he knew just what everybody was doing. His forte was in knowing that "Andrew Hultberg has accepted a position with P. W. Satory," that "Professor Uhler now has an assistant. The young gentleman arrived yesterday at noon to make a permanent stay with the family of the professor, but it will probably be a long time before his services will be of any pecuniary value," and "For two days last week St. Peter was without a justice of the peace or a dentist; you couldn't get anything pulled during those two days."

#### *Peaceable, But Not Afraid*

He was a peaceable editor. His old partner on the *St. Peter Herald*, Mr. Henry J. Essler, said to me:

"You could never get John to do anything he didn't think was the thing, but he would never give himself any airs about it. We would sit in the office up here, and people who wanted him to do things would talk and talk and get red in the face and begin to roar out and make a terrible fuss; and when the noise got loud, John would pull his hat down over his eyes and get up out of his chair and loaf over to the door and float downstairs and walk away down the street and talk to the neighbors. Then he would come back and shout up to me from down below through the window, 'Have they gone away?' And then he would



come up. But it always remained just as he had fixed it."

His feeling about dissensions among neighbors was clearly expressed in an editorial that appeared in his paper in the fall of 1896. He was conducting a Democratic paper and he supported Bryan. But there were some things about that campaign that gave him genuine concern, and on the 23d of October he said:

"The campaign is rapidly nearing a close and we are pleased to see much of its bitterness and acrimony disappearing. One of the most distasteful features of a political campaign is the hate and ill-feeling that it breeds. We simply allow our passions to rob us of the best thing within us, our self-control, and we go stumbling along committing untold errors of head and of heart. This campaign has been especially productive of such errors, and we are glad it is soon to be over, so that friends can again be friends."

Everybody knew that John Johnson meant this. As one of the old friends of his family said to me, "It seemed like the troubles about John's home, when he was a boy, had kind o' made him wince when he saw troubles and hard words comin' to anybody else."

### *The Man's Two Passions*

And John Johnson not only liked people, but he also liked to be with them. He joined the militia and became a captain. He joined the Knights of Pythias. He joined the Woodmen. He became secretary of the Nicollet County Agricultural Association and for a great many years managed the county fair, which became famous. He sang in the church choir. He belonged to the Elks and he became a Presbyterian church trustee. He was always interested in getting up entertainments, especially lectures. The wife of one of his old employers told me that "John was always strong for intellectual entertainments."

He was the same person, now that he was a mature man, as he had been in earlier days, when he had acquired a local reputation by importing a whole "Encyclopædia Britannica" and by reading it diligently, if not consecutively, while at the same time he showed a great fondness for dancing. The two tastes did not often go together in St. Peter. But Johnson's two passions were books and people. And while he read his

books till late at night he always had time to go to the dances. When two or three families got together to give a little dancing entertainment in the hall in the old skating-rink, John Johnson was always there. And he always danced with the girls who had no partners. People laugh when they tell you about this. They say, some of them, that "John" was always a wonderful politician, although they did not suspect it at the time. But most of them say that "John" danced with the wall-flower girls because he couldn't help it. They looked lonely, and "John" simply had an instinct to go where he seemed to be most needed.

### *Putting "John" up for Office*

Thus John Johnson's life ran on, with the St. Peter *Herald*, under his management, growing stronger and stronger till, in 1898, the even course of "Ottawa Jottings," "Lafayette Locals," "Oshawa Gleanings," "Nicollet Happenings" and other features of the *Herald* was interrupted by an experience of four years in the upper house of the Minnesota Legislature. John Johnson had become a politician.

He was elected to the State Senate as a Democrat from a very strong Republican district. He was elected as a neighbor by neighbors. They wanted to see "John" in the Senate and they put him there even if he *was* a Democrat. Moreover, a good many earnest Republicans excused their conduct to themselves by remembering and asserting that "John" had once been a Republican! There were extenuating circumstances. And they can all be summed up in one concise plea. John Johnson was a Swede! As a Swede, of true descent, he could not help starting out as a Republican. But he broke with his environment and his tradition. He was converted by a contemplation of the tariff. Because of the tariff he voted for Cleveland, and he has been a Democrat ever since. And he still places a revision of the tariff among the primary duties of the Democracy.

But he was not elected to the State Senate on the basis of the tariff. His Republican opponent talked about national questions. John Johnson was interested in the questions in which the people about him were interested. The State Senate had nothing to do with the tariff or the war with Spain and so John Johnson talked about the

grading of wheat by the State Board of Grain Inspection and also about the manufacture of harvesting twine by the inmates of the State penitentiary. The farmers of Nicollet County were interested in these questions and "John" was elected.

### *A Great Streak of Luck*

Four years later he was overtaken by the first great blow of fortunate circumstances in the series of fortunate circumstances which made him governor. He was defeated in his candidacy for a re-election to the State Senate. And he was defeated by so small a margin that on the night of the election he thought that he had been successful. If he had been elected to the State Senate in 1902, he would have been a member of that body at the time of the State election in 1904, and under the laws and customs of Minnesota he could not have been nominated for the gubernatorial chair. Here, then, begins the streak of luck which made John Johnson, the man, into John Johnson, the statesman. He has been such a good statesman that no one minds admitting the streak of luck.

The second mark in the streak was the wave of moral revolt against corporation domination which swept over the Republican party of Minnesota between 1900 and 1904. The third was the factional fight within the Republican party in 1904. In 1904, in the State Republican convention, the faction which, for brevity, we may call the corporation faction, trampled on the faction which was opposed to the stealing of timber from State lands and to other similar business practices of the times. The defeated faction was in no mood to endure the candidacy of "Bob" Dunn.

"Bob" Dunn had been State auditor for eight years. He had been intrusted with the control of the timber lands of the State. During his incumbency, according to a subsequent official State report, it had become cheaper to go out and cut down the State's timber without a permit and afterwards settle with the State auditor's office, it had become cheaper to do that than to obtain a preliminary contract and concession from the State of Minnesota.

The State of Minnesota was sick of the power of money. It yearned for a strict enforcement of public duty against the rich as well as against the poor. And "Bob"

Dunn belonged to the faction which could not see this demand. He had managed to secure the nomination. Many Republicans, seeing the advantage of the State of Minnesota opposed to the advantage of the Republican organization, were disposed to prefer the former. In this emergency the Democrats nominated John Johnson, editor of the *St. Peter Herald*.

### *A Great Personal Victory*

Chance, then, made John Johnson the candidate of the Democratic party in Minnesota at just the right moment. No one thought he could be elected. The ambition of the Democratic party of Minnesota was to cut down the Republican majority which seemed to be inevitable with Theodore Roosevelt running for President.

When election day came the plurality for Theodore Roosevelt, Republican, in Minnesota, was 161,000. But the plurality for John Johnson, Democrat, was 7,800. John Johnson had changed 84,400 votes. Eighty-four thousand four hundred men who voted for Roosevelt, Republican, had also voted for Johnson, Democrat. Two years later, when Johnson sought re-election, with Roosevelt out of the way, his plurality, instead of being 7,800, was 72,000!

Evidently his first term as governor had given satisfaction. Johnson was thus standing on his own merits. For instance, in his first election some people said that he owed his success to the fact that he was a Swede. In his second election he showed that on the basis of his record he could carry districts that were not Swedish. Now, what had Johnson done to deserve a popularity of this kind in a State which was overwhelmingly hostile to the political party with which he was affiliated?

### *Grasping the Problems of a State*

In the first place, he had discharged all his executive duties honestly and ably. His mind had expanded from the environment of St. Peter to the environment of the State of Minnesota without any trouble. He began to move among the people of Minnesota with the same kindliness and the same sureness with which he had moved among the people of St. Peter. The problems were essentially the same, only bigger. He solved them with the same simplicity.

In making his appointments, for instance, he chose as wise and as warily as if he had held office all his life. He realized that he owed his office to the people and not to the politicians, and he tried to please the people and he succeeded. In the department of public instruction, one of the most important departments of the State government, he retained the Republicans who had been placed in charge by his predecessor, Governor Van Sant. He made inquiries and found that Van Sant's appointments had been satisfactory to the educators of the State. He therefore made no changes. The superintendent and the assistant superintendent, the working heads, were reappointed and were told to manage the department without reference to politics.

Johnson pursued the same policy with the department of dairy and food inspection. He appointed the man recommended by the dairy and food expert of the State Agricultural School. This man, E. K. Slater, is so competent that the Federal Government has tried to get him away, and his administration of his department has strengthened Johnson all over the State.

The climax of Johnson's appointive methods, however, came when, after a bitter fight, the Legislature passed a law establishing a permanent Tax Commission. The great argument against the law, a law which was strongly recommended by the governor, was that the appointees would be politicians. As soon as the law had gone through both houses, Johnson named Messrs. McVey, Lord and Hall. These names were transmitted informally to the Legislature. The effect upon the members was unprecedented. When they had recovered from their surprise, the Senate, strongly Republican, resolved by a rising vote to confirm the appointments without delay, while the House, also strongly Republican, resolved, amid applause, that although it had no power or duty of confirmation, it would express, by a rising vote, its appreciation of the conduct of the governor in making appointments so far removed from political influence.

This little scene illustrated the governor's popularity with the Republican Legislature which the voters have given him during both his terms as a Democratic governor. Johnson entertains by nature, and has been forced to entertain by circumstances, very definite views with regard to the separation

of the executive and legislative arms of government. He has not attempted in any way to influence the Legislature, and he could not have influenced it to any great degree even if he had wished to do so. In the matter of laws his efforts have been confined almost altogether to recommending certain laws and to signing them if afterwards they happened to be passed.

With one or two exceptions, therefore, exceptions which will soon be noted, the governor deserves no particular credit for the progressive laws enacted by the Legislature of Minnesota during the last four years. Those laws have been due mainly to progressive enlightenment within the Republican party. A large part of Johnson's popularity nevertheless rests upon the recommendations he has made to the Legislature. So far as his opinions have been disclosed in matters of local importance, they may be set down roughly as follows:

#### *What He Believes*

He is in favor of a State income tax. He is in favor of a State inheritance tax. He is against passes. He is in favor of an extension of State control over electric railway lines and over telegraph and telephone companies. He inclines toward municipal ownership. In one of his best-known local speeches he said, "Students of economics have proved conclusively that the service to the people is generally better and cheaper when supplied by the city direct than when supplied by private individuals under a chartered or corporation right, and every city should think well before it parts with these great privileges." Johnson is also in favor of an advisory initiative and referendum. And he is still further in favor of submitting to the people of Minnesota a constitutional amendment which will give them the opportunity of saying whether or not they want an initiative and referendum which will be not only advisory but binding upon the Legislature. He would allow the people by popular vote to give instructions to the Legislature and afterwards by popular vote to confirm or to veto the laws passed by the Legislature. Certainly a "progressive" and explicit program.

Look at one other point. Johnson comes from a community which is not industrial. St. Peter is not by any means the center of a manufacturing district. Yet one of the first

things which Governor Johnson recommended to the State Legislature was a repeal of the fellow-servant doctrine for the benefit of workingmen who are injured in accidents. At present a workingman can secure no compensation for his injury if the accident was the result of carelessness on the part of a fellow-servant. "The true rule should be," said Governor Johnson, "that the industry should bear the risk and not the unfortunate workmen who are now daily deprived of the means of earning a livelihood by those appalling accidents which are occurring of late with more and more frequency."

### *How He Takes Hold of a Job*

To most corporation lawyers this position would certainly seem to be that of a "radical." It contemplates the entire removal of the burden of accidents from the workmen to the industry. It leads to the adoption of the idea of compulsory industrial insurance under the supervision of the State.

Yet I was assured by rich men in St. Paul and in Minneapolis that Johnson was a "conservative." And he is "conservative" just as he is also "radical." The fact is that you can apply no epithets to Johnson. He moves forward where common sense takes him, but he moves cautiously and deliberately. It is like that queer walk of his. It is so easy, so sprawly, so comfortable, that it is some time before you notice how long his strides are and how much ground he has covered while you have been looking at him.

Look, for instance, at what he did in insurance. As a country editor he had enjoyed no experience in insurance matters. But as soon as he was inaugurated the subject of insurance came up and Johnson handled it with characteristic rapidity and yet with characteristic calmness. He found that a big local insurance company was in a bad way. It had been criminally mismanaged. Without creating a panic among policy-holders and creditors, Johnson called in the officials of this company and had a talk with them. They resigned. One of the former presidents is now in the State penitentiary and another former president has been convicted and sentenced. Johnson then reorganized the company through a committee of prominent business men, and to-day its affairs are on the way to complete re-establishment.

At just about this same time the insurance investigation in New York began to alarm the country. Johnson suggested to President Roosevelt that he ask his commissioner of insurance for the District of Columbia to call a national conference of insurance commissioners, governors and attorney-generals. This conference met last year in Chicago. Johnson presided. A committee appointed by him drew up a series of laws. These laws, almost in their entirety, were adopted by the Legislature of Minnesota last spring. People were pleased with the way Johnson handled this insurance matter and they were also pleased with the way he handled the two-cent-fare matter. Johnson decided that a two-cent fare was proper and desirable for Minnesota. He spoke so strongly in favor of it that it formed a large element in his second campaign, and after it had been incorporated into the Republican State platform it was enacted into law by the State Legislature at this year's session.

In matters of national politics Johnson is in favor of a revision of the tariff, he is opposed to the national ownership of railroads till every expedient of control and regulation has been tried and found wanting, and he is in favor of having the State governments manage their internal affairs so actively and so successfully that Federal intrusion will not be necessary. He looks upon concentration of wealth, just as upon centralization of politics, with concern.

### *What "Jim" Hill Thinks of Johnson*

Even with these opinions Johnson has earned the confidence of many men who would be financially injured by the full application of his political program. They told me in St. Paul, for instance, that the driving genius of the Great Northern is very fond of Johnson. Yet the Great Northern owes it to Johnson more than to any other one man that it now charges two instead of three cents a mile.

The fact is that Johnson has convinced both friend and foe, not only of his personal honesty, but of his personal fairness and kindliness. He treats the people of Minnesota just as he used to treat the people of St. Peter, as neighbors. And he would no more quarrel with his new neighbor, the driving genius of the Great Northern, than he would have quarreled with his old neighbor, the driving genius of the local 'bus. Yet

he would hew to the line of his convictions.

Here is a typical case.

The Legislature passed a bill granting all kinds of pensions to all kinds of people in any way connected with the Indian wars of the sixties. It was a bill so loosely and so extravagantly drawn that a man who had hitched up a horse in order to help a friend to escape from the Indians might have put in a claim for monthly remuneration all the rest of his life. The burden on the State would have been excessive. Yet the people who would have profited by this bill were John Johnson's own neighbors. The expeditions against the Indians were organized near St. Peter. There was hardly one of John Johnson's old friends who would not have been financially benefited by his signing the bill. He vetoed it.

This veto contained a lot of Johnson. Johnson will gladly avoid any purely personal encounter. He likes to be on good terms with all the neighbors. But when a principle arises, a principle either of individual self-respect or of public morality, no man will stay in a personal encounter longer or more obstinately.

### *Strange Power as a Speaker*

When Johnson made his second campaign his principal argument was that "One good term deserves another." He was supported by only one big newspaper, the *Duluth Evening Herald*. He refused, as in his former campaign, to accept contributions from corporations. It was a campaign of stringent economy. Johnson is a poor man, and, anyway, he claims that a politician ought to be able to tell the people all about his good deeds without bankrupting the State. The total cost of Johnson's two campaigns, 1904 and 1906, amounted to something like \$25,000.

In saying that "One good term deserves another," Johnson had a good argument. But it took more than a good term and a good argument to get a plurality of 72,000. The fact is that Johnson's personality, so effective with people who have known him all his life in St. Peter, is almost equally effective with people who see him for only one evening on the platform. He is a public speaker of the first rank. Had this not been true he could never have won his first election. He was unknown when he started. But every man who has heard Johnson

speak is acquainted with him. You hear him and you feel that now you know him and understand him and trust him. And the result is votes rather than ovations.

For John Johnson to-day, I repeat, is just what he always was, except that he has grown. He is liked and trusted as a governor just as he was liked and trusted as a drug-store clerk and afterwards as an editor. They said he had no training to be an editor, but he expanded to be an editor. They said he had no training to be a governor, but he expanded to be a governor.

When you read the articles Johnson wrote in his newspaper in St. Peter you are impressed with his knowledge of local affairs, but you see no evidence of the information about State affairs which he afterwards put into his first inaugural message. And when you read his first inaugural message and afterwards read the second, written two years later, you find that you have passed from something strong but confused to something strong and definite. And finally and especially when you compare the speech he made at the Merchants' Club in Chicago in 1905 with the speech he made at the University of Pennsylvania last spring, you experience the sensation of having jumped across a mental chasm.

This faculty of development, of development through human experience, of development through a wider and wider acquaintance with human beings in an expanding circle from the little group that used to meet to talk politics in Henry Jones's drug-store in St. Peter to the larger group that met to confer degrees at the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia—this faculty is deeply characteristic of the man, and the man, in that respect, is deeply characteristic of his period and of his State.

It isn't his mind alone that has taken him forward. The quality that makes the little girls in St. Peter call him "John" is largely responsible for John Johnson's advance. It is a sort of universal human interest and kindliness. It is by this quality that he feels the needs and moods of the people of Minnesota just as he used to feel the needs and moods of the little girls of St. Peter. He succeeds not by being a superman but by being so intensely a human being. He has a good mind, a very good mind, an expanding mind. But if he has genius, it is genius, not of mind, but of temperament.

# THE PIRATE ENGINEER

BY JOSEPH M. ROGERS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. E. TOWNSEND



THE President and most of the directors along with some of the chief officials of the road were seated in the rear section of the special car, smoking and telling stories. These had a wide range and were so interesting that, though the hour became late, no one proposed to go to bed. The rhythmic rumble of the train gave a sort of diapason accompaniment to the stories of strange accidents, of lucky opportunities seized, of moving crises and the like. All were interested.

In the course of a hull the youngest of the party, being the Division Superintendent, and in a sense the territorial host in charge of the party, remarked to the handsome gray-haired President that while all these strange tales were new to him, and dealt mostly with a period before he had been born, yet he knew enough of the President's history to understand that there was no accident of fortune which had brought him to the front.

The President stopped smoking a very large cigar and looked into the young man's face until it was full of blushes and the

heart was full of tremor. Then the President laughed and remarked:

"I might as well tell it now. I never yet have told it, but I guess it won't hurt—I am the great accident in American railways."

There was a murmur of protest in which the superintendent had the most volume.

"Not," pursued the President, "but that I might otherwise have got along after a fashion, but I am sure I would not have been here except for a combination of circumstances which none of you will believe unless I assure you it is true and can prove it in a court of law if necessary."

That settled it. The President was a taciturn man, and those who knew him best understood that when he had a story to tell the best way was to let him give it out in his own way.

The President laughed, looked at his cigar and threw it away. Then he bent forward as if talking to a syndicate of bankers concerning a very large deal.

Before I was thirty I had run a locomotive for some years in the East, and I do say that I considered myself equal to the best. Then came one of the strikes so

frequent in those days, and I was stranded. With a lot of others I hoofed it for the West on some friendly cabs, and landed in Central Ohio, where there was a strike and engineers needed. I was always a Union man, but the engineers on this road had sent men to throw us out in the East, so I had no qualms of conscience in taking a run.

That last expression seems easy now, but in those days it was not a run for your money, but your life. I was a husky fellow, could handle a revolver or a brick-bat and made things so lively that I was soon ace high with the whole push of officials on the Quaker road as I will call it. Thus it came about that once after I had been out for thirty-eight hours on the east and west run I was told by the master mechanic that I must go up on a run towards Toledo to make a connection at Mason City.

I kicked. Gentlemen, I swore roundly that I would not do it. I was dead for sleep and the idea of taking out a special of express, mails and a private car full of directors, presidents and Wall Street magnates was not to my notion. I had a girl back East, and she had never even heard from me since I got my job. I had thought to write her.

But I was told that this was an exceedingly important run, that the big-wigs must get up to the Wandervelt line by daylight to meet a lot of Chicago fellows who were going to put our own line, known as the Quaker Road, on the blink.

I had never been on this line at all, and told the master mechanic some things which are not fit for publication, but in the end I agreed to start a little after midnight and try to get to Mason City to shut off the Chicago people in time for a deal that would settle a lot of things.

I would not have done it at all if I had not been given a fireman who was said to know every fence corner on the road.

I wish I could tell you a lot of things, but that is not my forte; I simply got ready, and away we flew on a queer looking locomotive.

It was in the days when the best would be considered archaic now, but at that time we took what we could get. This old thing was better than she looked, because she had been battered by the strikers until she looked like a fossil dug up out of the Jurassic strata.

I was young and dared anything, though I was nearly dead for sleep, and so we started with nothing but mail and express, and the President's car on behind so as to fool the strikers. They were even then afraid of the mails. My mother's ancestors came from Vermont, and in late years I have been up in the old hills and followed cowpaths which now seem to me straight compared with that combination of two streaks of rust and the right of way. My heart was in my throat for about an hour, but the fireman kept me posted, and I made fairly good for over three hours, when he mentioned that we were now on a long down grade tangent and the way was certain to be clear. Now, I had no more idea of going to sleep than I have now, but Nature got in her work. I thought I would close my eyes for a few seconds and let the fireman look out and give me a chance. I do not know how long they were closed—I never have found out—but the first thing I knew the old engine was chug-chugging as if she were going up an Alleghany grade, and almost stopped.

I confess I had been dreaming, and when I awoke it took a few seconds to get my latitude. Then I looked across at the fireman and he was sound asleep on his seat. I looked at the steam gauge, and we were at about the lowest moving notch. In a minute I roused him up and he began to pile in coal, and soon we were able to move a little better, and finally got under fast motion again.

I was much disturbed. I wondered if he had seen me go to sleep. I presumed he had, and therefore it was hardly up to me to be too harsh. I omitted all reference to sleep or steam, but asked him where we were.

That seemed to be a poser for him, and I surmised that he had been asleep as long as I had, but he gave me a qualified remark, which saved himself, because I could not deny it.

I was now wide-awake. I was actually scared to death. It was in the summer, and there was some moonlight, but the first glints of dawn were doing something or other which Shakespeare tells about, which I do not remember.

Now, I was in a most embarrassing position. Considering the down grade and present low steam I might have been asleep half an hour or more, and so might have been the fireman. I could not afford to say

anything for fear he would give me away. I took out my running card and looked it over carefully, intending to ask what the next station was so as to get my bearings and figure out whether I was making time or not. The fact that I had behind me the President and Board of Directors, who were going to make millions for the company or go into bankruptcy, made my position almost intolerable.

Now, in my youth I was much blamed for my volubility. I always said too much and was apt to be sassy, but of late I had kept my tongue because I did not want my name known as one who had left on a strike in the East for a scab's place in the West. I kept looking nervously at the fireman, expecting him to call out signals of some sort as usual, but he was not only silent but he seemed to have been suddenly taken with the jim-jams or the cerebro-spinal meningitis. He would look out of his window, utter a grunt or a groan, throw in a lot of coal, wipe his eyes, and once more look out at the landscape, as if he expected to see a lot of spirits. But worst of all, I could see his shoulders jiggle. The thought flashed across me that he might have gone insane for want of sleep, though I could scarcely blame him for that.

Finally I demanded of him where we were, and he replied that we were just coming into Walton. That was satisfactory, because Walton was just our side of the junction at Aberdeen with the Southern branch of the Wandervelt road. Our own road bore off to the West, and it was forty miles to the Mason City junction we were to make by four o'clock, though the Wandervelt "plug line" here, as they called it, would have taken us to the main line in less time. I had suggested to the master machinist that we get running rights over this plug line, which was principally a milk and coal route, but our folks found that the other people would not get mixed up in the strike situation, and so I considered we must make good speed, as we had lost a lot of time. We had only little over an hour to make the nearly forty miles and that was the very best we could possibly do, and I feared we could hardly fetch it, as we were getting into a rising grade section.

Some minutes went by and we should have reached Aberdeen junction, but I saw no signs of it, and asked the fireman, who said we were just there, that it was just

around the curve. Then he slapped the sides of his head and put on some coal and began to mutter. In three miles more we passed through a little hamlet, but there was no sign of a junction, and I got mad.

"Where in the deuce are we now?" I demanded.

The fireman looked at me with a face which, in spite of the coal dirt, looked ashen in the light of the open furnace door.

"We're all right," he said; "the junction is two miles ahead. The shadows deceived me."

I did not like this a bit. It was bad enough to be rushing through space behind a battered old teapot with the President and directors in tow, but not to know where on the globe we were situated was too much for nerves like mine, which had been kept up to the highest pitch by overwork. However, I saw the dim glimmer of lights ahead, and waited to see what town it was. There was no junction and no stop signal, so I let her go, and as we passed through I could easily see that it was Mallon. The headlight showed the sign on the little wooden station, and besides there was a big warehouse with immense letters on it showing the name, as well as on a brewery and a coal yard. So I got out my running card and looked for Mallon. I did not find it at first glance, and thought I must be nervous. I looked at my watch to see where we should be, and as I live there was no such town as Mallon on the card, and it was evidently a fair-sized town.

Now, under other circumstances I would have called that fireman more names than he could have appreciated, but it struck me that as he knew I had been asleep I had better play safe. So I remarked casually:

"I don't see Mallon on the time card."

"Jumping cats!" he yelled, "did you see that, too?"

"See what, you idiot?"

"Mallon."

"Yes," I replied rather gruffly, "I can read letters four feet high when the headlight is dead on them. Where is your old town, anyway?"

Just then we struck a curve and a grade, and we had both as much as we could do to keep up her speed. But I noticed that between every shovelful the fireman would look out with a wildness in his eye that made me creep. When we got to a decent



*By this time you can believe that I was alarmed*

stretch I turned on him rather fiercely, thinking that perhaps I could bluff him down from ever telling on me:

"See here, I took this run because they said you had been on it for twenty years and knew every inch of the road. Back East, where I came from, I could tell every fence corner in three counties. Now, blink blink you, where the bubbletly blunk are we? I must calculate on our time."

I should have said more, but looking out I saw a freight train ahead of us just coming out of a siding. I gave the "hoot hoot," put on some air, but the freight backed in time, and we went by at a good speed, while the train men on the other side looked at me as if we were crazy.

"What siding is that?" I yelled. "We nearly got the dump."

I turned to look at the fireman and he was the picture of terror. He picked up

his shovel in a way that made me think he was going to attack me. Then he dropped it and looked out the window. At that moment we passed Saunders. I looked at the time card, and there was no such place. By this time you can believe that I was alarmed. I knew, of course, that we must be somewhere and on a railroad, but I had never heard of anyone being lost on a pair of rails, and as the track ahead seemed pretty good I went after that fireman in a way that was a caution.

"I didn't come out on an expedition to the North Pole, nor to find Livingstone. If you know where you are, spit it out. If not, tell me how we got here." Also I said things I won't repeat.

Finally, I managed to make out that we had by some means gotten off our road and onto the Wandervelt plug line that I

have mentioned. The fireman knew this because he was familiar with the names of the stations we had passed, and these had thrown him into a fit.

"Well, how in creation did we get here, tell me that!"

This was rather difficult, but he said down at the junction point there was a Y connecting the two roads, and we must have been switched off without our knowing it. Evidently this remarkable occurrence had taken place while we were both asleep, but why or how I could not tell. But I saw my chance.

"Yes, I thought the way we curved off was in the wrong direction, but I expected you to say so if we were wrong. You were asleep, and let me get off here on a foreign road with a lot of millionaires, and all of us liable to spill all over the landscape any minute in a collision."

(This was a lie, as I knew nothing about it.)

Then I jumped on him some more, just to cow him and square myself. It was a good bluff and it worked fine.

However, I kept the engine going for, thinks I, we are going in the right direction, and if we go back we won't make that train, and are as liable to get ditched as if we keep ahead. But when I tried to get something out of the fireman as to the road, the distance, and the like, he was little better posted than I. Luckily, I remembered that I had an advertising folder of our road, containing a map of Ohio and adjoining states, which I had kept in my jacket for study at odd moments.

You remember those folders. They were a good deal more exaggerated then than now. The State of Ohio was made all out of proportion, so that our lines, printed in heavy black bands, seemed to go straight to all cities. Then there were a lot of crooked lines, the size and shape of a spider web, which represented the circuitous tracks of rival lines.

After some study I located our position with relative accuracy, and we appeared to be about thirty miles south of Benton Junction, where the plug line of the Wandervelts struck the parent stem. As this was east of Mason City, where our own line crossed, and whither we were supposed to be speeding, it gave us that much more time to catch that train East—bound from Chicago: that is, supposing we got there at

all, of which there seemed to me a good deal of legitimate doubt.

Talk about Captain Kane in Greenland or Stanley in Africa—those gentlemen at least knew where they were and how to prepare for danger. Personally, I felt like a cross between a pirate king and a bank burglar. I think it was the first time in history that a train got lost and raced across country on a rival line. The cold sweat was on my brow and goose flesh came out all over me at every turn in the road. At any minute I expected to go crashing into a train—for this was a single track road. Once as we swung around a sharp curve I was certain I saw a headlight just ahead of me. There was no time to give her air or even jump, so I shut my eyes and said a prayer—and nothing happened! It was a window light in a cottage by the road.

I have often wished that I could tell the story of the incidents of that night. There is a fellow called Kipling, who has done some things or seen some things or at least has written some things. I wish he had been with me that night.

Some of you have been behind a safe horse at night driving over a well-known road, and have been scared to death every minute by shadows. When I was at school there was a fellow once read me something from Dante. I now have some fine editions of that Italian poet, but then I could only think about his nine degrees of hell and the punishments that would come to people who made mistakes. Thinks I, if we go into a ditch we will have a very pleasant meeting when Charon takes us across in the boat. Once we came on a grove of trees where some camp meeting people were gathered. They were singing songs about every day being Sunday by and by, or words to that effect. I thought we were going right into the camp, and the prospect of killing some preachers was not to my mind at all.

You may think this is imagination, but when I swept around the curve I am sure I saw some angels giving me kisses. I would have looked more particularly, but at that moment I saw some highwaymen in mass trying to hold us up. They waved the red lights, but I went by in a hurry. It was only a delusion. We had a good mile of run before I turned into one of those old fashioned covered bridges, and I put on full steam. I was by this time prepared

for anything, and it made no difference to me whether it was breakfast or death. This sounds ridiculous. I had a talk many years afterwards with Stanley, who went all through Africa, and he told me that the only thing the natives of that continent feared was darkness. They would die cheerfully in the daylight, but to go ten feet into the darkness was more than could be expected of them.

I suppose that I like to live as well as any man, but I tell you that in those moments when I expected to go to death all the time I was worked up into a situation that has never been described.

I am not a brave man at all. I think I am as timid as any, but I made up my mind that I might as well see the end of all things then as any time, and the only thought I had was of the girl in the East. Some fellow or other of whom I have read said when he went into battle: "Westminster or a peerage." Thinks I, it is me for a good job or a coroner's inquest. And because I could think of nothing else I let her go like the evil one, and that I am here to-day is no thanks to the evil one at all.

By this time I was almost mad. Of course you will say I ought to have stopped and backed up or, at least, held up at some station side track and roused an operator. I didn't for several reasons. In the first place, there was a chance to make Benton Junction on this foreign road and meet those Chicago men if I kept on giving the old teapot her maximum of speed. Of course, we might get ditched, but I figured out that if I gave away the situation to anybody my career as a railroad man was ended, and possibly that of a criminal in fine striped clothes was just opening. Moreover, the longer I thought of it the surer it seemed to me that the only chance was to bluff it out. I wasn't sleepy by this time, you can gamble, but I was near to being a maniac, so I concluded to let her go Gallagher for election and take my chances. As for the millionaires behind me, I didn't care a rap. I wanted to save my own bacon.

So the fireman kept piling in the coal, and we made fair speed, but the road was steep and crooked, and I had to use a lot of steam keeping the whistle sounding most of the time, and this brought on a rather unexpected complication.

The conductor had been asleep in the

express car, as he had also been forty-eight hours on duty, and expected to wake up back at the junction we had missed so curiously. When he heard the whistle going he came to in a hurry, and it wasn't long before he looked out and took in the situation. Then he gave me the bell to stop, but I surmised what he was up to and kept right on. He did this five or six times and then I guess he thought the engine was running away or I was crazy, so he comes forward climbing over the back of the tender, the maddest man in Ohio except myself.

Our line of conversation was interesting and brief. We cursed each other as long as we had any breath. Then the conductor demanded to know what I was doing on a foreign road. I told him to go chase himself. He evidently thought I was insane, and was convinced when I told him I had my orders, which he demanded to see. I told him that if he hadn't been asleep at the junction he would have his own duplicate. This bluff staggered him for a minute, but he came at me, and I saw he was going to make trouble. Of course, I hated to do it, but I picked up a wrench and laid it on where it would do the most good. That conductor curled up on the coal "and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." Actually, he was only stunned and was all right in a few hours. And the fireman kept on shoveling without a word. I had read about those men whose hair grew gray in a single night, and I felt sure if I got through with any hair at all mine would look like a great-grandmother's. I now felt worse than ever. I didn't know but I was a murderer as well as a piratical explorer, but, thinks I, there is nothing to do but keep her going, and this was getting worse all the time, especially as I nearly ran down a mixed milk and passenger accommodation, which was fortunately near a switch, and they got out of my way in a hurry while I didn't stop to answer any questions.

My situation was this. I should have been at our Mason Junction at five o'clock. I could just make Benton Junction by six, which would be about the time the East bound train would arrive there.

I can't dwell on that last twenty minutes. I had to keep the whistle screeching to sound warning, and the fireman nearly died shoveling, but a few minutes to six

*I saw he was going to make trouble*

I hauled up to the station at Benton Junction, and a more surprised lot of railway men you never saw than were there. The train-dispatcher came down and made for me in a way that made my heart sink, but my attention was diverted by a crowd of newsboys yelling:

**"EXTRA! THE PRESIDENT AND ALL THE DIRECTORS OF THE QUAKER ROAD KILLED. BRIDGE DYNAMITED BY STRIKERS."**

How my head swam! I thought for sure I was crazy at last. The train-dispatcher came at me with his face white as a sheet:

"Where have you brought this train from? Have you brought it from ——?" Then he shook my hands and cried, and I began to feel myself going.

"How did you ever get here, and why didn't you ask orders?" And I couldn't utter a word. I was fairly dragged from the cab into the station master's office, and for three minutes I was more dead than alive.

Suddenly the door opened and in walked our President and directors, and I thought my day of judgment had come. Then to my amazement the President took my hand and said something about noble man, never would forget, irregular of course, but masterful and a stroke of genius, saved all their

lives and caught the train, etc., which I could very indistinctly understand. But I do know he took off his gold watch and left it in my hands, and they all shook hands with me and talked about official action would be taken, gave me some pocket-books, etc., and just then the Chicago train came in and the big-wigs of both roads got together, and in a few hours a consolidation was effected, the strike settled, and incidentally a few millions made by the directors. The newspaper story that all our men were dead had helped fix things up all around.

Well, in a few weeks I was a division superintendent; the rest of my career, you know.

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The men in the car looked at each other with feelings of amazement mixed with incredulity, but never a comment. The diapason swelled to fortissimo. Finally, the young superintendent could bear it no longer. "What's the answer?" he said.

The President looked at him a moment blankly and suddenly seemed to recollect something.

"Oh, yes," I forgot that. "You see, the strikers, who knew about the special, had arranged to dynamite our train on the middle span of a bridge across a swollen river not far beyond Aberdeen Junction. Well, a coal train of a few cars of engine fuel came along and the strikers thought it was

our special. In one minute that train was at the bottom of the river, and the station agent at the other end of the bridge, who heard the noise, managed to see what had happened, and wired that our train was at the bottom of the creek, as he had every right to suppose, and as in fact did everyone else. When that news got to New York there was a sensation. In those days there were no scare heads nor pictures, but Wall Street circles were jarred up to about noon when the contradiction of the report finally got around."

Still, the audience was not satisfied, and the young superintendent was nervous.

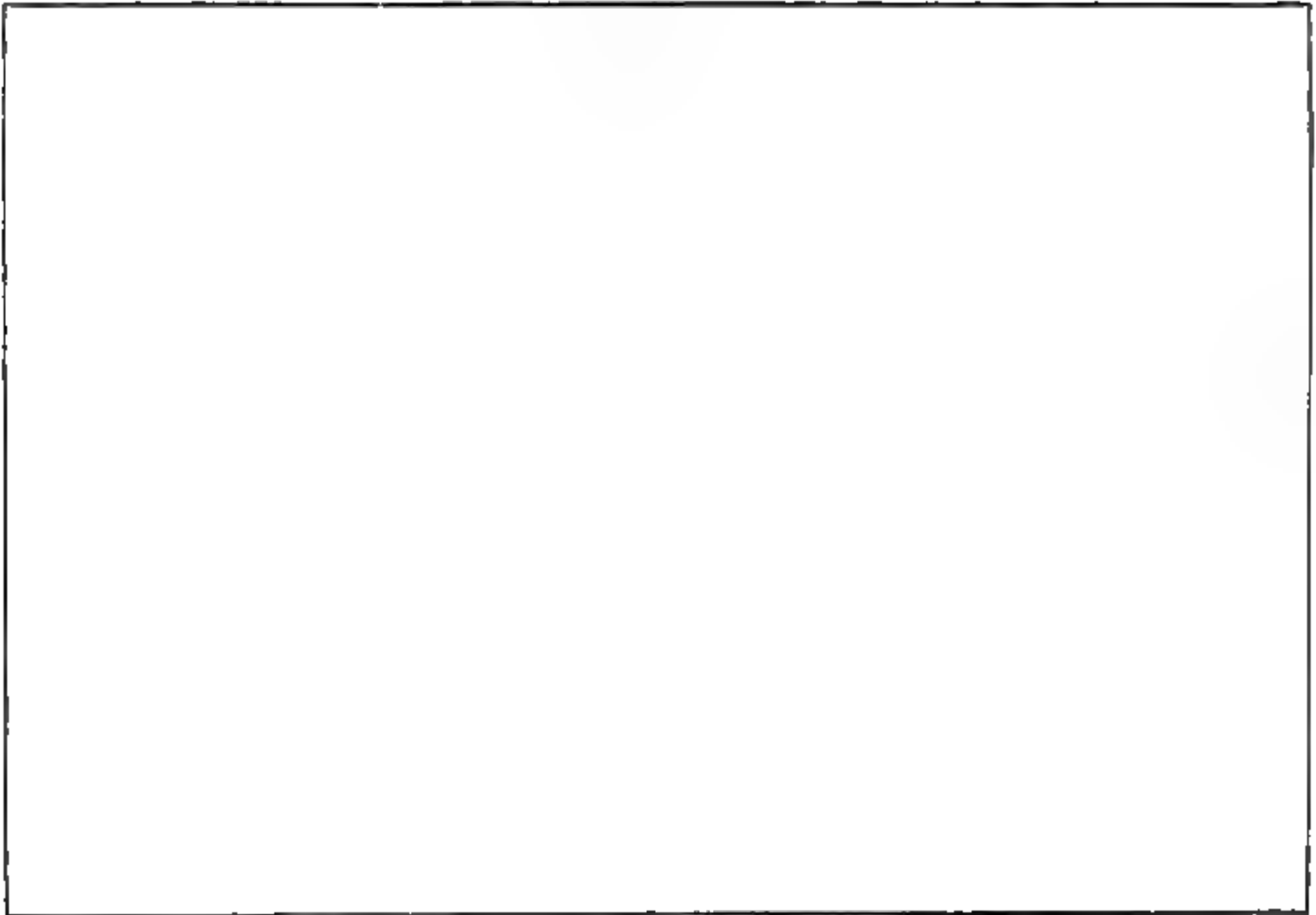
"Well?" he said, inviting more, for the President seemed to have ended.

"Oh, yes," said the latter, "I forgot. One of the strikers weakened at the last moment, went to Aberdeen Junction, set the switches to run us off on the Y and on to the Wandervelt plug line, expecting, of course, that we would stop and investigate. Well, as I told you, both the fireman and I were asleep, and we were well on the foreign road before we got awake. Otherwise we would have gone down with the bridge. It was the only lucky thing I ever knew to happen to an engineer while asleep at his post. But it never seemed to me likely to happen again, so, as you all know, I have always fought for decent hours for trainmen."

Nobody caring to match such a story as this, all went to bed.

ONE OF THE ALLEGED HOMESTEADS

*This photograph was taken the 27th of June, 1904, in the strawberry season, and shows a snowbank a foot deep where, according to the affidavit of improvement, there was a strawberry patch'*



## THE TAMING OF THE WEST BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES," ETC

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

### HENEY GRAPPLES THE OREGON LAND-GRAFT

*Heney's connection with the Government as a prosecuting attorney began in a political pull. In Arizona he had ably defended some land grants belonging to the Camerons of Pennsylvania. So in 1903 when Heney went to Washington as the legal representative of Judge Noyes of Alaska, whose unwarrantable actions had been taken to the courts, he carried a letter to Attorney-General Knox from Don Cameron. His client was properly removed, but Knox was impressed by Heney and offered to make him an Assistant Attorney-General. Heney was beginning to build a practice in San Francisco and refused. But when a little later Knox telegraphed for himself and Secretary Hitchcock urging Heney to go to Portland and try the land cases, he felt he could not refuse the request.—THE EDITOR.*



**F**RANCIS J. HENEY laid bare in Oregon the government of that state and the system of corruption which reached thence to Washington and back again. He also raked some muck and put some low-down rascals and high-up

citizens into jail, and we all saw that done. But this story aims to follow the outlines of government, the actual government of Oregon and the United States as the facts sketched them in Heney's own mind. We begin where he began, knowing nothing and nobody, and perhaps we shall get what he got: a typical picture of our American

"Democracy." And since that picture made a good citizen of Heney, maybe it will make good citizens of us.

And Heney did know nothing. "You see," he said afterwards, "I didn't know what I was going up against. If I had, if I had foreseen that two years' fight, I believe I wouldn't have begun it. I would have thought I couldn't afford it. I understood that I was to try a case, one case, which was all ready to try, and I reckoned that that would take me about three weeks."

The first case did not appear on its face to be important, and as a matter of fact it never went to trial. The indictment charged "conspiracy to defraud the government" out of land and the defendants were Stephen A. Douglas Puter, Horace Greeley McKinley, Daniel Webster Tarpley, Marie Antoinette Ware and Emma Abbott Watson. Noble

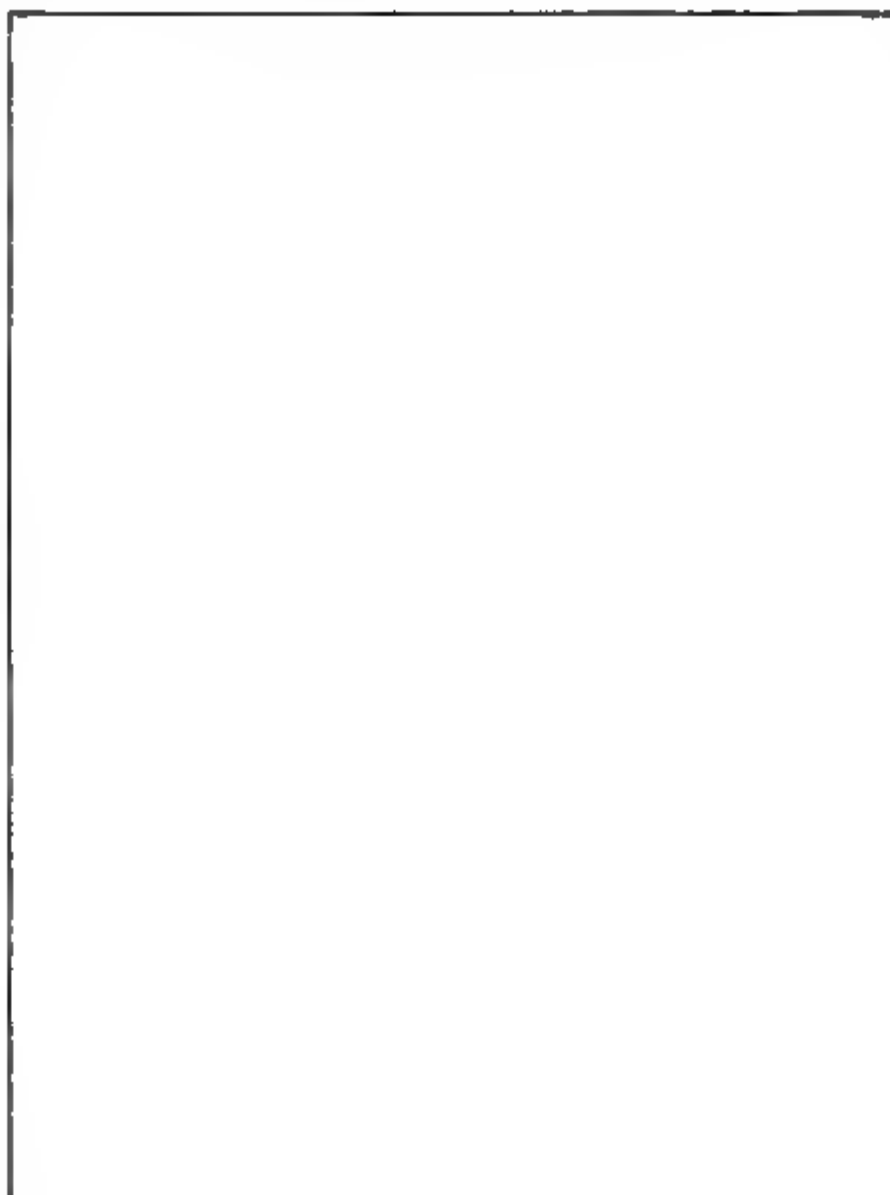
names these, but there was nothing noble about the persons who bore them. The men were land speculators in bad repute and, as for the women, Marie Ware was McKinley's mistress and Emma Watson was Puter's. The only sign of any significance in the matter was the opposition which developed the moment Heney took charge. The Bar Association of Portland met and "resolved" against his appointment, and these resolutions, sent to Senators Mitchell and Fulton, were made the basis of a protest by them in the Senate

and to the President and the Attorney-General. This should have shown Heney that something big and strong stood behind Puter et al., but he wasn't "wise" enough yet to read such signs. Neither was the President, but Mr. Knox was. The President listened to the opposition and considered it, but when he spoke to Mr. Knox

about it, the Attorney-General declared that if Heney was withdrawn, he (Knox) would resign. And when the President asked, in surprise, why he felt so strongly about so small a matter, Knox answered that it was the very fact that United States Senators and other such powerful persons were so deeply concerned over so small a matter which convinced him there was something back of it. This satisfied the President and he stood by Heney, who, like Mr. Roosevelt, thought the opposition was personal.

And it was, in a sense. The Bar Association and the Oregon senators took the "geographical graft" view of the appointment: since it was an Oregon job, it should go to an Oregon man. And they showed that they were not afraid to have an Oregon man try the case; there was no such opposition to the regular United States District Attorney, John H. Hall.

Mr. Hall had prepared the case and Heney had to hurry to get to Portland in time to try it, but he wired that he would be there, and he was taken aback upon his



*Photograph by A. B. M. Allen*

#### STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS PUTER

*Head of the petty land thieves whom Detective Burns "brought through," and whose confession opened the land fraud system up into the United States Senate*

#### SOME OF THOSE IN THE RING

|                                |                                     |                                     |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <i>Daniel Webster Tarpley,</i> | <i>Marie Antoinette Ware, a</i>     | <i>Horace Greeley McKinley,</i>     |
| <i>fellow conspirator with</i> | <i>United States District Court</i> | <i>confessed timber land thief,</i> |
| <i>Puter, McKinley, and</i>    | <i>Commissioner and a tool of</i>   | <i>now running a "gambling</i>      |
| <i>others</i>                  | <i>the land thieves</i>             | <i>joint" in China</i>              |

arrival to find that the day before, while he was on the train, the United States Attorney had had the trial put over. Emma Watson had disappeared. The excuse seemed good and, besides, Heney was well satisfied with the delay. It gave him a chance to study the case. And when he encountered difficulty in getting the evidence from Hall, he set it down to "professional jealousy." He tried next to draw out Col. A. R. Greene, the Special Agent to the Secretary of the Interior, who had gathered the evidence, but Greene also was uncommunicative. Heney smiled. "A friend of Hall," he thought. But when, at a final conference, Mr. Hall told Heney how little would be expected of him; that he, the assistant to the Attorney-General, might make the opening speech and otherwise be assistant to the District Attorney—then Heney "got mad." He wired to Mr. Knox that a "personal conference would be to the interest of the government;" and Mr. Knox asked him to come to Washington. The Attorney-General had his fears; the first question he put to Heney when they met was:

"What do you think of Hall?"

"Above the average ability of men in

that office," said Heney, who knew the United States district attorneys in Arizona, California, Idaho and Texas.

"But what of his fidelity to the government?" asked Mr. Knox, who, as Attorney-General, knew more of United States district attorneys than Heney.

"That's all right, too," said Heney, the unsuspecting. "But he's jealous of his prerogatives." And Heney went on to tell how Hall regarded him as an assistant.

"Oh," said Mr. Knox, "that isn't what I sent you up there for. You are to be in full charge." And he telegraphed to Hall that Heney represented the Attorney-General and was to be obeyed as the Attorney-General himself would be obeyed.

#### *Heney and Burns Meet*

That would settle Hall's "jealousy." The next thing was to settle Greene. Heney called on Secretary Hitchcock. "The old Sec'," as the Department called him affectionately, was glad to meet Heney, and he introduced William J. Burns to him. But the "old Sec'" had found another great detective, Col. Greene, and Heney heard all



about Col. Greene. Also he learned something about Greene and Hall that increased his anger.

When he was leaving Portland, Hall gave Heney, as the whole of the Puter case, a transcript of a preliminary hearing. This showed that Puter and the two men with him had got hold of lieu-land scrip by having men and women "file homesteads" in a forest reserve. Each claimant had to swear that he had lived five years on his "piece" and made improvements. The allegation was that these persons were fictitious, and that Marie Ware, a United States District Court Commissioner, had knowingly received these fraudulent proofs and forwarded them as genuine. All was clear

Hall to have Greene inspect the lands, investigate the "persons," and report to him at Washington. They did not report to him at Washington; they reported to the departments; and their report said that they had made their inspection and investigation long before Heney had told them to. "Why hadn't they told me that?" said Heney. "Why were they keeping back such essential evidence in the case?"

Burns told him. "They're jobbing you," he said. When Heney talked of Hall's jealousy, the detective laughed. "He's a crook," said Burns, and he reasoned it all out. Since Hall was the prosecuting officer in a district in which there were land

*Spot on which "A. O. Austin" (an imaginary settler) was alleged to have his cabin. He, or somebody for him, swore that he had cultivated this ground!*

nim dictate an order to Greene to report to Heney; it was a pretty sharp telegram, and when the Secretary signed and sent it Heney

*Another "homestead" above the snow level*

was satisfied. He left Washington, feeling able to cope with the "jealousy" of his subordinates at Portland.

While he was waiting in San Francisco for the spring term in Portland, Heney saw more of Burns. The Hyde-Benson case came on in San Francisco. That was Burns's own case. He had had the California land-grabbers indicted at Washington and Benson was arrested there, but Hyde, and Dimond, their attorney, and Schneider, their tool, were in San Francisco, resisting removal. Mr. Knox retained Heney to represent the Government. There were other assistants, all sorts of United States District and Deputy Attorneys-General, but Heney, in charge, soon came to see that the man who knew the whole case best, both the evidence and the story, was William J. Burns, the detective.

Impressed with Burns's ability, Heney began to see also that his suspicion, which had seemed so suspicious at first, was not unreasonable; it was most reasonable. His was a logical mind illuminated with imagination. Mr. Heney couldn't believe that Oregon was so rotten as Burns imagined it, but the detective's "theories" stimulated Heney's imagination.

"Come on up to Portland with me,

Burns," he said, when they had beaten the "leading lawyers" who defended the Hyde-Benson land thieves of California. "If you will, we will see who is behind the Puter-McKinley-Tarpley land thieves of Oregon."

Burns went. Heney drew the California case to an abrupt close; he had to get to Portland in time. He had wired to have the Oregon case postponed, but Hall answered that Judge Bellinger would not consent. Burns thought this looked "funny"; Heney didn't. And Burns was right. A year or so later the Judge told Heney that he would have granted the postponement if he had been asked, but that Hall never had asked him till Heney had started. Then as before, while Heney was on the train, the case was put over.

"Heney's onto lawyers now," said Burns recently, "but at that time he had a great respect for his profession, and he believed a lawyer would be on the level with another lawyer."

Heney and Burns had analyzed the case on the train and they both saw openings for further investigation. Out of his California experience, the detective inferred, for example, that Puter et al. must have worked other jobs. Their methods were so "good" that they must be the result of long practice and studied development. Furthermore, Puter and McKinley, like Benson and

Hyde, must have pals in the Federal and state offices who permitted the frauds and large clients who bought the lands they stole. Burns's imagination began to suspect the whole political and financial organization of society in Oregon. Why should one state differ from another? Heney smiled.

### *Leading Citizens Show Themselves*

At the state line a Portland friend of a San Francisco banker friend of Heney boarded the train. His friend had wired him of Heney's coming and he wished to have Heney—and Mr. Burns, of course—meet some of the leading men of Oregon. Heney, a clubman and a man of the world, was "delighted." There would be a little informal dinner. And there was. Given at the leading club, some of the leading citizens of the state were present, among them

W. D. Fenton, the chief counsel for the Southern Pacific, and Charles H. Carey, ditto for the Northern Pacific Railroad. After the wine had flowed and the cigars and coffee were served, the conversation came around naturally to the work before Mr. Heney, and—Mr. Burns, too, of course. Burns is sober and vigilant at a dinner; Heney is as good company as you could wish for. He was gay and thoughtless that night till he began to catch the drift of things. The leading citizens of Oregon spoke of the magnitude of the timber and land business of their great state; of the legal hindrances to it; and of the "custom of the country,"

which an outsider might have difficulty in understanding, the ancient custom of "getting around" the land laws. The conversation was an apology for crime and a plea for land criminals.

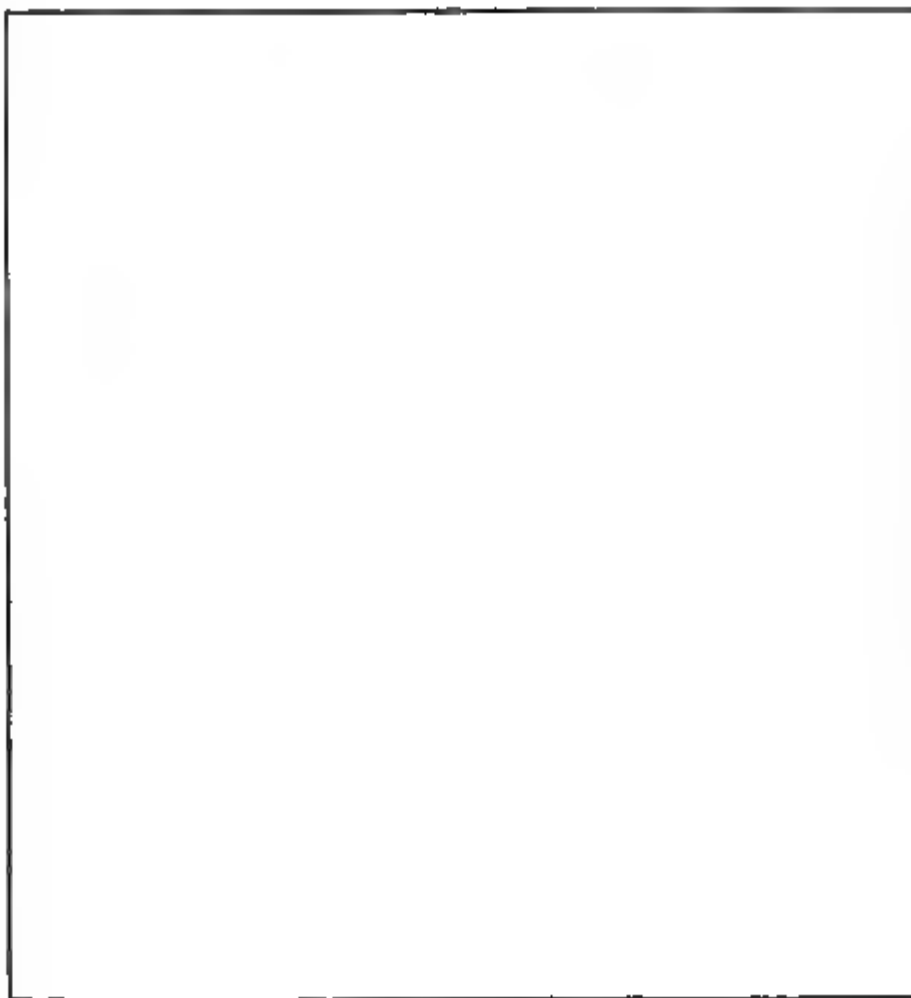
"So you see, Mr. Heney," said Mr. Fenton, of and for the Southern Pacific, "it is bad laws that make men—hum, well, let us say, that make such irregularities necessary." And Mr. Carey, of and for the Northern Pacific, nodded approval.

Heney exploded. He saw, and he said, that he saw what they were up to, these leading citizens. They were trying to influence him, to keep him from going "too far." He wished to warn them then and there that he meant to go "too far"; that if he could get past the petty thieves to the leading citizens, who were the real crooks, he would get them. There was only one way to get rid of bad laws, and that was, not to evade

and break them, but to enforce and, by showing that they were bad, repeal or amend them. And, said the guest to his hosts, any leading citizens who took any other course, and especially one that included perjury, were criminals in heart and mind. Their education and their polish made no difference; these made the matter worse. They were corruptionists, they corrupted the law and the people and themselves.

### *Oregon's View of Oregon Frauds*

Heney did not realize it at the time, but when he said that such men corrupted



W. C. BRISTOL

*U. S. District Attorney at Portland*

*"It was Bristol who gave Heney his first definite grasp of the whole corrupt system of graft in Oregon"*

everything they touched, he spoke the truth. Fenton repeated in a church this defense of the land frauds, and it was, and it is, the common excuse offered by men and women everywhere in Oregon, and, for that matter, in the Northwest, for crime and corruption. They call it the "land conscience," but it is the typical American view of law.

The people out there feel about the land laws only as people in other parts of the country feel about liquor laws and public franchises. Since the liquor laws are too strict, they must be broken. Since you can't get a franchise for nothing, without bribing your city officials, bribery is necessary and right. We've all heard this sort of talk, and so Heney heard in Oregon. Since the land laws were drawn to save the public lands for small people who want small holdings, the big monopolists cannot get big holdings without breaking those laws, debasing themselves and corrupting public officials and public opinion; therefore it was, and it is, right to do all these things in Oregon.

When Fenton spoke for Puter et al. at that little dinner in Portland, Heney's suspicion was born, and Burns's imagination mothered it.

"What did I tell you?" said the detective. And they reasoned together. How could such frauds go on without becoming

common knowledge? How could they succeed without the connivance of corrupted officials and the support of influential leaders of a corrupted public opinion? Everybody must know about the land frauds. The investigators needed to know what everybody knew. They must begin their work by getting the gossip of the town.

The gossips tell the truth; their gossip is not always accurate, but it is the truth.

### *Above and Beneath the Surface*

Wherefore Heney went forth into the upper, Burns into the underworld, seeking to learn what all men knew. Both hemispheres were against their purposes, but the line of resistance was not unbroken. Heney was taken into the clubs of Portland and he fell under the tutelage of Charles J. Reed, the wit of the town, who was a fellow-member

THOMAS B. NEUHAUSEN

*A special agent of the Interior Department, who is honest and competent*

with Heney of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. This cynical man of the world helped Heney. He furnished no evidence, of course, but he let Heney hear that gossip which lays bare, as good fiction does, the state of society and the relations of men one to another. Another great help was W. C. Bristol, now the United States District Attorney at Portland. Upright, independent and very dignified, this young man was not popular, and he and Heney did not hit it off personally at first. But Bristol was

rich in precise, well-ordered, documentary information and his experience lay in the field of land-graft, railroading and politics. He had been a land attorney for the Southern Pacific. Heney had need of Bristol's knowledge of the land laws and the facts, and he consulted frequently with him.

under-world sees the upper-world of graft very clearly; it knows men and the relations of men and it has the "straight" of many a crooked deal. Burns heard what the criminals had to tell; he saw what they saw and, at night, when he and Heney met at their hotel to compare notes, it was amazing how the gossip of the clubs dovetailed in with

*the land frauds*

*Emma Watson's "Strawberry Patch"—above the snow level!*

And Bristol—a corporation attorney (of the Heney type)—gave the best that was in him. He was professionally scrupulous; he volunteered nothing; and he didn't help Francis J. Heney. He responded as a citizen to the demands which the Assistant Attorney-General made upon him in the name of the government. It was Bristol who gave Heney his first definite grasp of the whole corrupt system of graft in Oregon.

And Burns, coming up from below, had the same system. He also encountered opposition, but he also had an opening wedge. When Emma Watson disappeared, Burns assigned "Dug" Doyle, a "shadow," to "rope" (locate and fetch, without arresting) the woman. "Dug" hadn't found Mrs. Watson, but he had worked in with the under-world and he introduced Burns, who soon was deep in the muck. The

leaders who developed the resources of the country. They ran steamships, built roads and railroads. They made the government grant them immense tracts of land for their roads, but they built the roads till the grants of land made land grafters of them. The map of Oregon to-day is streaked up and down and all around by zigzags of "military road grants," which show no roads but which do show fortunes in timber. And so with the railroads. They also got lands from the government to help them finance their schemes for the development of the state. They also turned grafters. And this, the inevitable result of grants and grafts, was a pity, for it turned good, great, enterprising men into grafters. But that is not all. As we have noticed before: To get their grafts, and keep them and get more, the grafters have to go into politics

and corrupt the government. The road-builders of Oregon, first the "military road" makers, then the steam promoters, corrupted Oregon, just as the same kind of men have corrupted every other state we have seen. And Heney, unwilling to see Oregon with his Arizona Territory eyes, was able to look back and see Arizona with his Oregon eyes. He had fought the vice interest in Tucson. In Portland the vice interest was powerful, and he saw men who saw it there as he had seen it in Tucson—as the cause of all their woe. But Heney was to fight the land-graft in Oregon and he saw that the liquor interest was only a junior partner of the land and the railroad interest. No wonder then that he, having beaten vice in Tucson, was beaten in Arizona: incidents and men that he could recall vividly showed that he was beaten in the territory by the railroad, mining and land interests, which were working with the vice interest, as agent, to corrupt and possess the territory. Oregon, the young state, was only one stage higher, or lower, in the development of the System: a system of corruption, by vice and the railroads, of the people and the government for all businesses that want grafts out of the government.

### *A Vista of Graft*

Puter, McKinley et al. were nothing but the land thieves who stole for big land grafters; and Heney heard that the railroads and land grafters, not only in Oregon but all over the Northwest and as far east as Michigan, used them. And protected them. For Burns's contribution to the picture was the thieves' jargon about the Puter gang's connection with, for example, Franklin Pierce Mays, a law partner of Charles H. Carey, the counsel for the Northern Pacific who had nodded approval when Fenton, the counsel for the Southern Pacific, explained to Heney at their little dinner the Oregon view of Oregon land grafting. And this connection ran on up, they both heard, to Hall, who had as an assistant in his office Ed Mays, the brother of Pierce. And Pierce Mays had a pull with Binger Herrman, the Land Commissioner at Washington; and Hall was in with Herrman and, above him, with the United States Senators and one or two Congressmen. The government, state and (so far as Oregon was concerned) Federal, represented,

not the people, but the grafters! Heney heard, but he would not believe; he saw, but he could not imagine. Burns smiled. This meant, to Heney, that the United States Attorney, appointed presumably to represent the United States government and defend it from land frauds, represented the thieves! Impossible. Wasn't Hall prosecuting Puter, McKinley et al.?

"Let's get Hall in and sound him," Burns suggested. "If the Puter gang are in the business, they must have put through other deals, and if Hall knows one case, he must know others."

Burns had learned in the under-world that one George Sorensen, a member of the Puter gang, was Hall's source of information and that that was why Hall did not indict him. Heney called Hall into conference and, with Burns and Rittenhouse, his stenographer, present, examined him. Hall looks like a big, honest countryman, all candor and honesty; and he was able-minded. But he gave himself away that day. He said that he had been approached with an offer of a bribe of \$5000. Heney's sudden interest recalled him to himself and he explained that the offer came not from Puter et al., but from a certain dentist in town who was one of the many citizens that had sworn, for \$150 each, that they had lived upon and improved homesteads. Heney demanded all the facts, and when Hall said he must treat the matter as confidential because the witness was a source of evidence in the cases, Heney flew into a passion. He wanted to know why the Attorney-General could not be trusted. Hall flushed and Burns, seeing his embarrassment, made one of his shrewd bluffs.

### *Examining a United States Attorney*

"Ah, say," he shot in, "we know who your man is. We are beginning to find out a few facts ourselves and we know where you get yours. You got this from George Sorensen."

Hall, convinced that they knew more, admitted that Sorensen was the man, and Heney followed up the attack.

"What case does the dentist come in on?" he asked. And Hall disclosed the other cases; better cases; cases easier to win; cases involving men higher up.

"What did I tell you?" said Burns, the suspecting. "Was Hall a crook?"

"No," said Heney. His theory now was that Hall had meant to let him try the weakest case and lose it; then he, Hall, would go on alone to try the better cases and win.

"Or lose," said Burns. "You think he's bent only on 'doing' you. I tell you he is protecting somebody. He wants you to be beaten, but that is only part of his game to regain control of the whole situation and—save it."

Francis J. Heney is the most remarkable example I know of that typical American who, having eyes, saw not, and having ears, heard with them, but not with his mind. This ex-political boss of Arizona, while in Washington that summer, induced the Attorney-General to pledge the President to reappoint Hall United States District Attorney!

Heney went home by way of Portland, and, telling Hall what he had done, instructed him to prepare another, the second Puter case, and to make use of Sorensen as a witness. Hall promised. But when Heney and Burns returned to Portland to put on the case, Sorensen had "skipped," Hall said. Burns laughed. Even after that Heney let Hall open the case and conduct the examination of witnesses—for two days.

Meanwhile Burns was at work. The reason this, the so-called "7-11" case, was better than the other was that the persons were real who had sworn to having lived upon and improved the land Puter and his gang had obtained by fraud. It was hard to prove that fictitious persons did not exist, but these real persons could be found, frightened and brought in as witnesses. Burns sent out his son, George, with a photographer to take affidavits of these persons and pictures of the claims and the "improvements." George Burns discovered, as his photographs reproduced in these pages show, that none of these claims had ever been improved. They couldn't be. Part of township seven-eleven was up above the snow line on the mountains. Snow lay till June on the alleged "strawberry patches." Some claims were inaccessible, upon a mountain peak, or down the sides of precipitous cliffs. All were worthless, for, you understand, Puter and his gang did not want this land in the forest reserves to keep. They sought only the right to exchange it for other land and these rights, called scrip, were sold to timber men who used it to "lay

down" upon (claim) rich timber and grazing lands "anywhere" in the public domain.

To help find and bring to court the persons who acted as dummies in this business, Heney and Burns had the service of Capt. Ormsby, a former forest superintendent of the Interior Department, who had worked on the case. This old man was telling things. One day, however, when he was "coming through" to Burns, Hall saw him and called him out. When Ormsby returned to Burns, he was a changed man; he had nothing more to confess.

Heney is a fighter. A case to him is a fight. He was fighting a case then. Everybody that was helping him was his friend, everybody that was against him was his foe. This act of Hall was like a blow, and, as with President Roosevelt, so with Heney, a blow makes him see what no argument can. Heney saw now at last that Hall was crooked. And Heney has another trait in common with Mr. Roosevelt. What he sees fighting, he will fight.

### *Heney Takes Charge*

Up to that time Heney had sat silent at the trials. Hall was the man. The papers of that period show it; they have large pictures of Hall, a little tintype of Heney. Local pride was glad to give credit where credit was due and Heney meant to let Hall have all the glory in his own state. But the day after the Ormsby incident, Heney said quietly to Hall that there would be a change. He offered no explanation. "I will examine all witnesses, Mr. Hall," he said.

Hall pleaded, but Heney was a rock. He tried the case. It made a difference, too. The evidence began to go against Puter and his gang. Leading citizens were alarmed. The papers began to "hit up Heney," the pictures were caricatures, but from this on he was the man. Other influences appeared, in front and behind. No matter. Heney makes jurors, and judges too (as I've heard them say), believe in him; they see that he is sincere, fair but fierce in his sense of duty to the state. He taught this Oregon jury that the crime of Puter et al. was not merely conspiracy, not only stealing, but a violation of the public policy of the United States and a menace to good government. And those jurors understood. To the amazement of the whole Northwest, Heney convicted Puter, McKinley and the

other conspirators—the tools of the big land grafters.

The verdict was a personal triumph for Heney and he might have gone home, his duty done. The government had asked him to try only the "first of the series," but Mr. Knox knew his man. Heney never thought of quitting. He "couldn't afford" to go on, but on he went—after the men behind the tools. They were alarmed. There comes a time in the progress of every honest investigation when the grafters are panic-stricken. They lose their heads and fly apart, each to save himself. That is the time to strike. They rally afterwards and fight better than ever. The conviction of Puter started the panic in Oregon and Heney was quick to strike.

While the jury still was out, he sent a shot toward Hall. Meeting Col. Greene, he told him he knew Hall was protecting Loomis, Ormsby and Sorensen. Like Greene, Loomis was a special agent under Hall's control; Ormsby, the crooked ex-Forest Superintendent, was a member of Hall's grand jury; and Sorensen was Hall's man in the Puter gang, who had "skipped."

"I don't know why," said Heney to Greene, "but Hall is protecting these fellows, and if he doesn't look out I'll have him removed. Now that's between us."

Heney gave Greene this "to carry" and the messenger must have run with it, for the moment the Puter verdict was rendered, Hall came in where Heney and Burns were.

"Do you know," he said smoothly, "I have about concluded to indict Loomis, Ormsby and Sorensen."

"Do you think you could find Sorensen?" Burns asked, quite as smoothly.

Oh, yes, Hall could find Sorensen. He had a letter from him, from somewhere in Wisconsin. And he fetched the letter. Heney glanced at it and handed it to Burns, who stepped out, had it copied and returned the *copy* to Hall. They were building a case around Hall, and the original showed that at the time Sorensen was wanted, Hall was in correspondence with him. Burns wired the Secret Service at Chicago to locate Sorensen, the key to Hall.

### *Puter Confesses to Burns*

The key to the situation as a whole, however, was Stephen A. Douglas Puter, and the moment they convicted him, Heney and

Burns set about getting him to confess. A thief, but a land thief; a criminal, but a criminal of the forests and plains, "Steve" Puter was a strong, free, fighting spirit. He would be hard to break down. The idea of "peaching on his pals" would be abhorrent to him. But so was the idea of confinement. Puter had said that he would die before he would go to prison, and the day after the verdict, his brother, Clarence, an attorney, called on Heney to ask his consent to "a fine, a big fine—anything but jail."

Heney was hard. "Steve gets the limit," he said, "in the penitentiary." And, knowing where the brother would go next, Heney hurried in to see the judge. He explained the situation and his plan, and when Clarence Puter appeared in chambers, the judge was as hard as Heney. It was Burns's turn now. The detective reasoned that while Puter would "stand by" his friends, he would expect his friends to stand by him. Puter must be "isolated." Burns found a way to warn Pierce Mays and the other gentlemen involved with Puter that they were under suspicion and that they would better not be seen with Steve or his brother. This done, Burns had it suggested to Puter to appeal to Mays and his friends to go on his bond. When the "shadows" reported that Clarence Puter had called on these men and come away "mad," Burns went to see him.

"Puter," he said, "the big fellows are making a 'fall-guy' of your brother. They want him in jail out of the way. Now Heney's onto the whole lay-out and he doesn't want Steve and that bunch. He wants the big guns, the very fellows who have gone back on Steve. And if you don't believe they have quit him, go and see. Try Mays or any of 'em."

"I have tried them," Puter said, bitterly, "I've tried 'em all."

A bloodhound in pursuit, Burns turns cat when he catches his prey. He played with the Puters. He saw them both. They hated to "squeal," but Burns held out in one hand a picture of Steve as a fool serving years in prison out of loyalty to friends who had gone back on him; in the other, new friends, himself and Heney.

Steve Puter confessed, and his confession opened the way to the land-fraud system. The others "came through" also—McKinley, Tarpley, Marie Ware, Emma Watson.



But the best witness was Puter. Like most men who have kept secrets for years, Puter enjoyed talking, so he talked and talked; he would go away and, recalling things he had forgotten, would come back to Heney with them. And now, when no one is left to listen, Steve Puter is making a book.

Well, it would take a book to tell all that Puter and his pals know of the land and other grafts of Oregon; and most of it was brought out in the trials, the long, hard-fought trials which lasted two years and are going on still. Heney won all of his; at least he got 33 convictions out of 34 cases. And now W. C. Bristol is carrying on the work. But our interest, as I have said, is not in crime, but in the effect of crime on men and government—as Francis J. Heney saw it.

### *The Inside Story*

And the first thing Heney saw in these confessions was that United States Attorney Hall did indeed represent the graft system. Burns had been right all along. The reason Hall was prosecuting Puter et al. was cleared up by the inside story of the case: Puter and McKinley had had a row over some stolen land and they unloaded their troubles on a young man named Lloyd, whose father, a lumberman of Minnesota, had sent him West to learn the (land-graft) business. Lloyd "squealed" to Col. Greene. The Special Agent was loyal to the government then and he reported this and a fraud in the surveyor-general's office to Mr. Hitchcock. The Secretary directed Greene to co-operate with United States Attorney Hall. Hall needed the information Greene furnished him. His term had expired and Charles W. Fulton had promised his place to George C. Brownell as pay for his (Fulton's) election to the United States Senate. Brownell was President of the Oregon Senate; he had been the Southern Pacific's man there for years; as chairman of the railroad committee, he headed the "combine" of "corrupt politicians" who accepted campaign contributions from big business men and held up little business men. Brownell delivered the decisive votes which elected Mitchell and other men besides Fulton to the United States Senate. His claim to promotion into the Federal service was "good," therefore. But Greene's evidence in the surveyor-general's case involved

Brownell, and Hall used it to drive him out of the race. Brownell named his partner, J. W. Campbell, as his heir to the senatorial gratitude; he did not know that there was anything "on" Campbell. There was and there was something "on" somebody else, too. The Puter-McKinley cases reached up to Binger Herrman and Senator Mitchell himself, so Hall rushed off to Washington, where he explained to the senators just what Col. Greene's evidence meant. The result was the now famous letter to Brownell, dated in the Senate, Washington, Jan. 18, 1904, part of which follows:

"MY DEAR SENATOR AND FRIEND:

"I can assure you we are both anxious to discharge in some proper way the great obligations we are both under to you. I have received your several dispatches since Hall left Portland and both Senator Fulton and myself have done everything in our power to protect you, and also Campbell—who is also under the ban of Greene and others, as we learned to our great surprise and regret—and, without going into particulars, I think we have been able to so arrange matters as to protect you both. Of course, friend Brownell, this letter is to you in the strictest confidence. The best way for the present is to drop all talk about the District Attorneyship; let the matter stand for the present. Both Fulton and I have for the purpose of protecting your interest gone very much farther in a certain direction than we ever supposed we would. I cannot explain fully to you until I see you just what I mean. Hall leaves this evening for home. My advice would be for you to say nothing to him unless he says something to you. Just let the matter drift for the present. This is all-important."

This was signed by John H. Mitchell and there was added a line saying: "I have read the above and fully concur in it," signed C. W. Fulton.

### *Reaching Higher Up*

Here then was a full explanation of Hall. But here also was something far more important: the two senators from Oregon apologizing to Brownell, a crook, for not having him made a United States District Attorney, but reporting to him a bargain with the present United States District Attorney not to prosecute him and "others." This was the System and Heney saw it, and he saw how he, by speaking for Hall at Washington, had assisted the corrupt bargain. But he made amends. Such treason to the United States Government in office is not a crime, either in law or in public opinion; not yet. Heney had to get some-

thing "specific" on Hall, and he got "something specific" later on. He has this fellow under indictment now on two conspiracies, one to impede the administration of justice, the other "to unlawfully maintain a fence around lands of the United States." But Heney did not have to wait so long to get rid of Hall.

Burns had heard that Sorensen was coming home, and McKinley knew when. Heney haled Hall before the Grand Jury and, making him tell about Sorensen's offer of a \$5000 bribe from the dentist, indicted Sorensen. When Sorensen arrived, Burns brought him to Heney, who read him Hall's testimony.

"Dentist!" said Sorensen. "Hell, it was for you fellows (Puter and McKinley) and, by God, he arranged to meet me at St. Louis and take the money."

Heney had Hall removed from office by wire.

Hall had become by this time a very small speck on Heney's horizon, but he loomed large in Oregon, and his removal, consummated before he or anybody else knew of the confessions of Puter et al., startled the state. Heney, with his big stick-a-swing, was a terrible sight in the minds of men; he fascinated the guilty consciences, and Burns, purring reassurances, was steering them to him to confess. The investigators knew just whom they wanted. Puter's outline of the System showed them that it was the same as that of California. Even the method of stealing was alike, so like indeed that they asked Puter how it happened. And he told them:

Hyde and Benson and Schneider introduced it into Oregon. Puter said that he and men like Mays, the railroads and all the other land grabbers began by bribing all sorts of people—"good" citizens and "bad," men and women, sailors and bankers, farmers and merchants, dentists and other professional persons, mayors, legislators and politicians—to swear falsely that they had lived on homesteads or otherwise "proved up" on claims which they turned over to the grafters. Thus was the foundation of the system laid deep and broad in Oregon on the corruption of the people themselves.

### *Oregon Learns from California*

But the grafters gradually learn everywhere that it is unnecessary to share the

graft with the people, and Hyde and Benson of California taught Oregon a lesson. When they came up there they had a grafter's row with one Page, whose attorneys were Carey and Mays. Page, intent only on the land he and Benson were fighting over, proposed to produce certain letters which showed that Benson had paid "fees" to Senator Mitchell. But Carey was Mitchell's Northern Pacific Railroad manager in politics. And Mitchell and Tanner were Benson's attorneys. A settlement was arranged, therefore, in the interest of graft. The territory was divided. Since Benson had a use in California for the Oregon Senator's influence at Washington, he agreed to keep out of Oregon. He and Hyde were to have the Federal land-graft in their own state and that of Oregon was to be left to the Oregon grafters. And, as a token of good will, Hyde and Benson and Schneider explained their improved method of forging fictitious names to claims. That's how the people of Oregon lost their share of the land-graft of Oregon.

This established Burns's theory of parallels between states, and following it, Heney went next after Ormsby, the ex-Superintendent of Forests, who reported to Washington the recommendations for forest reserves. If Oregon was like California, the land grafters drew the maps and bribed the Forest Superintendent to send them on. Burns used the fear of Heney on Ormsby to make him "come through," and, sure enough, the old man confessed that he got from Pierce Mays the map of the Blue Mountain Reserve. Nor was that all. This map was made in the Land Office at Portland, with the Land Commissioner, Binger Herrman, out on one of his vacations, looking it over with Mays.

Here at last was Binger Herrman, the sly, whom Burns had failed to get in California. And they had also Mays, a state legislator and a railroad attorney, and Ormsby, a bribed Superintendent of Forests. A Congressman turned up next. Col. Greene, seeing his friend Hall out of power, went to Heney one day with a tip that a certain Special Agent, Thomas B. Neuhausen, could "deliver" Congressman Williamson. This was a bad introduction for Neuhausen, but when he appeared, young, clean, keen and jolly, Heney took a fancy to him. Neuhausen did have a case on Williamson. The Congressman had "got

in" late on the Blue Mountain Reserve. All the land within the lines was taken, but he had filings made on a contiguous piece, and thus began his career in Congress by petitioning to have his land taken in—for "his constituents."

"Why didn't you report this before?" asked Heney of the Special Agent.

"Who to?" said Neuhausen, quick and to the point. "I knew Hall was crooked and——"

### *Honest Men Discovered*

Neuhausen knew the System and he knew it well. He had evidence on Hall and others too. He and Burns completed the case on Williamson. Neuhausen turned out to be an orderly, resourceful assistant; he stayed with Heney to the end and now he is helping Bristol. So the System wasn't complete. The lines of graft ran up into the House of Representatives, but though they had caught a Congressman, they had caught also an honest Special Agent.

There were other exceptions. So soon as Heney had demonstrated his courage and ability, Governor Chamberlain, a Democrat elected in this solid Republican state, offered the aid of all the executive departments concerned in the land business, and this help, accepted, proved well worth while. The Governor of Oregon was, and he still is, the head of the state, not of the state system, and the people there know that and they appreciate it. For they re-elected Governor Chamberlain, and while Heney was in Portland he saw that Republican city elect for Mayor Dr. Harry Lane, a physician and a democrat (with a small d). No, Oregon isn't a bad state. On the contrary, there is a movement on there which promises to put the people of Oregon among the leaders of reform, but that is another story. Suffice it for the present to say that Oregon was better than most of the United States.

### *Federal Corruption*

The stronghold of the "interests" there was in the Federal branch of the state government. United States District Attorney Hall was one case in point; another was that of the United States Marshal, "Jack" Matthews. Matthews was the Republican boss of Portland and, therefore, the most powerful political agent in the state. He

let vice be protected in the city and the public utility companies, and in the state represented railroads and other privileged businesses that "had to" keep politics corrupt. Heney had nothing to do with this, he thought, at first. He had learned in Arizona that he couldn't do much in Tucson without fighting the territorial boss and his Federal organization. He soon learned in Oregon that he couldn't fight Federal graft in Oregon without tackling also the boss of Portland. As United States Marshal, Matthews impeached Heney's land-fraud juries and Burns convinced him that he exercised the functions of the office to which the President (for the Oregon Senators) appointed him to protect the criminals the President (for Knox and Hitchcock) had appointed Heney to prosecute. Heney had to ask the President to oust Matthews and appoint in his stead Charles J. Reed, his friend.

This change was put through while the grafters were in a state of panic and, lest they should rally, Heney labored hard and swift to accomplish other ends. He got one of the business bribe-givers back of the petty political bribe-takers—Frederick W. Kribs, a great lumber agent for C. A. Smith, and Pillsbury, the flour man of Minneapolis, Minn. Puter delivered Kribs. He said that he (Puter), learning that the Northern Pacific was "copping off" some fine timber land, jumped in with sixty-four fellows on the same land. Pierce Mays handled the railroad gang of perjured claimants and there was a fight, of course. Afraid of the power and the money of the railroad, Puter bethought him of Kribs, who he knew represented Smith and Pillsbury and had lots of money which he used in the most reckless corruption. Kribs went in with Puter, agreeing to pay \$5 an acre for the land and all expenses. Kribs was a client of Mays also, however, and through him managed a division of the spoils. The railroad got half the land and Puter and Kribs the other half, but there was a difference in the quality of the timber. "And," Heney says with a laugh, "the railroad got the worst of that deal."

### *A Bribe-giver Confesses*

Puter's "delivery" of Kribs showed that this big business man could deliver others higher up and Burns was sent out to call

on and scare him. He was easily frightened. Burns soon had Mr. Kribs flying to Heney. And he came whispering. Burns and Rittenhouse, the stenographer, were present when Kribs greeted Heney, and they saw him speak into his ear.

"Oh, no," said Heney aloud. "You can't see *me* alone."

The confession that followed was the story of a briber who believed and had found that every man had his price. "He told me how he corrupted every Federal, state and city official that he ever had had to do business with," says Heney. He used checks, too, and upon his testimony with his checks as exhibits Heney removed more special agents, registers, and other Federal officeholders than on any other evidence whatever. Fred Kribs has not reformed; he was not put on trial; but he rendered a great service to the United States. This habitual briber "delivered" United States Senator Mitchell, Binger Herrman and many other politicians. Mr. Kribs might have delivered his principals back in Minnesota and other big business corruptionists, but Heney preferred the politicians. He has learned since to take the business men, as we shall see in San Francisco, but that is because Oregon taught him where the roots of our evil lay. While he was at work in Oregon on a Federal job, United States Senators looked bigger to him than the business men that keep the Mitchells, Fultons and Aldrichs in the Senate.

With Kribs's evidence, and Puter's, Heney went after Mitchell and Herrman—under difficulties. When it leaked out that Heney was trying to indict Mitchell, not only the politicians and business grafters—all society in Oregon faced Heney with a solid frowning front.

John Mitchell Hippel, alias John H. Mitchell, was loved in Oregon. It was a corrupt love. When I was up there this year, many men and women still mourned the fate of this remarkable man, and the reason they gave was that he had got something out of the Government for them or their friends or the state. Sometimes the land or the office or the favor was right; oftener it was wrong. He must have been a most kind man, and, as a Senator, most industrious in the betrayal of all of the people to some of the people. He was a traitor, Senator Mitchell was; lovable,

but not clean; generous, but with public property; he betrayed the United States to Oregon and he betrayed Oregon to the railroads. For the Southern and Northern Pacific railroads "kept" Senator Mitchell. It was proven that he was under a salary of \$6000 a year from the Southern Pacific. Senator Mitchell represented graft and corruption.

### *His Life and His Character*

And when Frank Heney, representing the people *vs.* graft, accused Senator Mitchell, Oregon turned against Heney, and the real fight was on. Heney's life was in danger. Desperate plots were laid to kill him. This was generally known before Heney heard of it. He received warnings, but he paid no heed to them till one day he noticed that he was followed. Whirling about on the "shadow," he learned that he was a Burns man. Heney was angry, and Burns had an unpleasant time explaining how he had learned that a couple of men, gun-men whom he (Burns) knew to be willing to do murder, were in town under contract to shoot him at a certain corner or to pick him off through his hotel window. So well known was this that once when Heney was talking at his window with a friend, the man's wife drew him away, out of danger.

I think Heney enjoys physical danger. He quarreled with Burns for putting a guard on him and took no precautions whatsoever, excepting that he kept his own "gun" clean and handy. But an attack made at the time on his character aroused his fiercest wrath. Burns learned that some men and women of the under-world had been hired to swear that Heney had gone to a road house with Marie Ware. Burns ran out the whole plot and Heney called Marie Ware before the Grand Jury. She confessed that she had been asked to "put up this job," and Heney summoned everybody concerned directly in the plot—bankers, railroad attorneys, senators and other officials, touts and women; he produced the evidence of his innocence and of their guilt and—this is how he indicted ex-United States Attorney Hall (among others) for "conspiracy to defeat the administration of justice." For, of course, this obscene scheme was laid, not primarily to hurt Heney, but, through his downfall and disgrace, to save graft, the grafters and beat the law.

*Another Vista of United States  
Graft*

Assailed from below, Heney was attacked from above, too. From the moment he started after Mitchell, Senator Fulton led a big grafters' intrigue at Washington to undermine Heney with the President. Knox had resigned the Attorney-Generalship and Attorney-General Moody, a very politic man, did not support Heney. He didn't want to remove "Jack" Matthews from the United States Marshalship and Heney had to force that. When Judge Bellinger died, Moody had W. W. Cotton, chief counsel at Portland for the Harriman system, appointed to the Federal bench. Heney's charges and his success in convicting Congressman Williamson beat that move, which would have defeated his whole prosecution. And finally, when, later, Heney proposed the appointment of W. C. Bristol for United States District Attorney in Hall's place, Heney had to go to Washington and at a meeting of the lawyers in the cabinet, with the help of Secretaries Hitchcock, Taft and Root, Bonaparte and Metcalf, force Moody's hand. But that is Bristol's story, which is not over yet and not ready to tell.

Desperate as Heney's position was, however, it was enlightening. All this opposition, front and rear, above, below and all around, showed him the System. When good men and women protested, he saw that they were corrupted by their associations; when the State Legislature passed unanimously resolutions of confidence in Senator Mitchell, he looked over his list of state legislators, indicted, confessed or under suspicion, and he understood that that legislature was in the System. And when Mitchell, indicted, rose and wept in the United States Senate, and the senators left their seats to go up to him and before all the world take his hand and show their sympathy, Francis J. Heney realized that United States Senator John H. Mitchell, the man he was proving a felon, was a symbol of the condition of a government, state and national, and a personification of the moral disgrace of a people.

"And when I saw that so vividly, Mitchell, the man, became as nothing to me. I wanted then to convict that System and show to my people, all over this land, what I was seeing."

*How Mitchell was "Got"*

Well, Heney convicted the System. "Steve" Puter told how when he laid twelve claims on the top of a mountain, he got into a muss with a Dr. Davis, the Mayor of Albany and chairman of the Republican Central Committee, who also was "in on" that same land. Davis had a pull and Puter paid bribes all along the line to surveyors, special agents, forest superintendents, registers and receivers, etc., and to some forty-five citizens. One of these officials, the man Loomis heretofore mentioned, wrote a private letter to Land Commissioner Binger Herrman. Davis wrote another, as Chairman, and had it attested by the Secretary of the Central Committee. These intimate letters are part of the evidence on Herrman. But there was a clerk in the Land Office at Washington and he was reporting adversely on the claims, so Puter took Emma Watson to Washington. She was made up as a handsome, helpless widow. They saw Mitchell. Puter gave the United States Senator two \$1000 bills. Puter kept a memorandum book of such transactions and he noted this payment. And for this small sum United States Senator Mitchell introduced Puter to Assistant, afterwards Land Commissioner, Richards, who passed these fraudulent claims to patent.

This, however, was not the case on which Heney tried Mitchell. He used it, but it was Kribs, the business man, not Puter, the thief, that made the Mitchell case. Kribs said, when he was talking about the fight with the Northern Pacific over Puter's claims, that the terms of the compromise included the promise of Pierce Mays to use his influence with Herrman and Mitchell to "expedite" their business. Mays went to work, but while he was still at it Mitchell arrived in Portland. Kribs saw Mitchell. Now Mays said it would cost \$50 a claim to get Mitchell. Mitchell said his firm, Mitchell & Tanner, would do the work direct for \$25 a claim. And they did it for that and Kribs paid with checks.

The Grand Jury reflected the Oregon reverence for Mitchell, and, to break down this feeling, Heney examined the Senator on the facts established in corroboration of Puter's story. Senator Mitchell proved himself a witless liar, arrogant with power, and yet, when Heney flamed up with facts, weak. Having thus discredited him with

the jurors, Heney asked him if he knew Kribs. He said he didn't.

"Did your firm ever do business with him?"

"I don't know."

### *Some Fine Detective Work*

That was all at the time, but both Mitchell and Heney knew that the basis of the Mitchell case was laid, both the prosecution and the defense. The charge was to be that this United States Senator took fees for using his influence in the Department at Washington to put through (fraudulent) business, and the defense was to be that the firm of Mitchell & Tanner, not the Senator, had taken these "fees." When Mitchell went back to Washington, Heney summoned Tanner and asked for his co-partnership contract with Mitchell. It was drawn in terms which exculpated Mitchell absolutely, for all fees for Department business were to go only to Tanner and the Senator was to be asked to do only perfectly proper business for his constituents without pay. Heney suspected that this paper was drawn for this particular case and Burns traced the stationery. The paper on which that agreement was written had not been manufactured till after the date of the contract. Moreover, there had been a recent change of stenographers in Mitchell & Tanner's office and the crucial paragraph contained three misspelled words. Heney sent for the firm's new stenographer, Tanner's own son, and asked him if he had not typewritten the contract. He hesitated, flushed, but said he hadn't. Heney made him write at his dictation a passage which contained the three words misspelled in the contract. The young man misspelled them as in the paper. Heney had the father and son indicted for perjury and, to save his boy, the father confessed and pleaded guilty.

Tanner said that Mitchell had suspected that Heney would catch him on the Kribs business and that on his way home to appear before the Grand Jury he had had Tanner meet him on the train. The Senator told him that he wasn't afraid of Puter; a United States Senator's word was better than a land thief's, but Kribs was a business man and paid in checks. Mitchell said they must look the books over and the next day they did so. Everything was in them: the payment by Kribs and the \$500 a month

from the Southern Pacific. "My God!" the Senator exclaimed. "These books will ruin me. They must be burned or rewritten." And the next thing he thought of was that partnership contract. Mitchell's private secretary, Robertson, had written it. Mitchell had Tanner's son write the new one. Kribs produced his checks; the bank produced its books, which showed that month by month the fees were divided between the partners; former stenographers recalled the payments, and vividly, because the firm did so little other business. So the "fees" were traced from Kribs to Mitchell. One link in the evidence was lacking to make out what lawyers call a "beautiful case."

Chief Wilkie saw Robertson in Washington, served a summons on him and advised him to tell the truth. Robertson reported to Mitchell, who was getting telegrams daily from Tanner.

"What do you suppose they want of me?" Robertson asked.

Mitchell told him about the old contract and the new one. "They probably want to question you about it and you must be careful what you answer."

Robertson read the new contract, and looked so dumfounded that Mitchell went on to explain.

"Oh, we framed that up when I was out there. Any means are justified to beat those — —." And he said he would give him a letter for Tanner, telling him just what to do.

Robertson walked the floor all that night, and at last decided to tell the truth. His wife approved and off he started, with the letter to Tanner in his bag. He went straight from his hotel in Portland to the Grand Jury. Heney asked him about the original contract and Robertson produced a copy of it; there was no such clause in it as that which exculpated Mitchell in the new contract.

"Did Mitchell give you a letter to Tanner?" Heney happened to ask.

"He did," and Robertson went and got that so-called "burn-this" letter, in which Mitchell wrote himself down a rascal.

### *The Justice That Kills*

Heney published this letter, the news of Tanner's confession and enough other evidence to turn the tide of public opinion,

and he did turn it. Men were convinced. The trial of the Senator was a spectacle for the whole nation. It was hard fought, but Heney and his staff of assistants, and Burns, the detective, had made a case that had not a loophole in it. Heney himself conducted the prosecution like a flame, so passionate was he, so sure and inexorable, and the elaboration of the evidence was like a conflagration. That Oregon jury convicted the Oregon Senator and—John Mitchell died.

And John A. McCall, the president of the New York Life Insurance Company, died; and A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad; and James W. Alexander, vice-president of the Equitable Assurance Company, lost his mind. There is something terrible about justice—when it is unexpected. Men say in Oregon that Mitchell was not so bad. He played the game according to the rules learned in life, and he had won, as others had, so many other of our successful men. He had made much money, been honored, even loved. The law slept and there was no justice. The system reigned.

Suddenly this man, Francis J. Heney, came along with his sense of duty. He awakened the law and did justice to Mitchell, who was no worse than others. He did justice also to Pierce Mays, whose friends protest that he is naturally a good man; Mays played the game and he is in prison. You don't often hear his neighbors speak so well of a man as his constituents speak of Congressman Williamson. He did only what everybody says "everybody did" in Oregon and he stands convicted of a felony. And so with many of the leading citizens of that state. They are not criminals yet they are under indictment, sentence, or notorious suspicion, and if Heney had the time and power he could go with the evidence already in hand to Washington, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and other states and "get" men who have become rich and respected in the land business. Is it any wonder the Northwest is aghast at the terrible results of justice done for once to a few men in Oregon?

If that same justice were certain always

hereafter to be done to all guilty men in Oregon and everywhere else, these victims of Heney's unusual sense of duty might serve as examples. But Heney is about through with Oregon; Bristol, his successor, is not well backed up; and the system stands. Only the political head of it is gone, and Senator Fulton, the candidate for leadership of the system there, while not so popular, is quite as "bad" as Senator Mitchell was. In the course of the fight over Bristol, Heney sent to the President certain evidence (outlawed and therefore useless in court except in a libel suit) which shows that Fulton is a corruptionist. But corruption was the custom in Oregon. Heney exposed, he did not break up the System. He says that all of the public lands stolen by all the frauds he proved or ever heard of are a "bagatelle" compared to the areas of timber, coal and grazing lands handed over regularly to big corruptionists—individuals, railroads and other corporations—by Congress in legislation, which while not criminal is as corrupt and more dangerous than stealing. For this "lawful business" is the result, and the absolute proof, of the development of the system of corruption to a point where the national legislature represents without bribery not all, but a few of the people; not justice, but "legitimate grafts." And these grafts are so grand, and so sympathetic with small grafts that other men will take again the small chance Mitchell took, and Mays and Williamson and Puter, to succeed—in Oregon and in Idaho and in California, where the grand grafts are land grafts. In other states, other grafts, but the system is the same.

Either "Justice must be," as Heney said when he was a school-teacher, "swift, sure and inexorable;" or, as he says now, in California, we must deliver men from temptation. The purpose of his life and the use of his example is to try out the Law. And he can see that if the Law cannot do the job, the people at the polls must, and he says they will, change the System which, at present, pays bad men big and good men—very, very little.

*(Mr. Steffens's article next month will describe Heney's wonderful work in San Francisco.)*

# MY COUNTRY

BY HARRY H. KEMP

You, New York, with your Wall Street and your money-maddened men;  
You, San Francisco, rising from your ashes, great again;  
And you, Chicago, tumult gray of iron, stone, and wood:  
Mine eyes have looked upon ye and my sight has found ye good;  
And, from the Keys of Florida where red flamingoes fly  
To where the Great Lakes bare their breasts unto their Lord the sky,  
There bides not e'en the smallest thorp which boasts a house or twain  
That were not worth a hundred towns of medieval Spain.  
Let others sing of olden knights austere and pale of brow;  
I'll sing the artisan, the man who walks behind the plow,  
The man who works in factories, the laborer, whose brawn  
Rears clustered cities in the sun, like mountains 'gainst the dawn.  
Leave off, leave off your olden lay; let Song return again  
Unto the live brave passions of the modern age of men;  
For Love hath not forsaken us and God is with us yet;  
Still drops His dew from heaven on the rose and violet;  
Amid the granite and the cranes the World, a worker, stands,  
And the rhythm of the trowels, the shift precise of hands,  
Is building up an empire as a song is dreamed and wrought,  
Our dreams get birth in marble and our cities spring from thought;  
Behind the clanging hammer and the hissing engine lurks  
The Soul, that noiseless builder, and it is the Soul that works.  
Say not "Romance has perished," then, that "Poesy's foregone;"  
That "man will never quite regain the glory of his dawn."  
Oh, foolish, foolish singer, hither and thither hurled,  
Thou blind man vainly groping in the summer of the world——!  
Still cherish we the vision, the pure and holy dream,  
And the world is making epics with piston-rod and steam.

# THE WORD OF THE ORACLE

BY LILY A. LONG

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. M. RELYEA



**C**HARLIE RANSOM had no real hope that Providence would give him an opportunity to rescue Lucy Elmer from deadly peril when he began his practice of following her unseen on her way at night through the Bohemian Flats. He was in love with her,

so he watched her for the ease of his own heart; and he watched at a distance because she had forbidden speech on that one topic, and it was so hard to think of any other topic in her presence that acceptable conversation became a difficult art. The Bohemian Flats were not really dangerous, but they came as near to being a slum as anything that Riverton had yet been able to achieve. That was why the social settlement to which Lucy had en-



thusiastically attached herself had been located in that district. From seven to eight on Saturday evenings Lucy taught a class of citizens-in-the-making how to "spik Ingliss" in a near-by night school, and then she walked back to the Settlement House where she lived. Her procedure was so regular that Charlie had little difficulty in timing his own Saturday evening engagements so as to permit him to perform his escort duty systematically.

So far nothing had ever happened to give him the excuse for making his presence known, which of course had been a dramatic background to his thoughts, but on this muddy Saturday evening Fate was brewing. Just as Lucy approached a building whose uncommon cheerfulness and cleanliness proclaimed it a saloon, the door swung open, and half a dozen men, in a noisy altercation, burst out directly in her path and seemed to engulf her. Charlie had a college record as a sprinter, and the way in which he crossed that muddy street did credit to his record. Lucy was really half a dozen steps beyond the crowd when he reached her, but he was so blinded by the vision his imagination had conjured up that he was not exactly in a condition to take observations with scientific calm. He came swiftly up behind her and thrust his hand protectingly within her arm. At the unexpected touch she jumped and gave a little scream; and instantly one of the big Bohemians behind them wrenched Charlie's hand away and swung him around with a violence that all but sent him to his knees in the gutter.

"A teach you," he said aggressively, preparing to continue the lesson.

But Lucy screamed again.

"Oh, Jake! It's all right. He's a friend of mine. Don't hit him."

"He mek you afraid," Jake said, suspiciously.

"Oh, I didn't know who it was. He didn't mean to frighten me. He is a good friend."

Jake released his grip on Charlie's collar regretfully.

"If he mek bother, you yell," he said, cautioning Lucy, while he still eyed Charlie distrustfully. "I be not far way."

"Oh, thank you, Jake, but you needn't mind. I'm sure he's all right," Lucy said earnestly.

She went on a little hastily, and Charlie, released by Jake, fell into step beside her. He did not offer his arm. Neither did he speak. The atmosphere seemed just then too highly charged for speech. But when he made out that the convulsive tremors which shook Lucy's slight frame were suppressed giggles, his wounded dignity could no longer suffer in silence.

"I'm glad it amuses you," he said stiffly.

The giggles rippled up in irresistible and irrepressible laughter.

"Oh, Charlie!" she gurgled. "Oh, Charlie!"

"I always said that I would never marry a woman who lacked a sense of humor," Charlie said, quickly recovering his customary poise.

"Don't be absurd."

"I won't. My ambition in that direction is temporarily satisfied."

She gurgled again. "But wasn't it funny? Jake in the rôle of rescuer, and you the dark and skulking villain of the piece! I never before quite believed your story of being once arrested for a three-card monte man, but now I do. I see just how it fits into your character."

"It is well to know the worst beforehand."

"Where did you come from?" asked Lucy, pointedly ignoring the significance of his "beforehand."

"The other side of the street." He looked ruefully at his patent leathers.

"But how did you happen to be in this neighborhood?"

"I wonder."

"You are looking uncommonly dandified to-night," she hurried on, fending off the emotion that had suddenly surged into his voice.

"I am going to make a call. On a very charming lady."

"Oh! People do still make calls in the world of fashion which you represent, don't they? They don't on the Flats. The custom is one of the things that differentiate the civilized man from the savage. It shows that he has come to idealize human intercourse and to surround it with a halo of ceremony and good clothes."

"Oh, Lucy, can't you see that you are wasted over here? Jake may have his good points—I hope I am not mean—but you know he wouldn't understand you when you talk like that."

"No, that's where you are useful. You give me a chance to babble."

"I'd give you a chance to babble every day and all day long! Just consider it in that light for a moment."

"Now, Charlie," she said, gently, "don't 'mek bother.'"

They tramped along in silence for a few minutes, before Charlie, crushing something down hard into the silence, said whimsically:

"You didn't pay any attention to my remark that I was going to call on a lady. Couldn't you go so far as to seem a little piqued at my gayety, even if you don't care a rap? A little crumb of comfort like that would help me over the long starvation periods in between."

"But I am truly glad if you are going to have an interesting evening."

"Even if it is another woman who makes it interesting?" There was something like genuine despair under his words. "I suppose my vanity is insufferable, but it is so hard for me to realize it."

"Who is the woman?"

"A very beautiful and popular and delightful woman," he said hopefully. "And she likes me very much."

"Conceited!"

"She does. And she is a woman of the finest discrimination. Her approval is a full-page testimonial."

"You don't mean that it is——" She stopped suddenly and laughed.

"It is Mrs. Fessenden," said Charlie, with the air of playing a trump.

Lucy laughed again—a gurgling little laugh of irresistible amusement, that was at the same time somewhat surprised, not to say dismayed.

"People who have so highly developed a sense of humor that they can find occasion for merriment in Mrs. Fessenden's interest in a good-looking young fellow like me ought to be able to give a course of twelve lectures upon the topic 'On Seeing the Point,'" Charlie remarked at large.

"Oh, I was just thinking," Lucy said in explanation.

"What were you thinking?"

"That the Bohemian Flats are not directly on your way to Mrs. Fessenden's."

"Perhaps you were thinking that—you may be able to think four layers deep for all I know—but that wasn't the thought you were laughing at," Charlie said sagely.

She laughed again, but offered no enlightenment.

"I am to meet a distinguished guest whom she is entertaining," he continued, after waiting a hopeful but futile moment. "A Professor Waylen."

"Wayland," she corrected.

"Oh, you know him?"

"Rather. He happens to be my godfather."

"Really! I knew he was distinguished, but I didn't know it went as far as that." He was watching her closely, but there was no laughter in her face now. Indeed, it was almost too nonchalant. "Honorary or active?" Charlie asked abruptly.

"He takes his obligations rather seriously, if that is what you mean."

"It is, exactly. Does Mrs. Fessenden happen to know of his relation to you?"

"Oh, of course. She is an old friend of the family."

"You never mentioned him to me."

"There has been no occasion."

"That's not my fault. I would have established the occasion the second time I saw you alone if you hadn't frozen me off. And you can't say I haven't tried since to the best of my ability."

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"That is a departure from the strict standard of truthfulness that usually distinguishes you. But Mrs. Fessenden, you say, is an old friend of the family?"

"Charlie, you are positively incoherent."

"Some people laugh at their own inner thoughts and some people grow incoherent. It is merely a matter of temperament. Why didn't you invite me to meet him?"

"Why should I?"

"It would have been so flattering, and a little flattery is good for me. Besides, I should rather appear under your auspices than under Mrs. Fessenden's."

"Mrs. Fessenden likes to take up good-looking young men and give them a chance to meet distinguished people. She thinks it is good for their development."

"But she is an old friend of the family."

"Friends rush in," she murmured.

Charlie shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Oh, I suppose if you have made up your mind not to admit that there is any reason why I should meet your godfather, I can't coerce you into it. We'll say that Mrs. Fessenden asked me out of the air,

and let it go at that. But the idea surprised you into—into secret laughter.”

“I didn’t know it was going to happen to-night.”

“It?”

“I mean I didn’t know Prof. Wayland was going to come so soon. Probably there is a wire at home. I have been away all afternoon.”

“What is he professor of?”

“Sociology. Bruno University.”

“That is your university.”

“Of course.”

“Then it was he who put you into this social settlement racket?”

Her frowning silence conveyed the idea that she took exception to the form of his question.

“I beg your pardon, I didn’t mean to seem disrespectful to it. I think it is glorious work—for anyone else in the world.”

“You think I do it inefficiently?”

“I don’t know how you do it.”

“Professor Wayland thinks I have a special gift for it.”

“He has never been here to see you before, has he?”

“Not here. But I worked two years in Rivington Street, you know. He promised to spend a day here as soon as he could arrange it, to look over the situation and help me with suggestions.”

“What do you want with suggestions about this work, when you are going to give it up so soon, anyhow?” asked Charlie blandly.

Instead of the saucy retort that he expected, she walked on in silence for a moment, and then asked seriously:

“What am I going to do instead?”

His opportunity was so open that he looked at her doubtfully, fearing a trap.

“May I tell you?”

“If you think your imagination is equal to it.”

“My imagination takes you out of this mud,” Charlie cried, with a gesture that included all the Flats under the word. “It puts you into a beautiful home of your own—not as beautiful as it ought to be, but the most beautiful that I—that my imagination—can make. It shows you in the setting that belongs to you—dressed in silks and laces and radiant with jewels. It shows me your face in the light of our home—with all the world shut out—and there

is a light on it—the light I have been waiting for all my life—the light—oh, Lucy!”

“Why, what a commonplace imagination!” cried Lucy, disdainfully. It was the tone to restore him to sanity. “Laces and silks and jewels and general uselessness. Any primitive imagination could work as well as that.”

Charlie scowled into the darkness. “Primitive, indeed! You don’t know how primitive. If I could only fight for you—”

“You are going to beard a lion to-night,” she said, lightly.

“Then he is the lion?” he caught her up quickly.

“You said yourself that he is distinguished, and you don’t know half.”

“I know so much less than half that it is practically indistinguishable from nothing,” he said gloomily. “Is he *the Lion* in my Path?”

“And I ventured to call your imagination commonplace! Perhaps after all I did you an injustice in that.”

He bent down to look sharply into her face as a street lamp made a yellow spot in the murk.

“If you thought my imagination beyond hope of development, you did,” he said, quietly. “I don’t care a row of pins what sort of a pattern it weaves. I’ll set it to spinning walking skirts and overshoes if that will please you better. You know that, don’t you, Lucy?”

She did not admit it, but in her secret soul she did know it. She knew it so well that her heart misgave her about letting him go to meet the critical judgment that did not know. If it had not been her doing, moreover! The dismay that had lurked under her banter deepened suddenly into remorse.

“Why, here we are already,” cried Charlie, in surprise, as they turned a corner and came directly upon the Settlement House. “This walk has the queerest way of telescoping. We must have inadvertently skipped three or four blocks somewhere.”

Lucy ran up the little flight of narrow steps that led to the entrance.

“Won’t you come in?” she asked sweetly. Her hand was on the door, which she pushed invitingly open.

Charlie looked at her suspiciously.

“You told me last Wednesday that I must not call again for a week.”

"That was last Wednesday."

"And you mentioned specially that you were going to start a new sewing class to-night." His suspicion had deepened into reproach.

"That is my affair," she said, with a touch of impatience. "If I invite you to come in, you needn't make difficulties."

He shook his head sadly.

"I am going to Mrs. Fessenden's."

"Oh, if you prefer to spend the evening with Mrs. Fessenden——"

"Incredible as it may seem, I do."

"He who will not when he may——" she warned.

"Oh, I suppose so," he cried in exasperation. "It would be just like you to keep me away for two weeks now, to pay me out. All the same, I'm going. I am not one to shut my eyes when occasions come around and pretend I don't know they are there. What your dark and deadly purpose is in trying to keep us apart, I don't know, but I suppose I'll find out before I am through. I am going now to meet your godfather."

He turned resolutely and tramped off into the darkness. Lucy lingered to watch him, with that curious mingling of laughter and dismay in her eyes, until he had passed the last yellow street lamp of the block. Then, as she closed the door softly, she fell back upon the feminine word-of-all-work to express the situation.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured.

## II

"Now behave your prettiest. Everything depends on it," Mrs. Fessenden whispered energetically, when Charlie had duly presented himself in her drawing-room.

"Why didn't you warn me beforehand, so that I could practice up a little?" he murmured reproachfully.

"You would have gone panicky and spoiled your chances. Besides, I didn't know he was coming until this afternoon, when I telephoned you. I just had his wire, saying he would be here to-night and would stay over to-morrow to visit Lucy and see her settlement work. He's making a flying trip somewhere to lay a cornerstone or something."

"Panicky doesn't begin to describe me. Does he know anything about—me?"

"I suspect he does, dear boy. He looked so uncommonly wise when I mentioned your name that I think he must know pretty well where you stand."

"I wish I did."

"That's why I had the inspired idea of getting you here this evening." (Mrs. Fessenden did not consider it wise to mention the source of the inspiration.) "I want him to see you first. Then he will have something concrete against which to measure settlement work as a life-job."

Charlie looked distinctly startled. "He will have! Why, you don't mean that his opinion will have anything to do with——"

"With Lucy's decision. I think it possible. She is devoted to him. In fact, I'm not sure she hasn't been waiting——"

"Oh, not so bad as that!"

"At any rate, she has been waiting?"

"Yes."

"And he has come?"

"Yes."

"He's her godfather, you know. And since she's an orphan, he takes it seriously."

"And she takes his advice seriously?"

"Yes."

"Ah, if I were but a word upon his lips! I'd consent even to being a word of advice on those conditions."

"Don't be frivolous."

"It is the frivolity of desperation."

"But the professor is nothing if not serious. Come, steady now. I'm going to introduce you."

"One moment," he gasped. "Give a drowning man a straw. What are his hobbies?"

"Heredity and environment," she whispered hastily, as Professor Wayland approached.

The keen look in the old man's eyes left Charlie little room for hoping he might escape under cover of anonymity.

"A son of Ellery Ransom, I believe," the professor said, with the look of interest he might turn upon a valuable specimen on a pin.

"Yes," said Charlie, brightening. Modesty would have prevented his seeking shelter under cover of his father's widely known name, but it might be permitted even to modesty to be glad that the professor had so identified him. "Do you know him, sir?"

"I knew him in San Francisco, some twenty years ago."

"Oh, yes!" Charlie laughed reminiscently. "That was one of our intervals of being bankrupt."

"I met him three years later in New York. He was on the top of the wave then."

"Oh, he never stayed down very long," said Charlie, with an unconscious imitation of his father's airy manner. "He has made and lost half a dozen fortunes in his time."

"So I understand," said the professor; and a cool, impersonal something in his voice made Charlie shiver a little, as though wounded unaware. To win and lose half a dozen fortunes suddenly looked less debonair and gallant. It drooped into a problem, weighted with ethics. He looked down at the little old professor with startled wistfulness.

"You have a position in a bank, I believe," the professor said, his tone suggesting a sequence of thought that did not appear on the surface.

"Yes. Assistant cashier," Charlie admitted. It was a recent promotion, and until this moment he had innocently been rather proud of it.

"How long have you been with the bank?"

"About a year?"

"No longer? Then your advancement is due less to your experience in banking than your special qualifications?"

Some instinct warned Charlie that his only safety lay in extenuating nothing. "I am afraid that, more than either, it was due to my father's influence," he said sweetly.

"I should have supposed that something more individualistic, less of a routine, would have appealed to you more," the professor said, meditatively. "You were at one time attached to a circus, I believe."

"Good heavens!" gasped Charlie, completely thrown off his balance.

"Or am I mistaken?"

"Oh, no. No such luck. I was attached to a circus for six weeks. I carried water for the animals and helped to make the bed for the lion—the tame one."

"It is very interesting to have the spontaneous trend of your nature disclosed," the professor mused. "Your father ran away from home and went to California in the days when California was the land of adventure. The same impulse leads you

to run away and join a circus. A clear case of paternal influence."

"Yes," said Charlie, vaguely. "He used his influence to make me go to college. I felt that the wild free life of a circus suited me better. But after six weeks of it I compromised by accepting his point of view."

"I understand that the immediate occasion of your break with the circus lay in your arrest at the charge of a countryman who had lost heavily at the game known as three-card monte."

"Oh, you happened to hear of that?" Charlie laughed a little wildly. "Absurd, wasn't it? A case of mistaken identity, you know. The three-card monte man was the handsomest man about the place, so naturally——"

The professor was listening with a close attention that made Charlie suddenly realize how absurd his feeble attempts at airy lightness must seem to the ear of science. He turned stiff with self-consciousness and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"I understand that the case against you never came to trial," the professor said, after waiting a moment for any further voluntary contortions on the part of his specimen, and finding that it remained temporarily quiescent. "You went to college next?"

"Yes."

"How did you get the name of Chalky Charlie?"

"Oh, that was just a fluke," Charlie stammered. The old man's intimate knowledge of his past was so bewildering that he had no time to reflect on the advisability of adding to that fund of information. "I made a killing when Amalgamated Chalk jumped ten points——"

"That is, you were speculating in stocks when you were in your freshman year?"

"It takes a freshman for a nervy thing like that."

"Do you mean you have never done it since?"

"N-o, I didn't mean that exactly."

"I suppose you have what they call inside information?"

"Entirely inside," said Charlie, deliriously. "So much inside that they might be called subjective hallucinations, usually."

"Do you—er—make a killing every time?"

"No," said Charlie, shortly. He was

AT THE UNEXPECTED TOUCH SHE JUMPED AND GAVE A LITTLE SCREAM—Page 004

getting restive on his pin, and his voice showed it. The wise old professor gave him a long look and then said cheerfully:

"There wasn't much the matter with the Olympic games, was there? I suppose you keep up some interest in athletics?"

But Charlie was not to be cheered by any conversational sugarplum so obviously meant for consolation. He was bewildered and hurt. That old circus escapade had always seemed a good joke till now. He had made it the basis of many an entertaining story. It was not every irreproachable young man who could pose as the ex-hero of a dime novel. Now the episode seemed suddenly portentous.

"What has happened?" asked Mrs. Fessenden, with an anxious glance. "You look like a wilted lily."

"I, too, could have joked about it once. Will I ever joke again?"

"Nonsense!"

"Honest. Something is the matter with me. I don't know what, but that only makes it worse. When I get over being frightened I am going to devote myself energetically to repentance, but at present I am chiefly scared. Good-night."

"You're not going already?"

"I must." There was real pain and dismay in his eyes, and she let him go.

"I wish I had gone in when Lucy asked me," Charlie moaned in spirit, as he walked home through the drizzly streets. "The dear girl wanted to save me. But she would do that even for Jake, so it doesn't count. Why should she bother with an idiot like me? I couldn't even lie."

### III

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" murmured Lucy. She was hanging over a box that had just come from the florist's. Charlie's card was hidden under a bunch of exquisitely fragile orchids that looked like butterflies playing a game of being asleep. It was nothing unusual for Charlie to send flowers, but these flowers were so extraordinarily expensive that they evidently meant something more than undying devotion. They probably meant another crisis. Lucy had acquired, from long practice, a good deal of skill in fending off crises, but she had known for some time now that she couldn't keep it up indefinitely. Sooner or later the great crisis

would have to be faced, and for weeks she had spent all the spare time she could take from other matters trying to decide what she should say when that time came. It was by no means an easy thing to settle. She would decide one way in the morning, and by night she was sure that the other course was the only way possible. The next day she would reverse the process, but somehow that didn't seem to bring her any nearer to finality.

For Lucy, in her own small way, was face to face with the problem which lies at the foundation of all the moral codes and most of the tragedies of the world, namely, the conflict between society and the individual. The Bohemian Flats represented the claims of society and Charlie Ransom represented the individual. Lucy's social settlement work was no mere fad, compounded of curiosity and vacuity. She had been brought up in an atmosphere where social service was a familiar subject of thought and moral responsibility was accepted as the commonplace of decent living. Her little world was made up of people who were "doing" something or other philanthropic, and Professor Wayland was its czar. It had never occurred to her to question his gentle suggestion that she take up residence in a social settlement after her graduation. It was the natural way of living. Then, merely as an individual, she began to slip into love with Charlie Ransom. The process had been so gradual that she did not yet consider her old position of free-will as hopelessly lost. Rather, she looked upon her heart as a would-be traitor, deserving of little mercy. Charlie was delightful, of course—so sweet-tempered and funny and generally "nice" that it would have been pure stupidity not to value him. But he belonged to a different world. When she teased him by calling his imagination "commonplace," she had daringly cloaked with laughter the very heart of her difficulty. He was of the world worldly, and she was—Lucy Elmer! Should she give up all the things that Lucy Elmer had expected to do, and, what was perhaps more to the point, all the things that Professor Wayland had expected Lucy Elmer to do, and devote herself to keeping house for one young man (and a comparative stranger at that), merely because he had an amusing habit of making droll speeches?

"DO YOU-ER-MAKE A KILLING EVERY TIME?" Page 604



Of course from the individual standpoint she would be horribly, inconceivably lonesome if Charlie were eliminated. But so every Darby and Joan had felt from the beginning of time. It was a part of the phenomena of being in love—which was an exceedingly common experience, regarded sociologically.

And then, from the tendency of all lovers to consult oracles and the feminine instinct for throwing the responsibility for action upon some one else, she hit upon the expedient of making Professor Wayland himself solve her uncertainty. Not that she could—or for a moment would—ask his opinion directly. It wasn't advice she wanted. It was an oracle. He wouldn't give advice, for that matter. He would say—what she knew perfectly well already—that no one could decide such a matter but herself. But if she could contrive to have him see Charlie all unaware, she could tell in a moment what *he* thought of him. And in all the world there could be no oracle more wise and yet worldly wise, and withal unequivocal.

"I'll take his word for a sign," Lucy said to herself, and felt that after that the responsibility rested with Providence.

So she said two words and a half to Mrs. Fessenden, and as Mrs. Fessenden was a woman for whom that was an ample allowance, Charlie had been invited to meet her distinguished guest the first time that Professor Wayland arrived in River-ton for a flying visit. And then had come this gorgeous box of orchids!

"Oh, dear!" laughed Lucy, bending over them with misty eyes. She could read their message without any Language of Flowers to help her. They meant that Charlie was badly scared.

And the minute the professor appeared she knew that Charlie's dismay was justified. His look was so transparent to his thought that there was little need for her to wait for his spoken word. Yet to keep him from the fatal word a little while she talked breathlessly of the things they were both supposed to care about—her classes and the approved methods and the relative adaptability of Bohemians and Syrians and Russian Jews; but all this was from her lips, and in her quaking heart she was saying all the time:

"He doesn't like Charlie! He *doesn't*! And I said I would let his word decide.

And of course I will. There is no use going back again to worry by myself. I said I would take his word—and I *will*."

"You are looking tired," the professor said abruptly, peering at her through his glasses. "Are you tired? To-day especially? Or generally?"

"I didn't know it. Never mind me."

"Oh, no, you don't count," her god-father scoffed. "What makes you look so—disheartened, then?"

"Nonsense. I'm not disheartened or tired or anything at all. I'm going to make you some tea. Oh, it is a comfort to make tea for tea's sake sometimes, and not as an object-lesson in the amenities."

"Humph," commented the professor, as though he had come upon a symptom.

"You are never tired of doing the things you ought to do, are you, dear?" she asked.

"I? Humph!"

"I suppose if people keep on long enough they get used to it."

"Humph!" said the professor, turning away and wandering about the room.

Lucy was busy with the tea things, but she knew the exact moment when he discovered the orchids. She was acutely conscious of every shade of surprise, inductive reasoning, and disapprobation expressed by his shoulders. The professor was so unnecessarily intelligent about orchids. It would be quite impossible, even if it were ethically defensible, to persuade him that they grew in every back yard in the Flats.

"I've given you the biggest two lumps in the bowl," she said with disarming sweetness.

He took his cup of tea from her hand and stirred it thoughtfully.

"Did young Ransom send you those orchids?" he asked.

"Yes. Aren't they exquisite? Some orchids are merely queer, but these are really beautiful, even if they are a trifle pronounced."

"Oh, yes, he has good taste, so far as that goes. I met him at Mrs. Fessenden's last night."

"Is your tea just right?"

"Yes. I knew his father."

"Oh!"

"He had good taste, also, and the same tendency to reckless and irresponsible extravagance. His collection of Japanese bronzes ought to have been in a public



THE ORACLE WATCHED THE YOUNG MAN WHO WAS COMING UP THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET - Page 017

museum. Contemporaneously, he settled with his creditors at sixteen cents on the dollar."

Lucy looked startled.

"Now, you may be dazzled by a man's brilliance, but that sort of thing is nothing more nor less than dishonesty."

"No," said Lucy.

"He made a fortune in mines, and lost it. Made another promoting some South Sea Island venture, and lost it. Has been up and down in Wall Street like a cork. He doesn't run a faro bank, but he is a thoroughgoing gambler for all that."

"I see," said Lucy.

"This young man was brought up in that atmosphere, and it is evident that he admires his father."

"Yes," said Lucy.

"It is quite evident that he does not think of him concretely as dishonest."

"No," said Lucy.

"What's more, that same gambler's instinct is in his blood. These orchids prove it. He is brilliant and audacious and irresponsible."

"Yes," said Lucy.

"And there are incidents in his career, young as he is, that show the same wild, law-defying spirit."

"You mean his running away with a circus and being arrested for a three-card monte man?"

"Oh, he has told you?"

"Yes. I thought it rather funny—as he told it."

"It isn't funny," the professor said seriously, after a moment's surprised pause. "It might be funny in some one else—some young man of different antecedents. But in the son of Ellery Ransom it is the knelling of Fate."

"Yes," said Lucy.

He looked relieved at her acquiescence. "I am very glad you see it in the right light, my dear. I was afraid—I thought from something Mrs. Fessenden said in a letter——"

Lucy was stirring her tea absently and did not help him out. Her face was very thoughtful. The professor adjusted his glasses to see better. There must be no doubt left.

"That young man is morally bound—I should say, immorally bound—to end up as a bank wrecker or an embezzler. He has the hereditary tendency, he is gambling

in stocks now incidentally, and Fate has laid her mine by putting him into a bank, where he will have both temptation and opportunity. Heredity and environment, my dear—you can't get away from them. Charlie Ransom was doomed from his cradle."

"No," said Lucy. She lifted her thoughtful face, and there was a wonderful light shining in it that made the professor forget how he stared. "No, for I shall marry him. Thank you so much, dear, for making it clear. I said to myself that I would take your word for an augury, and I am so glad that I did! You see, I've been thinking that I ought not to give up the work here just for Charlie—it seemed so personal, somehow, to do it. But if he *needs* me, that makes all the difference in the world. Charlie will be a much more valuable member of the community than Jake, for instance, if he can be saved from himself. That is going to be my mission in life."

"But, my dear child," he began, in amazement. Then he stopped, realizing the futility of argument against that rapt look. Would argument have restored Cleopatra's diffused pearl to a self-possessed gem? The professor was wise as well as worldly wise. He said nothing at all for a moment, and then he came over and patted her shoulder and said, "He's a charming young fellow, my dear, and I think you will be very happy," and then he added briskly, "Are those little cakes for ornament, or do they come with the tea?"

Then, as he walked apart with his little cake (and, it must be confessed, with some secret constraint), his eye fell upon a young man who was coming up the opposite side of the street with nervous haste, and who raised his hat, when he saw the professor at the window, with a curious and youthful mixture of deference and defiance. The oracle watched the young man with lively interest for a moment and his constraint melted into a smile. Just in time he put down his cup and reached for his hat.

"I mustn't miss my train," he said. "Oh, by the way, my dear—are you going to explain to him the reason for your decision, or is that just between us?"

But that was an impertinence, and the opening of the door to admit Charlie Ransom very properly left the question unanswered.

# THE LEGACY

## BY NEITH BOYCE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHN

The train had been stalled in a drift for sixteen hours, while the snow-plow dug a path for it; and now with two huge engines pulling and one pushing, it labored up the steep slope to the top of the Divide. In the smoking-car a number of philosophers had passed the time of imprisonment in perfect good-humor. It became necessary to wear one's overcoat, but the larder had withstood so far the demands made upon it; there was plenty to eat, and almost everyone played cards. There was in fact but one marked exception; one man whom no one had even asked to take a hand at whist or poker. He stayed in the smoking-car to smoke, slowly and constantly, one good cigar after another. Now and then he exchanged a few words with one of his fellow-passengers, but they led nowhere; and he evidently preferred to sit silent in his chair, wrapped in his great coat, the dark fur collar of which made a frame for his striking head. He was a handsome man, of the type whose harsh lines and dark color are softened by the blanching touch of age. His crisp thick silvery hair, his heavy brows and black eyes, the clear-cut rigidity of his strong mouth, his straight stalwart shoulders, gave him a certain splendor of aspect. His loneliness, too, and silence, the immobility of his look, added to this rather grim distinction. He commanded notice, even though he might wish to avoid it. From the first day of the

journey the negro porter had made him an object of special care; and the porter's attentions were the only ones welcomed by the solitary traveler. Evidently he liked comfort; and vaguely he liked its atmosphere about him now, in spite of his somber and unsocial mood.

The porter alone was informed of this gentleman's destination. To the surprise of the others he got off at a way-station nearly at the top of the Divide, a mere little clump of frame buildings half-buried in snow. His baggage too was taken off; but without any concern for this the tall man strode off the platform into the snow, and made his way to a low building a few rods distant, which was pointed out to him as the hotel, and which had its name, "Half-Way House," on a sign over the door. He was evidently expected; and the interest of the inhabitants, who were gathered on the platform or at the windows, was directed toward him rather than toward the belated train, which after a brief halt pulled out again into the darkness of the forest.

The stranger walked into the hotel and said to the man behind the bar:

"My name is Travis. You telegraphed to me from here."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir, one second," said the proprietor hastily. He finished pouring out the whisky for two customers who were staring at the newcomer, and then led the way into the parlor, an air-tight room across the narrow entry, where there was a hot coal-fire in a stove.



"I can have a room here for the night, I suppose—my baggage is coming over," said Mr. Travis.

"Yes, sir—wait one moment, I'll call my wife," said the hotel-keeper nervously. He seemed exceedingly relieved when he had delivered the newcomer into the hands of the small spare woman whom he called in from the kitchen, and could return to the bar. Mrs. Sprague assumed the charge he gave her with quiet dignity.

"You will want to go upstairs, Mr. Travis," she said. "Or perhaps you would rather see the lady first down here, for there's no fire up there."

"Let me go up, please," he said, rather huskily.

With his fur coat buttoned about him, his hat in his gloved hand, he followed the little woman up the flimsy creaking stairs into a narrow hallway with half a dozen pine doors on either side. One of these doors, at the end, she opened and closed silently after him.

He found himself in a small room, bitterly cold, lighted by a window of which the green shade was half-drawn down. As his heavy step sounded on the floor, a girl started up from the bed where she was lying, and a dark shawl that had covered her slid off on the floor, showing her light dress somewhat disordered. Travis barely noticed her. He came to the bedside and stood looking down on the body of his son.

A white coverlet hid all except the young face, thin from the ravages of mortal disease, but with a light color still touching the cheeks and lips. The long curving lashes, like a child's, gave a pathetic look to the handsome face, but there was no look of suffering. The face and the whole figure, slim and rigid under the coverlet, had the peace, the overpowering majesty, of death.

Richard Travis stood motionless, silent, for long moments. In a sense, as he stood there, he was himself taking leave of life. No one knew, not even George, this only child of his, had known, how much of life he had meant to his father. How much of hope, of ambition, of pride, had been bound up in him and perished first or last, Richard Travis had never said; for George had bitterly disappointed him. All along, from the beginning of his college days, George had been a disappointment of the most irritating kind. For it was plain—everyone said—that the boy had talents, unusual gifts,

that he had his share of the family inheritance of brains; and he had wasted it all. In college—and since—he had been idle and dissipated, preferring to write poetry and talk philosophical jargon rather than use his energies to any purpose. He had shown not the slightest care for the family tradition, not the least ambition to distinguish himself. He would not even take care of his health, which was inherited from his mother, and weak. At a desperate pass finally he had been ordered to California to try the open-air cure. And now at twenty-six he was dead; and he had left a wife, a girl whom he had married out of some country village in the wilds, with perfect indifference to the opinion or wish of any one else. He had been married some six months; but it was apparently not till he felt he was dying that he had started homeward; and here on the way death had overtaken him.

In Richard Travis's mind the old, old grievance gnawed with its familiar pain; and a sharper, a more bitter sting of grief was added now. For now it was all over; now, at last, hope must be given up. And not till now had he realized how he had really hoped, all along, for George; how he had built the future on him, even though he knew he was building on sand. For George was all he had; the only person he had any love for, the only person who could serve his natural pride. He would have been glad of half a dozen sons: his instinct desired to see a family gathered about him in patriarchal fashion, and launching out robustly over the earth. But when his wife, after giving him one child, had faded into invalidism, he had acquiesced in this limitation. After all, one does not expect too much of women, in bodily or mental strength. Then she had faded out of life, and he had not married again, for he loved her—and there was George, then a brilliant boy of fourteen. George could carry on the family and make the name illustrious once more, as it had been in colonial times. His father hoped to see him in public life. His own life had been spent mainly in making a fortune. He had been born to poverty, and had resolutely lifted himself out of it. He was a man of business, very successful, and he had meant his money to help George's career. And George had not been willing to take the first step toward a career. George had been a complete failure.

As Richard Travis stood, his eyes still fixed on the face of his son, he was conscious that something checked the bitter and passionate current of his thought. Something laid a chill hand on his rebellious heart. The solemnity of that face, what he could not but feel to be its august look, strangely impressed him. That lofty, calm and noble expression—surely this was not George, but the son of his dreams. . . . Bewildered, he looked for the first time at the girl on the other side of the bed.

She stood with her hands clasped on her breast, her head bent and her large eyes looking up at him rather wildly. She was very young, slight and extremely pretty. Her brown hair, rolling in soft disorder back from a narrow forehead, her short oval face, sweetly curved lips and deep, dark eyes—all, in spite of her pallor, of her evident suffering, had the fresh and exquisite charm of youth.

Richard Travis barely saw her, but her presence there somehow hurt him. He turned away abruptly and went out of the room. In the hall Mrs. Sprague was awaiting him. She showed him his bedroom, and said that supper would be ready in half an hour.

"And I do hope, sir, that you can get that poor young thing to take some food and look after herself a little," she added. "There she stays in that ice-cold room, and I have been hardly able to get her out of it these three days, and she hardly eats a mouthful. And she isn't strong, you know—she can't go on so. It's pitiful to see her."

Mrs. Sprague's eyes were full of tears. Richard Travis said curtly:

"Yes, I want to talk to her. Will you ask her to come downstairs?"

He was conscious of the woman's look of surprise, and a change in her tone as she said:

"Yes, I'll ask her. And, if you'll excuse me, Mr. Travis, I really think she ought to see the doctor. There's one at the next station, but she wouldn't talk to him, or anybody, after her husband died."

"A doctor? Why, is she ill?" Travis asked rather impatiently.

"Why, she—the shock and grief and all—surely you know, Mr. Travis, she is going to have a child?"

"Oh! . . . Well, send for the doctor, by all means, if you think she needs atten-

tion. I shall be glad to see her as soon as she is able to come down. Thank you."

With this dismissal, Travis closed his door.

He was aware that his tone and manner had been cold and brusque, and that he had shown no more feeling than was in him, which was none at all. His feeling, all of it, was for the dead boy lying in that bleak room. Besides George, he had for years loved no living being; and now he cared for nobody, not even himself. His hopes had gone down in dust, and he felt that he should go on mechanically to finish out the years allotted to him, without any impulse of joy or will to carry him on.

This girl whom George had married was nothing to him. He could scarcely see her as George's wife. That title had always seemed to him a proud one, and he had pictured to himself some charming woman, of whom he could be proud, as bearing it. She was to have been a girl of family, of position and breeding, and George's marriage an affair of state and ceremony befitting its importance. And then he, Richard Travis, would have had a daughter, and she and her children would have comforted his age and made his stately house gay and warm. So he had often fancied.

But—George had married by the way-side, picking up his wife apparently on the impulse of a moment, without warning, even, to his father. He had written, simply, that he was married; that he had fallen very much in love, but that he would not have married so hastily except that Ysabel was very unhappy at home; that he was going to bring his wife East, and hoped his father would feel kindly toward her and would come to love her.

Richard Travis had had no intention of loving her. He did not like the spelling of her name, nor the fact that she had a streak of Spanish blood, nor anything else that he knew of her, which was little beside. He disliked her for marrying George. There was no tie between her and himself, and it was plain to him that she must go back to her own people. Of course he would see that she was handsomely provided for. The thought occurred to him that she might have married for this provision; she must have known that George could not live long. His face was set and not pleasant to

see as he went down to await her in the parlor.

He had some little time to wait. Then Mrs. Sprague came down, and said, "Mrs. Travis will be here directly—and supper is ready when you want it."

A faint color rose to the old man's cheeks. Mrs. Travis! Yes, of course it was her name. She had a right to that name; and she had her legal rights, too, as George's wife. All her claims should be duly honored—generously honored—he resolved, and his jaw set grimly. If only she were not disposed to obtrude those claims, to put herself too much in his way!

She did not look very intrusive, as she came in and took the chair he set for her before the fire. She moved noiselessly, and she looked absurdly small and childish. Her blue dress had been put in order, her hair neatly rolled up. In her pale little face her eyes looked deeper and blacker than before. They were soft, liquid, foreign eyes, and beautiful even now, though they were red with crying. She waited for Travis to speak. He was rather at a loss for a moment—it was because he was trying to remember her name, and could not. He sat down near her and began, in a courteous and matter-of-fact tone—for he was afraid that she would cry again.

"Have you," he asked, "sent word to any one of your family? Is any one coming to you here?"

"No," she said faintly.

"You mean you haven't telegraphed—or anything?"

"No—I haven't."

"Is there some one who could come—one of your parents, perhaps?"

"I—don't think so. My mother—isn't well enough, and—and my stepfather—no, he couldn't come—"

"But have you any plan, then? Have you thought what you want to do, Ysabel?"

He had just recollected the name. She looked up at him with her wide eyes, as though startled.

"No—I haven't thought about it," she said. Then she added quickly, "I will go back—I will go by myself."

And then she looked away indifferently, as though there were no more to be said.

"I speak of it at once," said Travis, somewhat embarrassed, "because I shall start to-morrow for my home. It will be neces-

sary. I take George's body home for burial."

She started at that, and her eyes widened, but she did not look at him, nor speak.

Richard Travis got up abruptly from his seat. He wished that she had been a more practical and businesslike person. She seemed so helpless—and she could not be left like this. It was her right at least to see her husband's body laid in the earth, if she so desired. Therefore he said:

"Will you—do you wish to come with me?"

Now she looked at him, and he saw fear, or dislike, in her eyes.

"No," she said.

"It shall be just as you wish."

"I will go back."

"I shall see," said Travis, "that you are made as comfortable as possible—now and for the future."

She rose, with her indifferent look, anxious only to get away.

"Will you come and have something to eat—supper; I believe they call it—with me?" Travis asked.

"No—thank you—I think I will go to my room," she said.

She made him a little bow, and went toward the door.

"Have you a warm room? Is there anything I can get for you? You will have something sent up, at least—you must eat something," Travis said, ill at ease in the midst of his own trouble because of her. Now that he saw she did not mean to trouble him, he felt some shame at his coldness toward her—and yet he could not pretend a warmth he did not feel.

"Yes, thank you. Mrs. Sprague is very good to me. I don't need anything," Ysabel said, looking down, and she slipped out of the room with her noiseless tread.

Travis drew a breath of relief. That interview had been as hard for her as for him, he saw. She had been afraid of breaking down. There were things he wanted to ask her. She had been with George when he died. But just now he could not ask those questions. He saw that she could not bear them. He must see her again, when perhaps she would be better able. But the time was short. To-morrow he would go his way, and she presumably would go hers; and after that he might not see her again. There were business arrangements to be made, too—but that might



be done by letter. Yes, better so, for it was clearly impossible to talk business with her now. However, he did not resent this inconvenience that she was putting him to—he had a vague feeling that she had come out of the interview rather well, better than he expected—better, in fact, than he had.

He sat down to his meager meal alone, Mrs. Sprague waiting upon him. She kept complete silence, and Travis might have guessed, if he had been interested, her opinion of him. When he had finished, he lighted a cigar and walked to the window. The snow had stopped falling, but it lay thick, banked against the house, and made the clearing a white blur against the dark woods. The moon was up; the sky looked pale and frosty; a night of intense cold was setting in.

Mrs. Sprague took off the dishes, as quietly as possible. The house was quiet. The men in the bar talked in low tones. Overhead there were footsteps, and Travis knew that his son's body was being put into the coffin he had brought. He clinched his teeth on the cigar. Suddenly he turned, and asked abruptly:

"Mrs. Sprague, were you with him? Did he suffer, at the end?"

She answered quietly:

"When we knew he was dying I left them alone together. But before that, the last words I heard him speak, he said, 'I'm . . . so . . . tired!' Just that way, as though he was going to sleep. I don't think he suffered."

After a few moments Travis said:

"Will you take something up to Mrs. Travis? Is there anything I can order for her, anything I can get here, or anywhere, to make her more comfortable?"

"I'll do all I can," Mrs. Sprague answered. "I've made her some chicken soup and jelly, and tried to tempt her appetite a little. But it isn't food nor yet fire that she wants, Mr. Travis."

Then she went out of the room—his supper had been laid in the parlor—and left him to himself.

The air of the place seemed suffocating, the hot mass of coals in the stove throwing out an almost visible heat. The room seemed never to have been aired, and smelled of varnish and kerosene oil and stuffy draperies. The icy freshness of the night outside seemed more bearable. Travis put on his hat and coat and went out. From

the windows of the room upstairs lights gleamed faintly through the green shades. They would burn in that room all night. Probably the girl, Ysabel, would watch there, too, in foolish feminine fashion.

It was partly uneasiness about her that drove Richard Travis out of the house. It seemed impossible to let her go alone or, rather, to leave her here the next day—for his train to the East left before hers to the West—without settling something. If she had had a home to go back to, some one to take care of her on the journey, it would have been easier. He made up his mind that he must see her in the morning and find out just what the situation was in her home. All he knew was that it had been unhappy. She seemed quite resigned to going back. But just now, he saw, she did not care where she went, nor what became of her. She was crushed by her misfortune. Perhaps she had really cared very much for George. This somehow had not occurred to him before, and he felt more kindly toward her and more solicitous about her. After all, in any case her situation was a hard one.

He walked away from the house, ankle-deep in the dry snow, got on the railroad track and walked for some distance along it. Beyond the little clearing, with its few buildings, the woods came down close to the track—mainly scrub pines, low, and casting a dense shadow in the moonlight. The track ran straight ahead, rising slightly toward the sky-line, a streak of white cleaving the blackness of the trees. There was no wind; the cold was still and intense. Travis walked fast, partly because of the cold, partly because his thoughts were disturbed. The idea of Ysabel would intrude itself upon his settled grief.

He was a man who could not bear the idea of a just claim upon him resting unsatisfied. But, strong as was his sense of responsibility, his emotions were stronger. Both had rather a narrow range. He cared for, and felt responsible for, only those beings who were directly connected with himself, who were extensions of his powerful egotism. But a claim upon him for feeling which he could not satisfy was a torment to him. He was more than willing to open his purse to any just demand or appeal; to give his time, his personal help, when necessary. But he could not give his affection on demand. He could not pretend to Ysabel that he cared about her per-

sonally. He had begun with a prejudice against her, and prejudice died hard in him. Yet her forlorn situation made him extremely uncomfortable. It irritated him to be disturbed in this way. He wanted to be alone with his dead. Now that all interest was gone out of life for him, it was hard to have practical cares for an indifferent person thrust upon him. He could not feel that Ysabel was in any way connected with him. He could hardly realize her connection with George. George had written very little about her, and this with the curious constraint that had always marked his relations with his father. It was as though he counted in advance on his father's disapproval of anything he did. Thus Ysabel had not figured in the old man's mind at all, except as an embodied disappointment. He had wanted to get her out of his mind as speedily as possible. And now he was aware that this could not be done completely. He had no desire to think of her as a member of his family—but, after all, she *was*, she bore the name.

And to what end would she bear it? What would become of her, young and helpless as she was, left to herself? How would *George* feel this, if he could know?

This thought was a keen pain. Richard Travis had no belief in the soul's immortality. In his sad creed, as the body went back to dust, the spirit of man was lost in the void, and became, except for its earthly record, as though it had never been. Thus, he had said an eternal farewell to his wife, and now to his son. And yet he could not ignore any wish of theirs, any definite expression. It was partly because he felt that, once gone from him, they were gone forever, that he had so cared for their actual presence; partly for this reason, too, that he had desired family and descendants. This earthly immortality would have consoled him for the loss of the other.

Now, as another idea occurred to him, for the first time with any real force, he stopped short, staring before him into the darkness. She, George's wife, was to bear a child, who also would have the name, who would be of his family, his blood, and the only representative left of the direct line of the Traveses when he himself was gone. Ysabel herself hardly counted, but this child was George's, was *his*. . . . It struck him with almost stunning force, and for the first moments the thought was all pain. It

was not thus that his grandchild, the future of the family, should be born—of a mother as it were unrecognized, in mean circumstances, and with the probable handicap of its father's weak health. It would have been better that it should not be born, he thought. And then, in spite of reason, instinct surged up mighty within him and denied this, and he felt a strange glow kindling in his heart. George's child! George had not gone completely out of life, then, but he would live again in this child, which was his legacy! To Richard Travis the child seemed at once to belong to George, to himself, and to his dead wife. *They* were the three who would have loved it and rejoiced over it. . . . The child perhaps would have the eyes he loved—his wife's dark-blue eyes, that had looked at him from under George's brows, and that he had thought closed forever on this world.

Burning tears came to his own eyes, and he sobbed aloud. In the desolation of his sorrow he had not wept. He had hardened to meet the blow. But now a thousand tender memories stirred suddenly within him. He felt life wake again, with a poignant pain.

George had not told him of the child—not even this. . . . But he had been on his way home, he had wanted to tell him, perhaps, by word of mouth. And Richard Travis felt how this would have drawn them together, how it would have strengthened their natural bond. He would have forgiven George everything, his marriage and all, and they could have had a simple family happiness together, forgetting the rest. George's wife should have been made welcome, too, for George's sake, and still more for the child's. . . .

Well, and now? . . . He had already formed to himself the image of the grandchild—a child beautiful and gay as George had been. This belonged to him, it was already a part of him as his imagination seized upon it. Life and egotism were strong in his old fibers yet. His loneliness now frightened him. It was certain that he could not let go this consolation, this hope.

He had been standing still for some time; now he turned and walked back slowly to the clearing. His mind was rather confused, but one idea was clear, and his purpose became more definite as he approached the house. He went straight up to the room where he knew he should find Ysabel. She

had fallen asleep in a chair. He did not want to wake her, but she woke of herself and looked up at him, with her great, frightened eyes. Then he asked her to come downstairs with him. He took her hand as she rose from the chair and put the shawl about her shoulders that she had dropped, and they went down together. It was getting late, the fire had burned down into a handful of red coals, and some feeling of the frosty night began to make itself felt in the room.

Travis went straight to his point, with the force of desire, of conviction, that usually got him his own way.

"Ysabel, sit down here and listen to me. I have something important that I want to say to you."

He put her into a chair near the fire and sat down himself, leaning over the table that stood between them. There was a lamp with a white shade on the table, and the harsh light showed Ysabel's delicate pallor and the strong lines of the old man's face. He looked at her, keenly, yet with a new feeling for her. For the first time he saw that she was charming, that her whole small person was refined, her bearing gentle; and this made his way much easier.

"I want you, Ysabel," he said, "to go home with me. I want you to come to my house and live there. I am all alone. I will do all I can for you—all I can to make you comfortable."

The color came into the girl's face as he spoke, and she shrank back in her chair while he leaned eagerly toward her.

"No," she said faintly, "I think I'd better go home. I—I should be a burden to you—"

Her face was more definite than her words. Travis saw repugnance there, and bewilderment at his sudden change.

"You don't understand, Ysabel," he said. "I *want* you to come. You couldn't be a trouble to me. I've got a great empty house and a lot of servants that have nothing to do. I'm lonely there. And there's nobody in the whole world that I care about enough to have them with me."

"But," she said, after a pause, looking more distressed, "I don't see why you say this to me—why you ask me this, unless it is to be kind to me. But I don't want you to think I need it—I don't care about it. I would rather go back to my mother."

"Yes, I see, Ysabel, you feel that I'm just a stranger. But I am not! And it isn't as though you could be happy there at home. I know you were not happy there."

"No," said Ysabel, sadly, "but I don't care now so much. My mother always tries to be kind to me—and I don't mind the others now."

Her large eyes became fixed; she looked over the old man's head and seemed to forget him. He saw that she meant what she said, and her opposition made him more sure of what he wanted.

"Then, Ysabel," he urged, "will you come for me, for my sake? If it's indifferent to you, you ought to be willing to come, for I want it more than I can tell you!"

A painful color flushed all over the girl's face.

"But why?" she cried. "You didn't at first. Why do you want me now?"

"I don't know altogether why, but I do. I feel differently about it. I—I suppose it is because if you are with me—you and—the child—it will seem as though I had not lost *him* altogether. Ysabel! didn't he send me any message—not even a word? Oh, my son, my son!"

Travis threw his arms out on the table and laid his head down, and sobs shook his whole body. It came upon him so suddenly that he could not resist. The tremendous strain and the constraint that he had laid upon himself demanded the relief of tears, almost unknown to him.

"And did you really *love* him, then?"

The girl's voice seemed to be speaking for herself alone, in surprise, wonder.

Travis made no sign of having heard. After a moment she said:

"He didn't send any message. He didn't—know, you see. He thought—he was getting better. And I thought so, too. We didn't believe it could come. So you see—there was no time."

She spoke quietly, dreamily, and her eyes looked as though they had wept all their tears away. She looked at the old man's gray head, and timidly touched one of his clenched hands.

Travis sat up and seized her hand in both his.

"Then you will come!" he said imperiously.

She looked, half shrinking, at his blurred eyes. His face, softened by emotion, was

not the face that had chilled and repelled her. There was genuine pleading in it.

"There are some things of George's I have to give you," she said, catching her breath. "Some papers, and pictures, and other things that I thought he would want you to have. They are upstairs—" And she half rose, as though to fly.

"You haven't answered," Travis said quickly. "I suppose it's hard for you to decide so suddenly. But, listen, you'll come for a time, at least! Let us leave it that way. And I'll do my best for you. And, you know, Ysabel—the child. . . . It will be best for the child, for his education and growing up. . . . And everything shall be done for him. He will need great care, and I will see to it that he has the best possible. . . . If all is well he will be my heir, . . . he will have a brilliant future. And I will watch over him—you and I will, together."

He held her hand tight in both his, and the strength of his will, of his egotistic personality, shown in the intensity of his speech and manner, could not be resisted by the slight creature to whom he spoke. Yet she was not without a certain dignity of her own, which became her youth oddly and pathetically. There was a pause.

"George would like me to go with you, I think," she said at last, gravely. "And no one else cares for me. . . ."

"I will care for you, Ysabel!"

The words were a promise, such as Richard Travis had never broken. Already the desire to care for her was growing in him. And she made it easy: her youth,

her gentleness, her helplessness, on the one hand; on the other, this odd natural dignity, which made it seem that she was the person conferring an obligation. And he felt that it was so.

"Ysabel, I shall be very grateful to you!" he said huskily. "And perhaps," he added, "you will care a little for me, by and by. No one else cares for me, either!"

For the first time she saw him smile—a pathetic, half-humorous smile, and she smiled faintly in return. And with that some sort of bond of sympathy formed itself, tenuous and tentative, over the distance between them. Travis expressed the feeling of it when he said, quickly:

"You are young, Ysabel, your trouble has come early—but you have almost all your life before you still. . . . Yes, you don't believe it now, but it is so, I hope. You ought to be happy yet! So long as there is something to live for. . . . I thought a little while ago—a few hours ago—that there was nothing more for me. And now there is something—and you have given it to me, Ysabel! . . . If there is anything that I can ever do to make you happier, I will do it."

She rose, and he put the shawl about her and went with her to the door.

"Go to bed now, child," he said wearily. "We start at ten in the morning."

She looked up at him solemnly, like a child, half-puzzled, timid, yet with a strange confidence. She was like a child, obediently putting her hand in that of a stranger, to go a strange journey, and, childlike, she put up her face and kissed him.

# AN AERIAL BIVOUAC

THE LAST SURVIVOR'S STORY OF AN EXCITING ADVENTURE—  
TWENTY-SIX HOURS IN A BALLOON—THE LONGEST AERIAL  
VOYAGE, IN POINT OF HOURS, EVER MADE IN THE UNITED  
STATES, AND THE WORLD'S ENDURANCE RECORD UNTIL 1900

BY EDGAR BEECHER BRONSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN AND WITH FACSIMILES



IN the history of contests since man first began striving against his fellows, seldom has a record performance stood so long unbroken as that of the good airship "Barnum," made thirty-three years ago. Of her captain and crew of five men, six all told, the writer remains the sole survivor, the only one who may live to see that record broken in this country.

The "Barnum" rose at 4 P.M. July 26, 1874, from New York and made her last landing 9 miles north of Saratoga at 6:07 P.M. of the 27th, thus finishing a voyage of a total elapsed time of 26 hours and 7 minutes. In the interim she made four landings, the first of no more than ten minutes, the second twenty, the third ten, the fourth thirty-five minutes, and these descents cost an expenditure of gas and ballast which shortened her endurance capacity by at least two or three hours.

Tracing on a map her actual route traversed, gives a total distance of something over 400 miles, which gave her the record of second place in the history of long-distance ballooning in this country, which she still holds.

So far as my knowledge of the art goes, and I have tried to read all of its history, the "Barnum's" voyage of 26 hours and 7 minutes was then and remained the world's endurance record until 1900, and it still remains, in point of hours up, the longest

balloon voyage ever made in the United States.\*

The longest voyage in point of distance ever made in this country was that of John Wise and La Mountain, in the '50's, from St. Louis, Mo., to Jefferson County, N. Y., a distance credited under the old custom of a little less than 1200 miles, while the actual distance under the new rules is between 800 and 900 miles, the time being 19 hours. This voyage also remained, I believe, the world's record for distance until 1900, and still remains the American record—and lucky, indeed, will be the aeronaut who beats it.

As for the endurance record, I hope and fully expect to see it beaten by probably several of the 15 contestants in the International Cup Race at St. Louis in October, for with skillful handling, no bad luck, no frequent wide changes of temperature and no necessity for descent arising from near approach to the sea, the race regulations provide for balloons capable of remaining up at least 50 or 60 hours.

And if staying up until the last bag of ballast is spent or a nearing coast line calls a halt can win the race, all American aero-

\* Under new rules lately adopted "endurance" means the time which elapses between ascent and first landing, and "distance" means the length of an air line between the point of starting and the point of first landing. Formerly "endurance" meant the time of voyage on one inflation, irrespective of the number of landings, and "distance" meant the whole number of miles covered by the balloon, swept here and there by varying air currents. Obviously, the new rules are more sportsman-like, especially in the matter of "distance": for, as the cleverest yachtsman brings his winning boat across the goal line by getting the best out of every shifting slant of wind, so the most skillful balloon pilot wins by superior knowledge of air currents.

nauts feel sure they can safely depend that either Lieut. Lahm, Jas. C. McCoy, or Allan R. Hawley will score a credit as the Cup's defender equal to the splendid record of Lahm as its original winner. But our champions have their work cut out; they know it and are preparing for it as best they may—they know the foreign entries include the most experienced and daring aeronauts now living.

P. T. Barnum's "Great Roman Hippodrome," now for many years Madison Square Garden, was never more densely crowded than on the afternoon of July 26, 1874. Early in the spring of that year Mr. Barnum had announced the building of a balloon larger than any theretofore made in this country. His purpose in building it was to attempt to break all previous records for time and distance, and he invited each of five daily city papers of that time to send representatives on the voyage. So when the day set for the ascent arrived, not only was the old Hippodrome packed to the doors, but adjacent streets and squares were solid black with people, as on a fête day like the Dewey parade.

Happily the day was one of brilliant sunshine and clear sky, with scarcely a cloud within the horizon.

The captain of the "Barnum" was Washington H. Donaldson, by far the most brilliant and daring professional aeronaut of his day, and a clever athlete and gymnast. For several weeks prior to the ascent of the "Barnum," Donaldson had been making daily short ascents of an hour or two from the Hippodrome in a small balloon—as a feature of the performance. Sometimes he ascended in a basket, at other times with naught but a trapeze swinging beneath the concentrating ring of his balloon, himself in tights perched easily upon the bar of the trapeze. And when at a height to suit his fancy, of a thousand feet or more, time and again have I seen him do every difficult feat of trapeze work ever done above the certain security of a net.

Such was Donaldson, a man utterly fearless, but reckless only when alone, of a steadfast, cool courage and resource when responsible for the safety of others that made him the man out of a million best worth tying to in any emergency where a bold heart and ready wit may avert disaster.

Donaldson's days were never dull.

The day preceding our ascent his balloon

was released with insufficient lifting power. Immediately he rose above neighboring roofs, a very high southeast wind caught him, and, before he had time to throw out ballast, drove his basket against the flag-staff on the Gilsey House with such violence that the staff was broken, the basket momentarily upset, dumping two ballast bags to the Broadway sidewalk and narrowly missing several pedestrians!

That he was not himself dashed to his death was a miracle. But to him this was no more than a bit unusual incident of the day's work.

The reporters assigned as mates on this skylark in the "Barnum" were Alfred Ford, of *The Graphic*; Edmund Lyons, of *The Sun*; Samuel MacKeever, of *The Herald*; W. W. Austin, of *The World*, every one of these good fellows now dead these many years, alas! and myself, representing *The Tribune*.

Lyons, MacKeever and myself were novices in ballooning, but the two others had scored their bit of aeronautic experience.

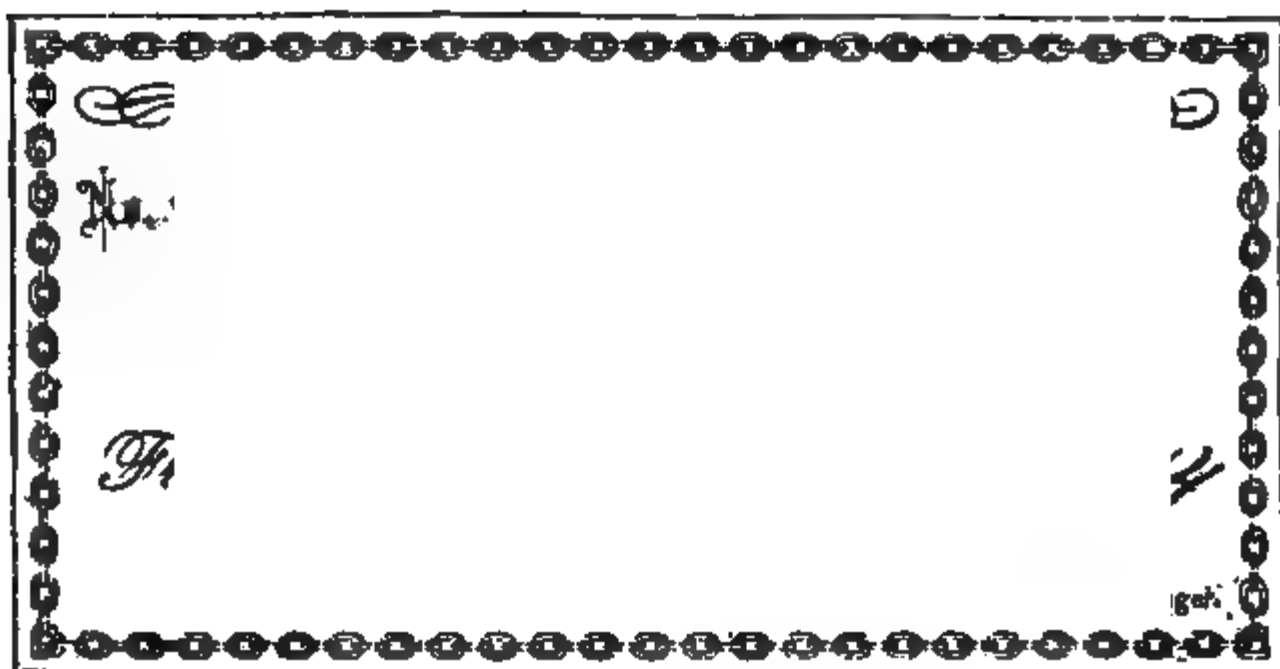
Austin had made an ascent a year or two before at San Francisco, was swept out over the bay before he could make a landing, and, through some mishap, dropped into the water midway of the bay and well out toward Golden Gate, but was rescued by a passing boat.

Ford had made several balloon voyages, the most notable in '73, in the great *Graphic* balloon.

After the voyage of the "Barnum" was first announced and it became known *The Tribune* would have a pass, everybody on the staff wanted to go. For weeks it was the talk of the office. Even grave gray beards of the editorial rooms were paying court for the preference to Mr. W. F. G. Shanks, that prince of an earlier generation of city editors, who of course controlled the assignment of the pass. But when at length the pass came, the enthusiasm and anxiety for the distinction waned, and it became plain the piece of paper "*Good for One Aerial Trip*," etc., must go begging.

At the time I was assistant night city editor, and a special detail to interview the Man in the Moon was was not precisely in the line of my normal duties. I was therefore greatly surprised (to put it conservatively) when, the morning before the ascent, Mr. Shanks, in whose family I was then living, routed me out of bed to say:

"See here, Ted, you know Barnum's bal-



*Mr E. B. Bronson  
will represent the  
Tribune*

*W. F. G. Shanks  
City Editor*

*July 23. 1874*

*Facsimile and Exact Size of Mr. Bronson's Pass and the Endorsement on the Back of it Appointing him to Represent "The Tribune"*

loon starts to-morrow on her trial for the record, but what you don't know is that we are in a hole. Before the ticket came every one wanted to go, from John R. G. Hassard down to the office boy. Now no one will go—all have funk'd it, and I suppose you will want to follow suit!"

Thus diplomatically put, the hinted assignment was not to be refused without too much personal chagrin.

So it happened that about 3:30 P.M. the next day I arrived at the Hippodrome, loaded down with wraps and a heavy basket nigh bursting with good things to eat

and drink, which dear Mrs. Shanks had insisted on providing.

The "Barnum" was already filled with gas, tugging at her leash and swaying restlessly as if eager for the start. And right here, at first sight of the great sphere, I felt more nearly a downright fright than at any stage of the actual voyage; the balloon appeared such a hopelessly frail fabric to support even its own car and equipment. The light cord net enclosing the great gas-bag looked aloft, where it towered above the roof, little more substantial than a film of lace, and appeared about as safe a proposition as to attempt to enmesh a lion in a cobweb.

Already my four mates for the voyage were assembled about the basket, and Donaldson himself was busy with the last details of the equipment. My weighty lunch basket had from my mates even a heartier reception than I received, but their joy over the prospect of delving into its generous depths was short-lived. The load as Donaldson had planned it was all aboard, weight carefully adjusted to what he considered a proper excess lifting power to carry us safely up above any chance of a collision with another flag-staff, like that he had the day before above the Gilsey House, and thus the basket and all its bounty (save only a small flask of brandy I smuggled into a hip pocket) were given to a passing acrobat.

At 4 P.M. the old Hippodrome rang with applause; a brilliant equestrian act had just been finished. Suddenly the applause ceased and that awful hush fell upon the vast audience which is rarely experienced except in the presence of death or of some

impending disaster: we had been seen to enter the basket, and people held their breath.

Released, the balloon bounded 700 feet into the air, stood stationary for a moment, and then drifted northwest before the prevailing wind.

In this prodigious leap there was naught of the disagreeable sensation one experiences in a rapidly-rising elevator. Instead it rather seemed that we were standing motionless, stationary in space, and that the earth itself had gotten loose and was dropping away beneath us to depths unknown. Every cord and rope of the huge fabric was tensely taut, the basket firm and solid beneath our feet. Indeed, the balloon, with nothing more substantial in her construction than cloth and twine, and hempen ropes and willow wands (the latter forming the basket), has always, while floating in mid-air free of the drag-rope's tricks, the rigid homogeneity of a rock, a solidity that quickly inspires the most timid with perfect confidence in her security.

Ballast was thrown out by Donaldson, a little. At Seventh Avenue and 42d Street our altitude was 2000 feet.

The great city lay beneath us like an unrolled scroll. White and dusty, the streets looked like innumerable strips of Morse telegraph paper—the people the dots, the vehicles the dashes.

Central Park, with its winding waters, was transformed into a superb mantle of dark green velvet splashed with silver, worthy of a royal fête. Behind us lay the sea, a vast field of glittering silver. Before us lay a wide expanse of Jersey's hills and dales that from our height appeared a plain, with many a reddish-gray splash upon its verdant stretches that indicated a village or a town.

Above and about us lay an immeasurable space of which we were the only tenants, and over which we began to feel a grand sense of dominion that wrapped us as in royal ermine: if we were not lords of this aerial manor, pray then who were? Beneath us, lay—home. Should we ever see it again? This thought I am sure came to all of us. I know it came to me. But the perfect steadiness of the balloon won our confidence, and we soon gave ourselves up to the gratification of our enviable position; and enviable indeed it was—for who has not envied the eagle his power to skim the tree-tops, to hover above Niagara, to circle

mountain peaks, to poise himself aloft and survey creation, or to mount into the zenith and gaze at the sun?

Indeed our sense of confidence became such that, while sitting on the edge of the basket to reach and pass Donaldson a rope he asked for, I leaned so far over that the bottle of brandy resting in my hip pocket slipped out and fell into the Hudson.

Oddly, Ford, who was the most experienced balloonist of the party after Donaldson himself, seemed most nervous and timid, but it was naught but an expression of that constitutional trouble (dizziness) so many have when looking down from even the minor height of a step-ladder. In all the long hours he was with us, I do not recall his standing once erect in the basket, and when others of us perched upon the basket's edge, he would beg us to come down. But mind, there was no lack of stark courage in Alfred Ford, sufficiently proved by the fact that he never missed a chance for an ascent.

But safe? Confident? Why, before we were up ten minutes, Lyons and MacKeever were sitting on the edge of the basket, with one hand holding to a stay, tossing out handfuls of small tissue paper circulars bearing "*News from the Clouds.*" Many-colored, these little circulars as they fell beneath us looked like a flight of giant butterflies—and we kept on throwing out handfuls of them until our pilot warned us we were wasting so much weight we should soon be out of easy view of the earth! Indeed, the balance of the balloon is so extremely fine that when a single handful of these little tissue circulars was thrown out, ascent was shown on the dial of our aneroid barometer!

At 4:30 P.M. we drifted out over the Hudson at an altitude of 2500 feet. Here Donaldson descended from the airy perch on the concentrating ring which he had been occupying since our start, when one of us asked how long he expected the cruise to last. Donaldson replied that he hoped to be able to sail the "Barnum" at least three or four days.

"But," he added, "I shall certainly be unable to carry all of you for so long a journey, and shall be compelled to drop you one by one. So you had best draw lots to settle whom I shall drop first, and in what order the rest shall follow."

Sailing then 2500 feet above the earth, Lyons voiced a thought racing from my own brain for utterance when he blurted out:



"What the deuce do you mean by 'drop' us?" Indeed, the question must have been on three other tongues as well, for Donaldson's reply, "Oh, descend to the earth and let you step out then," was greeted by all five of

## News from the Clouds.

**P. T. BARNUM'S**  
**Great Roman Hippodrome**  
 NEW YORK.  
 Ascension of the Experimental Series by  
**PROF. DONALDSON.**

*Facsimile and Exact Size of the Tissue-Paper Circulars which were thrown from the Balloon*

us with a salvo of deep, lusty sighs of relief.

Then we drew lots for the order of our going, MacKeever drawing 1, Austin 2, Lyons 3, Ford 4, and I 5.

Meantime, beneath us on the river vessels which from our height looked like the toy craft on the lake in Central Park were whistling a shrill salute that, toned down by the distance, was really not unmusical.

Having crossed the Hudson and swept above Weehawken, we found ourselves cruising northwest over the marshes of the Hackensack.

As the heat of the declining sun lessened, our cooling gas contracted and the balloon sank steadily until at 5:10 we were 250 feet above the earth and 100 feet of our great drag-rope was trailing on the ground.

Within hailing distance of people beneath us, a curious condition was observed. We could hear distinctly all they said at a height from which we could not make them understand a word: our voices had to fill a sphere of atmosphere; theirs, with the earth beneath them, only a hemisphere. Thus the modern megaphone is especially useful to aeronauts.

Hereabouts our fun began. Many countrymen thought the balloon running away with us and tried to stop and save us—always by grasping the drag-rope, bracing themselves and trying literally to hold us; when the slack of the rope straightened, they were tossed 'somersaults such as our pilot vowed no acrobat could equal. And yet the balance of the balloon is so fine that even a child of ten could pull us down, if only it had strength enough to withstand occasional momentary lifts off the ground. Occasionally one more clever would run and take a quick turn of the rope about a gate or fence—and then spend the rest of the evening gathering the scattered fragments and repairing the damage.

And when there was not fun enough below, Donaldson himself would take a hand and put his steed through some of her fancy paces—as when, approaching a large lake, he told us to hold tightly to the stays, let out gas and dropped us, bang! upon the lake. Running at a speed of 12 or 15 miles an hour, we hit the water with a tremendous shock, bounded 30 or 40 feet into the air, descended again and literally skipped in great leaps along the surface of the water, precisely like a well-thrown "skipping stone." Then out went ballast and up and on we went, no worse for the fun beyond a pretty thorough wetting!

At 6:20 P.M. we landed on the farm of Garrett Harper in Bergen County, 26 miles from New York. After drinking our fill of milk at the farm house, we rose again and drifted north over Ramapo until, at 7:35, a dead calm came upon us and we made another descent. We then found that we had landed near Bladentown on the farm of Miss Charlotte Thompson, a charming actress of the day whose "Jane Eyre" and

"Fanchon" are still pleasant memories to old theater-goers. Loading our balloon with stones to safely anchor it, our party paid her a visit and was cordially received. An invitation to join us hazarded by Donaldson, Miss Thompson accepted with delight. I do not know if she is still living, but if she is, she cannot have forgotten her half-hour's cruise in the good air-ship "Barnum," wafted silently by a gentle evening breeze, the lovely panorama beneath her half hid, half seen through the purple haze of twilight.

After landing Miss Thompson at 8:18 we ascended for the night—for a night's bivouac among the stars.

The moon rose early. We were soon sailing over the Highlands of the Hudson. Off in the east we could see the river, a winding ribbon of silver. We were running low, rarely more than 200 feet high. Below us the great drag-rope was hissing through meadows, roaring over fences, crashing through tree-tops. And all night long we were continually ascending and descending, sinking into valleys and rising over hills, following closely the contours of the local topography.

During the more equable temperature of night the balloon's height is governed by the drag-rope. Leaving a range of hills and floating out over a valley, the weight of the drag-rope pulls the balloon down until the same length of rope is trailing through the valley that had been dragging on the hill. This habit of the balloon produces startling effects. Drifting swiftly toward a rocky, precipitous hillside against which it seems inevitable you must dash to your death, suddenly the trailing drag-rope reaches the lower slopes and you soar like a bird over the hill, often so low that the bottom of the basket swishes through the tree-tops.

But, while useful in conserving the balloon's energy, the drag-rope is a source of constant peril to aeronauts, of terror to people on the earth and of damage to property. It has a nasty clinging habit, winding round trees or other objects, that may at any moment upset basket and aeronauts. On this trip our drag-rope tore sections out of scores of fences, upset many hay stacks, injured horses and cattle that tried to run across it, whipped off many a chimney, broke telegraph wires and seemed to take malicious delight in working some havoc with everything it touched.

At ten o'clock we sighted Cozzen's Hotel, and shortly drifted across the parade ground of West Point, its huge battlemented gray walls making one fancy he was looking down into the inner court of some great medieval castle. Then we drifted out over the Hudson toward Cold Spring until, caught by a different current, we were swept along the course of the river.

Sailing over mid-stream and 200 feet above it, with the tall cliffs and mysterious, dark recesses of the Highlands on either hand, the waters beneath turned to a livid gray under the feeble light of the waning moon. No part of our voyage was more impressive, no scene more awe-inspiring. It was a region of such weird lights and grewsome shadows as no fancy could people with aught but gaunt goblins and dread demons, come down to us through generations untold, an unspent legacy of terror, from half-savage, superstitious ancestors.

Suddenly Ford spoke in a low voice: "Boys, I was in nine or ten battles of the Civil War, from Gaines's Mill to Gettysburg, but in none of them was there a scene which impressed me as so terrible as this, no situation that seemed to me so threatening of irresistible perils."

Nearing Fishkill at eleven, a land breeze caught and whisked us off eastward. At midnight we struck the town of Wappinger's Falls—and struck it hard. Our visitation is doubtless remembered there yet. The town was in darkness and asleep. We were running low before a stiff breeze, half our drag-rope on the ground. The rope began to roar across roofs and upset chimneys with shrieks and crashes that set the folk within believing the end of the world had come. Instantly the streets were filled with flying white figures and the air with men's curses and women's screams. Three shots were fired beneath us. Two of our fellows said they heard the whistle of the balls, so Donaldson thought it prudent to throw out ballast and rise out of range.

Here the moon left us and we sailed on throughout the remainder of the night in utter darkness and without any extraordinary incident, all but the watch lying idly in the bottom of the basket viewing the stars and wondering what new mischief the drag-rope might be planning.

The only duty of the watch was to lighten ship upon too near descent to the earth, and for this purpose a handful of Hippodrome

circulars usually proved sufficient. Indeed, only eight pounds of ballast were used from the time we left Miss Thompson till dawn, barring a half-sack spent in getting out of range of the Wappinger's Falls sportsmen who seemed to want to bag us.

Ford and Austin were assigned as the lookout from 12:00 to 2:00, Lyons and myself from 2:00 to 3:00, and Donaldson and MacKeever from 3:00 to 4:00.

From midnight till 3:00 A.M. Donaldson slept peaceful as a baby, curled up in the basket with a sand-bag for a pillow.

The rest of us slept little through the night and talked less, each absorbed in the reflections and speculations inspired by our novel experience.

At the approach of dawn we had the most unique and extraordinary experience ever given to man. The balloon was sailing low in a deep valley. To the east of us the Berkshires rose steeply to summits probably 1500 feet above us. Beneath us a little village lay, snuggled cosily between two small meeting brooks, all dim under the mists of early morning and the shadows of the hills. No flush of dawn yet lit the sky. Donaldson had been consulting his watch. Suddenly he rose and called, pointing eastward across the range:

"Watch, boys! Look there!"

He then quickly dumped overboard half the contents of a ballast bag. Flying upward like an arrow, the balloon soon shot up above the mountain top. When, lo! a miracle! The phenomenon of sunrise was reversed! We our very selves instead had risen on the sun! There he stood, full and round, peeping at us through the trees crowning a distant Berkshire hill, as if startled by our temerity.

Shortly thereafter, when we had descended to our usual level and were running swiftly before a stiff breeze over a rocky hillside, Donaldson yelled:

"Hang on, boys, for your lives!"

The end of the drag-rope had gotten a hitch about a large tree limb. Luckily Donaldson had seen it in time to warn us, else we had there finished our careers. We had barely time to seize the stays when the rope tautened with a shock that nearly turned the basket upside down, spilled out our water-bucket and some ballast, left MacKeever and myself hanging in space by our hands and the other four on the lower side of the basket, scrambling to save them-

selves. Instantly, of course, the basket righted and dropped back beneath us.

And then began a terrible struggle.

The pressure of the wind bore us down within 100 feet of the ragged rocks. Groaning under the strain, the rope seemed ready to snap. Like a huge leviathan trapped in a net, the gas-bag writhed, twisted, bulged, shrank, gathered into a ball and sprang fiercely out. The loose folds of canvas sucked up until half the netting stood empty, and then fold after fold darted out and back with all the angry menace of a serpent's tongue and with the ominous crash of musketry.

It seemed the canvas must inevitably burst and we be dashed to death. But Donaldson was cool and smiling, and, taking the only precaution possible, stood with a sheath-knife ready to cut away the drag-rope and relieve us of its weight in case our canvas burst.

Happily the struggle was brief. The limb that held us snapped, and the balloon sprang forward in mighty bounds that threw us off our feet and tossed the great drag-rope about like a whip-lash. But we were free, safe, and our stout vessel soon settled down to the velocity of the wind.

By this time we all were beginning to feel hungry, for we had supped the night before in mid-air from a lunch basket that held more delicacies than substantial. So Donaldson proposed a descent and began looking for a likely place. At last he chose a little village, which upon near approach we learned lay in Columbia County of our own good state.

We called to two farmers to pull us down—no easy task in the rather high wind then blowing. They grasped the rope and braced themselves as had others the night before, and presently were flying through the air in prodigious if ungraceful somersaults. Amazed but unhurt, they again seized the rope and got a turn about a stout board fence, only to see a section or two of the fence fly into the air as if in pursuit of us.

Presently the heat of the rising sun expanded our gas and sent us up again 2000 feet, making breakfast farther off than ever. Thus, it being clear that we must sacrifice either our stomachs or our gas, Donaldson held open the safety valve until we were once more safely landed on mother earth, but not until after we had received a pretty

"MANY COUNTRYMEN THOUGHT THE BALLOON RUNNING AWAY WITH US AND TRIED TO STOP AND SAVE US—ALWAYS BY GRASPING THE DRAG-ROPE, BRACING THEMSELVES AND TRYING LITERALLY TO HOLD US, WHEN, THE SLACK OF THE ROPE STRAIGHTENED, THEY WERE TOSSED SOMERSAULTS SUCH AS OUR PILOT VOWED NO ACROBAT COULD EQUAL"—Page 628

severe pounding about, for such a high wind blew that the anchor was slow in holding.

This landing was made at 5:24 A.M. on the farm of John W. Coons near the village of Greenport, four miles from Hudson City, and about 130 miles from New York.

Here our pilot decided our vessel must be lightened of two men, and thus the lot drawn the night before compelled us to part, regretfully, with MacKeever of *The Herald* and Austin of *The World*. Ford, however, owing allegiance to an afternoon paper, *The Graphic*, and always bursting with honest journalistic zeal for a "beat," saw an opportunity to win satisfaction greater even than that of keeping on with us. So he, too, left us here, with the result that *The Graphic* published a full story of the voyage up to this point—Saturday afternoon, the 25th. The *Herald* and *World* trailed along for second place in their Sunday editions, while *Sun* and *Tribune* readers had to wait till Monday morning for such "*News from the Clouds*" as Lyons and I had to give them—for wires were not used as freely then as now.

Our departing mates brought us a rare good breakfast from Mr. Coons's generous kitchen—a fourteen-quart tin pail well-nigh filled with good things, among them two currant pies on yellow earthen plates, gigantic in size, pale of crust, though anything but anemic of contents. Lyons finished nearly the half of one before our reascent, to his sorrow—for scarcely were we off the earth before he developed a colic that seemed to interest him more, right up to the finish of the trip, than the scenery.

Bidding our mates good-bye, we prepared to reascend. Many farmers had been about us holding to our ropes and leaning on the basket, and later we realized we had not taken in sufficient ballast to offset the weight of the three men who left us.

Released, the balloon sprang upward at a pace that all but took our breath away. Instantly the earth disappeared beneath us. We saw Donaldson pull the safety valve wide open, draw his sheath knife ready to cut the drag-rope, standing rigid, with his eyes riveted upon the aneroid barometer. The hand of the barometer was sweeping across the dial at a terrific rate. I glanced at Donaldson and saw him smile. Then I looked back at the barometer and saw the hand had stopped—at 10,200 feet! How long we were ascending we did not know.

Certain it is that the impressions described were all there was time for, and that when Donaldson turned and spoke we saw his lips move but could hear no sound. Our speed had been such that the pressure of the air, upon the tympanum of the ear, left us deaf for some minutes. We had made a dash of two miles into cloudland and had accomplished it, we three firmly believed, in little more than a minute!

Presently Donaldson observed the anchor and grapnel had come up badly clogged with sod, and a good heavy tug he and I had of it to pull them in, for Lyons was still much too busy with his currant pie to help us. Nor indeed were the currant pies yet done with us, for at the end of our tug at the anchor rope, I found I had been kneeling very precisely in the middle of pie No. 2, and had contrived to absorb most of it into the knees of my trousers. Thus at the end of the day, come to Saratoga after all shops were closed, I had to run the gauntlet of the porch and office crowd of visitors at the United States Hotel in a condition of costume that only needed moccasins and a war bonnet to make me a tolerable imitation of an Indian.

We remained aloft at an altitude of two to two and one-half miles for three hours and a half, stayed there until the silence became intolerable, until the buzz of a fly or the croak of a frog would have been music to our ears. Here was *absolute silence*, the silence of the grave and death—a silence never to be experienced by living man in any terrestrial condition.

Occasionally the misty clouds in which we hung enshrouded parted beneath us and gave us glimpses of the distant earth, opened and disclosed landscapes of infinite beauty set in gray nebulous frames.

Once we passed above a thunderstorm, saw the lightning play beneath us, felt our whole fabric tremble at its shock—and were glad enough when we had left it well behind.

Seen from a great height, the earth looked to be a vast expanse of dark-green velvet, sometimes shaded to a deeper hue by cloud-lets floating beneath the sun, splashed here with the silver and there with the gold garniture reflected from rippling waters.

Toward noon we descended beneath the region of clouds into the realm of light and life, and found ourselves hovering above the Mountain House of the Catskills. And thereabouts we drifted in cross-currents until nearly 4:00 P.M., when a heavy south-

"HANG ON, BOYS, FOR YOUR LIVES!"—Page 630

erly gale struck us and swept us rapidly northward past Albany at a pace faster than I have ever traveled on a railway.

We still had ballast enough left to assure ten or twelve hours more travel. But we did not like our course. The prospects were that we would end our voyage in the wilderness 200 or more miles north of Ottawa. So we rose to 12,500 feet, seeking an easterly or westerly current, but without avail. We could not escape the southerly gale. Prudence, therefore, dictated a landing

before nightfall. Landing in the high gale prevailing was both difficult and dangerous, and was not accomplished until we were all much bruised and scratched in the oak thicket Donaldson chose for our descent.

Thus the first voyage of the good airship "Barnum" ended at 6:07 P.M. on the farm of E. R. Young, 9 miles north of Saratoga.

A year later the "Barnum" rose for the last time—from Chicago—and to this day the fate of the stanch craft and her brave captain remains an unsolved mystery.

*"I take him to the chipmunk's hole"*

# WHEN FATHER TAKES ME FOR A WALK

BY LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALICE BOUGHTON

When father takes me for a walk  
It makes me glad all day.  
He puts his hand in mine and says,  
"Now, Captain, lead the way."

I take him to the chipmunk's hole,  
To ponds where fish are thick;  
And where the big boys dig for bait,  
He whittles me a stick,

And makes a willow whistle, too,  
That we take turns to blow.  
We scatter petals in the brook  
And wonder where they go.

Then, when we're tired, we start for home  
And talk of lots of things,  
Why mother has such cuddly ways,  
Why birds and bees have wings.

And father talks of business, too,  
And asks me my advice.  
Now, wouldn't you, if you were there  
Think walks like that are nice?

*"And makes a willow whistle, too"*



# THE HABITS OF WOLVES

INCLUDING MANY FACTS ABOUT ANIMAL MARRIAGE

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

AUTHOR OF "WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

**A**LTHOUGH scientists divide wolves into many species with minute differences, the wolf in a broad sense is the same animal in Europe,

Asia and America—simply a big, strong, wild dog, inhabiting cold countries, and living by its wits and the strength of its jaws.

Wolves are the most sociable of beasts of prey. Not only do they gather in bands, but they arrange to render each other assistance, which is the most important test of sociability. The most gray wolves I ever saw in a band was five. This was in northern New Mexico in January, 1894. The most I ever heard of in a band was thirty-two that were seen in the same region. These bands are apparently formed in winter only. The packs are probably temporary associations of personal acquaintances, for some temporary purpose, or passing reason, such as food question or mating instinct. As soon as this is settled, they scatter.

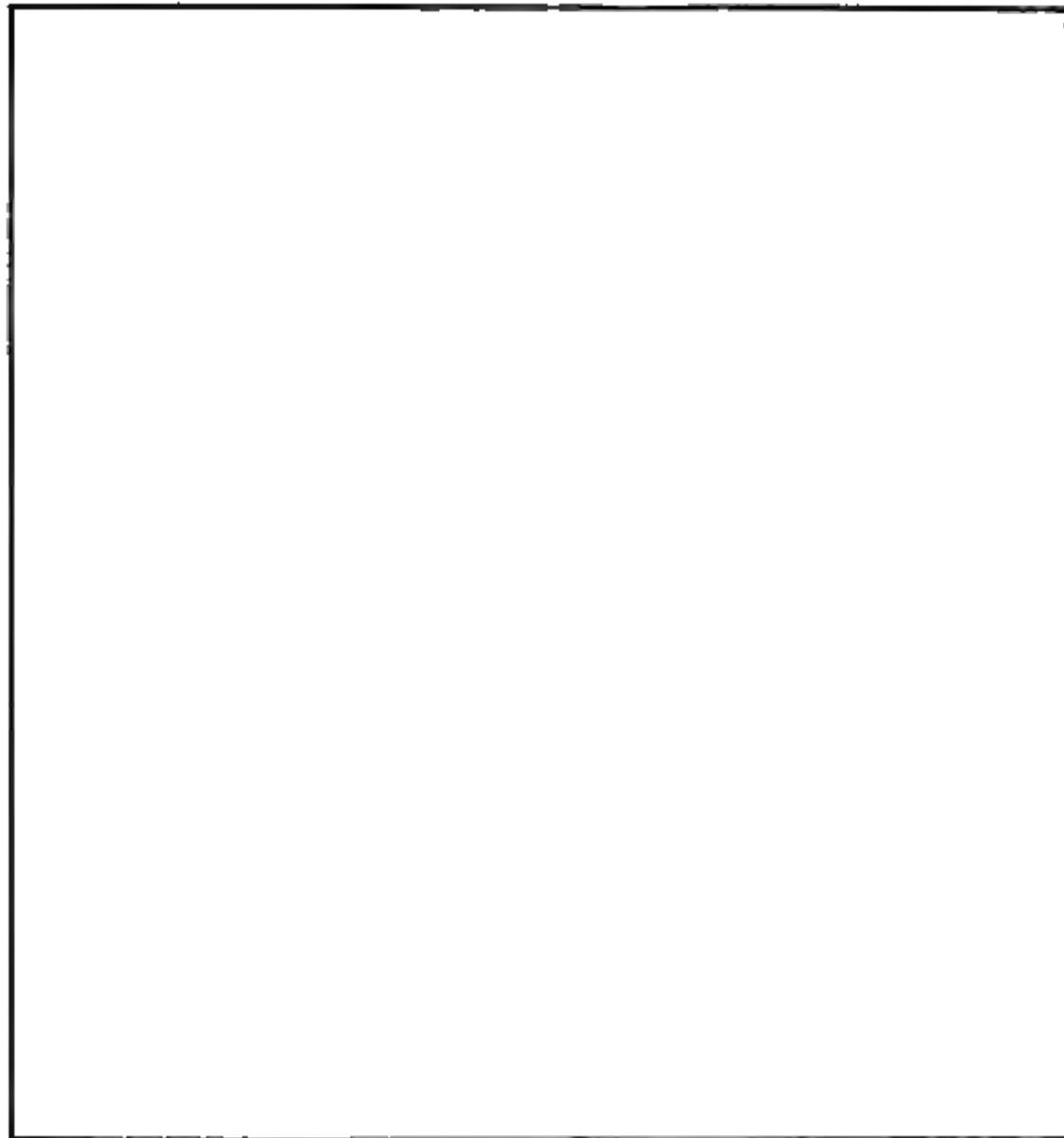
An instance in point was related to me by Mr. Gordon Wright of Carberry, Man. During the winter of 1865 he was logging at Sturgeon Lake, Ontario. One Sunday he and some companions strolled out on the ice of the lake to look at the logs there. They heard the hunting cry of wolves, then a deer (a female) darted from the woods to the open ice. Her sides were heaving, her tongue out and her legs cut by the slight crust on the snow. Evidently she was hard pressed. She was coming toward them, but

one of the men gave a shout, which caused her to sheer off. A minute later six timber wolves appeared galloping on her trail, head low, tails horizontal and howling continuously. They were uttering their hunting cry, but as soon as they saw her they broke into a louder, different note, left the trail and made straight for her. Five of the wolves were abreast and one that seemed much darker was behind. Within half a mile they overtook her and pulled her down, all seeming to seize her at once. For a few moments she bleated like a sheep in distress; after that the only sound was the snarling and crunching of the wolves as they feasted. Within fifteen minutes nothing was left of the deer but hair and some of the larger bones, and the wolves fighting among themselves for even these. Then they scattered, each going a quarter of a mile or so, no two in the same direction, and those that remained in view curled up there on the open lake to sleep. This happened about ten in the morning within three hundred yards of several witnesses.

## *The Morals of Animals*

Does the gray wolf pair? This is so important in the natural history of monogamy that I give evidence.

Ordinary dogs, we know, are promiscuous, but domesticity is notoriously bad for the morals of animals. Here, therefore, the argument of analogy would be unsafe. Dr. Woods Hutchinson in an important article on "Animal Marriage" points out the promiscuity of the dog as anomalous and maintains the superiority of monogamy as an institution. "A monogamous race," he says, "will, in the long run, defeat polygamous,"



*Studies of the wolf scratching. Made by Ernest Thompson Seton*

and then he claims that monogamy is the rule among all the higher animals.

Mr. Miles Spencer, a fur-trader at Fort George, Hudson Bay, and thoroughly conversant with the wolves of that region, maintains that the male assists the female in caring for the young. The wolf hunters in New Mexico tell me that when they find a wolf's den *two* old ones are sure to be hovering about, and in January I saw there at least one case of a male being deeply devoted to a certain female. Basley says: "Men who have made a business of hunting wolves for the bounty assert that they are usually able to shoot one or both of the old wolves at the den by watching the trails, or hiding near the den early in the morning before the wolves return from the night's round." These statements are fully corroborated by my own experience. While watching dens in Wyoming I could easily have shot the male who was doing sentinel duty; for although he watched from a high point from which he could see a man long before being himself seen, still in his anxiety to decoy me away he often came within rifle range.

### *Do Wolves Marry for Life?*

How long does this ideal condition last? For that season or for life?

Probably for life. I have several times seen a male and female wolf together at a time when the sexual passion was dormant; and yet the male showed the female more attention than he would have done had she been simply a smaller male. This points to permanent partnership.

In the London Zoo is a pair of wolves, officially called Lobo and Blanca. The male is from western Texas, the female from Arizona; they are good typical examples of the gray or buffalo wolf of those high plains.

They have been there for five years and are supposed to be seven years old. They bred in 1903, producing nine cubs, and in 1904 eight. The father has always been kept away from the young, so it is not known whether he has any parental feelings.

These two old wolves live in harmony except when the keepers come to the cage. Both are fond of being noticed, and eager to

monopolize all attention; each strives jealously to be next the bars, pushing the other away, barking and growling meanwhile with bristling mane and evident temper.

Lobo often springs at his mate as though to bite her, but is always restrained at the last moment *by something*—what is it, if not a *feeling akin to chivalry*?

In these quarrels if Blanca sees that she has gone too far, she apologizes by licking Lobo's face in a conciliatory manner, always effectual.

The fact that the male shows chivalrous feeling, and that the pair continue as mates in the autumn and winter, when the sexual instinct is dormant, are partial evidences that the wolves pair for life.

Mr. D. A. Thornbury, Superintendent of Schools, Grinnell, Iowa, writes me thus:

"In the latter part of October or early November, 1886, Mitchell County, Iowa, while we were hulling corn, my brother and myself saw two gray wolves come out of the woods. One of them was carrying a dead cottontail in his mouth. They passed

within fifty yards of us, and watched us as they passed. They seemed to know we had no gun."

The fact that two gray wolves *unhungry* should be traveling together in fall shows a friendly alliance most easily explained by a life attachment between the pair.

### *Temporary Mating Among Sled-Dogs*

There is, however, some evidence for the other view. The Alaskan sled-dogs are

known to be domesticated wolves; all are much mixed with wild wolf blood, some, even, are wolves captured when young. Capt. Dick Craine, who spent nine years among them, owning and handling in that time about 200, tells me that he has several times known a pair of half-wolf train dogs to mate and remain together as mates until the pups were well grown. Two very marked cases happened at the same time. In these

the father took an interest in the pups and the mother allowed him to approach them, but warned all others away. He never saw the father feed the pups, but the mother often did so by disgorging.

From these cases he infers that the wolves mate for one season, but not for life.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in his paper on "Animal Marriage," says:

"There is a general impression among field naturalists and trappers that many of these animals having once paired, come together again in the succeeding seasons, although they may be widely separated during the intervening part of the year. Indeed, some of them positively declare that the union among wolves, foxes, panthers, lions and seals, is practically for life. In a few species, however, does it terminate with the period required for the young to become able to shift for themselves. In some of these, like certain wolves, the father practically disappears during the nest period of the young, but joins the family again when the cubs are able to run."

This custom is common to foxes, coyotes and several other carnivores. It seems that in all these creatures there is a deep-laid instinct to leave the mother quite alone,

during parturition, and until the young are some weeks old, after which the father is allowed to join the family. This, it will be remembered, is closely paralleled by the practice of many tribes of human savages.

As a general argument, mating customs are so deeply rooted as to be very uniform in a given family; thus all the true pigeons pair, all the true deer are polygamous; and every evidence, direct or collateral, I can find on any of the true dogs, except the case of the Alaskan team-dogs, points to perfect and permanent *monogamy as the rule*.

### *From Three to Thirteen Cubs*

The nursery den is either a natural cave, a hollow log or stump, or a hole in the ground, dug out by the parents themselves. Sometimes they enlarge a badger hole, and in any case the bed is not far from the entrance.

The gray wolf apparently does not line its nest. Mr. Roland D. Carson, of the Philadelphia Zoo, writes me, concerning those that bred in the gardens:

"The females dug a hole in the earth but

watched several litters in the National Zoo at Washington and found their eyes opened a little on the seventh day and fully open on the ninth. Litters have been born there on March 23, 27, 29 and April 4.

Those in the London Zoo (parents from Texas) were born March 28; all the four litters bred in the Philadelphia Zoo were born in March and April, the earliest March 18, the latest April 19. Even in the Red River Valley they are born about the same time.

### *Adopting a Mother's Six Children*

The maternal instincts of the she-wolf are of a high order.

"Shortly after birth and long before their eyes were open the mother wolf (in the Philadelphia Zoo) would come to the front of the enclosure with one of her pups in her mouth, sometimes returning for another one or two, but all were never brought out at one time; one was carried about for a while and then returned. This was generally done when the keeper was in the back passage or adjoining cage. Nervousness from fear of harm to her babies seems, in most cases at least, to have been the cause of this habit."

Mr. Carson remarks:

"We have no instance of a gray wolf killing or eating her young, but prairie

made no attempt at lining the nests, and when hay and other material was put in it to form a bed, it was promptly thrown out."

The young number three to thirteen, but are usually six or seven. When born they are blind and almost naked, and like young dogs their eyes are not opened until the ninth day. Mr. Carson says that the only litter of the wolf pups that he was able to watch closely "did not get their eyes opened till the thirteenth day." Possibly they were prematurely born.

Mr. W. H. Blackburn reports that he has

*Studies of the head of the Gray Wolf.  
Made by Ernest Thompson Seton*



GIVING "THE HUNTING SONG"—Page 627

wolves in our Zoo have not only killed their young, but eaten them, when they have died from other causes."

When I was at Sidney, Ohio, in March, 1902, I met an old hunter who related a curious and interesting story that illustrates the motherliness of the she-wolf. About twenty years before, when he lived in Wisconsin, a bounty of ten dollars each was put on gray wolves, and he spent a good deal of time hunting them. One day he saw a wolf come to the river to drink. He shot and killed it, then found that it was a female suckling young. He searched many days for the nest and could not find it.

Two weeks later he shot another female wolf coming out of a hollow log. She also was suckling young. He crawled into the log and found thirteen wolf pups of two different sizes—six very small ones, seven much larger. This wolf had but six teats "in commission," so he concluded that this she-wolf had rescued the young of the first female he had shot.

The young ones of the Philadelphia Zoo would whine like puppies as soon as they were born, and the mother would answer and call them in the same manner.

As soon as they could see, they began to play together like the young of the domestic dog.

At from three to four weeks, according to their vigor, all the young would come out daily, never at night, and sit or play in the sun about the door of the den, but were ever ready to skurry in again at the slightest alarm. According to Mr. Lee Hampleman, the young ones in Colorado first began to follow the mother for short distances from the den in June when they were about three months old.

The question of how they are fed has been much discussed; and, sifting down the evidence of many observers, it may be considered sure that they are simply suckled for about six weeks, during which time the father has little to do with them. Now the mother begins to *disgorge* solid food for them. Many observers say that they have watched closely but never saw anything of this. Mr. Carson, however, states positively and conclusively:

"At five or six weeks they began to eat the food disgorged for them by the mother, and later when they wanted food of this kind, they would jump at her mouth, sometimes several at once, until she supplied them."

The father soon became active, not disgorging, so far as we know, but bringing fresh game to the den. On this point Mr. D. A. Thornbury (Superintendent of Schools, Grinnell, Iowa) also writes me:

"My father has many times found on the mouth of the hole in which he took some young wolves, bodies of rabbits, chickens, and in one instance he took from the hole the partly-eaten body of a lamb."

### *A Wolf that Plays with Children*

Of the above-mentioned brood of eight young wolves in the London Zoo, four were raised by a collie foster-mother, and they became very tame as well as unusually fine specimens. The rest were left with the mother. The collie was fed on dog-biscuit, the mother-wolf on raw meat, the only food she would touch.

"After the collie-raised four were put in a paddock by themselves, they also grew wild and timid except one, which for some unknown cause remained tractable and dog-like. This is a most interesting case of individual variation in temperament and suggests how breeds of domestic dogs have been brought to their present condition of tameness by breeding from stock artificially selected for that attribute." (R. I. Pocock in a letter.)

"One was sold to a member of the society who lives in the country, where the young wolf has all the liberty of a dog. It follows a carriage, attends garden parties, and is a favorite with children. It is larger than either of its parents." (J. D. Drewitt in a letter.)

The following year, 1905, Dr. Drewitt wrote me:

"Blanca has had another litter of puppies, and, as usual, those that were brought up by a collie wet-nurse were tame, and those that were nursed by the mother, wild."

### *In Fear of Any Piece of Iron*

In the early days wolves were comparatively unsuspicious, and it was easy to trap or poison them. The result was that enormous numbers were killed from 1880 to 1889. So many, indeed, that the species seemed on the verge of extinction. Then new knowledge, a better comprehension of the modern dangers, seemed to spread among the wolves. They learned how to

detect and defy the traps and poison, and in some way the knowledge was passed from one to another, till all wolves were fully possessed of the information. How this is done is not easy to say. It is easier to prove that it is done. Few wolves ever get into a trap, fewer still get into a trap and out again, and thus they learn that a steel trap is a thing to be feared. And yet all wolves have the knowledge, as every trapper knows, and since they could not get it at first hand, they must have got it second hand—that is, the information was communicated to them by others of their kind.

It is well known among hunters that a piece of iron is enough to protect any carcass from the wolves. If a deer or antelope has been shot and is to be left out over night, all that is needed for its protection is an old horse-shoe, a spur, or even any part of the hunter's dress. No wolf will go near such suspicious-looking or human-tainted things. They will starve rather than approach the carcass so guarded.

With poison, a similar change has come about. Strychnine was considered infallible when first it was introduced. It did vast destruction for a time; then the wolves seemed to discover the danger of that particular smell and would no longer take the poisoned bait, as I know from numberless experiences.

It is thoroughly well-known among the cattle men now that the only chance of poisoning wolves is in the late summer and early autumn, when the young are beginning to run with the mother. She cannot watch over all of them the whole time, and there is a chance of some of them finding the bait and taking it before they have been taught to let that sort of smell-thing alone.

The result is that wolves are on the increase. They have been, indeed, since the late eighties. They have returned to many of their old hunting grounds in the cattle countries, and each year they seem to be more numerous and more widely spread, thanks to their mastery of the new problems forced upon them by civilization.

### *Another Nature Fake*

The gray wolf is one of the shyest of wild animals. I have talked with men who have lived their whole lives in regions where gray wolves were far from rare, and yet they have never seen one. They hear them at night, they see their trails and their work in

the morning, but never see the animals themselves until after they have been trapped or poisoned. Their extreme shyness is partly a modern development, as also is the respect for man, which now fully possesses every gray wolf in the cattle country. There are many records that show the wolf to have been a continual danger to mankind in the bow-and-arrow days. There can be no doubt that man was then considered a fair prey, a difficult and wide-awake one, no doubt, but still a creature to be eaten in times of scarcity. Consequently each winter in America, as in Europe, a number of human beings were killed and devoured by hungry wolves.

During the last twenty years, however, I cannot find a reliable instance of western wolves, or especially Manitoba wolves, killing or even attacking human beings.

Mr. George Fraser, of Winnipeg, related to me the following case, which aptly illustrates the disposition of wolves to-day:

"In 1886 I was traveling near Whitewater Lake, in southern Manitoba. We came on a Swede who was drawing a long box wagon in which were three or four quarters of beef. Sometimes on the load and sometimes running around were two large gray wolves, feeding on the beef, in spite of the Swede's efforts to keep them off with a pitchfork. The driver and the wolves dodged around the wagon for some time before the man heard Fraser's shouts to stand aside; when he did Fraser shot both wolves.

"The Swede said these two had been a pest for some time, killing his sheep and one colt. They had never offered violence to any man."

I have seen many recent newspaper clippings that recorded harrowing tales of men, women and children devoured by gruesome packs, but each and all have crumbled into newspaper stories when fully investigated. The question then arises, are the old records wrong, or are the modern wolves of different species? The answer is, the modern wolves are the same as the old ones, except in one particular. They have been *educated by fear* to let man alone. Man with the modern gun is a different creature from man with the bow and arrow.

### *Did this Wolf go Fishing?*

Explaining much of the wolf-cunning as mere shyness, does not, however, remove it

from the sphere of intelligence, though doubtless ranking it lower in that department, making it a vague fear of the unknown, in place of a dread of danger well comprehended.

One of the most curious instances, I find, is given by B. R. Ross. The evidence is purely circumstantial and not complete at that, but Ross was a good naturalist and evidently believed the case proven.

"In the month of May," he says, "when the holes cut in the ice do not freeze up, the fisherman at Fort Resolution on visiting his trout lines set at some distance from the fort, discovered that several had been visited, the lines and hooks were lying on the ice, as well as the remains of a partly eaten trout, and a wolf's track was observed about the place. The fact was the wolf had hauled up the lines and helped himself to what fish he required. This occurred again and then ceased, the animal having been probably driven away by the dogs of the post." ("Furbearers," p. 10.)

### *Is Every Bark or Howl a Signal?*

The usual cry of the wolf is a long, smooth howl. It is quite musical, though decidedly eery when heard in the woods at night. I cannot distinguish it from the howl of a large dog. Its beginning is also much like the hoot of a horned owl. This is usually the "muster" or "rallying cry"; the intimation of the wolf to his friends that he has found game too strong for him to manage alone. It is the call usually heard at night about the settler's huts. A second sound is a higher-pitched howl, vibrating on two notes. This may be styled the "*hunting song*"; it corresponds exactly with the full-cry of a pack of hounds on the hot scent.

A third is a combination of a short bark and a howl. It seems to mean the "closing-in" for a finish. There are several others that I have often heard but I cannot comprehend. Some of my hunting friends claim that they can discriminate the call of the she-wolf to her mate and her young; the call of the young to their mothers, etc. I doubt not these signals are used, just as surely as dogs use corresponding sounds among themselves, but I have not been able to distinguish them. The whining used by the young while still in the nest has already been spoken of, as well as the mother's similar response.

### *Wolf Telephones*

Besides these sounds as a means of intercommunication, wolves use example and scents. A female wolf, no doubt, inspires her young with terror of a trap by showing her own terror of it; no matter whether conscious or unconscious, *this is teaching*. The same is true, I suppose, of all the ideas that modern wolves have—that is, the ideas so recent that they have not yet had time to become ingrained as instinct. This especially applies to guns, traps and poison. The wolf has, moreover, a deep and general distrust of all strange things, as well as a well-founded fear of anything that bears the taint of a human being. This distrust, combined with its exquisite sense of smell, may explain many things that look like profound sagacity in this animal. Nevertheless, they will not explain all, as I have had very good reason to remark, again and again, when I have endeavored to trap or poison wolves on the cattle ranges.

Besides voice and example, the wolves have another important method of communicating ideas. It is well known that not only each species of animal but that each individual has its own peculiar smell, conclusive evidence of which is found in the fact that a good dog has no difficulty in following his master through a crowd, or keeping to the track of the animal he is hunting, though it be crossed by the tracks of many others.

It is further known that, even though it always retains its individuality, this personal odor varies with the condition of the animal. Thus a horse smells strong after exercise; Canada grouse and northern hares smell of spruce or cedar when they feed on these; a mink smells differently when angry; dogs in ill-health become malodorous. And, incredible as it may seem at first sight, there is abundant proof that the whole of a region inhabited by wolves is laid out in signal stations or intelligence depots. Usually there is one at each mile or less, varying much with the nature of the ground.

### *Some Wonderful Wolves*

Just as there are geniuses and heroes among men, so there are wonderful individuals among wolves. These have always interested me, and I have endeavored to make records of their lives. One of the



first of them that I met was the Winnipeg wolf. In March, 1882, while coming to Winnipeg from St. Paul, I saw a sight that stirred my blood, as the train flashed through an opening of the poplar woods south of St. Boniface. There stood a big gray wolf, erect and defiant, surrounded by a motley pack of town dogs, big and small. He was holding all at bay. A small dog was lying in the snow near him, and a big dog was bounding about, doing some splendid barking, but keeping his safe distance. The train passed and I saw no more.

A dog-driver was killed the next winter on the ice of the Red River while bound for Fort Alexander. The team were big, fierce huskies, and he was a strange driver. It was thought that he had struck at one of them with the whip, it had snapped back, and he, in retreating, had fallen, whereupon the four savage creatures had set upon him and ended by devouring him. The counter theory was that he had been killed by a wolf or wolves, of which the dogs are notoriously afraid. The latter explanation found favor only with the dogs' owner, for the reason, people said, that he did not wish to lose his valuable team.

A large wolf was seen several times afterward about the city and at length was killed near the slaughter-house, some said, by poison, dogs, guns, or all three. This was a male and weighed 104 pounds. It was mounted by Hine, the taxidermist, and shown at the Chicago Exhibition of 1892. This interesting relic was one of the valuable specimens lost in the Mulvey Grammar School when the building was destroyed by fire in 1896.

I have, of course, no evidence that in each case it was throughout the same wolf, but in writing the story of "The Winnipeg Wolf" I took a writer's liberty in making them so. The other adventures ascribed to him really belonged to other wolves in distant regions.

In the story of Lobo, I took the same liberty. I ascribed to one wolf the adventures of several, and I selected for him the most heroic exterior I could find in fact. But the final chapter recording his capture and death is given exactly as it happened, and was, indeed, the inspiring motive of the story.

The following wolves also became known by name in various parts of the Province:

At Carberry, in 1897-8, a huge black wolf appeared. He killed many sheep and calves, and spread terror among the parents that had children going to school, but he never even threatened a human being. He was known as the Black Buffalo-runner. He was killed by Alexander Langmuir.

Another, the Virden Wolf, was killed at that place, after a short but exciting career, by F. S. Baird, February 20, 1898. The photograph of this shows it to have been an ordinary gray wolf of medium size.

While at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, in August, 1902, I was told by Dr. Jas. R. Walker and many others that during the past three years the country between there and the Bad Lands (fifteen miles) had been frequented by an enormous white wolf. The wolves, in this region, are increasing and becoming so troublesome that a twenty-five dollar bounty is paid for each scalp, but double is offered for that of the white wolf. It is a female, as it was once seen with seven cubs. One of them was caught and staked out for a decoy, but the mother came by night, eluded the watchers, pulled up the stake and bore off her offspring in triumph. She is flourishing yet.

### *More Facts About Wolves*

It is often said that wolves are cowards, but this sweeping statement seems not well founded. A wolf has often been known to face a whole pack of dogs and carry off one of them in spite of the others about. Richardson says: "During our residence at Cumberland House in 1820, a wolf, which had been prowling, and was wounded by a musket ball and driven off, returned after it became dark, whilst the blood was still flowing from its wound, and carried off a dog, from amongst fifty others, that howled piteously, but had not courage to unite in an attack on their enemy." But an ordinary full-grown wolf will fight any number of dogs in self-defence, and will die without a thought of surrender. This is not cowardice.

The speed of the wolf is often exaggerated. My impression is that twenty-one or twenty-two miles an hour would represent the *highest* rate of an average individual *for one mile*. This is much less than the speed of the coyote, jack-rabbit, deer, antelope, grayhound, or even foxhound; but the wolf can keep it up longer than most animals.

The track of a wolf cannot be distinguished with certainty from that of a large dog.

Although we must be cautious about receiving accounts of the gray wolf's ferocity, we are sure to be surprised by facts about its strength. I have known a young gray wolf, scarcely six months old, drag off a 100-pound bar of iron to which it was chained, taking it two or three hundred yards without stopping, and a quarter of a mile before discovered. This same cub could almost hold its own against an ordinary man pulling at its chain. I have several times seen a gray wolf in a trap go off with a drag that weighed considerably over one hundred pounds; and on one occasion I saw an 80-pound female that was trapped drag a 52-pound beef-head over rough ground faster than I could follow on foot, and keep up the flight for one and a half miles. I have known a gray wolf to go off carrying the head of an ox in his jaws, and take it so far that I gave up following his trail in the dust. I did not weigh an ox-head, but found that a small cow-head weighed over fifty pounds, so that it must have been at least seventy-five pounds. The wolf's great strength, indeed, is in his jaws. The rope used for lassos on the plains is half-inch manila, and yet has often been cut through by a single clip of the wolf's jaws, when he has been lassoed.

Doubtless the wolf's hold on environment is largely due also to his endurance. A wolf can live on one full meal a week; that is, a dozen meals at equal intervals would carry him through the winter.

The wolf of Ontario is known to be a good swimmer. W. Lewis Fraser once described to me the antics of a family of gray wolves that he saw playing in the water like a lot of water-spaniels.

The diseases that have been observed to

torment the gray wolf are mange, scab and rabies. I have several times heard of mange removing all of a wolf's hair except a ridge along the spine, and in consequence have arisen many rumors of strange beasts in the land.

Wolves are so rarely seen that shooting is not to be relied on as a means of keeping them down. Hunting with dogs has been carried on with fair success, but it requires a composite pack of running, tracking and fighting dogs, as well as the best of horses, so that it is somewhat expensive.

Poisoning, once quite easy, is now very hard to practice since the wolves have learned the smell and danger of strychnine. It still answers for the coyote, but incidentally gathers in many of the neighbors' dogs. This breeds inharmony.

As to the humanity of setting out such devices for catching wild animals, I know, from personal experience of some time spent with my own traps, that the regular toothless fur-trap does not hurt very much. It is the days of struggling and starvation that cause the suffering, and this every trapper aims to avoid, by going at very short intervals to the traps. As a rule the less the animal has suffered, the better the pelt. The ranchmen put the matter briefly, "We don't trap and poison for fun, but because the wolves would soon ruin every man in the cattle business if we didn't keep them down. And we kill that way because there is no other way of doing it." Traps, however, are not very successful now. The wolves seem more cunning and wary each year. They have learned how to live in spite of all that can be done to destroy them, and consequently are increasing in the West. But they have learned another lesson also, and I think I can safely say that, however numerous they may become, they will never again be a serious menace to human life.

# ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT

BY DAVID GRAYSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

## THE POLITICIAN



IN the city, as I now recall it (having escaped), it seemed to be the instinctive purpose of every citizen I knew not to get into politics but to keep out. We sedulously dodged caucuses and school-meetings, our time was far too precious to be squandered in jury service, we forgot to register for elections, we neglected to vote. We observed a sort of aristocratic contempt for political activity and then fretted and fumed over the low estate to which our government had fallen—and never saw the humor of it all.

At one time I experienced a sort of political awakening: a "boss" we had was more than ordinarily piratical. I think he had a scheme to steal the city hall and sell the monuments in the park (something of that sort), and I, for one, was disturbed. For a time I really wanted to bear a man's part in helping to correct the abuses, only I did not know how and could not find out.

In the city, when one would learn any-

thing about public matters, he turns, not to life, but to books or newspapers. What we get in the city is not life, but what some one else tells us about life. So I acquired a really formidable row of works on Political Economy and Government (I admire the word "works" in that application) where I found Society laid out for me in the most perfect order—with pennies on its eyes. How often, looking back, I see myself as in those days, reading my learned books with a sort of fury of interest—how like that distracted Don of la Mancha poring over his tales of a bygone chivalry!

From the reading of books I acquired a sham comfort. Dwelling upon the excellent theory of our institutions, I was content to disregard the realities of daily practice. I acquired a mock assurance under which I proceeded complacently to the polls, and cast my vote without knowing a single man on the ticket, what he stood for, or what he really intended to do. The ceremony of the ballot bears to politics much the relationship that the sacrament bears to religion: how often, observing the

formality, we yet depart wholly from the spirit of the institution.

It was good to escape that place of burying strangers. It was good to get one's feet down into the soil. It was good to be in a place where things *are* because they *grow*, and politics, not less than corn! Oh, my friend, say what you please, argue how you like, this crowding together of men and women in unnatural surroundings, this haste to be rich in material things, this attempt to enjoy without production, this removal from first-hand life, is irrational, and the end of it is ruin. If our cities were not recruited constantly with the fresh, clean blood of the country, with boys who still retain some of the power and the vision drawn from the soil, where would they be!

"We're a great people," says Charles Baxter, "but we don't always work at it."

"But we talk about it," says the Scotch Preacher.

"By the way," says Charles Baxter, "have you seen George Warren? He's up for supervisor."

"I haven't yet."

"Well, go around and see him. We must find out exactly what he intends to do with the Summit Hill road. If he is weak on that we'd better look to Matt Devine. At least Matt is safe."

The Scotch Preacher looked at Charles Baxter and said to me with a note of admiration in his voice:

"Isn't this man Baxter getting to be intolerable as a political boss!"

Baxter's shop! Baxter's shop stands close to the road and just in the edge of a grassy old apple orchard. It is a low, unpainted building, with generous double doors in front, standing irresistibly open as you go by. Even as a stranger coming here first from the city I felt the call of Baxter's shop. Shall I ever forget! It was a still morning—one of those days of warm sunshine—and perfect quiet in the country—and birds in the branches—and apple trees all in bloom. Baxter was whistling at his work in the sunlit doorway of his shop, in his long, faded apron, much worn at the knees. He was bending to the rhythmic movement of his plane, and all around him

as he worked rose billows of shavings. And oh, the odors of that shop! the fragrant, resinous odor of new-cut pine, the pungent smell of black walnut, the dull odor of oak wood—how they stole out in the sunshine, waylaying you as you came far up the road, beguiling you as you passed the shop, and stealing reproachfully after you as you went onward down the road.

Never shall I forget that grateful moment when I first passed Baxter's shop—a failure from the city—and Baxter looking out at me from his deep, quiet, gray eyes—eyes that were almost a caress!

My wayward feet soon took me, unintroduced, within the doors of that shop, the first of many visits. And I can say no more in appreciation of my ventures there than that I came out always with more than I had when I went in.

The wonders there! The long bench with its huge-jawed wooden vises, and the little dusty windows above looking out into the orchard, and the brown planes and the row of shiny saws, and the most wonderful pattern squares and triangles and curves, each hanging on its own peg; and above, in the rafters, every sort and size of curious wood. And oh! the old bureaus and whatnots and high-boys in the corners waiting their turn to be mended; and the sticky glue-pot waiting, too, on the end of the sawhorse. There is family history here in this shop—no end of it—the small and yet great (because intensely human) tragedies and humors of the long, quiet years among these sunny hills. That whatnot there, the one of black walnut with the top knocked off, that belonged in the old days to —.

"Charles Baxter," calls my friend Patterson from the roadway, "can you fix my cupboard?"

"Bring it in," says Charles Baxter, hospitably, and Patterson brings it in, and stops to talk—and stops—and stops—There is great talk in Baxter's shop—the slow-gathered wisdom of the country, the lore of crops and calves and cabinets. In Baxter's shop we choose the next President of these United States!

You laugh! But we do—exactly that. It is in the Baxters' shops (not in Broadway, not in State Street) where the presidents are

decided upon. In the little grocery stores you and I know, in the blacksmithies, in the schoolhouses back in the country!

Forgive me! I did not intend to wander away. I meant to keep to my subject—but the moment I began to talk of politics in the country I was beset by a compelling vision of Charles Baxter coming out of his shop in the dusk of the evening, carrying his curious old reflector lamp and leading the way down the road to the schoolhouse. And thinking of the lamp brought a vision of the joys of Baxter's shop, and thinking of the shop brought me naturally around to politics and presidents; and here I am again where I started!

Baxter's lamp is, somehow, inextricably associated in my mind with politics. Being busy farmers, we hold our caucuses and other meetings in the evening and usually in the schoolhouse. The schoolhouse is conveniently near to Baxter's shop, so we gather at Baxter's shop. Baxter takes his lamp down from the bracket above his bench, reflector and all, and you will see us, a row of dusky figures, Baxter in the lead, proceeding down the roadway to the schoolhouse. Having arrived, some one scratches a match, shields it with his hand (I see yet the sudden fitful illumination of the brown-bearded, watchful faces of my neighbors!) and Baxter guides us into the schoolhouse—with its shut-in dusty odors of chalk and varnished desks and—yes, left-over lunches!

Baxter's lamp stands on the table, casting a vast shadow of the chairman on the wall.

"Come to order," says the chairman, and we have here at this moment in operation the greatest institution in this round world: the institution of free self-government. Great in its simplicity, great in its unselfishness! And Baxter's old lamp with its smoky tin reflector, is not that the veritable torch of our liberties?

This, I forgot to say, though it makes no special difference—a caucus would be the same—is a school meeting.

You see, ours is a prolific community. When a young man and a young woman are married they think about babies; they want babies, and what is more, they have them! and love them afterwards! It is a part of the complete life. And having babies, there must be a place to teach them to live.

Without more explanation you will understand that we needed an addition to our

schoolhouse. A committee reported that the amount required would be \$800. We talked it over. The Scotch Preacher was there with a plan which he tacked up on the blackboard and explained to us. He told us of seeing the stone-mason and the carpenter, he told us what the seats would cost, and the door knobs and the hooks in the closet. We are a careful people: we want to know where every penny goes!

"If we put it all in the budget this year what will that make the rate?" inquires a voice from the end of the room.

We don't look around; we know the voice. And when the secretary has computed the rate, if you listen closely you can almost hear the buzz of multiplications and additions which is going on in each man's head as he calculates exactly how much the addition will mean to him in taxes on his farm, his daughter's piano, his wife's top-buggy.

And many a man is saying to himself:

"If we build this addition to the schoolhouse, I shall have to give up the new overcoat I have counted upon, or Amanda won't be able to get the new cooking-range."

That's *real* politics: the voluntary surrender of some private good for the upbuilding of some community good. It is in such exercises that the fiber of democracy grows sound and strong. There is, after all, in this world no real good for which we do not have to surrender something. In the city the average voter is never conscious of any surrender. He never realizes that he is giving anything himself for good schools or good streets. Under such conditions how can you expect self-government? No service, no reward!

The first meeting that I sat through watching those bronzed farmers at work gave me such a conception of the true meaning of self-government as I never hoped to have.

"This is the place where I belong," I said to myself.

It was wonderful in that school meeting to see how every essential element of our government was brought into play. Finance? We discussed whether we should put the entire \$800 into the next year's budget or divide it, paying part in cash and bonding the district for the remainder. The question of credit, of interest, of the obligations of this generation and the next, were all discussed. At one time long ago I was amazed when I heard my neighbors arguing in Baxter's shop about the issuance of cer-

tain bonds by the United States government: how completely they understood it! I know now where they got that understanding. Right in the school meetings and town caucuses where they raise money yearly for the expenses of our small government! There is nothing like it in the city.

The progress of a people can best be judged by those things which they accept as matters-of-fact. It was amazing to me, coming from the city, and before I understood, to see how ingrained had become some of the principles which only a few years ago were fiercely-mooted problems. It gave me a new pride in my country, a new appreciation of the steps in civilization which we have already permanently gained. Not a question have I ever heard in any school meeting of the necessity of educating every American child—at any cost. Think of it! Think how far we have come in that respect, in seventy—yes, fifty—years. Universal education has become a settled axiom of our life.

And there was another point—so common now that we do not appreciate the significance of it. I refer to majority rule. In our school meeting we were voting money out of men's pockets—money that we all needed for private expenses—and yet the moment the minority, after full and honest discussion, failed to maintain its contention in opposition to the new building, it yielded with perfect good humor and went on with the discussion of other questions. When you come to think of it, in the light of history, is not that a wonderful thing?

One of the chief property owners in our neighborhood is a rather crabbed old bachelor. Having no children and heavy taxes to pay, he looks with jaundiced eye on additions to schoolhouses. He will object and growl and growl and object, and yet pin him down as I have seen the Scotch Preacher pin him more than once, he will admit that children ("of course," he will say, "certainly, of course") must be educated.

"For the good of bachelors as well as other people?" the Scotch Preacher will press it home.

"Certainly, of course."

And when the final issue comes, after full discussion, after he has tried to lop off a few yards of blackboard or order cheaper desks, or dispense with the clothes-closet, he votes for the addition with the rest of us.

It is simply amazing to see how much grows out of those discussions—how much

of that social sympathy and understanding which is the very tap-root of democracy. It's cheaper to put up a miserable shack of an addition. Why not do it? So we discuss architecture—blindly, it is true; we don't know the books on the subject—but we

grope for the big true things, and by our own discussion we educate ourselves to know why a good building is better than a bad one. Heating and ventilation in their relation to health, the use of "fad studies"—how I have heard those things discussed!

How Dr. North, who has now left us forever, shone in those meetings, and Charles Baxter and the Scotch Preacher—broad men, every one—how they have explained and argued, with what patience have they brought into that small schoolhouse, lighted by Charles Baxter's lamp, the grandest conceptions of human society—not in the big words of the books, but in the simple, concrete language of our common life.

"Why teach physiology?"

What a talk Dr. North once gave us on that!

"Why pay a teacher \$40 a month when one can be had for \$30?"

You should have heard the Scotch Preacher answer that question! Many a one of us went away with some of the education which we had come, somewhat grudgingly, to buy for our children.

These are our political bosses: these unknown patriots, who preach the invisible patriotism which expresses itself not in flags and oratory, but in the quiet daily surrender of private advantage to the public good.

There is, after all, no such thing as perfect equality or perfect democracy; there must be leaders, flag-bearers, bosses—whatever you call them. Some men have a genius for leading; others for following; each is necessary and dependent upon the other. In cities, that leadership is often

perverted and used to evil ends. Neither leaders nor followers seem to understand. In its essence politics is merely a mode of expressing human sympathy. In the country many and many a leader like Baxter works faithfully year in and year out, posting notices of caucuses, school meetings and elections, opening cold schoolhouses, talking to candidates, prodding selfish voters—and mostly without reward. Occasionally they are elected to petty offices where they do far more work than they are paid for (we have our eyes on 'em); often they are rewarded by the power and place which leadership gives them among their neighbors, and sometimes—and that is Charles Baxter's case—they simply like it! Baxter is of the social temperament: it is the natural expression of his personality. As for thinking of himself as a patriot, he would never dream of it. Work with the hands, close touch with the common life of the soil, has given him much of the true wisdom of experience. He knows us and we know him; he carries the banner, holds it as high as he knows how, and we follow.

Whether there can be a real democracy (as in a city) where there is not that elbow-knowledge, that close neighborhood sympathy, that conscious surrender of little personal goods for bigger public ones, I don't know.

We haven't many foreigners in our district, but all three were there on the night we voted for the addition. They are Polish. Each has a farm where the whole family works—and puts on a little more Americanism each year. They're good people. It is surprising how much all these Poles, Italians, Germans and others, are like us, how perfectly human they are, when we know them personally! One Pole here, named Kausky, I have come to know pretty well, and I declare I have forgotten that he is a Pole. There's nothing like the rub of democracy! The reason why we are so suspicious of the foreigners in our cities is that they are crowded together in such vast, unknown, undigested masses. We have swallowed them too fast, and we suffer from a sort of national dyspepsia.

Here in the country we promptly digest our foreigners and they make as good Americans as anybody.

"Catch a foreigner when he first comes here," says Charles Baxter, "and he takes to our politics like a fish to water."

The Scotch Preacher says they "gape for education." And when I see Kausky's six children going by in the morning to school, all their round, sleepy, fat faces shining with soap, I believe it! Baxter tells with humor how he persuaded Kausky to vote for the addition to the schoolhouse. It was a pretty stiff tax for the poor fellow to pay, but Baxter "figgered children with him," as he said. With six to educate, Baxter showed him that he was actually getting a good deal more than he paid for!

Be it far from me to pretend that we are always right or that we have arrived in our country at the perfection of self-government. We haven't. It is a slow process. We often fail in our election of delegates to State conventions; we sometimes vote wrong in national affairs. It is an easy thing to think school district; difficult, indeed, to think State or nation. But we grow. When we vote wrong, it is not because we are evil, but because we don't know. Once we get a clear understanding of the right or wrong of any question you can depend upon us—absolutely—to vote for what is right. More education is what we need—and then we shall be able to think in larger and larger circles—until we become, finally, real nationalists. Whenever a man comes along who knows just what is inside of us—just how simple we are, and how much we really want to do right, if we can be convinced that a thing is right—who explains how the railroad question, for example, affects us in our intimate daily lives, what the rights and wrongs of it are, why, we can understand and do understand—and we are ready to act.

It is easy to rally to a flag in times of excitement. The patriotism of drums and marching regiments is cheap; blood is material and cheap; physical weariness and hunger are cheap. But the struggle I speak of is not cheap. It is dramatized by few symbols. It deals with hidden spiritual qualities within the consciences of men. Its heroes are yet unsung and unhonored. No combats in all the world's history were ever fought so high upward in the spiritual air as these; and, surely, not for nothing!

And so, out of my experience both in city and country, I feel—yes, I *know*—that the real motive power of this democracy lies back in the little country neighborhoods like ours where men gather in dim schoolhouses and practice the invisible patriotism of surrender and service.

# A LEGITIMATE TRANSACTION

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

AUTHOR OF "CAP'N ERI," "MR. PRATT," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL CRAWFORD



WAS comin' along the road between East Well-mouth and the Centre when I run afoul of him. He was fat and shiny, and drivin' a skittish horse hitched to a fancy buggy.

When he sighted me he hove to and hailed.

"Here you!" says he, in a voice as fat as the rest of him. "Your name's Pratt, ain't it."

"Yup," says I.

"Methusalum Pratt or Jehoshaphat Pratt or Sheba Pratt, or somethin' like that? Hey?" he says.

"Well," says I, "the last shot you fired comes nighest the bull's-eye. They christened me Solomon, but 'twan't my fault; I was young at the time and they took advantage."

He grinned a kind of lopsided grin, like he had a lemon in his mouth, and commenced to cuss the horse for tryin' to climb a pine tree.

"I knew 'twas some Bible outrage or other," he says. "There's more Bible names in this forsaken sand-heap than there is Christians, a good sight. When I meet a man with a Bible name and chin whiskers I hang on to my watch. The feller that sets out to do me has got to have a better make-up than that, you bet your life. Well, see here, King Sol; can you run a gasoline launch?"

"Why yes, I guess I can run 'most any of the everyday kinds," says I, pullin' thoughtful at my own chin whiskers. This fat man had got me interested. He was so polite and folksy in his remarks. Didn't seem to stand on no ceremony, as you might say. Likewise there was a kind of familiar somethin' about his face. I knew mighty well I'd never met him afore and yet I seemed to have a floatin' memory of him, same as a chap remembers the taste of the

senna and salts his ma made him take when he was little.

"All right," says he, sharp. "Then you come around to my landin' to-morrer mornin' at eight o'clock prompt and take me out in my launch to the cod-fishin' grounds. I'll give you ten dollars to take me out there and back."

"Well," says I, "ten dollars is a good price enough. Do I furnish——"

"You furnish nothin' except your grub," he interrupts. "The launch'll be ready and the lines and hooks and bait'll be ready. My own man was to do the job, but he and I had a heart-to-heart talk just now and I told him where he could go and go quick. No smart Alec gets the best of me, even if he has got a month's contract. You run that launch and put me on the fishin' grounds. I pay you for that and bringin' me back again. And I furnish my own extras and you can furnish yours. I don't want any of your Yankee bargainin'. See?"

I saw. There wan't no real reason why I couldn't take the job. 'Twas well along into September; the hotel where I'd been hired to take out summer folks on sailin' cruises was closed for the season; my own sloop, the *Dora Bassett*, was hauled up for repairs, and about all I had on my hands just then was time. So the ten dollars looked good.

"All right," says I, "it's a deal. If you'll guarantee to have your launch ready, I——"

"That's my business," he says. "It'll be ready. If it ain't you'll get your pay just the same. To-morrer mornin' at eight o'clock. And don't you forget and be late. Gid-dap, you blackguard!" says he to the horse.

"Hold on, just a minute," I hollers, runnin' after him. "I don't want to be curious nor nosey, you understand, but



seems 's if it might help me to be on time if I knew where your launch was goin' to be and what your name was."

He pulled up then. "Humph!" he says, "if you don't know my name and more about my private affairs than I do myself, you're the only one in this county that don't. My name's Williams and I live in what you folks call the Lathrop place over here towards Trumet. The launch is at my landin' down in front of the house."

He drove off then and I walked along thinkin'. I knew who he was now, of course. There was consider'ble talk when the Lathrop place was sold and I gathered that the feller who bought it answered to the hail of Williams and was a retired banker, sufferin' from an enlarged income and the diseases that go along with it. He lived alone up there in the big house, except for a cranky housekeeper and two or three servants. The yarns about his temper and language would have filled a log book. Nobody ever called on him. The Methodist minister tried it once when he fust come and he ain't been the same man sence.

But all this was way to one side of the mark-buoy, so fur as I was concerned. I'd cruised with cranks afore and I thought I could stand this one—ten dollars' worth of him, anyhow. Bluster and big talk may scare some folks, but to me they're like Aunt Hepsy Parker's false teeth, the further off you be from 'em the more real they look. So the next mornin' I was up bright and early and on my way over to the Lathrop landin'.

The launch was there, made fast alongside the little wharf. Nice, slick-lookin' craft she was, too, all varnish and gilt gorgeousness. I'd liked her better if she'd carried a sail, for it's my experience that canvas is a handy thing to have aboard in case of need; but she looked seaworthy enough and built for speed.

While I was standin' on the pier lookin' down at her I heard footsteps and brisk remarks from behind the bushes on the bank and here comes Williams, puffin' and blowin', followed by a sulky-lookin' hired man totin' a deckload of sweaters and ileskins, with a lunch basket on top. Williams himself wan't carryin' anything but his temper, but he hadn't forgot none of that.

"Hello, Pratt," says he to me. "You are on time, ain't you. Blessed if it ain't a comfort to find somebody who'll do what I tell 'em. Now you," he says to the servant, "put them things aboard and clear out as quick as you've a mind to. You and I are through; understand? Don't let me find you hangin' around the place when I get back. Cast off, Sol."

The man dumped the dunnage into the launch, pretty average ugly, and me and the boss climbed aboard. I cast off.

"Mr. Williams," says the man, kind of pleadin', "ain't you goin' to pay me the rest of my month's wages?"

Williams told him he wan't, and added trimmin's to make it emphatic.

I started the engine and we moved out at a good clip. All at once that hired man runs to the end of the wharf and calls after us.

"All right for you, you fat-head!" he yells. "You'll be sorry for what you done to me."

I cal'late the boss would have liked to go back and lick him, but I was hired to go a-fishin', not to watch a one-sided prize fight, and I thought 'twas high time we started.

The name of that launch was the *Shootin' Star*, and she certainly lived up to it. 'Twas one of them slick, greasy days, with no sea worth mentionin' and we biled along fine. We had to, because the cod ledge is a good many mile away, 'round Sandy P'int out to sea, and, judgin' by what I'd seen of Fatty so fur, I wan't hankerin' to spend more time with him than was necessary. More'n that, there was fog signs showin'.

"When was you figgerin' on gettin' back, Mr. Williams?" I asked him.

"When I've caught as many fish as I want to," he says. "I told that housekeeper of mine that I'd be back when I got good and ready; it might be to-night and it might be ten days from now. 'If I ain't back in a week you can hunt me up,' I told her; 'but not before. And that goes.' I've got *her* trained all right. She knows me. It's a pity if a man can't be independent of females."

I knew consider'ble many men that was subjects for pity, 'cordin' to that rule. But I wan't in for no week's cruise and I told him so. He said of course not; we'd be home that evenin'.

The *Shootin' Star* kept slippin' along.

'Twas a beautiful mornin' and, after a spell, it had its effect, even on a crippled disposition like that banker man's. He lit up a cigar and begun to get more sociable, in his way. Commenced to ask me questions about myself.

By and by he says, "Pratt, I suppose you figger that it's a smart thing to get ten dollars out of me for a trip like this, hey?"

"Not if it's to last a week, I don't," says I.

"It's your lookout if it does," he says prompt. "You get ten for takin' me out and back. If you ain't back on time 'tain't my fault."

"Unless this craft breaks down," I says.

"'Twon't break down. I looked after that. My motto is to look out for number one every time, and it's a mighty good motto. At any rate, it's made my money for me."

He went on, preachin' about business shrewdness and how it paid, and how mean and tricky in little deals we Rubes was and yet we didn't appreciate how to manage big things, till I got kind of sick of it.

"Look here, Mr. Williams," says I; "you know how I make my money—what little I do make—or you say you do. Now, if it ain't a sassy question, how did you make yours?"

Well, he made his by bein' shrewd and careful and always lookin' out for number one. "Number one" was his hobby. I gathered that the heft of his spare change had come from dickers in stocks and bonds.

"Humph!" says I. "Well, speakin' of tricks and meanness, I've allers heard tell that there was some of them things hitched to the tail of the stock market. What makes the stock market price of—well, of wheat, we'll say?"

That was regulated, so he said, by the law of supply and demand. If a feller had all the wheat there was and another chap had to have some or starve, why the first one had a right to gouge t'other chap's last cent away from him afore he let it go.

"That's legitimate," he says. "That's cornerin' the market. Law of supply and demand exemplified."

"'Cordin' to that law," says I, "when you was so set on fishin' to-day and hunted me up to run your boat here—'cause I was about the only chap who could run it and wan't otherwise busy—I'd ought

to have charged you twenty dollars instead of ten."

"Sure you had," he says, grininn'. "But you weren't shrewd enough to grasp the situation and do it. Now the deal's closed and it's too late."

He went on talkin' about "pools" and "deals" and such. How prices of this stock and that was shoved up a-purpose till a lot of folks had put their money in it and then was smashed flat so's all hands but the "poolers" would be what he called "squeezed out," and the gang would get their cash. That was legitimate, too—"high finance," he said.

"But how about the poor folks that had their savin's in them stocks," I asks, "and don't know high financin'? Where's the law of supply and demand come in for them?"

He laughed. "They supply the suckers and the demand for money," says he.

By eleven we was well out towards the fishin' grounds. 'Twas the bad season now; the big fish had struck off still further and there wan't another boat in sight. The land was just a yellor and green smooch along the sky line and the waves was runnin' bigger. The *Shootin' Star* was seaworthy, though, and I wan't worried about her. The only thing that troubled me was the fog, and that was pilin' up to wind'ard. I'd called Fatty's attention to it when we fust started, but he said he didn't care a red for fog. Well, I didn't much care nuther, for we had a compass aboard and the engine was runnin' fine. What wind there was was blowin' offshore.

And then, all to once, the engine *stopped* runnin'. I give the wheel a whirl, but she only coughed, consumptive-like, and quit again. I went for'ard to inspect, and, if you'll believe it, there wan't a drop of gasoline left in the tank. The spare cans had ought to have been full, and they was—but 'twas water they was filled with.

"Is *this* the way you have your boat ready for me?" I remarks, sarcastic.

"That—that man of mine told me he had everything filled," he stammers, lookin' scart.

"Yes," says I, "and I heard him hint likewise that he was goin' to make you sorry. I guess he's done it."

Well, sir! the brimstone names that Fatty called that man was somethin' surprisin' to hear. When he'd used up all he had in

stock he invented new ones. When the praise service was over he turns to me and says, "But what are we goin' to do?"

"Do?" says I. "That's easy. We're goin' to drift."

And that's what we done. I tried to

come it was likely to come harder'n we needed. However, there wan't nothin' to do but wait and hope for the best, as the feller said when his wife's mother was sick.

It was gettin' pretty well along towards the edge of the evenin' when I smelt the wind a-comin'. It came in puffs at first ealthier than the one ten minutes it was a seas were beginnin' my jury rig—the oar—and took the helm. I do but run afore it where we would fetch the compass was right, into the bay again, for the wind had hauled clear around.

The *Shootin' Star* jumped and sloshed. Fatty had on all the ile-skins and sweat-ers, but he was shakin' like a custard pie.

"Oh, oh, heavens!" he chatters. "What will we do? Will we drown?"

"Don't know," says I, tuggin' at the wheel and tryin' to sight the compass. "You've got the best chance of the two of us, if it's true that fat floats."

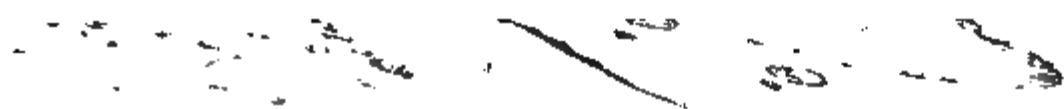
I thought that might cheer him

up some, but it didn't. A big wave heeled us over then and a keg or two of salt water poured over the gunwale. He give a yell and jumped up.

"My Lord!" he screams. "We're sinkin'. Help! help!"

"Set down!" I roared. "Thought you knew how to act in a boat. Set down! d'you hear me? *Set down and set still!*"

He set. Likewise he shivered and groaned. It got darker all the time and the wind freshened every minute. I expected to see that jury mast go by the



*I grabbed him by the collar and wallowed ashore*

anchor, but we wan't over the ledge and the iron wouldn't reach bottom by a mile, more or less. I rigged up a sail out of the oar and the canvas spray shield, but there wan't wind enough to give us steerageway. So we drifted and drifted, out to sea. And by and by the fog come down and shut us in, and that fixed what little hope I had of bein' seen by the life patrol on shore.

The breeze died out flat about three o'clock. In one way this was a good thing. In another it wan't, because we was well out in deep water and when the wind did

board at any time. Lucky for us it held.

No use tellin' about the next couple of hours. 'Cordin' to my reckonin' they was years and we'd ought to have sailed plumb through the broadside of the Cape, and be makin' a quick run for Africy. But at last we got into smoother water and then, right acrost our bows, showed up a white strip. The fog had pretty well blowed clear and I could see it.

"Land, hol!" I yells. "Stand by! *We're* goin' to bump."

And we did. Steerin' anyways but dead ahead was out of the question, and all I could do was set my teeth and trust in my bein' a member of the church. The *Shootin' Star* hit that beach like she was the real article. Overboard went oar and canvas and grub pails, and everything else that wan't nailed down, includin' Fatty and me. I grabbed him by the collar and wallowed ashore.

"Awk! hawk!" he gasps, chokin', "I'm drowned."

I let him be drowned, for the minute. I had the launch to think of, and somehow or 'nother I got hold of her rodin' and hauled the anchor up above tide mark. Then I attended to my passenger.

"Where are we?" he asks.

I looked around. Close by was nothin' but beach-grass and seaweed and sand. A little ways off was a clump of scrub pines and bayberry bushes that looked sort of familiar. And back of them was a little black shanty that looked more familiar still. I rubbed the salt out of my eyes.

"Well!" says I. "I swan to man!"

"What is it?" he says. "Do you know where we are? Whose house is that?"

I looked hard at the shanty.

"Humph!" I grunted. "I do declare! Talk about a feller's comin' back to his own. Whose shanty is that? Well, it's mine, if you want to know. The power that looks out for the lame and the lazy has hove us ashore on Woodchuck Island, and that's the only piece of real estate I own."

It sounds crazy enough, that's a fact; but it was true. Woodchuck Island is a little mite of a sand-heap off in the bay, two mile from shore and ten from the nearest town. I'd bought it three year afore and put up the shanty for a gunnin' shack; took city gunners down there every

fall. This summer I'd leased it to a friend of mine, name of Darius Baker, who used it while he was lobsterin'. The gale had driven us straight in from sea, way past Sandy Point and on to the island. 'Twas like hittin' a nail head in a board fence, but we'd done it. Shows what Providence can do when it sets out.

I explained some of this to Williams as we waded through the sand to the shanty.

"But is this Baker chap here now?" he asks.

"I'm afraid not," says I. "The lobster season's about over and he was goin' South on a yacht this week. Still, he wan't to go till Saturday and perhaps——"

But the shanty was empty when we got there. I fumbled around in the tin match-box and lit the kerosene lamp in the bracket on the wall. Then I turned to Williams.

"Well," says I, "we're lucky for once in——"

Then I stopped. When he went overboard the water had washed off his hat. Likewise it had washed off his long black hair—which was a wig—and his head was all round and shiny and bald, like a gull's egg out in a rain storm.

"What are you starin' at?" he asks.

"I fetched a long breath. 'Nothin'," says I. "Nothin'."

But for the rest of that next ha'f hour I went around in a kind of daze, as if my wig had gone and part of my head with it. When a feller has been doin' a puzzle it kind of satisfies him to find out the answer. And I'd done my puzzle.

I knew where I'd met Mr. Williams afore.

Fatty went to bed, in one of the hay bunks, pretty soon after that. He stripped to his underclothes and turned in under the patchwork comforters. He was too beat out to want any supper, even if there'd been any in sight. I built a fire in the rusty cook stove and dried his duds and mine. Then I set down in the busted chair and begun to think. After a spell I got up and took account of stock, as you might say, of the eatables in the shanty. Darius had carted off his own grub and what there was on hand was mine, left over from the spring season. A hunk of salt pork in the pickle tub, some corn meal in a tin pail, some musty white flour in another pail, a little coffee, a little sugar and salt, and a can of condensed milk.

hunted up for a week?"

He colored pretty red, but from what he said I made out that she wouldn't. I gathered that him and the old lady wan't real chummy. She give him his grub and her services, and he give her the Old Harry and her wages. *She* wouldn't hunt for him, not until she was ordered to. She'd be only too glad to have him out of the way.

"Humph!" says I. "Then I cal'late we'll enjoy the scenery on this garden spot of creation until the week's up."

"What do you mean?" says he.

"Well," I says, "the launch is out of commission, un-

*I explained some of this to William as we waded through the sand to the shanty*

I took these things out of the locker they was in, looked 'em over, put 'em back again and sprung the padlock. Then I put the key into my pocket and went back to my chair to do some more thinkin'.

Next mornin' I was up early and when the banker turned out I was fryin' a couple of slices of the pork and had some coffee bilin'. Likewise there was a pan of johnny-cake in the oven. The wind had gone down consider'ble, but 'twas foggy and thick again, which was a pleasin' state of things for yours truly.

Williams smelt the cookin' almost afore he got his eyes open.

"Hurry up with that breakfast," he says to me. "I'm hungry as a wolf."

I didn't say nothin' then; just went ahead with my cookin'. He got into his clothes and went outdoor. Pretty soon he comes back, cussin' the weather.

"See here, Mr. Williams," says I, "how about them orders to your housekeeper? Are they straight? Won't she have you

less it should rain gasoline, and at this time of year there ain't likely to be a boat within hailin' distance of this island; 'specially if the weather holds bad."

He swore a blue streak, payin' partic'lar attention to the housekeeper for her general stupidity and to me because I'd got him, so he said, into this scrape. I didn't say nothin'; set the table, with one plate and one cup and sasser and knife and fork, hauled up a chair and set down to my breakfast. He hauled up a box and set down, too.

"Pass me that corn-bread," says he. "And why didn't you fry more pork?"

He was reachin' out for the johnny-cake, but I pulled it out of his way.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Williams," says I. "While you was snoozin' last night I made out a kind of manifest of the vittles aboard this shanty. 'Cordin' to my figgerin' here's scursely enough to last one busky nan a week, let alone two busky ones. I paid consider'ble attention to your preachin'

yesterday and the text seemed to be to look out for number one. Now in this case I'm the one and I've got to look out for myself. This is my shanty, my island and my grub. So please keep your hands off that johnny-cake."

For a minute or so he set still and stared at me. Didn't seem to sense the situation, as you might say. Then the red biled up in his face and over his bald head like a Fundy tide.

"Why, you dummed villain!" he shouts. "Do you mean to starve me?"

"You won't starve in a week," says I, helpin' myself to pork. "A feller named Tanner, that I read about years ago, lived for forty days on cold water and nothin' else. There's the pump right over in the corner. It's my pump, but I'll stretch a p'int and not charge for it this time."

"You—you——" he stammers, shakin' all over, he was so mad. "Didn't I hire you——"

"You hired me to take you out to the fishin' grounds and back, provided the launch was made ready by you. It wan't ready, so *that* contract's busted. And you was to furnish your ex-trys and I was to furnish mine. Here they be and I need 'em. It's as legitimate a deal as ever I see; perfect case of supply and demand—supply for one and demand for two. As I said afore, I'm the one!"

"By thunder!" he growls, standin' up; "I'll show you——"

I stood up, too. He was fat and flabby and I was thin and wiry. We looked each other over.

"I wouldn't," says I. "You're under the doctor's care, you know."

So he set down again, not havin' strength even to swear, and watched me eat my breakfast. And I ate it slow.

"Say," he says, finally, "you think you're mighty smart, don't you. Well, I'm It, I guess, for this time. I suppose you'll have no objection to *sellin'* me a breakfast?"

"No—o," says I. "Not a mite of objection. I'll sell you a couple of slices of pork for five dollars a slice and——"

"*Five dollars a——!*" His mouth dropped open like a main hatch.

"Sartin," I says. "And two slabs of johnny-cake at five dollars a slab. And a cup of coffee at five dollars a cup. And——"

"You're crazy!" he sputters, jumpin' up.

"Not much I ain't. I've been settin' at your feet larnin' high finance, that's all.

"*Why, you dummed villain! . . . Do you mean to starve me?*"

*Starin' out into the fog; lookin' for a sail, I presume likely*

You don't seem to be onto the real inwardness of this deal. I've got the grub market cornered, that's all. The market price of necessities is five dollars each now; it's likely to rise at any time, but now it's five."

He looked at me steady for at least two more minutes. Then he got up and banged out of that shanty. A little later I see him down at the end of the sand-spit starin' out into the fog; lookin' for a sail, I presume likely.

I finished my breakfast and washed up the dishes. He come in by and by. He hadn't had no dinner nor supper, you see, and the salt air gives most folks an almighty appetite.

"Say," he says, "I've been thinkin'. It's usual in the stock and provision market to deal on a margin. Suppose I pay you a one per cent. margin now and——"

"All right," says I, cheerful. "Then I'll give you a slip of paper sayin' that you've bought such and such slices of pork and hunks of johnny-cake and I'm carryin' 'em for you on a margin. Of course there ain't no delivery of the goods now because——"

"Humph!" he interrupts sour. "You seem to know more'n I thought you did. Now are you goin' to be decent and make me a fair price or ain't you?"

"Can't sell under the latest quotations," says I. "That's five now; and spot cash."

"But hang it all!" he says, "I haven't got money enough with me. Think I carry a national bank around in my clothes?"

"You carry an Orham Bank check-book," says I, "because I see it in your jacket pocket last night when I was dryin' your duds. I'll take a check."

He started to say somethin' and then stopped. After a spell he seemed to give in all to once.

"Very good," he says. "You get my breakfast ready and I'll make out the check."

That breakfast cost him twenty-five dollars; thirty really, because he added another five for an extry cup of coffee. I told him to make the check payable to "Bearer," as 'twas quicker to write than "Solomon."

He had two more meals that day and at bedtime I had his checks amountin' to ninety-five dollars. The fog stayed with us all the time and nobody come to pick us up. And the next mornin's outlook was just as bad, bein' a drizzlin' rain and a high wind. The mainland beach was in sight but that's all, except salt water and rain.

He was surprisin'ly cheerful all that day, eatin' ilke a horse and givin' up his meal checks without a whimper. If things had been different from what they was I'd have felt like a mean sneak thief. *Bein'* as they was I counted up the hundred and ten I'd made that day without a pinch of conscience.

This was a Wednesday. On Thursday, the third day of our Robison Crusoe business, the weather was still thick, though there was signs of clearin'. Fatty come to me after breakfast—which cost him thirty-five, payable, as usual, to "Bearer"—with almost a grin on his big face.

"Pratt," he says, "I owe you an apology. I thought you was a green Rube, like the rest down here, but you're as sharp as they make 'em. I ain't the man to squeal when I get let in on a bad deal, and the chap who can work me for a sucker is entitled to all he can make. But this pay-as-you-go business is too slow and troublesome. What'll you take for the rest of the grub in the locker there, spot cash? Be white, and make a fair price."

I'd been expectin' somethin' like this, and I was ready for him.

"Two hundred and sixty-five dollars," says I, prompt.

He done a little figgerin'. "Well, allowin' that I have to put up on this heap of desolation for the better part of four days more, that's cheap, accordin' to your former rates," he says. "I'll go you. But why not make it two-fifty, even?"

"Two hundred and sixty-five's my price," says I. So he handed over another "Bearer" check, and his board bill was paid for a week.

Friday was a fine day, clear as a bell. Me and Williams had a real picnicky, sociable time. Livin' outdoor this way had made him forget his diseases and the doctor, and he showed signs of bein' ha'-way decent. We loafed around and talked and dug clams to help out the pork—that is, I dug 'em and Fatty superintended. We see no less'n three sailin' craft go by down the bay and tried our best to signal 'em, but they didn't pay attention—thought we was gunners or somethin', I presume likely.

At breakfast on Saturday, Williams begun to ask questions again.

"Sol," says he, "it surprised me to find that you knew what a 'margin' was. You didn't get that from anything I said. Where did you get it?"

I leaned back on my box seat.

"Mr. Williams," says I, "I cal'late I'll tell you a little story, if you want to hear it." 'Tain't much of a yarn, as yarns go, but maybe it'll interest you. The start of it goes back to consider'ble many year ago, when I was poorer'n I be now, if such a thing's possible. At that time me and another feller, a partner of mine, had a fish weir out in the bay here. The mackerel struck in and we done well, unusual well. At the end of the season, not countin' what we'd spent for livin' and expenses, we had a balance owin' us at our fish dealer's up to Boston of five hundred dollars—two-fifty apiece. My partner was goin' to be married in the spring and was cal'latin' to use his share to buy furniture for the new house with. So we decided we'd take a trip up to Boston and collect the money, stick it into some savin's bank where 'twould draw interest until spring and then haul it out and use it. 'Twas about every cent we had in the world.

"So to Boston we went, collected our money, got the address of a safe bank and



started out to find it. But on the way my partner's hat blowed off and the bank address, which was on a slip of paper inside of it, got lost. So we see a sign on a buildin', along with a lot of others, that kind of suggested bankin', and so we stepped into the buildin' and went upstairs to ask the way again.

and such, and we'd hear how so and so's account was makin' a thousand a day, and the like of that. After a while the nice man, who it turned out was one of the bosses of the concern, told us what it meant. Seemed there was a big 'rise' in the market and them that bought now was bound to get rich quick. Consequent we said we wished we could buy and get rich, too. And the smilin' chap says, 'Let's go have some lunch.' "

Williams laughed. "Ho, ho!" says he. "Expensive lunch, was it?"

"Most extravagant meal of vittles ever I got away with," I says. "Cost me and my partner two hundred and fifty apiece, that lunch did. We stayed in Boston two days, and on the afternoon of the second day we was on our way back to Wellmouth, totin' a couple of neat but expensive slips of paper signifyin' that we'd bought December and May wheat on a one per cent. margin. We was a hundred ahead already, 'cordin' to the blackboard, and was figgerin' what sort of palaces we'd build when we cashed in.

"Ain't no use preachin' a long sermon over the remains. 'Twas a simple funeral and nobody sent flowers. Inside of a month we was cleaned out and the wheat place had gone out of business—failed, busted, you understand. Our fish dealer friend asked some questions, and found out the shebang wan't a real stock dealer's at all. 'Twas what they call a 'bucket shop' and we'd bought nothin' but air, and paid a commission for buyin' it. And the smilin', nice man that run the swindle had been hangin' on the edge of bust for a long while and knowed 'twas comin'. Our five hundred had helped pay his way to a healthier climate, that's all."

"Hold on a minute," says Fatty, lookin' more interested. "What was the name of the firm that took you greenhorns in?"

"'Twas the Empire Bond, Stock and Grain Exchange," says I. "And 'twas on Derbyshire Street."

He give a little jump. Then he says, slow, "Hu-u-m! I—see."

"Yes," says I. "I thought you would. You had a mustache then and your name was diff'rent, but you seemed familiar just the same. When your false hair got washed off I knew you right away."

He took out his pocket pen and his check book and done a little figgerin'.

### *Darius Baker*

"The place wan't very big, but 'twas fixed up fancy and there was a kind of blackboard along the end of the room where a boy was markin' up figgers in chalk. A nice, smilin' lookin' man met us and, when we told him what we wanted, he asked us to set down. Then, afore we knowed it almost, we'd told him the whole story—about the five hundred and all. The feller said to hold on a spell and he'd go along with us and show us where the savin's bank was himself.

"So we waited and all the time the figgers kept goin' up on the board, under sings of 'Pork' and 'Wheat' and 'Cotton'

"Humph!" he says, again. "You lost five hundred and I've paid you five hundred and five. What's the five for?"

"That's my commission on the sales," I says.

And just then comes a hail from outside the shanty. Out we bolted and there was Sam Davis, just steppin' ashore from his power boat. Williams's housekeeper had strained a p'int and had shaded her orders by a couple of days.

Williams and Sam started for home right off. I followed in the *Shootin' Star*, havin' borrowed gasoline enough for the run. I reached the dock ha'f an hour after they did and there was Fatty waitin' for me.

"Pratt," says he, "I've got a word or two to say to you. I ain't kickin' at your givin' me tit for tat, or tryin' to. Turn about's fair play, if you can call the turn. But it's against my principles to allow anybody to beat me on a business deal. Do you suppose," he says, "that I'd have paid your robber's prices without a word if I hadn't had somethin' up my sleeve? Why, man," says he, "I gave you my *checks*, not cash. And I've just telephoned to the

Orham Bank to stop payment on those checks. They're no earthly use to you; see? There's one or two things about high finance that you don't know even yet. Ho, ho!"

And he rocked back and forth on his heels and laughed.

I held up my hand. "Wait a jiffy, Mr. Williams," says I. "I guess these checks are all right. When we fust landed on Woodchuck, I judged by the looks of the shanty that Baker hadn't left it for good. I cal'lated he'd be back. And sure enough he come back, in his catboat, on Thursday evenin', after you'd turned in. Them checks was payable to 'Bearer,' you remember, so I give 'em to him. He was to cash 'em in the fust thing Friday mornin', and I guess you'll find he's done it."

His eyes and mouth opened together.

"*What?*" he bellers. "Do you mean to say that a boat stopped at that dummed island and *didn't take us off?*"

"Oh," says I, "Darius didn't feel called on to take you off, not after I told him who you was. You see, Mr. Williams," I says, "Darius Baker was my partner in that wheat speculation I was tellin' you about."

## CRAZY JANE

BY CARTER HAMILTON

AUTHOR OF "JINNY AND THE WOLVES"



HIS is the story of a cow. Is it the story of a dear cow that lived in grandmother's red barn and ate pink clover?

No.

It is the story of a bold, bad cow, of the long-horned, raspberry plush variety, that lived on Laramie Plains and ate bunch-grass, tomato tins, tents, timid travelers and wire fences.

Why didn't she live in a nice red barn?

Because she jolly well wouldn't—that was reason enough for her. She preferred death to life in a nice red barn, or any enclosed space whatsoever. So she

lived on the plains. And haven't you just a little sympathy for that bold, bad cow who preferred the wild, free plains to the comforts of civilization and the joy of being useful? I have. Otherwise there'd be no story.

The cow introduced herself. I was lying on my back at noon one summer day, smoking my after-dinner pipe, wishing somebody'd do the dishes for me and put them into Jinny's pack, and saddle up, and see that the fire was tramped out so it wouldn't set the plains ablaze, and that we'd beat up a big bunch of nice ripe young sage chickens, and see some antelope, and shoot a wolf, and that I could sleep a solid week without stopping, *when—*

the cow pranced up the chalk bluff at the foot of which Brandt and I were making dinner camp.

I don't know what she took exception to in my appearance or attitude. It may have been the sole of the boot I was swinging in her face, one knee dangling over the other; it may have been my 'baccy and she didn't like the brand; it may have been myself. At any rate, her manner was *most* abrupt and rude. The minute she saw me she lowered her head and flung me the most awful "You—who—who—WHO!" She seemed to pull the sounds up from her boots and throw them out like yards of bunting to flutter on the breeze—"You—who—who—WHO!"

I said, "All right—who are you?" But Brandt sat up from behind the rock where he was trying to cover his large person with 6 x 20 inches of warm shade, and then took to his feet with a bounce. The cow gave a whoop that lifted her off the earth. For a moment she calculated her jump on him from the top—a sheer thirty feet—thought better of it, dashed to a narrow treadway zigzagging to reach the stream, and came pouring down.

"*Crazy Jane!*" cried Brandt. "The rifles——"

And the rifles were in the saddle holsters where we'd thrown them off—never thought of taking them as we carried our lunch upstream looking for a place with enough sage brush for our camp-fire. Brandt threw one look at them—Crazy Jane had reached the level and was rushing on us—"Clear the tracks for the Empire State Express!"

"Squat down!—folla me," yelled Brandt, jumping directly on the track and squatting there himself.

Squat down on the track of the Empire State! thought I. For goodness' sake let me—I had brief reminiscent visions of several athletic feats, suitable for my college gymnasium and a thin attire—how I might trip the light fantastic toe over her head and come up smiling in the rear; or sprint across the landscape—always keeping a *leelle* bit ahead; and why not just scale the wall?—As I say, these were visions, flashed and gone while the cow ramped up, her huge head, with its yard-wide horns, plowing the atmosphere.

The next instant Brandt went up in the air, whooping.

"Whoo-hee!—WHOO-HEE!" and his sombrero caught her slap in the face.

The Empire State took a siding with great suddenness and went thundering past in clouds of dust and made "down brakes" and a full stop twenty rods away.

Brandt was racing after her as fast as he could tear. He snatched a rifle from the holster and aimed.

"Bang—Zipt!" A bullet struck the ground in front of Crazy Jane, throwing up a column of dust. She stooped her haughty head to examine it.

"Bang—Zipt!" A bullet sent dust into her investigating nose.

"Woof! Woo-oof!" she remarked angrily. Brandt jumped across the stream to Black Bess, his mare.

"Bang—BZZZ!" A bullet sang past her ear, tickling in its flight. She shook her head savagely, demanding, "Who—you?"

"BZZZ!" A hornet stung her other ear. She hopped into the air like a kitten—considering her architecture, she did it very gracefully. Then she shook her ear; then she slapped it on a sage bush; then she kicked it; then she flapped it with her tail; then she asked, "Who-o-o?" of the landscape in general, and while she was waiting her answer got a fifth bullet in the same place. Before she could institute more comprehensive inquiries Brandt had the picket rope off Black Bess and leaped her bare back, bridleless, guiding her with his hands and spurring at the cow.

It was too much for Crazy Jane: a mushroom-turning Jack-in-the-box; hornets that you couldn't kick; a yelling centaur, swearing the hide off her back. She gave one lingering "You—Who?" and scattered for her life.

Then I laughed.

It had all happened so suddenly that I hadn't pretended to take any part—I hadn't even moved from the spot I stood on until Brandt's harking away gave me the suggestion to get after my own horse.

"Why didn't you shoot her dead as a doornail?" I asked, as he slipped off Black Bess beside me. Not that I wasn't consumed with envy at the beautiful exhibition he'd given.

"Shoot branded cattle?—not muchee!" he cried. "Say, what sort of a Wild West picnic do you think we're out on, anyway? I believe you're one o' them Englishmen

in disguise, come over here to hunt buffaloes 'n' Injuns on Broadway." He was filling the magazine before he did anything else, and snapped the cartridge with a sharp push on the words, "Shoot cattle?—not mucheel". . . "And, 'sides that, everybody in these parts knows you're out here, an' they'd sure think you done it—mistook her fer antelope. I'd 'a' ruined yer rep ferever if I'd shot her."

"Oh, my rep—don't let that worry you! Everybody out here knows that I can't tell the difference between a cow and a chipmunk; though, if I remember rightly, the chipmunk is a leetle bit smaller and has no horns, while the cow——"

"Lucky y' know that," snorted Brandt. "But we gotta *hike*—git this camp cleaned up an' beat the bush fer th' res'voir. An' I don't like that Crazy Jane—not a little bit."

"Well, I'm not in love with her myself—I didn't seek the introduction," I remarked.

Meanwhile we were getting our things picked up, the horses saddled, and ourselves aboard as fast as possible.

"I don't like her—that's all," Brandt repeated, meditatively, scanning the bluff edge with expectant eye before we rode off. "It's quite a while sence I come up with one o' them critters out here. Didn't know they was one on th' plains this season. Did you git her brand? I made it Two Bar Lazy SZ—that don't b'long anywheres in this country—'n' if I ain't wrong that's what they call the Lazy Susie—b'longs out to Centennial Valley; 'n' if I'm *right*—that crazy-lazy Susie-Jane was on her way straight to New York t' hunt tenderfeet—one in particaler—when she come up with him here——"

"Sweet of her——"

"—an' *he* give her th' marble heart. But you needn't to worry—Jane ain't one t' mind a little thing like that when she takes a fancy to a fella's red necktie. She'll be back all right. I expect we'll come home some night 'n' find her settin' up in bed waitin' fer us—with one o' yer boots in her hand 'n' th' wash-basin on her horn. Why, like's not she's got a whole bunch o' them Lazy Susies she's leadin' on a personally conducted seein'-New-York tour. Then, again, like's not they ain't another one of her nearer'n Centennial or th' Yallastone, where they're huntin'

bears fer pastime. But then, again, mebbe she's a loner—one o' these here old maid cows don't know what to do with herself—round makin' trouble wherever she goes. . . . You mark what I say—we'll come up with that Crazy Jane outfit inside twenty-four hours, 'n' y' can't thank yer Uncle Brandt if she don't fetch a whole bunch 'n' stampeede th' tent—y'll have t' thank plain old Prov'dence, that's all."

The prospect wasn't alluring; and it didn't grow any more so as Brandt retailed his experiences of stampedes: one of his stories, which I don't need to give, winds up, "Oh, yes, we found a *collar button*." And everybody has read enough stories of where a whole herd—first a dozen, then a hundred, then thousands—rushing blindly after a leader, roll a thundering wave across the plains, frantic hoofs beating to a jelly—to dust—everything in their path as the horde sweeps by.

I had had an experience myself—a mere taste—and yet it was one of the three times in my life when I felt deadly fear. I looked out of my tent one morning and saw that Muldoon, picketed some distance away, had tangled her rope in the sage brush, and I went out to free it. It was dawn, but the cattle were up and a hundred or so were grazing in the vicinity. Merely glancing at them, I went on my knees while I worked the wet rope out of the knots and snarls in which it was twisted. I was startled by "You—who!" close at hand. The cattle, scattered a moment before, were focusing their attention and their steps on me. Curiosity urged them to hurry. One began to trot—all trotted. One began to gallop—all galloped. They drew closer together at every step. Before I realized what was happening, a wall of living flesh was rolling on me. It was then Fear struck me—the Fear that freezes in the pit of your stomach and makes your whole past life look like a panorama. I stood stock still. I should have kept standing stock still and died there if it hadn't been for Muldoon. She jumped about and faced them, and thus brought herself alongside me. With less presence of mind than instinct I leaped on her back and "Whooh-ee-ed!" at them. The wall divided at Muldoon's head—bare standing room—almost brushing me away as it swept past. No, I did not want to die that way.

Brandt, at the moment, echoed my thought, "Don't know's I've got any choice selected way o' dyin'—one's 'bout's bad's another when y' gotta go—but droppin' down in front of a stampede—that 'n' rattlesnakes in the grass—don't seem like man's death. No, sirree—it don't. A bear, an' a catamount, an' a mule, they know what they're doin' an' they mean it—those critters *don't*—they jus' *do* it—same 's hailstones—'n' don't know no more about it. An' when one o' them old maids begins t' eat tents as a change o' food from wire fences—Oh, my aunt in Omaha! If there ain't Jane!"

And there she was!

We had ridden up a little hillock and caught her unawares. At the moment she was handing out the glad horn to another of her species. Half a dozen more of the genuine swell-front, high-stoop, iron-girder, brick-finish variety stood about and held stakes on the issue.

Jane was so completely engrossed in her gentle pastime that she did not hear our approach; the recipient of her favors was so completely engrossed that she did not care whether we approached or not; the remainder of the company was so completely engrossed as to mistake us for others of the same species. Thus only can I account for the fact that Jane received no warning of Brandt's intentions. He swooped up on her and caught her by the tail—and then Black Bess—good little cow-pony that she was—pulled off and sat on her haunches.

Jane came away from the dear cow she was treating to the glad horn.

Jane's tail very nearly came away from her.

But Jane took her tail to the wide spaces when Brandt got through with it.

The wreath of victory—that is, the sage-brush wreath, there was nothing else to make a wreath of—remained for Brandt.

We left Jane miles behind us when we camped at the reservoir, and in less than no time I forgot all about her. Fish, sage chickens, ducks, coyotes, wolves, antelope—who'd remember a cow—even a crazy cow—with all that game about? So we fished and were happy; and shot ducks and were happier; and hunted wolves and were happiest; and ran antelope, and were so happy that we didn't say anything about

it, but went to bed, after eating all we could stuff, shut our eyes, and discovered it was morning. *Naturally* I forgot Crazy Jane. Brandt says now that he remembered her all the time.

We had been a week at the reservoir. It was dawn of one of those nights when you wink once and find the sun shining, and I awoke suddenly—as though I had been shot out of sleep. Brandt and I flung out of bed at the same moment and dashed into the open.

"You—*who!*" bellowed at us.

I shall never forget that sight as long as I live. Half surrounding the tent a line of cattle—two hundred at least—were rolling on us, Crazy Jane in the lead. It was like a hostile army. How the early settlers must have felt when they awoke to find their cabins surrounded by Indians!

"You—who—*who*—WHO!" bellowed Jane at the head of her army.

"You—who—who—WHO!" repeated the army.

"Whoo-hee! Whoo-hee!" yelled Brandt, jumping and swinging his arms.

But Jane had seen that trick before. She gave her kittenish, playful frisk, and flung us a bright "You—who?" and came on.

The same thought flashed through Brandt and me at the same instant. To get the rifles from the tent—to run the distance from where we stood and back again—meant to risk death in the tent, or be tangled in it, even if Crazy Jane and her band did not gore it—and us—to tatters. Strange to relate, the thing we might have done—jump into the reservoir and swim for it—did not occur to us till the day after.

"You—who?" Jane bellowed; and "You—who?" she shrieked, in derision, as she jumped forward.

"Whoo-hee—whoo-hee!" yelled Brandt, popping off the ground and flapping like a windmill.

Jane paused long enough to toss her horns through a circle of some yards by way of imitation, and pranced on.

Thousands of thoughts crowded my brain in those two seconds as I watched—not my past sins, but the most insignificant things—and one stood suddenly clear before me, like a picture: it was the story of Rebecca the drummer, and how she and a girl companion took an old drum

and fife, and hid behind the sand dunes while the British were landing soldiers at Scituate Harbor; and how these two played Yankee Doodle and frightened those soldiers away. But what I particularly remembered—and it seemed so important at the moment I couldn't tear my mind off it—was how our teacher, Miss Betts, had us act it; and as none of the little girls could whistle I was selected to play the fife behind the door with Chrissie Fergusson, who did Rebecca, beating a sand-tray with a ruler. I say I saw it all in a single flash—and in that very same flash, or the end of it, my eye lit on our big coffee-pot and frying-pan right at my feet. It wasn't the work of a second to snatch them up and leap behind the tent.

"WHANG!—bang—clang—bangity-bang, bang, *bang!*" went the pot on the pan, and I yelled—yelled and yelled and *yelled*. It wasn't Yankee Doodle, either. I think it was blue murder, but Brandt says it wasn't fit to print. *Anyway*, I whanged and yelled with such effect that the Crazy Jane outfit stopped short.

Then they all began to ask at once, "What in thunder is that?" and nudge each other and say, "You go see," "No, *you* go see." Jane took time to ask "You—who?" in a mild voice, but nobody answered her; and Brandt took time to cull a cake of soap and the wash-basin from our "bench" and send them hurtling—not that Jane would stay her hand for such as those.

Now, I was invisible, where I stood, to all but one cow—a nice white cow, with no brains and a mild and gentle disposition. She looked at me with tender, trusting eyes.

"*Whang!*" and as I brought the pot down I flung myself in her direction and uttered a yell that would have disturbed the calm heart of a saint. The nice white cow gave one look, tossed her brainless head, wheeled where she stood, threw her heart in her heels, and traveled for her life. The cow next—her bosom friend—didn't even wait to see: she took the nice cow's word for it and boarded her train for San Francisco and the West. The cow next her discovered passionate yearnings in her breast for the dear departed—and sought a happy land, far, far away. The cow next *her*—but why enumerate? As fast as they could turn and get legs under them they raced away. It was the same as all party organization—the brainless one became the leader in the flight.

Crazy Jane was left alone. Her surprise, Brandt says, was pitiful to see—only he didn't stop to see—he jumped for the rifle.

Then Jane got hornets.

She gave one sad inquiring bellow, answered by a hornet and a *whang*. Then she, too, boarded her train for the far, far West. We never saw her again.

It was a close call—even Brandt admits that, though his habit is to treat such trifles as all in the day's work—but somehow I've always felt a little sorry for Jane—it did seem so mean of the rest of them.

# THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

LETTERS, COMMENTS AND CONFESSIONS FROM READERS OF THE  
MAGAZINE

## LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY ON \$1800 A YEAR

THROWING A SIDE-LIGHT ON THE PROBLEM OF A BANK TELLER

*(This frank letter is from a reader of the magazine who, for obvious reasons, desires that his name be withheld)*

VERY little while a bank teller goes wrong. And every little while we wonder why. Why do some men and some women go on living decent lives year after year and then suddenly and unexpectedly collapse? Take the recent case of an \$1800-a-year paying teller here in New York. This man, at the age of thirty-five, after a long term of faithful service, took \$10,000 of his employers' money and lost it on a market "tip." Ten days later he left the wife with whom he had lived a happy and reasonable life for many years, stole \$86,000 more, and entered upon a debauch so wild and destructive that nothing can mend the wreck. From a place of trust, in which he had the absolute handling of \$100,000, he abruptly turned away. From a position for which he was bonded by a corporate surety company for \$25,000 he turned suddenly into a course which takes him straight to prison.

It is impossible fully to understand explosions like that. And were it not for the fact that they occur frequently an understanding of them would not seem to be worth striving for. So, while the directors of the bank and the bondsmen are wringing their hands, I want to suggest one reason why some honest men turn thieves. I want to say something about the difficulties that must be met if you and your wife set out to live in New York City on \$1800 a year. What I shall say is not offered as an excuse for those who, weary of being honest, become dishonest. I am not excusing or defending anybody.

A bank teller who steals is a thief, and no game sport. But can we expect an \$1800 man with a family to stay game indefinitely? He ought to, but will he? Is the light that beckons him to a greater reward to be kept so dim that he can faintly discern it?

Begin with the rent. The teller I have in mind paid \$40 a month for his flat. That is \$480 a year. I know that he was not extravagant in that particular. I have tramped from one end of Manhattan Island to the other, and I have been to Brooklyn, but I never saw an apartment for much less than \$40 a month that a man thirty-five years old with a position of considerable importance in a bank would want to take his wife to. Furthermore, I think it entirely possible that his wife felt a bit uncomfortable sometimes when her better-conditioned friends called and found her tiny rooms and dark windows.

Now take the cost of running the house. My wife and I have gone over these figures together. We are not so very much better off than the \$1800 teller was, and we know whereof we speak. We can't see how two people can allow less than \$650 a year for food, light, gas for cooking, insurance on household goods, "fine" laundry, entertainment, and extra help. By "extra help" I mean a woman coming in one day a week to do washing and cleaning. When we say food we mean simple, clean, nourishing food. And of course that means the purchase of butter at a price which nowadays almost equals that of a fair grade of chocolate creams. It also means the economical use of decent meat, which, as everybody knows, is so expensive that none but those in rea-

sonably comfortable circumstances can afford to have at all. However, a man good enough for a corporate surety company to bond for \$25,000, and intelligent and responsible enough to have his hands on \$100,000 of your money and my money, ought to be worth feeding. What in the world the \$2-a-day man and his wife eat I should like to know. I am certain that in New York, where a laboring man can have no garden or any other outside supply of cheap food, he must be without a healthful variety, and that which he eats can be neither pure nor nourishing.

My wife can't see how the wife of a New York paying teller can have a personal allowance of less than \$200 a year. She must manage well to dress decently on that. She *must* dress decently, too, for some time, on short warning, the cashier is going to invite her and her husband to dinner, and on all accounts they ought to go. For the husband's clothes, and the care of them, I have allowed \$150 a year. With the strictest economy he can, on that, look like a banker. For his lunches, car-fare, newspapers and incidentals, I have allowed \$150 a year, and if he gets through on that he is a little Napoleon of strategy.

Already I have accounted for \$1630. There is \$170 left, and the following items are unaccounted for:

Savings  
Life insurance  
Doctor's bills  
Dentist's bills  
Amusements  
Gifts  
Annual vacations  
Books and periodicals  
Replenishing furniture, etc.

I have said nothing about children. I will leave that part of the discussion to President Roosevelt. He has thought that all out. All I have yet to say is that for the teller and me and married men of our class two ways of escape are open. One way is to throw yourself into your job with all your might and lift yourself bodily out of the \$1800 class. The other way is gracefully to retreat to a smaller town, where the cost of living is not so great. But of course neither way of escape is discovered by any but the exceptional man.

[The president of one surety company in the United States is himself authority for the statement that in many instances he has declined to bond bank employees because their salaries were too small, and that in numerous cases he has been the means of forcing banks and trust companies to increase the salaries of their workers.—THE EDITOR.]

## LIFE AS VIEWED BY A WORKINGMAN

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE:



AM what the world would call an incompetent. As measured by the dollar my life is a failure. I have no talent for money-getting. And precisely for the reason that I have never made

the dollar mark the shrine of my devotions I have been denied the things upon which I have set my heart. In the fierce battle for bread for myself and family I have been denied the leisure and the opportunity to cultivate those talents, the due exercise of which under proper conditions would have supplied the demands of both the flesh and the spirit. In struggling with the conditions and the circumstances into which it was my luck to be born, and which I never have been able to rise above, the

physical demands, of course, had to be attended to first; the mind and soul—well, they could wait, and starve. And here, at almost high noon of life, I am still devoting almost my entire time and attention to serving this belly-god. For the food that nourishes the higher self I have been, all my life, ravenously hungry.

My early environment was crude and simple enough. For four generations—and that's as far back as I have been able to trace my ancestry—my people have been pioneers, backwoodsmen. Not one of them has been rich or famous, or has held a higher office than that of justice of the peace. All were honest, plain and hardworking. They lived the simple life, both from necessity and because they knew no other. They lived by their own labor and not another's. As they read few books, and no magazines,



they had not the incentives nor the aspirations we have. With them the struggle for existence was almost entirely with nature. There was, as is always the case with the vanguard of civilization, little of competition between them and their fellowman. That is why, as a rule, frontiersmen, and those living in sparsely settled communities, are so guileless, generous and open-hearted.

At the age of eight I shouldered a hoe and went to the cotton fields, and I have labored pretty continuously ever since at one thing or another. Since my teens I have worked on the farm as a hired hand; cut wood at so much per cord, cleared land at so much per acre, sawed and split stave timber at so much per thousand. I have worked in sawmills and cotton-gins; kept books, taught school (country district and village), and for more than a year worked on the railroad as a section hand at \$1.25 a day. At present I am trying to farm—paying rent because I cannot own the land I cultivate.

It is not that I have had to labor that I complain, nor is it a matter of dollars and cents merely; it goes deeper. I don't mind the work—that is, a reasonable amount of it. Every one should do his share, and I would not shirk mine. But I feel that under the present method of the unequal sharing of burdens and privileges, I have been forced to serve on double duty, and thus have been defrauded of much of that which money cannot buy. I feel that my growth has been arrested; that now I can never reach that degree of development I might have attained under other conditions.

Between this sordid environment in which my body must toil long hours daily in order that I, and those dependent upon me, may merely exist and that (to me) ideal condition in which my talents, whatever they may be, might have full play—that environment in which I could reach my full stature of manhood—there is a chasm which a few hundred dollars might bridge. But alas! toil as I may, I can get nothing ahead. After nearly twenty years of hard, unremitting

labor I can truthfully say I never have had two hundred dollars cash in hand at any one time in my life. And why? Because I have not "managed." I have not been "practical." I should have cut loose from my dreams—above all, learned the art of getting others to work for me. And thus I would have "succeeded."

Under our present economic arrangement it is a misfortune for the toiling millions at the bottom of the ladder to aspire, because those very aspirations, dreams and longings unfit them in a great measure for material success; and some measure of material success is absolutely necessary in order to insure the leisure and opportunities for mind-culture. To put my contention in a sentence: One cannot hitch his wagon to a star while his nose is on the grindstone; nor can one devise a plan to get his nose off the grindstone while his soul is star-gazing.

We hear much of the simple life these days. I have naught to say against it. It is beautiful, idyllic—for those who can afford it. I mean, if by reducing living expenses to their lowest terms one thereby gains the leisure to live his life in the highest and fullest sense, then the simple life is the only life worth living; but if one must "dine on homely fare and wear hodden gray" from sheer necessity, and must toil unceasingly at whatever his hands find to do in order to live thus simply, then it cannot be called life in the true sense but mere existence; and the "simple life" loses its poetry. Thoreau went into the woods to reduce the cost of living, and so secure for himself a broad margin of leisure on which to write at his pleasure. But he had only himself to support while the land he cultivated cost him nothing for rent. Even as it was, two years of it were enough for him. Had he been obliged to support a family of five or six, and to have paid rent on his bean-patch, I am sure that we never would have had the pleasure of reading his "Walden."

J—M—,  
Durant, I. T.

## IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

*"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*

**I**F it were not the certainty that you would call me flippant—said the Observer—I should say that I get more amusement these days out of Democratic and Republi-

**Our** can expressions on tariff  
**National** revision than anything the  
newspapers print. They  
remind me of nothing so  
much as of a daily per-  
**Pet** formance of my household  
pets. I own a valuable cat.

He is large, sleek, imperturbable. He takes what he wants. He goes where he will. He is utterly selfish, cold-blooded and immoral, and, in spite of all his placid scoundrelly ways, he is untouched.

To the honest dogs of my household he is an unending scandal. Their frank and loyal souls revolt unceasingly against his thefts, his indifference to affection, his occupation of forbidden cushions, his nightly prowlings, his uselessness, his immunity from punishment. There is not a day passes that they do not encircle him, barking, snarling, making quick darts at him, threatening him with the fate he deserves. But they never touch him. Let him so much as open an eye, or raise a paw, and they fly. There is not one of them that could not break that cat's back, if he went resolutely at him, but none of them will dare it. They are all afraid of getting scratched!

As far as I can see, Republican and Democratic yapping at the tariff has about the same degree of sincerity. They snap and snarl at it, call it names, accuse it of half our evils, but let it show a sign of turning and they begin to explain, to qualify, to retreat, to protest. The fear of getting scratched keeps them all from taking

hold of the animal boldly. It is a most amusing performance.

**I**T is a very discouraging performance—said the Reformer severely. The more discouraging when you think how easily Theodore Roosevelt could turn the insincerity and coward-  
**Is Roosevelt** ice of it into an honest  
and respectable movement.

**Afraid of** What we all want to know  
beyond doubt is how the  
**Its Claws?** Dingley Tariff is operating.

Is it swindling us as bad as its critics in both parties affirm? Is it fostering monopolies? Is it limiting foreign trade? Is it corrupting men right and left? Personally I am inclined to believe the worst of it. But I do not believe the people of the country are—yet; but they want to know. I am willing to wait for proofs of its beneficence or its harm. But I want evidence, not epithets, declarations and phrases.

It seems to me that we have a right to demand this evidence from Mr. Roosevelt and along with it the prompt revision of every duty which is shown to be working unequally. His present silence after his attitude in 1884—after certain of his expressions since he came into the presidency—lend weight to the suspicion that he is more concerned with the effect of the tariff on the next campaign than he is with its effects on the country. In other words, he is afraid of getting scratched if he tackles it resolutely.

**A**ND so he would—said the Reporter—scratched badly. The only possible way of getting the information you

ask for is through a non-partisan commission of able statisticians, three or four men who would go at an examination of the schedules as Governor Hughes went at Life Insurance. Now that would be defying a fundamental principle of Mr. Roosevelt's party that the tariff must be handled always by its friends. We have a tariff of the protected, by the protected, and for the protected. It is blasphemy to talk about a non-partisan tariff commission. I should say it would mean scratching—scratching campaign contributions. Mr. Roosevelt is a brave man, but he is not brave enough to run the risk of cutting down the funds for 1908.

**A**ND there—said the Observer—is where he falls short of greatness. Think how he would electrify the country if he would say, "Something seems to be wrong. I am going

**A Chance** to find out what it is. I am going  
**for Great** conclusions on the reports of the interested. I am going

**Daring** to base them on the work of those who know how to gather, correlate and interpret figures. I am going to find out where these duties go to the last fraction and I promise you that if any industry is protected beyond what is necessary to put it on a fair competitive basis the surplus comes off." Do you not suppose that such an action would not sweep away every vestige of the growing suspicion that he has not the tenacious hold on principles that we hoped he had; that he is more interested in problems of party politics than in problems of government?

**I**T is a great opportunity for Mr. Roosevelt—said the Philosopher—but do not believe that the tariff is to be reformed by a commission, even a permanent commission, which is what

**We need** I should like to see. It is going to take something

**Another** more than mathematical calculations to wrench the

**Cobden** hands of the protected loose. You may prove they are in pockets where they do not belong, but so long as the owners of those pockets believe that they too are getting something from protection and that if they help loosen

the steel man's grip, they too will have to give up a benefit of one kind or another; they are not going to get excited. The trouble is that we are all in this thing. I do not believe in the protective principle. I am a free trader, but all my savings are in steel stock. I fell confident if the duty on steel should come off as theoretically I believe it ought, every cent of it, the value of my holdings would be temporarily, perhaps permanently, depreciated. I would gain in a hundred other ways from revision—in cheaper clothes, cheaper food, cheaper rent, but the one thing I see is the falling stock. We are all alike in this. We all fear some temporary loss. Mr. Roosevelt sees his campaign contributions cut down. Mr. Taft sees the support of the Iron and Steel Association cut off. The newspapers and magazines see their advertisements falling off. The laborers at Trenton and Fall River and Lynn and Pittsburg fear lower wages. And because of the temporary inconvenience and disarrangement we sacrifice the larger but less definite good. The tariff will never be reformed until we get it where Mr. Lincoln took slavery, into the field of right and wrong. And to do this we must have a man steeped as Richard Cobden was with the real facts of it. When Cobden announced that he was going to overthrow the Corn Laws, a man of large political experience exclaimed to him, "Repeal the Corn Laws! You will repeal the monarchy as soon." But he did it. Did it by the fullness of his knowledge of every side of the question, by his clearness and freshness of statement, by making the man in the crowd understand. That full direct convincing talk of his finally swept England off her feet. It was political economy he talked, free trade and protection, but excited crowds hung on his words as they never hung on Chatham's or Peel's or Gladstone's. The masses of English men and women were afire with an interest keener than they showed on any other subject, perhaps in the whole nineteenth century. That subject was the tariff. And yet we say the tariff is dull. The trouble is that we have nobody that knows how to make it interesting. Nobody whose brain is saturated with its facts and whose heart has been stirred by its meaning. We have had great men who saw it. Emerson did, so did Lowell; and had not another phase of human freedom absorbed them

we can easily imagine the genius of them both turned to this phase. But now there is nobody. Mr. Roosevelt may rise as high as a commission and revision, but he will not rise as high as Cobden. He has too many irons in the fire.

**T**HE question—said the Observer—is whether the people can be aroused to the point of enthusiasm required for such a war as Cobden led. That was almost a “holy war.” The **Do the People** zeal and energy put into the leadership of the Anti-**Really Care?** corn law movement by Cobden and reflected in the fervor of his followers suggested a crusade rather than a political or economic campaign. We can judge of the fury with which that struggle was conducted if we reflect that in the midst of it Peel, who was not a man to surrender over-quickly to passion, accused Cobden of encouraging assassination when a maniac killed Mr. Drummond, mistaking him for the premier. But the feeling of intense and bitter hatred against the tariff existed before Cobden rose to translate it into action. Would an American Cobden, if one should present himself to-day, find such a passion of abhorrence for the protective tariff among our people? Leaving out those of us who have been taught in the school of free trade, does any such active resentment of the tariff exist as would invite even a crusader to take up the work?

One of the craftiest politicians I have ever known told me once that he never began a political fight for a cause unless he saw that the hearts of the people as well as their brains were in it. As he expressed it, he tried to find out “what their emotions were.” Now, speaking always as a convinced free trader, I am bound to say that I find little “emotion” against the tariff. It was not so fifteen years ago. At that time it seemed that the indignation through the country against a system that had done so much to corrupt public life and to keep honest men from coming into their own, must destroy the wall that greed and fraud had put up around us. What has produced the change? In the first place, the futility of the efforts of the Democrats in Congress to disturb the tariff after the election of 1892, made the country despair of ever effecting a change. About that time I found one of

the great free-trade editors abandoning his guns and conceding that the tariff was so interwoven with the whole life of the nation that it could not be touched without destroying commerce, labor, credits. It was a disease, he said, like one of those dreadful growths that become so much a part of the very tissue they destroy, that they cannot be removed without killing the patient.

But there is more in the present apathy of the public toward tariff reform than mere submission to a wrong that must be endured because it can't be cured. Why do you suppose it is that the public does not fume, like my friend here, at the inaction of the ex-tariff reformer, Theodore Roosevelt, or demand the political extermination of the “stand-patters”? Is it not probable, or at least conceivable, that they are doubtful of the power of the proposed remedy to cure the evils we suffer from or think we suffer from? A good deal of water, politically speaking, has gone under the bridge since 1892. The thoughts of the people turn to other and more drastic measures than a mere reduction of duties. The resentment against unequal conditions and opportunities, special privileges and the whole brood of evils that mock our democratic theories, goes deeper than the tariff. Is it not possible that the people are wondering whether a change in the tariff would really mean an essential and improving change in existing conditions, or merely a transfer of power from one group of capitalists to another group? What conclusions do they quietly draw when they see among the most ardent tariff reformers hereabout men who are almost daily accused of corrupting legislatures and boards of aldermen to secure, without benefits to the community, special privileges for public service corporations and railways? I believe a good many of them are thinking that it is not a carpenter to repair the front steps they need, but an engineer to find out what may be the matter with the foundations of the house.

**I** WOULD find it very hard to prove that free trade had profited Great Britain in a large way. It was good for some business men; it was bad for others, no doubt. But the question that goes underneath all consideration of the effect on business of this measure or that is: Is there less poverty or less crime in England under

free trade than there was under protection?

**Does the** To what extent has Cobden's great fight improved the general condition? No

**Remedy** country in the world exhibits so painfully and so

**Really Cure?** publicly the squalor and suffering of the poor as free-trade England. There are slums in New York, but London is all slums. The misery of the poor and the vices to which the poor fly for an anodyne to misery, overflow the precincts of the East End and stain Mayfair. If selfishly bent, a man can escape the evidences of human suffering in any American city. The people of Fifth Avenue might never know that there was such a thing as abject poverty if they did not see it in its least unfavorable aspect from a cab window while on their way to their country houses on Long Island or in New Jersey. But in London there is no escape. Base, brutalizing poverty sweeps along Park Lane and gazes with sorrowful, hungry, cowardly eyes at the palaces of South African millionaires. It crowds the June morning parade of smart ladies in Bond Street. It touts for cabs or needlessly sweeps crossings in front of the restaurants. It fills the Strand with drunkards and Piccadilly with prostitutes. It is to be seen in the squares of the fashionable neighborhoods where its presentment is drunken women asleep with their babies in their arms. England may be the richest country in the world, but London is a swamp of dreadful poverty. In degree the provincial cities are as bad. Who that has ever seen them can forget the palpable miseries of the poor of Edinburgh and Glasgow and Dublin? There is little choice between Manchester, the home of Richard Cobden, and Birmingham, the home of Joseph Chamberlain. It would be pretty hard to convince one of the thousands of London who "sleep out" or "doss" in infected lodging houses that any benefit has arisen from free trade.

**B**UT one can believe in tariff reform without advertising it as the only possible means for the redemption of the world. The fact of the matter is that the economic argument for free trade is the least that can be urged in its favor. It is a sound argument; no writer who deserves much respect has ever shaken it.

But it does not move us; much less does it move the working classes who are always living from hand-to-mouth. They dare not risk the deprivation that might come for a time

from a dislocation of the present system, however much they may believe that everything will turn out for the best in the end. They are disposed to go on the theory "let bad enough alone." They are perhaps right in concluding that a change would make no essential difference. It would merely alter relative conditions, and wealth, instead of passing in the greatest volume through the channels of manufacturing, would pass in the greatest volume through the channels of foreign trade and merchandising. The strength of tariff reform lies not so much in itself as in the weakness of its enemy, and the tariff is vulnerable not so much economically as it is morally. If tariff reformers would attack it on that side, if they would ding into the ears of the people that it is founded on deceit and fraud and special privilege, that it is maintained by a flagrant, detailed corruption of individuals and by a still worse general corruption of whole political parties, they would have a hearing and they could entertain some hope of achieving their long-deferred victory. The truth about the viciousness of the methods of continuing high duties, the vulgar, sordid, cowardly business that has gone on during every session of Congress and through every Congressional and presidential campaign since the war, ought to be told again and again. Those of us who thought the American people indifferent to moral issues in politics have had our eyes opened of late. Witness the insurance investigation. It is perfectly true that the latitude permitted the directors of these companies brought greater returns to the policy-holders than they could hope for if investment were restricted to a "savings bank basis." But when the corruption that grew out of this system was explained there was no demur from policy-holders to a reform that cleaned out the rottenness even if it cut down the profits. So, I say, you cannot win for tariff reform with statistics. Man cannot live by figures alone. The appeal must be to the higher political feelings of the people, to their constant hatred of all that is oppressive and corrupt.

Oy-

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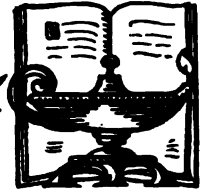
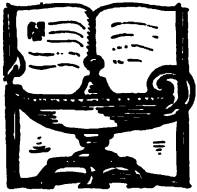
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in this direction, that its recognition has been so prompt, its success so pronounced.

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## THE ART OF GOOD SOUP MAKING

The housewife of today understands that a meal must contain food constituents of various sorts in certain definite proportions, gauged according to the necessities of those who partake of it. There must not be an over or under supply of any ingredient. For this reason, in preparing a soup, it will be necessary to study the character of the entire meal.

To mention an instance, clear soups are more appropriate for dinner. The addition of vegetables to soup, especially of starchy vegetables such as potatoes or rice, chemically considered, is likely to cause the meal to contain a surplus of starch. Cream soups, bisques or purees should be used for luncheons where the dishes following are of a lighter nature. As a rule, dinner soups should be purely stimulant, while luncheon soups may be nutritious.

It is a good plan to make a strong stock of Armour's Extract of Beef and keep it on hand. Then it will be an easy matter to prepare soup on short notice. This stock may be used as the base for a number of soups. It may be made in quantities and kept in a cool place until needed.

If stock is not prepared, the flavor of soups made of Armour's Extract of Beef will be improved by steeping in the water in which the Extract of Beef is to be dissolved, a variety of vegetables such as onions, carrots, turnips and celery, simmering gently for thirty minutes, then straining and adding the Extract of Beef to the liquid.

Constantly it ought to be borne in mind that by the use of Armour's Extract of Beef soup can be made

that will rival the gastronomic triumphs of old-time chefs who are said to be getting extinct. You get all of the taste of prime beef with none of the waste of materials, strength and patience that attended the old-fashioned methods.

When the vegetables to be used in soups must be passed through a sieve, keep them continually moistened with stock or milk, according to the soup that is being made.

Armour's Tomato Bouillon is an excellent soup condiment, having much more real taste of tomatoes than ordinary catsup. A little added to the soup gives a delightful taste; or added to a cup of boiling water it makes an appetizing, clear bouillon.

Where the soup is to be thickened with eggs, beat the required number of eggs, add a little warm stock, and strain. Then gradually add them to the soup.

All vegetable purees should be allowed to boil up quickly after the puree has been added to the stock. This will clarify the soup. Remove all scum, then add the butter, milk or cream.

Cream soups and purees must be bound together or they will separate. To bind a soup, melt butter. When it bubbles, add an equal quantity of flour. When this is well blended add to the boiling soup, stirring constantly.

One point that must be remembered in using Armour's Extract of Beef is that it has nearly four times the strength of other brands, consequently only one-fourth as much should be used of Armour's as would be used of another brand.

*The Best*  
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*of the*  
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## FIRST PRINCIPLES OF COOKING

During the honeymoon life looks luminous to the young wife. There comes a time, though, when cold, hard-hearted Reality grins mockingly at her. Then she realizes that, after all, life is not one grand, sweet symphony of joy, and the airship of romance comes down to earth with a sudden dull and sickening thud. Love and indigestion have no affinity one for another. On the other hand, carelessly selected, improperly cooked food and indigestion are twin souls. The moral is vivid. If love is to be kept as a permanent dweller in the home the door must be barred against indigestion. So the sensible young wife begins to study the first principles of cooking.

The science of cookery goes deeper than the mere combination of materials—that may be said to be the chemistry of cooking. Its very foundation principle lies in their selection. For instance, a housewife of experience knows that the cheaper cuts of meat really are the most nutritious, but are lacking in flavor. She will utilize these cheaper cuts of meat in the form of stews, ragouts, pot-roasts, etc., adding a little of Armour's Extract of Beef to impart the flavor which they lack. She has learned at least two of the foundation principles of cooking—economy and food values.

A woman who has had no practical experience with Armour's Extract of Beef will be surprised and fascinated to learn the many ways in which it can be used. It has become known the world over as an especially appetizing addition to vegetable dishes, such as peas, green or wax beans, corn and other vegetables. It gives a distinctive flavor which can be secured by no other means. It solves the gravy problem, for it not only colors but gives the real beef flavor when used for this purpose.

A new cook book has just been issued by Armour & Company. "My Favorite Recipes" is intended to be a cook book which will endear itself to every woman who comes across it. Besides containing a number of hints for using Armour's Extract of Beef and recipes for many dishes in which that product is not used, there are blank pages on which may be written the recipes which you prize. The miscellaneous hints and tables of proportions in it alone ought to make it of inestimable worth to women who want to do things the best way possible. Write to Armour & Company, Chicago, enclosing cap from jar of Armour's Extract of Beef, and "My Favorite Recipes" will be mailed to you.

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CHICAGO





"An' when you eat 'em,—  
They're nice enough, I guess,  
But,— Gee-ros-a-lem!  
Aint they just *Awful*  
— on your Digestion?"

"Of course wood's cheap  
Down on the farm.  
"But Human Natur" is too dear  
To steep, an' bile, an' bake  
*Beans* everlastin'—  
When —

We can buy 'em *ready* biled,  
An' baked (an' fit to sarve  
To any King or Queen on earth)  
By that there 'Snider-Process'  
Which,—  
Cuts out their cussed 'Colic,'  
Makes 'em porous, mellow, tender,  
Digestible an' appetizin' as them  
"Pies that Mother used to make"  
When we was Girls and Boys.

"Gosh — I 'most forgot  
To tell that these here  
*Snider-Process* Pork & Beans  
Are soaked plum full of real,  
Old-time, Ripe-Tomato Catsup,—  
The kind them Snider People made  
For more nor 20 years.

"The Grocer, he gives back  
Your money quick, if you say  
*Snider-Process* Pork & Beans  
Aint better than the best  
You ever 'et.  
That's pooty strong,— I guess."

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.  
CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

## FILOSOFY OF BEANS

—BY—  
Hiram Jones

**W**HEN I growed them  
*Beans,—*  
I didn't know  
Much about this here  
New 'Snider Process'  
Fer cookin' Pork & Beans.  
"But — By Heck, it's all right!  
I've 'et the Beans since,  
With an' Without,  
An' so, I'd ought to know  
Because, —  
That's the only sure way  
To find out.

"When 'Mother' cooks our Beans  
To home, it's like a Washday.  
"So much trouble to —  
Steep 'em first all night —  
Then bile 'em fer all day,  
An' bake 'em fer a week a'most.  
"Seems as if them Beans  
Were worse nor *Watches*  
To use up time,— in cookin'!

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## **ATS hade emand**

*...ford only one  
or two perishable silk skirts may now rejoice  
in four or five dainty ones of Heatherbloom."*

*—Mrs. Osborn.*

Constantly higher in the scale of elegance climbs the rich, durable Heatherbloom petticoat. It reflects fully the wealth of Autumn shades in frocks and gowns.

The highest-priced silk petticoats, expensively embroidered or lace trimmed, are now duplicated in Heatherbloom, and because of their brilliance, their unusual durability, their enduring freshness, are in great demand by smartly gowned women.

We particularly invite your attention to these more elaborate designs. Though reflecting all the rich beauty and advance style of silk petticoats costing \$12 to \$18, the same dainty creations in Heatherbloom cost but \$5 to \$8. These, according to experience at our National Exhibit at Atlantic City, are the most popular with fashionable womankind—the first chosen everywhere. Three times the wear of silk.



**Trenton Oil Cloth & Linoleum Company, Trenton, New Jersey**

When writing to advertisers please mention **THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE**.

# There is no doubt about the OSTER

The Ostermoor Mattress has been *proved* by every test that human reason demands.

*The theory behind it is right*—that the best mattress must be *built*, not stuffed—free from animal hair or anything else unclean and unsanitary.

It has stood the test of time—for over 50 years we have been making Ostermoor mattresses to satisfy a *constantly increasing* demand.

*It has a multitude of witnesses* to its excellences. Many thousands have of their own accord sent us letters of gratitude and congratulation over this mattress that induces sleep and ministers to health. The name *Ostermoor* is to-day a household word, due not alone to our convincing advertisements, but to the good report of it that neighbor has made to neighbor.

*It has been measured by the laws that rule the business world.* Nothing of inferior quality can be sold to the public year after year in increasing quantity. Imitations of the Ostermoor by the score have come and gone. Imitations are now in the field. They too will live only as they have real worth. Their borrowed glory can last but a little day. To protect you we trade mark the genuine with the square label shown below so that you cannot be misled.

## WRITE FOR OUR FREE 144-PAGE BOOK AND SAMPLES OF TICKING

**30 NIGHTS' FREE TRIAL.** You may sleep on an Ostermoor for a month and, if not *thoroughly* satisfied, have your money back without question. Full particulars in our beautifully illustrated 144 page book—sent free.



### WE SELL BY MAIL OR THROUGH 2,500 OSTERMOOR DEALERS

*Exclusive Ostermoor agencies everywhere*—that is our aim; the highest grade merchant in every place. The Ostermoor dealer in your vicinity—be sure to ask *us* who he is—will show you a mattress with the "Ostermoor" name and trade mark *own* on the end. Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

**OSTERMOOR & CO., 105 Elizabeth St., New York**  
Canadian Agency, The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

### MATTRESSES COST

Express Charges Prepaid  
4 feet 6 inches wide, \$15.00  
45 lbs.  
4 feet wide, 40 lbs., 13.35  
3 feet 6 inches wide, 11.70  
35 lbs.  
2 feet wide, 30 lbs., 10.00  
2 feet 6 inches wide, 8.35  
35 lbs.  
All 5 feet 8 inches long.  
In two parts, 50 cents extra.



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# WHAT IS BACK OF OUR ADVERTISING?

**T**HE national advertiser is generally either the originator, absolutely, of his article or the originator, practically, by virtue of improvements or other details upon which he has stamped his individuality.

HE backs his confidence in his goods by his money in advertising and back of his money is his name, his honor and his credit.

HE does pioneer work, educating the public to the realization and appreciation of a need, and by hard, persistent, constant advertising, makes his article a success.

HE knows the folly of cheapening the quality of his goods for which he has so faithfully built up a reputation, for he may thus wreck in a few weeks or months the edifice of years.

BUT his success has brought forth a battalion of imitators, parasites, who seek to sap his vitality by living on his reputation, by creeping as close as possible to his label, his trade-mark, his wrapper, his prestige.

THEY have no reputation to lose, they are not bidding for a future, but merely seeking to clean up as much ready money as they can on an inferior article that shines only by a reflected light.

**GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR  
REFUSE A SUBSTITUTE**

---

*Advertising Manager*

**THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE**

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**I Make a Special Trial Offer**

**4 lbs. \$1, Express Prepaid**

**Satisfaction Guaranteed**

Where I have no local agent, I will send you 4 lbs. of my famous "Little Pig" Sausage, express prepaid, for \$1.00, and you may have your money back if you are not satisfied with it. Please note that this offer is good only east of Colorado and north of Alabama—outside this territory, add 40c. for additional express charges. Repeat orders at regular prices.

My sausage is real, old-fashioned farm sausage, made of the choicest cuts of little pig pork; it is perfectly pure, clean and delicious.

I send on request a booklet telling all about my Dairy Farm Products—Ham, Bacon, Lard, etc., as well as Sausages.

M. C. JONES.

**JONES DAIRY FARM**

**Box 619 Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin**

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED

Smithing a saw is not a mere boy's job. It requires a man of brains, experience and judgment, one who has learned the trade thoroughly. The saw must have just the right tension and be perfectly true, if it is to run straight in all kinds of wood, hard and soft, green and seasoned. Whether a saw has been properly smithed cannot be seen when buying it. But you can

feel and tell the moment you begin to use it. The smithing of

## ATKINS <sup>SILVER STEEL</sup> SAWS

Made For Good Mechanics Who Want The Best Tools

is done by hand by men of skill and intelligence, men who have served their apprenticeship and have been in the employ of this company many years and draw high wages. Made of the famous Silver-Steel, with temper just right and tensioned just right, Atkins Saws do their work perfectly under the severest service.

The workman prefers the Atkins because it makes his work easier.

The dealer prefers the Atkins because it satisfies his customers.

### E. C. ATKINS & CO., Inc.

*The Silver-Steel Saw People. Makers of All Styles of Saws.*

**Factory and Executive Offices, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**

Branches: New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Portland (Oregon), Seattle, San Francisco, New Orleans, Memphis, Atlanta and Toronto (Canada).

English Agent: John Shaw & Sons, Wolverhampton.

Australasian Department: Melbourne.

If you cannot find the Atkins Silver-Steel Hand Saws at your local dealer's, let us know and we'll give you the name and address of the nearest dealer who has them in stock.

**Effect**

# Gen-as'-co lasts years longer than roofing made of coal-tar, stearin pitch, and other residual pitches.

Residual pitches are by-products. They lack uniformity—and uniformity is vitally necessary to make roofing withstand all kinds of weather.

These pitches dry-out, and leave the roofing to crack and pulverize—and leak!

Gen-as'-co Ready Roofing is made of Trinidad Lake asphalt, full of the natural oils and always of uniform quality.

Neither cold, heat, sun, air, rain, or snow can make it leak. Gen-as'-co is permanently waterproof.

Don't take a substitute, if you want a roof that will last.

Insist on Gen-as'-co Ready Roofing. Ask your dealer. Write for clear Book 32 and samples.

## THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY

Largest producers of asphalt in the world

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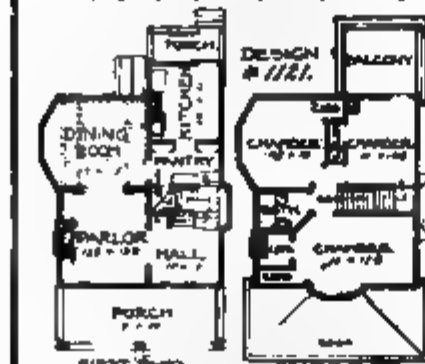
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# KEITH'S WONDER HOUSE NO. 3 AS BUILT IN MINNEAPOLIS.



OUR LATEST BOOKS OF PLANS GIVING VIEWS, SIZES, COSTS, ETC., ARE:

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| 76 Cottages less than \$500 | .50    | 134 Costing \$2000 to \$2500 | \$1.00 |
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**THE KEITH CO., Architects,** 754 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.



**PROP. I. HUBERT'S**  
**MALVINA**  
**CREAM**

**"The one Reliable Beautifier"**

Positively removes Freckles, Sunburn and all imperfections of the skin, and prevents wrinkles. Does not merely cover up but eradicates them. Malvina Lotion and Ichthyol Soap should be used in connection with Malvina Cream. At all druggists, or sent on receipt of price. Cream, 50c; Lotion, 50c; Soap, 25c, all postpaid. Send for testimonials.

**PROP. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio**

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*tailor?*

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1908

**What's economy in the end is economy in the beginning —**

**Clothes that wear longest are the cheapest irrespective of cost. Therefore buy the right kind of clothes first and always.**

**Right clothes are not found in six month old piles of stock clothing, or in end of season sales. Not made for anybody in particular, they're expensive at any price.**

**A good tailor knows how to make right clothes, but limited business conditions cause him to charge from \$45 to \$75 for a suit or overcoat.**

COPYRIGHT 1908 ED. V. PRICE & CO.

**We make right clothes to your individual measure for \$25 to \$40, giving you every advantage of our admirable mill connections and fine organization of over one thousand tailors.**

**They keep their shape as long as worn and have a character that pleases everybody — especially the wearer.**

*Ed. V. Price & Co.*

**Our representative in your town is exhibiting our new Fall and Winter clothes. Wear clothes made to fit you alone.**

**Merchant Tailors  
Price Building Chicago**

# REGAL SHOES

\$350-\$400-\$500

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

\$350-\$400-\$500



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**RAINCOATS** with a style to suit the most fashionable; and  
a quality to suit everybody; our name's in that kind.

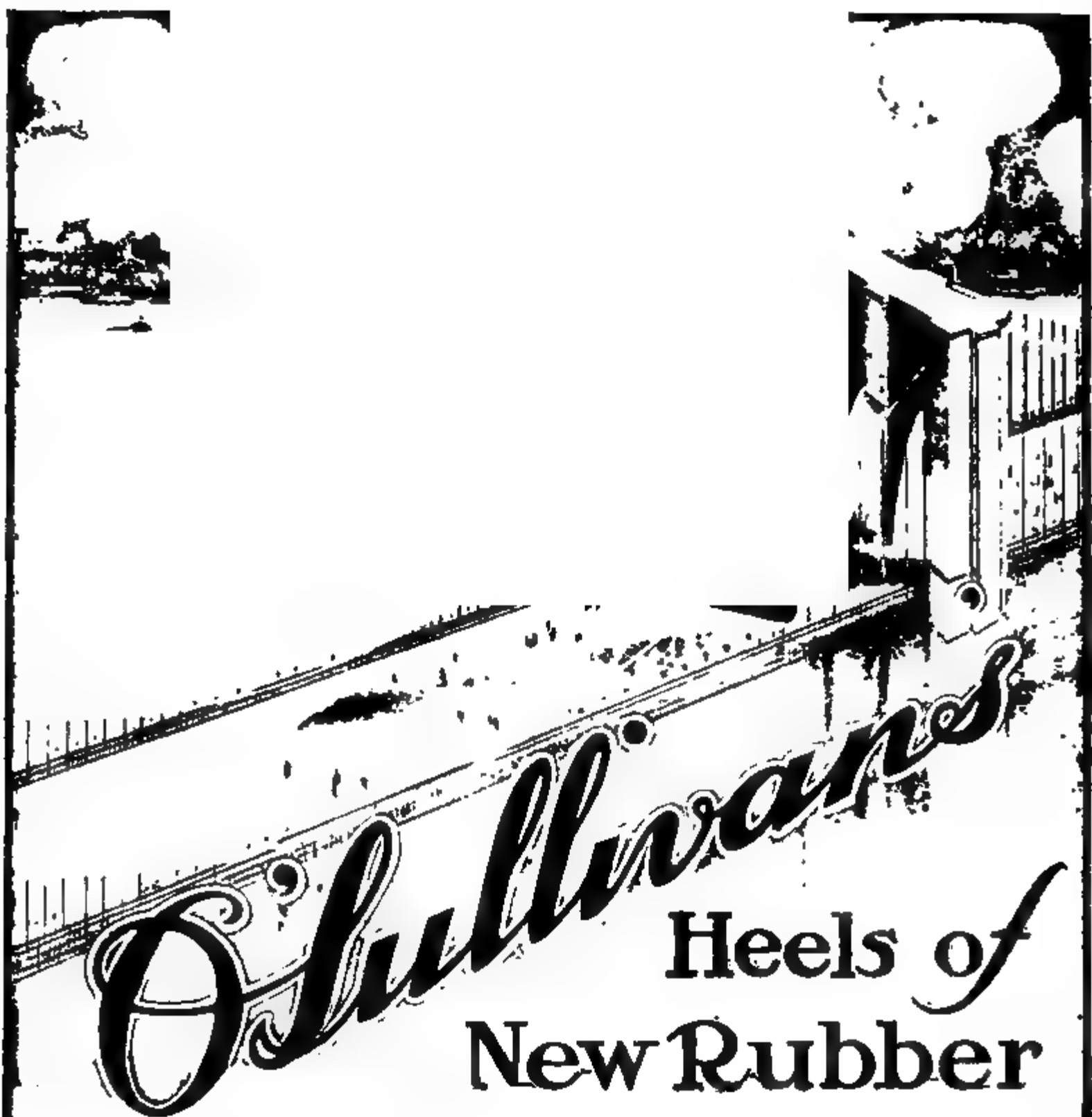
Send six cents for the Style Book;  
shows lots of good clothes.

**Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers**

Chicago

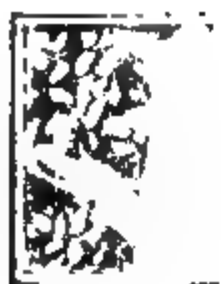
Boston

New York



The Bridge that spans the River of Life and the Heels of New Rubber that make life's burden easy to carry are illustrated here for your benefit. These Heels of New Rubber are a positive relief to all who walk or stand. Nurses are obliged to wear them in the sick room. If it is a fact that they make you step lighter and more buoyant and feel happier in mind and body, adopt them for your own benefit, but be sure and get O'Sullivan's. They are the only heels that are made of new rubber. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 35 cents and diagram of your heel to the manufacturers,

**O'Sullivan Rubber Co., Lowell, Mass.**



# Plymouth Furs

## *Fur Essentials*

**L**OOKS and Wear are the Characteristics of Plymouth Fur Garments.

Modish Styles, Fur that won't lose its lustre—Fur Brilliancy and Thickness that remain for years despite the most strenuous wear—are in each Garment bearing the label—Plymouth Furs.

For the Fur that is used in Plymouth Fur Garments is selected Fur—from the famous Fur Markets of the World—London, Nijni-Novgorod, Berlin, and from the Great Northwest of America.

—And the most recent European Styles are carefully observed and followed. Plymouth Furs are Fur Standard, recognized the World over.

Send for our handsome Fur Style Book—illustrated with Photogravures—we send it free on request. Write today. Address

## Plymouth Fur Company

ESTABLISHED 1882  
DEALERS IN HIGH GRADE FURS

Minneapolis, Nicollet Avenue & Sixth Street, Minnesota

*Automobile (Reversible) Coat as described above—Muskral Sides outermost.*

Including the Fur Sections of "The Plymouth," Minneapolis and St. Paul. REFERENCES. The Northwestern National Bank, Minneapolis The Second National bank, St. Paul The National Park Bank, New York

*Automobile (Reversible) Coat Made with Waterproof Gabardine Shell—with Fur of Muskral Sides, of selected light color—Collar of Reversed Nutria—Coat made very full and long—Sizes 34 to 44—for all kinds of weather—Gabardine outermost—Price \$50.*

### *Automobile Furs*

We have a special department for the making of Modish Automobile Garments (in Furs) for Men, Women and Children from \$25 to \$5,000. The most recent European Styles are rigidly adhered to—selected Felts employed. Full descriptions of these Garments are included in our regular Style Book sent free on request—address herewith.



# KEISER CRAVATS

*Fabrics Specially Woven*

For early Fall self-figured or plain weaves in bright colors such as orange, tan, cerise, delft, lavender and reseda are being freely worn in the regular narrow or folded four-in-hands tightly drawn. Bright colors in spaced Roman and other stripes are also popular.

Keiser-Barathea staples in black, white, plain colors and figures—also white or black for evening dress.

Grand Prize St. Louis World's Fair for quality, workmanship and style.

An illustrated book, "The Cravat," on the ethics of Correct Dress, sent anywhere on receipt of six cents in stamps.

JAMES R. KEISER, NEW YORK.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL.



want a hat that is becoming; one properly proportioned to their height and figure.

Others think durability is the chief requisite; they want a hat that looks fresh throughout the season.

Most every man demands style; he believes it is really worth while to be in fashion.

The man who requires *all* of these qualities buys a

## **KNOX** **HAT**

The principal hatter in each city is the exclusive agent for Knox Hats.

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Brooklyn, N. Y.



**so many stores find  
it necessary to supply Presidents.**

There are men all around you who wear President suspenders. A good many have worn no other kind for years. They will tell you that Presidents are the easiest and strongest of all suspenders.

For comfort and long service Presidents will please you immensely. They're delightfully easy. Bend low or reach high and the back slides freely and gracefully - no tugging or pulling.

Light, Medium and Heavy weight. EXTRA LONG for tall men. SPECIAL SIZE for youths and boys.

If you cannot get Presidents at your home stores, we'll supply you at 50 cents a pair postpaid. We will return your money if you are not satisfied after 3 days wear.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., 503 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.

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**NO  
MONEY  
DOWN**

## MEN'S SUITS ON CREDIT

**\$1.00  
A  
WEEK**



**Buy Men's Suits, Overcoats, Topcoats and Raincoats direct from our factory by mail**

For \$15 & \$18

We require no security or reference and we trust any honest person anywhere in the United States.

We send garments on approval—you don't pay a penny 'till you get the clothes and find them satisfactory—then pay \$1.00 a week.

We are the pioneers and twice over the largest Credit Clothiers in the world. We operate 73 stores in the principal cities of the United States and have over 500,000 customers on our books.

**FREE** Send today for our fine line of Fall and Winter samples. Self measurement blank, tape and full particulars of our convenient payment plan—all free to you.

Commercial rating \$1,000,000.

**Menter & Rosenbloom Co.**

275 St. Paul Street      Rochester, N. Y.

## Hagan's Magnolia Balm,

A liquid preparation for face, neck, arms and hands. Makes the skin like you want it. Does it in a moment. Not sticky or greasy. It's harmless, clean, refreshing. Can't be detected. Use it morning, noon and night, Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall. Sample FREE. Lyon Mfg. Co. 42 S. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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## ★ The Star Safety Razor

"Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow" the best mechanically perfect device for shaving with **safety, dispatch, ease and comfort** that has ever been placed before the public. Fitted with a keen, forged and concaved blade that **cuts the beard and will not pull**. No burning after effect and will not irritate the skin, as is often the case if **thin metal blades or poor-cutting razors are used**. Read the following letter and consider carefully before being induced to buy any other make of (so termed) Safety Razor.

No razor, **even if protected by a guard**, can be considered a Safety Razor unless it shaves clean and in other ways carries out what we say for our Star Safety Razor.

### A TESTIMONIAL FROM A CUSTOMER

KAMPFE BROS.,  
New York, N. Y. 424 ROBERT ST. BALTIMORE, MD.  
Gentlemen—The continued and solid satisfaction that I am obtaining from your Safety Razor to give you this testimonial.

I did not discontinue the use of ordinary razors because I could not use them, but because after eight years ago of your razor, The Star Safety, I found that the ease, rapidity and comfort with which could be accomplished with it was so marked that I have rarely, if ever, used an ordinary razor since. In this day of widely-advertised Safety Razors with non-sharpening, paper-like blades, would any man think that I have seen will produce anything like the results of the Star, to which I still cling.

The blades of the non-sharpening razors are apparently too thin to produce the best and pleasantest way that the lather is gathered up with the Star is an added advantage.

My Star, with two blades, is still in first-class condition after eight years of service.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) CLAUDE L. WOOLLEY.

Star Safety Razors, sets \$1.50 and up. Star Safety Razor with one blade, Strop and Automatic Stropping Machine, price \$1.50. Illustrated catalogue on request.

The **STAR SAFETY CORN RAZOR, \$1**. Simple, Safe and Sure, on sale by all dealers, or sent you on receipt of \$1.00. Star Safety razors on sale by dealers all over the world, or sent on receipt of price.



★ KAMPFE BROS., 1 Reade Street, NEW YORK ★

# S. I.

# P

Effected by gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, the Great Skin Cure, preceded by warm baths with

## Cuticura SOAP

For preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands, for eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, this treatment is priceless.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; Russia, Ferrein, Moscow; South Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.  
 For Post-free, Cuticura Booklet on Care of the Skin.

# NO-O-DOR

An odorless, antiseptic toilet powder, soft as down, which instantly and surely **Destroys Perspiring Odors.**

Dusted on the dress the feet or wherever perspiration prevails and gently rub the hand NO-O-DOR gives delightful after-the-bath toning the body and capers to perform their functions.

### A SAMPLE MAILED

Write us today, mentioning of your dealer, and we will mail absolutely free, a sample of NO-O-DOR a booklet telling of its uses and a beautiful brochure containing 19

**Souvenir of the Jamestown**

NO-O-DOR is as necessary as in summer. Sold under guarantee.

By Mail Prepaid 25 Cents

**THE NO-O-DOR COMPANY**

39 Second Street, Jeannette, Pa.

## The Clifton Springs Sanitarium

This popular Institution, with its able corps of physicians, nurses, attendants, and nearly sixty years' experience in caring for guests in need of rest and treatment, has won a world-wide reputation for thorough and systematic work.

The bathing and treatment facilities are unequalled by any in this country, and the rates most reasonable.

We are pleased to send booklets and quote rates to any who apply. No Insane or Tubercular Cases received

**THE CLIFTON SPRINGS SANITARIUM**

Clifton Springs, N. Y.



**THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE**

---

# A MAN TALKED

## *This Is His Talk*

“For fifteen years I’ve had all the magazines in my house. I read them all at first, then I only read some, then I read none. I just looked at the pictures and let it go at that. I began reading EVERYBODY’S by accident. I read more and was convinced

## *I Like It*

“It stimulates my brain, makes me feel fresher. I read it every month. I don’t always agree with it—sometimes it aggravates me; but it always makes me think and I like the sensation.

“I get up from a session with EVERYBODY’S feeling tense, animated, vital; there’s no sameness to it. I like it because

## *It’s Mighty Human.”*

Two things in the October Number you mustn’t miss: OWEN WISTER’S “Keystone Crime,” and a story the Editors say is the best of the year. See if you can pick it out.

**Get a copy and try it. If it convinces you--subscribe.  
\$1.50 a year. 8 months for a dollar. 15 cents on all news-stands.**

**Address, EVERYBODY’S MAGAZINE, NEW YORK, N. Y., Dept. C**



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## NEW YORK CITY FASHIONS

---ITS or OVERCOATS

2.50 to \$25.00

**OUR New Sack Suit** in a three or four buttoned style, shoulders—broad, athletic effect. Body—loose fitting but shaped to a slight flare, featuring the new long roll lapel and collar fitting close to neck.

**Vest.** Five buttoned single breasted flange front.

**Trousers.** Medium wide but fitted shapely on very graceful fashion lines.

**Materials.** English Worsted, Serges, Tweeds, Scotch Bannockburns and Plaid, Cheviots, and the very flower of Foreign and America's best mixtures. The latest colors and shades which you must see to appreciate.

"Seeing is Believing."

## MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

Made in New York City

By New York's Expert Craftsmen

**OUR New Overcoat** has all the essentials of Overcoatdom, viz.: Style that conforms in a pleasing way to the motions of the body. In Kerseys, Meltons and Herringbones with the new Fawn shades of Tweed Cheviots, it is bold and masculine looking. Lengths range 34-42, 46 and 52 inches. Luxuriously lined, trimmed and finished.

An overgarment that will stamp any man well dressed and prosperous looking. And will make him feel Confident, Comfortable and Capable.

**FREE** and postpaid our Handsome Catalogue, "New York Styles for Men" and samples of cloth from which to select. Write a postal today and you will receive them by return mail with our complete outfit for taking your own measurements at home. Write today—and see what "Made in New York" really means.

We prepay Express Charges to any part of the United States, which means a big saving to you.

## THE NEW YORK TAILORS

R 729 to 731 Broadway, New York City.

The Largest Mail Order Tailors to Men in the World.  
No Agents or Branches. Est. 10 Years.

# From the pages of "The World's Great Writer"

Supplied by dealers or sent upon application

**EVERYBODY WRITES**, and almost everybody should use a fountain pen. The day of fountain pen jibes and jokes has passed. ¶ Now-a-days one is lost without a fountain pen. It combines pen and ink so perfectly at all times, and there are so many places where it is indispensable, that it is no longer a luxury, but a necessity. ¶ Probably there is no article that serves more varied requirements, and the needs of the individual users differ greatly. Almost everybody writes differently. Each has some preference in the selection of a pen."



| Plain<br>Chased and<br>Mottled | Gold Mounted<br>Chased or<br>Plain Bands | Gold Mounted<br>Cap<br>Plain or Chased | Gold Mounted<br>Middle Band | Filigree Sterling<br>Black or Cardinal | Etched Sterling<br>with<br>Nameplate | Chased Filigree<br>18-Kt.<br>Gold Filled |
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| German Silver                  | No. 14 \$8.00                            | With                                   | No. 14 10.00                | No. 0512 \$10.00                       | No. 412 \$8.50                       | Engraving                                |
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## Waterman's Fountain Pen

The pen with the Clip-Cap

L. E. Waterman Company, 173 Broadway, N. Y.

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## JOHN HOLLAND FOUNTAIN PEN WITH Hold-Fast Cap



### "You Know the Smile"

THE best aid to cheerfulness in business is one of these modern "pocket pieces." Writes without a break. Fitted with the John Holland Gold Pen and Patent Elastic Feeded Feed. A masterful creation, the climax of three generations of successful pen manufacture. This simple invention insures even flow and easy writing. With the Elastic feed "ink floods" are impossible.

Our HOLD-FAST CAPS (Patented), attachable to all our pens, are really policies of insurance against pen loss. A slightly little device holding pen tightly to pocket. Adds 25 cents to cost of any size fountain pen. May be applied to any John Holland Fountain Pen.

If your nearby dealer does not handle, address us direct for FREE Catalog filled with illustrations, showing over 200 styles and sizes costing from \$2 upward.

**THE JOHN HOLLAND GOLD PEN CO.**  
Established 1841 CINCINNATI

## The Story of Banking by Mail

and the reasons why this favorably known savings bank pays

### 4 Per Cent Interest

are graphically told in a new book we have just published. It will be sent free to any one interested in this subject. Please ask for Book "U".

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Capital, \$2,500,000.00

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Seventy-two Thousand Depositors.

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# The Field It Covers

The complete straight-line key-board, removable platen, perfect alignment, delicate adjustment and wonderful durability of the

## **Smith Premier Typewriter**

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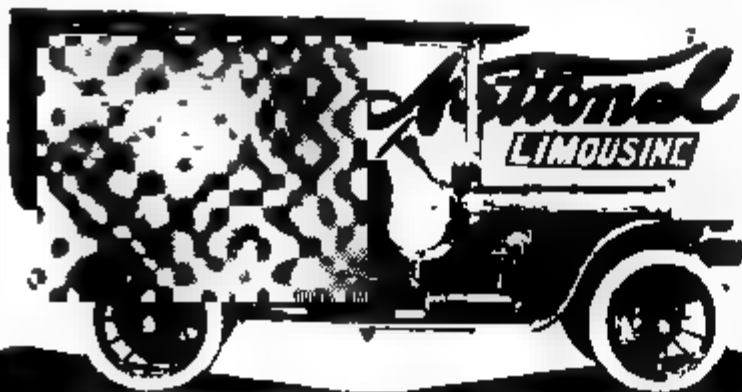
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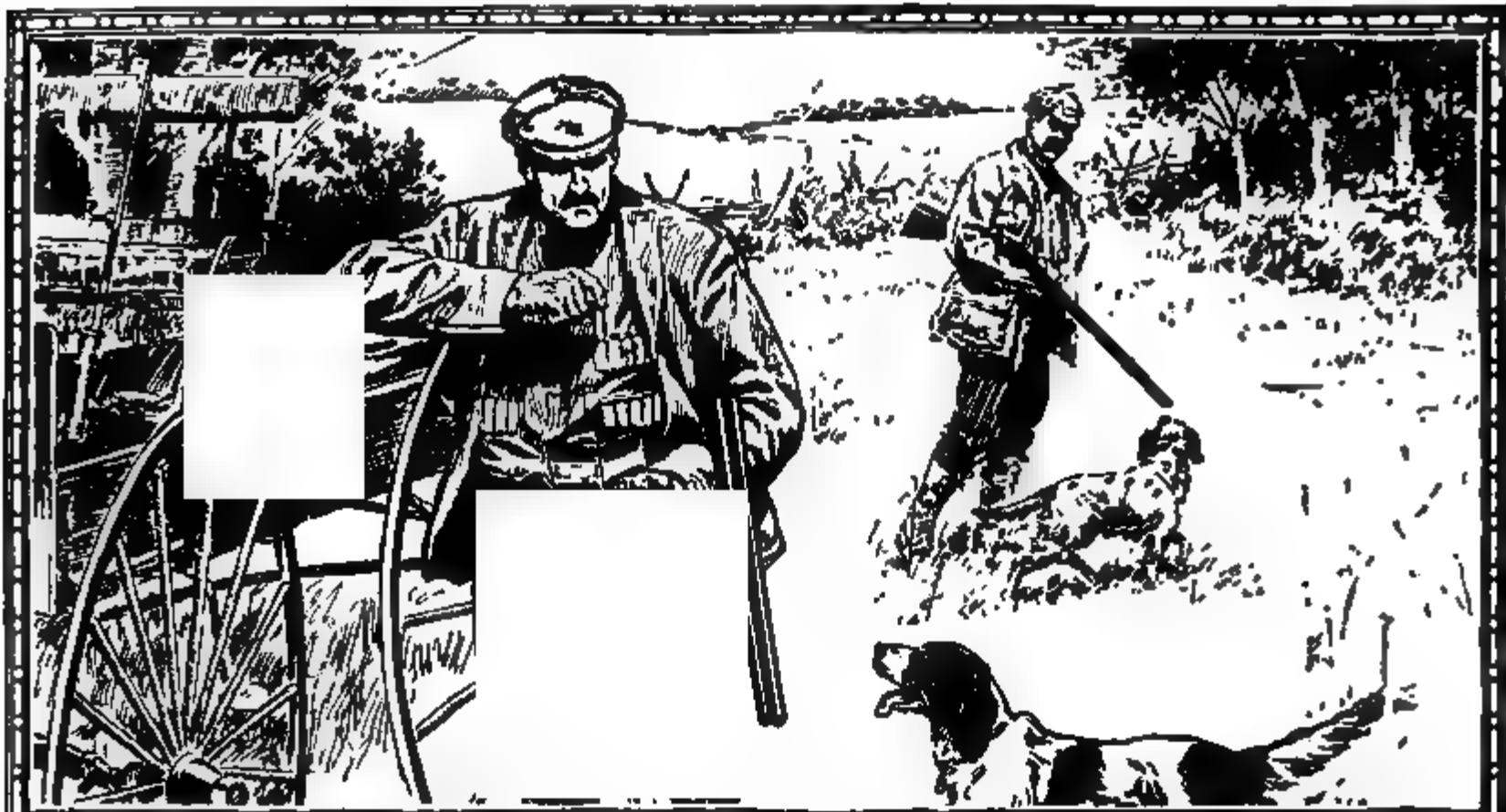
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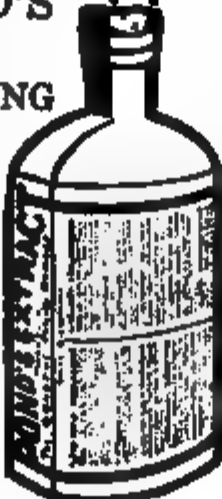
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**\$1.50 per month** buys a magnificent, genuine Columbia Outfit, consisting of the superb and matchless Columbia Graphophone, handsome, large, brass mouthed horn and twelve highest quality gold moulded Columbia Records. For this very small amount each month, your home, no matter how modest, may be converted into a theatre of sweetest melody. You may hear the songs of the world's foremost artists, the selections of the most celebrated bands, orchestras, soloists and comedians of two Continents. This wonderful machine will afford artistic and popular entertainment for yourself and dear ones, your friends and neighbors.

**SEND FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE TODAY** Simply send us a postal card and say "Send me your free catalogue of Columbia Graphophones." The catalogue will be sent to you at once, free of all charges and you can learn in detail the plan of sale. It will explain how we will send you a Genuine Columbia Outfit on free trial to your own home and if it proves more than satisfactory and you are pleased, charmed and fascinated with the results, how you can pay for it on terms, which are not only remarkably easy, but the easiest that ever have been offered to people of this country.

**THE COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE** is the standard talking machine of the world. Not only has it the highest reputation but it is the only machine that has not been found wanting in some particular and the only one that reproduces the human voice and instrumental selections with all the volume of the original, absolutely devoid of the rasping, scraping, screeching sounds so characteristic of other makes of machines. COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONES are made for both disc and cylinder records and the records are the only ones that produce the full lyric, liquid tones.

SEND for our FREE catalogue of Graphophones, records, maps and BOOKSOLD 66000. SEND for our FREE catalogue of stereotyped maps. Send for our FREE catalogue of Bookman Plans.

**THE SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN COMPANY SELL** because they are acknowledged **COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONES EXCLUSIVELY** by experts to be the world's finest talking machine and because they are universally considered to be the greatest, most artistic and best from every point of view. We are the great house that you have heard about which has furnished homes all over the United States. We are the original

"Universal Home Furnishers," The house that "Trusts The People Everywhere" and the originators of the "National Open Account Credit Plan." We are the largest concern in the country in our line. Our combined capital is \$7,000,000.00. We own twenty-five mammoth retail stores located in the principal cities of this great country and we stand too high, universally, to permit one solitary customer to go unsatisfied in anything. It is for this reason that we sell Columbia Graphophones in preference to all others.

We want every reader of this paper to test the Columbia Graphophone and we therefore urge you to send for a free catalogue today, now, so that we may explain how easy it is to obtain one of these magnificent outfits under our "Free Trial Offer." Write now, today, sure.

718 So. Sangamon St., Chicago.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Men of Business interested in a new field for making money, will find in our proposition what they are seeking. We have a New Plan in the Mail Order Line that will please those seeking a good investment with large profits. A Fortune for the right person. THE F. H. ALDEN CO., 170 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio

**\$2<sup>50</sup> Per Month**

**ELGIN, WALTHAM OR DUEBER-HAMPDEN**



**\$17<sup>50</sup>**

We will send you a beautiful watch with ruby jeweled movement, fitted in gold filled, handsomely engraved or perfectly plain case—to any honest person for examination. If you decide to keep it, pay express agent \$5.00 and take

the watch. We trust you for the balance and allow you to pay only \$2.50 a month for five months. This watch sells for \$25.00 at dealers, is warranted to wear twenty years and is a perfect time-piece.

When ordering send three references, state make of watch desired and whether ladies' or gentlemen's size is wanted. Diamonds on same liberal terms. Send for free catalog. Address

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126 State St., Chicago. Importers, Jobbers & Manufacturers.

## SALESMEN WITH EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY

to take orders for our fine Custom-Made Suits, Overcoats and Trousers. Suits and Overcoats from \$12.00 up; trousers from \$3.50 up. 33 1/3% commission paid. Large line of samples furnished free to those who can assure us that they mean business. Write at once with references to

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## TYPEWRITER BARGAINS

All Standard Makes, \$15 to \$65. Most of these machines have been only slightly used—are good as new. Shipped on approval. Don't buy a Typewriter before writing us. We will give you the best typewriter bargains that can be offered. Address

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## TRY IT YOURSELF FOR 10 DAYS WITHOUT DEPOSIT

If not satisfactory, return it and no questions asked. Daus' Tip Top Duplicator is the result of 25 years' experience, and is used and endorsed by thousands of business houses and individuals. 100 copies from pen-written and 50 copies from typewritten original—Clear, Clean, Perfect. Complete Dupli-  
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\$7.50 less 33 1/3 discount, **\$5.00**

**Felix N. Daus Duplicator Co., Daus Bldg., 111 John St., N. Y.**

## Order Your FALL SUIT Direct from the Wholesale Maker WRITE FOR SAMPLES THIS VERY DAY

You will find that \$12.00 or \$15.00 go further here than \$20.00 or \$30.00 elsewhere. Just now we are offering a specialty of the very new—Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats for Men—Brown

Velour Cassimeres, Auto-Striped Blue Serges, Gray Worsted, Chevlotings, Kerseys, etc., at only

\$12.00 or \$15.00 in patterns which you would willingly pay \$20.00 or \$30.00 for. This saving is the natural result of your dealing direct with us—wholesale tailors.

The materials are of tested standard quality. The tailoring is so stylishly exact that you will be delighted with the set fit.

Every Garment Specially Made to Measure under the broadest possible guarantee of Money Back.

Mail to give you for less money, more line "Clothes Satisfaction" than you obtain from any other source.

Samples of Garments at \$12, \$15, \$18 and style Book, measure chart, tape, etc., absolutely FREE. Postpaid. Day

**FELIX KAHN & CO.**

Wholesale Tailors, Established 1888  
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## I Make \$3,000.00 a Month Clear From One Penny Arcade

I WANT every man looking for a permanent and safe business in which he can invest from \$1,000 to \$25,000 to consider the immense profits of the Penny Arcade.

There is an ever present and ever increasing public demand for just what the Penny Arcade provides. It has passed the experimental stage, and has become a permanent institution. In my 15 years' experience I have never known an arcade to fail, and today the enterprise is a high grade one, worthy the attention of any substantial, dignified business man.

I am devoting my factory, occupying all of an eight-story building—one-half block square—with its six hundred employees to the making of Penny Arcade machines.

I know the profits that Penny Arcades earn. At 278 State Street Chicago, in which one of my Arcades is located, I pay \$1,000 a month rent for the small room, but my net profits exceed \$3,000 a month, just in pennies.

**H. S. MILLS, President.**

I operated Penny Arcades in fifteen amusement parks in various cities last year, and at the close of the summer placed the arcades in the cities, where they are all paying big profits.

The Butler Amusement Company established an Arcade in Butler, Pa., last summer. Their outfit, complete, cost not quite \$2,000. The receipts for the first month were \$1,100. Butler is a small city, only a little over 10,000 population. The Penny Arcade thrives as well in small towns as in big cities.

If the machines I make were not exceedingly profitable for my customers, I would not have been able to build up my manufacturing business to its present million-dollars-a-year output.

You probably will want to confirm my statements. Bradstreet and Dun give me rating of \$300,000. I started without capital, it has all come in pennies. If you are interested, address me personally and I will give you the benefit of my fifteen years' experience. H. S. Mills, President Mills Novelty Co., Private Office, 111 C Mills Building, Jackson Boul and Green St., Chicago.

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# Wonderful

New 1000 Edison

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## Write for Catalog

Do not bother with sending a letter; merely sign and mail coupon, writing name and address plainly. Write now.


Remember free trial—no money down. Send no money to anybody for a talking machine until you have had the great genuine new 1000 Edison on free trial. You can not imagine how old and young enjoy the Edison—the endless variety of stirring music, the comical minstrel shows and popular songs. Sign the coupon now.

FREDERICK BARSON,  
Chicago,  
Ill.

Without any obligations on me, please send me free, prepaid, your catalog of Edison phonographs. Your free circulars of the great Outfit No. 6 and terms of payment.

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THE ORIGINAL MILK CHOCOLATE  
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THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHOCOLATE  
BECAUSE—Composed solely of the finest chocolate and pure,  
fresh, cream-laden milk.  
BECAUSE—Amalgamated by the inimitable Peter process.  
BECAUSE—Irresistibly delicious.  
BECAUSE—Most sustaining and nourishing.  
Illustrated booklet describing an ascent of the Matterhorn sent free  
upon request.  
Sole Agents for the United States and Canada  
**LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., 78 Hudson Street, New York City**



**WE** have always exercised certain discrimination in the acceptance of advertising for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, but never has our policy been so rigid as now. To-day every advertisement must measure up to the highest standard.

A total of eight pages of advertising, to the value of \$1972.00, that appeared in the October issue of 1906, was refused publication in this issue—yet this October number shows a gain of twelve pages, or \$3000.00 over the issue of a year ago.

Further than that—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has declined \$50,000.00 worth of advertising during the past twelve months, simply because it wasn't up to our standard.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE stands back of its advertisers, though not one of them needs it.

  
Advertising Manager



# You are ALL CONFUSED about Pianos!

—You want the sweetest toned  
—You want that sweet tone to last  
—You dislike to spend any more money than necessary:—But every adviser, and so-called expert, recommends a different make. You are like a man lost in the woods. You don't know which way to turn. This surely describes your position.

**R** THE REMEDY:—Educate yourself on the subject! Study—read—Read more—Study more. Then listen in the quietness of your own parlor to the tone of the highest grade piano you can get, but without agreeing to purchase it. Call in all those musical friends who you know are not under past obligations to any piano dealers or friends of dealers. Resolve you will study attentively piano tone and will be deaf, while studying, to the magnetic talk and persuasiveness of salesmen. This is the *intelligent* way. It's the way you planned your new home. You made a long study of it calmly, thoroughly, and you became quite an expert. You can be just as expert about pianos.

**We are willing to send you free two books:**

One officially entitled "The Book of Complete Information about Pianos."

**YOU NEED THIS BOOK** of 156 Pages handsomely bound, if you ever intend to buy a piano, no matter what make.

It tells how to test a piano and how to tell good from bad; what causes pianos to get out of order. It makes the selection of a piano easy. If read carefully it will make you an expert judge of piano tone, of action, workmanship and of durability.

It tells everything that any one can possibly want to know about pianos; gives a description of every part of the piano, how put together and all the processes of manufacture. Gives description of the new invention for aiding learners to play called **THE NOTEACCORD** (endorsed by Paderewski and other great pianists). It explains Agents' and Dealers' Methods and Devices.

It tells about the very first piano,

the qualities of labor, the felt, ivories and woods used in every high-grade piano, and compares high qualities with the cheaper kind (used in inferior pianos). Describes what constitutes a musical-piano-tone, and in fact is a complete *encyclopedia*.

You need and should have **THIS EDUCATIONAL BOOK** to thoroughly inform you whenever **CONFUSED ABOUT PIANOS**.

Its scores of illustrations (all devoted to piano construction) are not only interesting but are *instructive*—to children as well as to adults.

You will certainly learn a great deal about pianos that you could not hear of or read **ANYWHERE ELSE**, for it is absolutely the *only* book its kind ever published. Nevertheless we send it free.

The other book is also copyrighted but is a short story named **"JOHN HONEYWELL REASONS."** The story of an

average American family which was **ALL CONFUSED** about Pianos—it is interesting, readable and prettily illustrated—gives a little hint of a love affair which the piano helped along, as many pianos have done.

These two books cost quite a sum to produce, print, bind, illustrate and mail. Upwards of 400,000 have been issued and without a single exception have been highly commended.

**SO FAR** not one word about ourselves. We are and have been the manufacturers of **THE FAMOUS WING PIANO** for the past 30 years!

**We Have Supplied Over 40,000 American Homes With WING PIANOS**

We refer to Banks, Governors of many States, and Judges; to Merchants, Conservatories of Music, Singers and Professors of Music. We have been students of vibration and of musical tone and strength of materials during all these 30 years. The first patent issued to our Mr. Wing, Senior, for improvement on pianos was in 1876, and other improvements have been invented since at the average rate of more than one yearly. These facts prove our skill and long experience, but would not be mentioned if we did not wish to show you that we know the piano subject as few others have had the opportunity; for 30 years is a long—long time for a business house to "live and learn" and constantly prosper.

**Write for the books at once or fill in the coupon. Take it out and mail to us now while you think of it (and while you have the coupon). You will be under no obligations whatever.**

**WING BUILDING**  
366-386 West 13th Street, New York

**WING & SON**

# McClure's started as a 15-cent magazine

Then the business department, in response to a general fad for ten-cent magazines, lowered the price to ten cents, but forgot to tell the editorial department. As a consequence, the editorial department went on making a fifteen-cent magazine. As they kept making it better every year, it soon became a twenty-cent magazine, and then a twenty-five-cent magazine—but the price was still ten cents.

Today McClure's is just as good as we know how to make it, irrespective of price. We know that the five hundred thousand buyers who have so long delighted in McClure's at ten cents will be, if not delighted, at least willing to pay 15 cents. Hence the announcement that on October 1st McClure's Magazine will be 15 cents; \$1.50 a year.

**But—**there is just one opportunity for those who have so long been readers of McClure's still to enjoy it at the old, very low price of \$1.00—if they act quickly. As soon as you read this send from one to five dollars for from one to five years' subscription, and send it today. We think you, who have so long loved McClure's Magazine, are entitled to get it at the old price for a little longer. Send the money in any convenient form—check, money order or bills—but send it today and don't forget your name and address.

McClure's Magazine, 45 East 23d Street, New York

**THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE**

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***"The Business of This Place is to Raise Salaries."***



# Water in Winter

This picture shows how the Hot-Air Pump works in winter, with the live stock under cover away from the wind and weather. Any ordinary snow or ice storm will put a windmill out of commission, while the

## Hot-Air Pump

is always independent of climatic changes. The importance of a regular water supply for live stock can not be overestimated. It should be as pure and abundant as air and of a normal temperature. This keeps animals in proper flesh and, for the dairy, increases the flow of milk. Any farm or country cottage may have the right sort of a water supply, and at very slight expense. *Now is the time to install a Hot-Air Pump and be ready for winter.* Over 40,000 are now in use all over the world.

Catalogue C sent free on application. Beware of imitations.  
All genuine pumps bear the name-plate of this company.

**Rider-Ericsson**

35 Warren Street, . . . . . New York  
239 Franklin Street, . . . . . Boston  
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**HARTSHORN  
SHADE ROLLERS**  
Bear the script name of Stewart  
Hartshorn on label.  
Get "Improved," no tacks required.

**Wood Rollers**      **Tin Rollers**



**HARTSHORN  
SHADE ROLLERS**  
Bear the script name of Stewart  
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*THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*

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# LITHIA WATER

**Is Successfully Employed by the Profession in the Treatment of Inflammation of the Bladder, Albuminuria, Bright's Disease and Uric Acid Conditions. The Long Experience and Many Carefully Conducted Experiments of These Well-Known Medical Men Entitle Their Opinions to Consideration.**

**Hunter McGuire, M. D., LL. D.,** *Ex-Pres. American Medical Association, late Pres. and Prof. of Clinical Surgery, University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.:* "In Uric Acid Gravel, and, indeed in diseases generally dependent upon a Uric Acid Diathesis, it is a remedy of extraordinary potency. Many years experience in its use only confirms the good opinion I have so often expressed in regard to it."

**Graeme M. Hammond, M. D.,** *Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital:* "In all cases of Bright's Disease I have found **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** of the greatest service in increasing the quantity of urine and in eliminating the Albumen."

**Robert Battey, M. D.,** *Rome, Ga., Suggestor of Battey's Operation:* "I have used **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in my practice for three years past, in cases of Chronic Inflammation of the Bladder, whether induced by Stone, by enlarged prostate in the aged or from other causes, I have secured excellent results from its use."

**J. Allison Hodges, M. D.,** *President University College of Medicine and Prof. of Nervous and Mental Diseases, Richmond, Va.:* "In Albuminuria of Pregnancy, this water is one of the very best alkaline Diuretics, and, with a milk diet, is one of my sheet anchors."

**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is for sale by the general drug and mineral water trade. Voluminous medical testimony mailed on request.

**PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA.**

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

# Heinz Improved Tin for Heinz Pure Food

*The Solderless Seam  
in Heinz Improved Tin.*

Do you know that many kinds of food are better put up in tin than any other way? It keeps out the light—every housewife knows what that means. It is more economical—there being no danger of breakage. The contents after sealing can be sterilized under high temperature, thus insuring absolute purity and keeping quality. For these reasons many of the Heinz products will hereafter be put up in Heinz Improved Tin, a container that overcomes all objections to the old-fashioned can. The inside is specially prepared to resist action of fruit or vegetables, so that the flavor of the contents can never change.

*One of the Heinz Products  
packed in the Improved Tin.*

## HEINZ Improved Tin

is hermetically sealed by a crimping process, no solder being used. Then it is sterilized under extreme temperature, thus insuring the keeping quality of the contents without artificial preservative or adulterant.

Heinz Improved Tin is made especially by Heinz and is now being used for the following members of the 57 varieties: Preserved Fruits, Apple Butter, Cranberry Sauce, Mince Meat, Tomato Soup, Baked Beans.

*A Handsome Booklet telling the  
whole story of the 57—FREE.*

**H. J. HEINZ COMPANY**



are put up without coloring  
matter or preservatives.

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